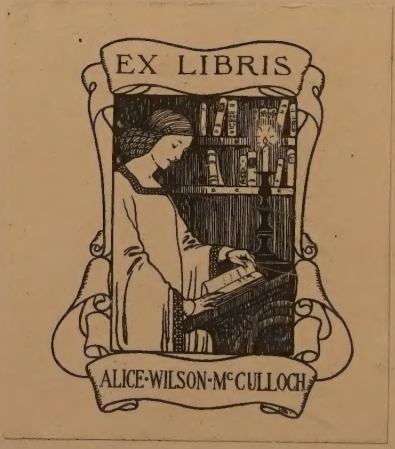
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VOLUME XIV JULY - DECEMBER

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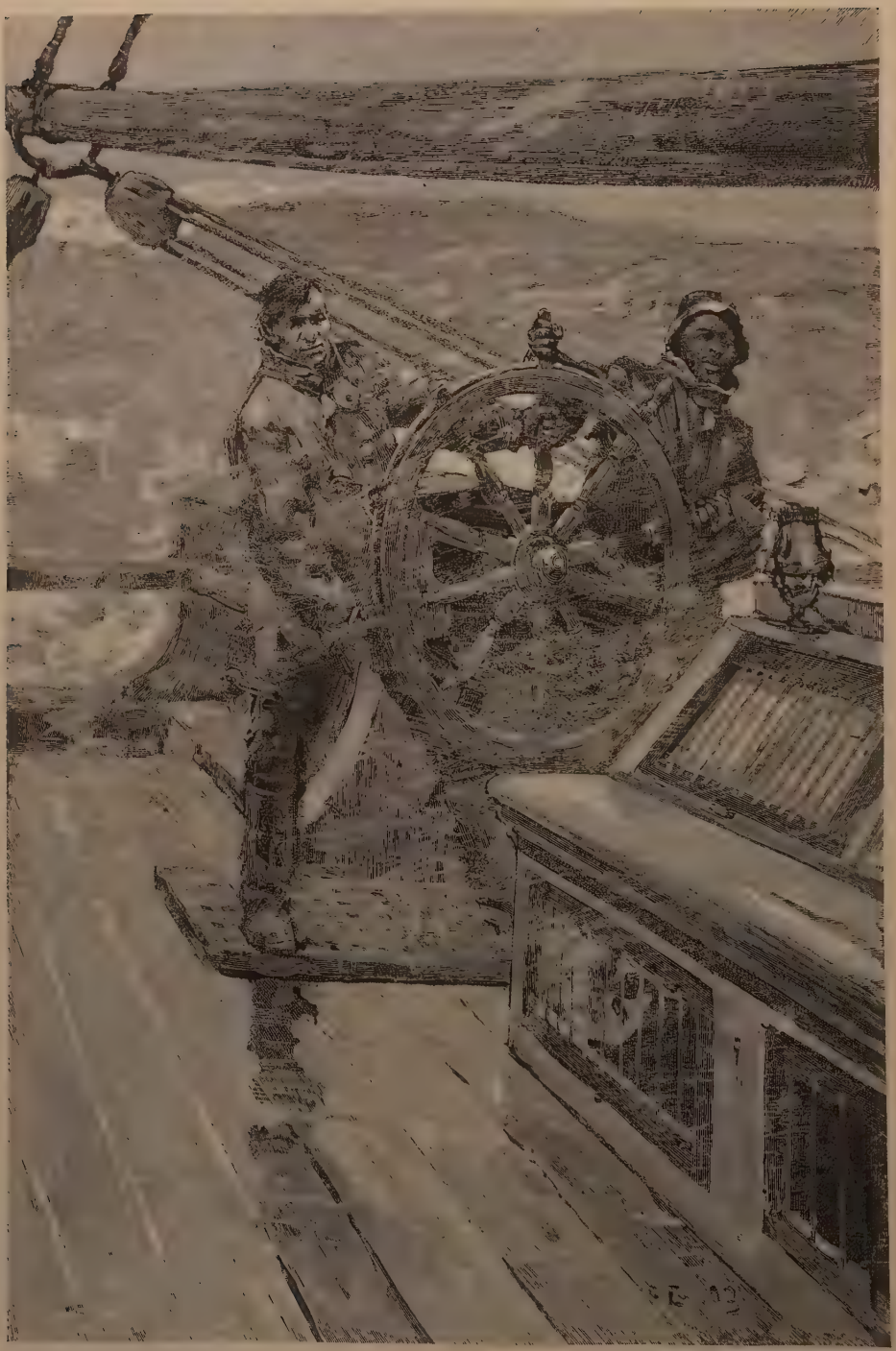


DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

AT THE WHEEL.

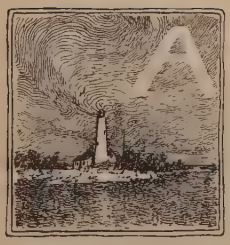
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1893. No. 1.

THE LIFE OF THE MERCHANT SAILOR.

By W. Clark Russell.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



NAVAL reader of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" must wonder at the insignificance of the organic changes which have happened in the vocation of the sea since that inimitable and exquisite miniature of forecastle life was given to the world. We use iron and steel and rivets where our fathers employed wood and treenails and copper bolts; masts are supported by wire when the old shrouds and stays were of hemp; we have got rid of the cathead and the spritsail yard; our tops are no longer big enough to give a dance in; we have ground off the channels into smooth sides, hove the deadeyes overboard, and "set up" the rigging, as it is called, with a convenient machinery of screws —everything coming inboards, spite of an ever-narrowing beam. And still the organic and structural changes are so few that, bring Dana out of his little brig Pilgrim and put him aboard one of your four-masted metal fabrics of to-day, with her double topsail and double top-gallant yards complicating the heavens which her yard-arms span into a very nightmare of bewildering interlacery, and after a few hours he shall be jumping and running to the shouts of the quarter-deck with as discerning an eye and as unerring a hand as any that may have made a round voyage in the same vessel.

Of course in speaking of ships I shall be understood to mean tacks and sheets—not the funnel and the propeller. The steamboat is a supplemental condition of the marine life—a particular happy after-thought! She is no more a ship than a locomotive is a stage-coach. Her sentience is mechanic; her wings are of steam.

The sailing ship is informed and possessed by the spirit of the "viewless winds." Hers is the life, and hers the beauty, too, of the cloud. It is the conditions of her being which create and shape the sailor's calling. If I am asked how it is with Jack on board the steamboat, my answer must be, I don't know.

I have gone to several steamship companies for information about the duties of the A. B. and O. S. aboard the propelled keel, and have not been able to make much of the information sent to me. The quarter-master has charge of the helm. He is doubtless an able seaman, and an able seaman, therefore, on board a steamer, apparently knows how to steer a ship. But is this necessarily so? An amidship helm at twenty-three knots an hour is scarcely the same as having to "meet her" with a taut bowline and lifting leeches and a thunderous head-sea within seven points of the bow.

An able seaman aboard a steamer

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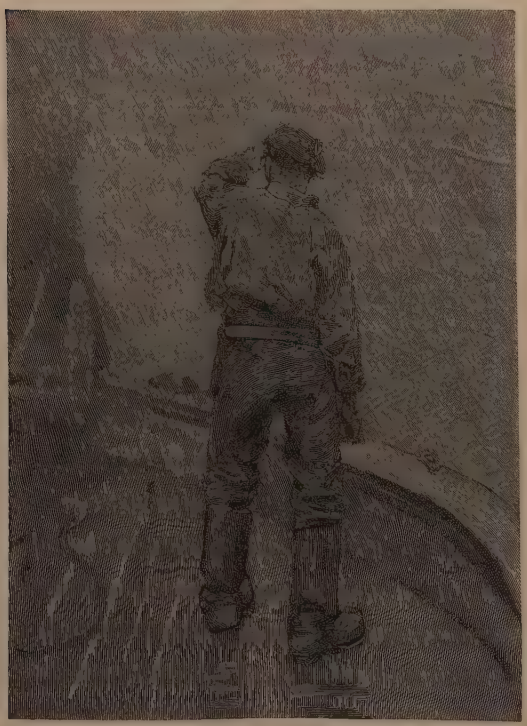
probably knows how to heave the lead and the log, how to sing out when he sees a green or a red light ahead, how to wash down and secure the ropes which fasten a vessel to a wharf. But for further duties my gaze explores the steamer in vain; I look aloft at the pole-mast, which any boy in a bowline may grease down. Some mysterious machinery forward supplies the place of the windlass. The anchor comes up to the music of the engine, and the grand old full-throated hurricane chorus—the "Fare ye well, my pretty young girl," "Old Stormy, he is dead and gone," "Across the plains of Mexico"—are as hushed as the dead rat in the Geordie's mainchains.

Therefore, in writing about the life of the Merchant Sailor at sea, I luff and shake it out of her to let the steamer go by quickly, as there is no business

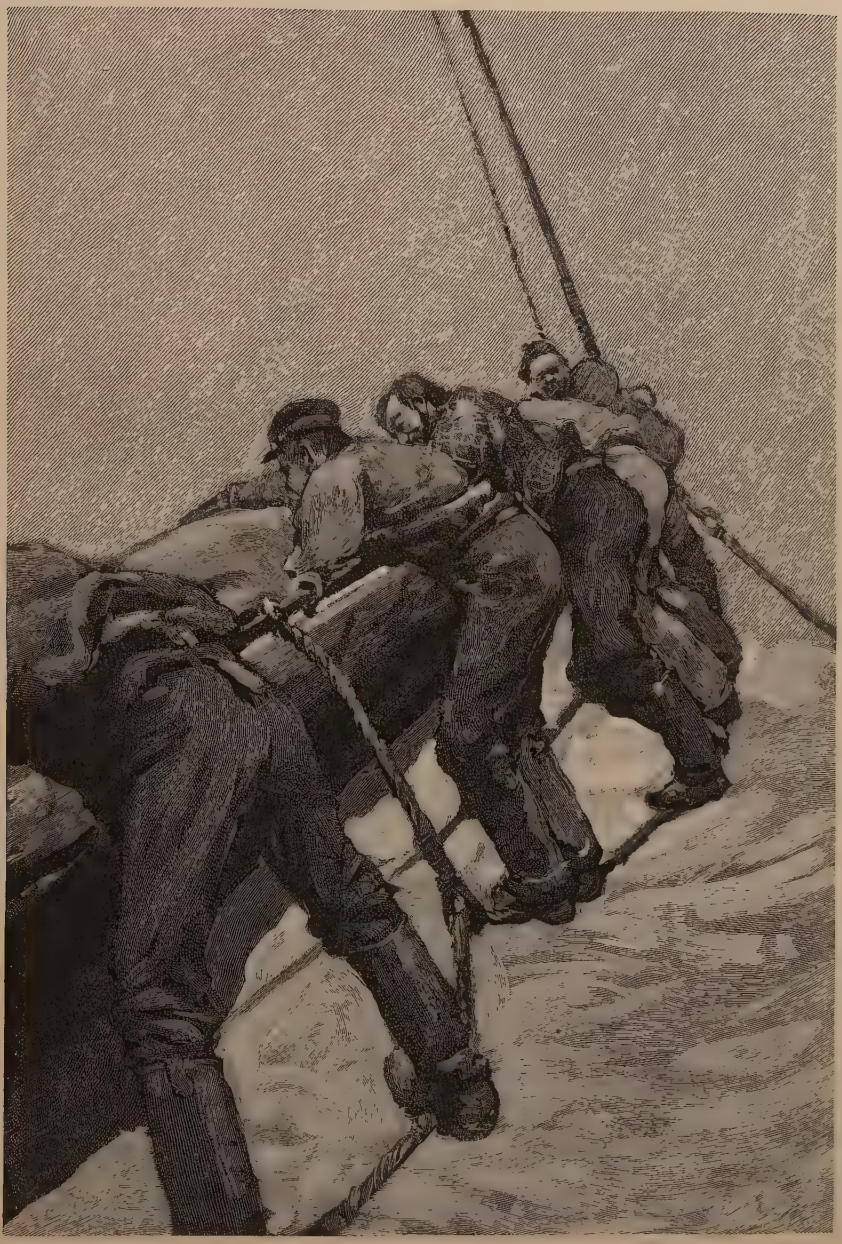


On the Lookout in Thick Weather.

to be done in *her* forecastle—nothing that a young fellow who is thinking of going to sea would care for me to talk about.

Many fleets of sailing ships are still afloat, and the old sailor goes to his grave happy in the reflection that not in his time anyhow has the smoke of the funnel blackened the delicate gleam of the distant sail off the horizon. Indeed sailing tonnage is on the increase in Great Britain, however it may be with the Protection-waistcoated yards of the United States. It is of interest, then, to lads contemplating the sea as a career to know that the vocation, in its essentials, is as it was almost in the beginning. They may get from records of old voyages, and the works of such writers as Fenimore Cooper, Dana, and Melville, as clear an idea of what is going on now as though they should make a voyage round the world in something brand-new out of Boston or the Thames.

The reason why it is imagined that the essentials of the ocean vocation are wholly changed is because the landsman obstinately persists in confounding the navies of the State with the ships of the Mercantile Marine. In the Navy the transformation is undoubtedly absolute. The three-decker, the frigate, the corvette, the ten-gun "pelter," the smart little schooner with her pennon like a beam of light and her "long-tom" keeping a thirsty forecastle lookout with a grinning iron eye for the slaver and the pirate; these and the like are hopelessly vanished types. Hence it is that Marryat, to all intents and purposes, is as antiquated as Smollett, and Smollett as any ancient mariner who seems to lean out of the black-letter frame of old Hakluyt, leering at you with a jelly-like eye under the sharp of a hand as wrinkled and lean and long as his who shot the albatross in Coleridge's poem. The landsman looks at an iron-clad and then he reads "Peter Simple," and he understands that there has happened a mighty change, unparalleled in the history of mutation. A merchant sailor on the other hand reads "Two Years Before the Mast," or Cooper's



Stowing a Topsail.

"Homeward Bound," or Melville's "Redburn;" he signs articles out of London or Liverpool, out of any European or American port, and finds the old life almost identical with the descriptions he is fresh from. There is the same food; there are the same captains and mates; the same sort of hold to fill up with the same sort of goods; the same poor pay, hard work, hard words, and foul weather.

The few alterations aloft, a screw instead of wheel-chains, a short metal bowsprit instead of long spars full of

Riding Down a Stay.

jibs and stay-sail yearning to the flying-jibboom-end, make no difference; the life is as it was; as, while it remains under canvas, it will ever be; and it is well that young fellows who mean to go to sea should know this to begin with, because there are shelves full of human experiences extant to tell them what to expect.

I suppose no life has such a fascination for boys as the sea, certainly for the British boy. I have sometimes, while wondering how a lad's thoughts run when a passion for the sea is making a pirate of him to the marrow, looked into my own memory. I went to sea when I was thirteen and a few months. I followed the calling for nearly eight years, and claim knowledge of it on every merit of service and suffering. It was not Marryat and the other novelists that sent me to sea. It was simply and wholly the love of a ship. I was "brought up" at the seaside and was never weary of looking at the vessels loading and discharging at the wharves. They were dirty old colliers chiefly; worn, lean, and ragged fabrics out of Newcastle and the North, but to my boyish sight they were as lovely as the most poetic in grace and beauty of the Symondite keels. I loved the old caboose with its grimy, smoking chimney, the greasy one-eyed rogue of a cook, looking up at me with a shark's languishing leer; the inverted boat amidships; the weather-worn skylight aft sealing from my sight the romantic mysteries of the cabin, out of whose gloom, through the companion-way, there would sometimes stagger, with drunken stateliness, the figure of a skipper, with legs like the prongs of a pitchfork.

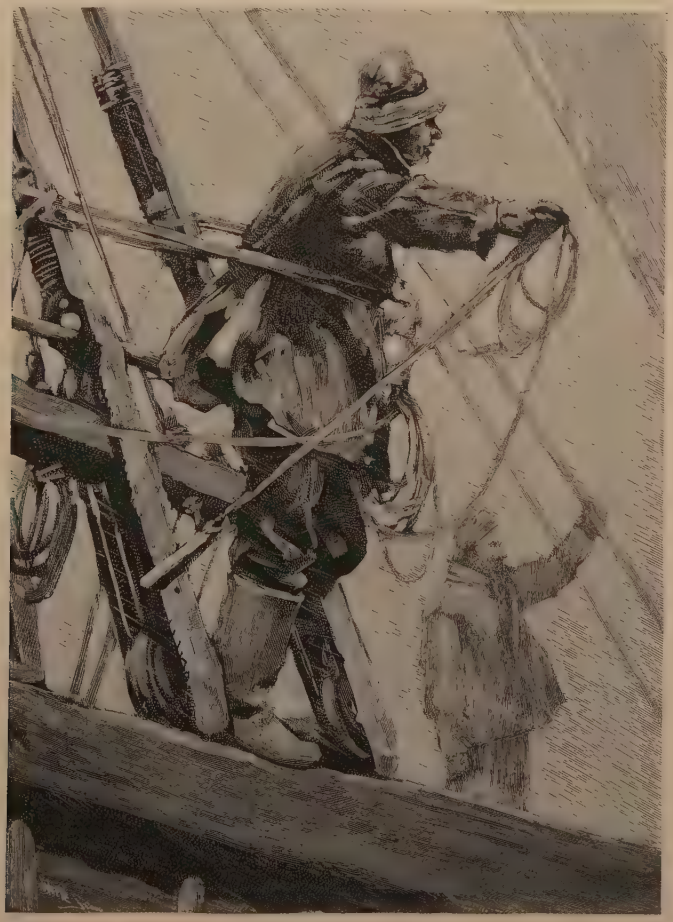
All sorts of marvellous romancing thoughts visited me out of those crazy old barks and brigs; dreams of a distant golden land, vague but sweet as a child's fancy of heaven; visions of the lonely Pacific islands, with the oily gleam of a black man's body in the shadow of a cocoa-nut-tree, and a canoe riding easily upon the boiling wash of the ocean comber. Of how many things of this sort did I dream! I guess when I was a little boy I was much like others, who are little boys now, and who want to go to sea in this year as I did in that. Well, let me here put down what I think of it all, from stem to stern, from truck to keel, plumbing the foremast from the seaman's chest at the foot of it, to the royalmast head, where Blue Peter is flying.

Nothing is more familiar than a ship, and nobody has been written, talked of, sung about more abundantly than the sailor; and of ships and sailors the landsman knows absolutely nothing at all. How and where is Jack housed? What does he eat and drink? What are his pleasures? What his grievances, hopes, prospects? To answer these questions you must go to sea as a sailor; you must sit round the mess-kid with the crew, you must drink, with a face of loathing, if you will, of the contents of the scuttle-butt; you must be imperfectly clothed; your

baggage must be a bundle, your bed an armful of straw ; you must know what it is to work twenty-four hours in the day, and to receive not half-pence, but curses, as overtime wages.

The landsman thought — he still thinks — he will forever go on thinking — that a sailor has little more to do on board ship than to lean over the windlass-end, pipe in mouth, while the wind blows him along, shifting his position only when the dog-watch comes round, that he may shake a foot to the noise of a fiddle on the booms. "We are merry folks, we sailors," says Ben, in the old comedy of "Love for Love." "We haven't much to care for. Thus we live at sea, eat biscuit, and drink flip ; put on a clean shirt once a quarter — come home, get rid of a little money, and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?" "Oh," says the lady in answer, "you are the happiest, merriest men alive."

William Congreve was writing this stuff in King Charles's time. More than a hundred years later Charles Dibdin was warbling the like nonsense. Are we not singing and believing in the same absurdities to this day in the blatant bosh which makes the rafters of the music-hall tremble and the ribs of the country visitor heave with patriotic afflatus? A sailor is not the more willing to forgive the lies of the ballad and the play, the novel and the song, because the writers never were at sea. What did William Congreve, in his



Heaving the Lead.

vast flowing curly wig, know about weevils and bilge-water, when he charged the throat of that caricature, Ben, with long-shore jargon about the delights of the deep? Neither ever went Dibdin to sea as a sailor—though everything must be forgiven to the composer of "Tom Bowline," especially when you consider that Great Britain was savagely at war in Dibdin's time; that the press-gangs were bloodily busy with truncheon and cutlass; seamen hard to get, seeing how the very best of them—from Tweed to Thames, were to be found under the Stars and Stripes; and that Dibdin was hired by the State to court the hayseed to the tenders with melodious assurances that life on board ship was made up of fiddling, drinking, dancing, the humors of Saturday night, hats full of prize money, and a home ashore at the public expense, until death, for the timber-toed heart of oak.

The sea is a hard life—none harder; and if you make up your mind to go to sea before the mast, you must expect coarse fare, rough usage, cheerless toil. There are three grades of afore-mast folks: boys who are in everybody's way and have everything to learn; ordinary seamen who are able seamen in the making; and able seamen who are supposed to be thorough sailors, "every hair a ropeyarn and every finger a fish-hook." An able seaman is expected to know (expectation is often disappointed!) how to steer, how to heave the lead and the log, how to furl and set a sail, how to bend and unbend canvas, how to send down yards and masts, how to set up rigging. If he is a true sailor and a lover of his calling he will possess as exact an acquaintance with the fabric of a ship as a clockmaker with the mechanism of a timepiece. Nor need a young fellow long follow the sea to know all that any old boatswain could teach him. A full-rigged ship is a complicated object to the eye. It is in reality as simple to understand as a chimney-stack. Only consider the sort of intellects which have proved supreme as master-riggers! A young fellow need never doubt that he will pick up all about a ship as swiftly as his brains will permit him to look and to think if he will but dedicate himself wholly to the calling. I can claim for myself that when I first went to sea, before we were abreast of Agulhas, outward bound to Sydney, New South Wales, there were few questions left for me to ask, little remaining for me to learn.

I am speaking of practical seamanship. The art of the sextant and chronometer is another matter. But more is wanted in a seaman than the artfullest acquaintance with the mechanism of his ship. He needs a spirit that is in perfect sympathy with the whole bounding fabric. It is this spirit which in its perfection makes the exquisite helmsman, who feels the life of the vessel in a single spoke of her wheel as the uttermost link of the spider's delicate principality of silk trembles its sensibility to the insect's fore-claw resting on a single thread. So with heaving the lead or the log; with innumerable details of daily routine, the "*swigging off*" on a rope, the pillowing of the midship slack of a sail into the grace of a frigate-like bunt, the jockeying of a yardarm for reefing or sending down canvas; in such things will show that sympathetic spirit which, in a seaman, must inform and make the soul of his mechanic knowledge, or he is no true sailor.

When once the ship is out of soundings and the anchors stowed, the discipline of the sea-life is as monotonously recurrent as the pulse of the ocean swell. Decks are washed down at daybreak; the hands go to breakfast at half-past seven; throughout the forenoon watch there are fifty jobs for the mate and the boatswain to put the men to. I should need every page of this magazine to catalogue the needs of a sailing ship even in these days of machinery and wire rope, when much of the old serving, parcelling, tarring, setting up, and the like is at an end. There are sails to be mended. The men are kept at work aloft, on the forecastle, in the waist. There is always something to be done; a sailor is never allowed to be idle. And though it's a midnight black as the tomb, all snugged down perhaps to a band of topsail, a breathless calm, Jack must still keep

DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

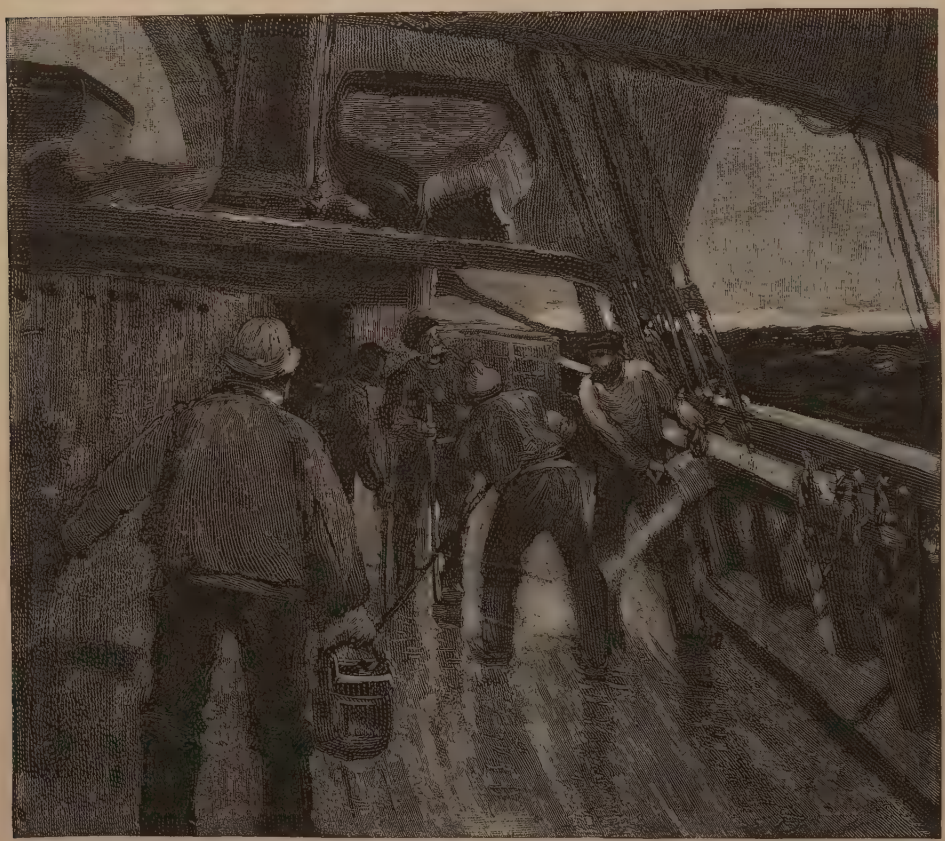
Dinner in the Forecastle.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

the deck under the bare black eye of heaven, if only that he may feel how hard it rains.

No matter what the weather, the sailing ship will find work for every minute of the hour. Sail must be trimmed, shortened, enlarged, reefed, expanded afresh over and over again. In one respect the sailor of to-day is better off than the mariner of an earlier time; he has the double topsail yard—a notable American invention which, consistently with Bullish traditions, the English shipowner was very slow to adopt. You let go your upper topsail halliards and are at once under close-reefed canvas with the upper cloths almost becalmed by the lower till they can be stowed.

In my time it sometimes took all hands—a ship's company of thirty souls—to close reef the fore and main topsails one after the other. I have seen the whole watch "tailing on" to the reef tackles, and scarcely able to make "two blocks" of them. I have seen the topsail with the yard on the cap blowing up bladder-shaped, hard as cast iron, with men on the cloths dancing and stamping to bring the reef-band down to the grip of the fellows on the yard, with a seaman at the weather earing shrieking to the captain on the poop to luff and shake it out of her, the captain meanwhile with a sullen nod, "holding on all," fearing not only the weight of a green sea aboard, but the loss of half the men off the yard should he put the helm down by a spoke or two. As with the studding-sail so with the single topsail; the age of reefing in the full old sense of that



Washing Down the Deck at Dawn.

word is over; and let those who contemplate the ocean as a career be thankful that it is so.

I wish I could draw a picture of Jack's pleasures while on the high seas. I would do so if I knew where to look for them. My experience is that there is no section of the working classes less cared for by their employers than seamen. Do you ever hear, for example, of a shipowner putting a little library of books, not necessarily religious, into a forecastle or deckhouse for the use of the crew? In olden times few sailors could read; in these days there is scarce a Jack who cannot spell through a newspaper or a volume; many can flourish the pen and write fairly good English; but the sailor is still accepted as the traditional dog of the centuries, and if his chest lacks the things he may sing out in vain for a sheet of paper and a drop of ink; there is nothing for him aft, and he may hunt the forepeak to no purpose for the means of sending a message home to his mother or wife or sweetheart.

Fielding, in the account he wrote of his voyage to Lisbon, wonders that the gentlemen of the jacket should prove the cursing, blaspheming, growling fellows the great novelist seems to have found them. Did he hope to witness the polish of the footman in the forecastle hand of his day? You will not surely look for refinement in men whom you flog and feed on food which maddens with constipation; whose work is man-killing, whose wage is soul-subduing; who, themselves sprung from the humblest, you embrutalize yet by neglect, by leaving them in their leisure to the indulgence of their own wild and often inhuman passions. Yet in this manner was the sailor of Fielding's and of a much later day treated. In this age we do not flog, but to what degree is the sailor better off than was the tarpaulin of Fielding's time? Jack goes to sea in a bigger ship than the old salt sailed in, but is his life the securer for that? Is his deckhouse drier than the black old forecastle, when the freight of iron or coal sinks the hull to the wash-streak and when a shift of cargo will give a list which there is no virtue in the axe, in this day of metal shrouds and back-stays, to remedy?

That the average British merchant sailor was ever in any century the ruffian Fielding would have us believe, I doubt; that he is no ruffian in this age, but on the contrary a worthy overtaxed poor fellow with twenty grievances he is unable to submit or obtain redress for we all know. And I wish I could say that the growth and maintenance of what is honest and virtuous in Jack was due to the recognition of him as a man with human needs and feelings by those who employ him. Every young fellow with a taste for the sea has read or heard much of the quality of the food that is served out to sailors. This matter of provisions is one of the bitterest troubles of the seaman. I understood the significance of it years ago; it was, as it is, a perpetual menace; it involved a ceaseless threat of peril, mutiny, bloodshed on the high seas; and with the hope of making the subject clear to the landsman I wrote "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." In Great Britain at the time I am dictating this article, the pressing marine question and problem of the hour is this same subject of the quality of the provisions served out to merchant sailors. People are begin-

In the Forecastle.

ning to agree that the sailor has been poisoned or starved long enough, and that it is about time humanity or science gave him wholesome food to help him through about the hardest toil a man undergoes in this world.

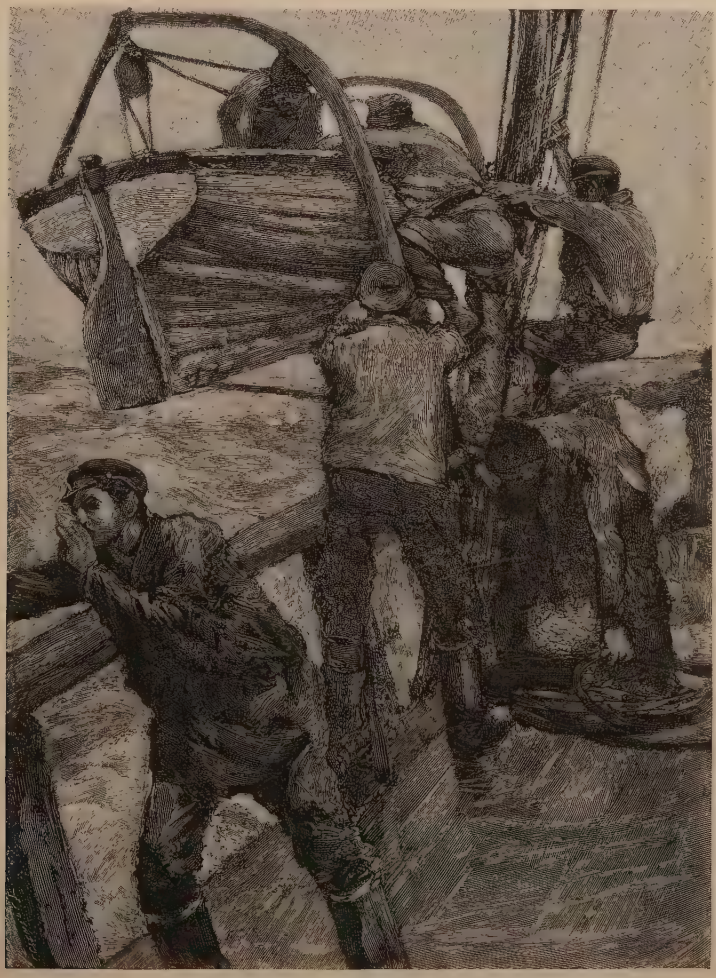
Steele, in the "Tatler" (No. 39), tells us that when Charles II.'s fleet was to be victualled they brought two samples of ships' bread to the king, who, not knowing which to choose, threw them to a dog, and the piece the beast snatched was the biscuit the sailors got. This may account for the old saying that sailors' food is fit only for a dog; but in sad truth much of the provisions that are shipped for seamen's use the hungriest dog would keck at. Nothing but a man could live upon it. Nobody but a sailor could chew it. I hope to live to see this great wrong put right. For years I have dealt with it in articles and novels, and done my best to accentuate it to the attention of a people for whom maritime affairs seem to have no interest, though they are the greatest naval power in the world and first of all nations as owners and builders.

I am asked to write the truth about the merchant sailor, and I must frankly tell my young readers whose leaning may be toward the sea that, as things stand, they must look to be ill-fed if they enter a merchantman's forecastle. I believe the American seaman, when he is to be found, is better used in this way than the British; his scale of dietary is not larger than ours, but the food is of better quality. His flour is white; his biscuit does not wriggle at the pores; his pork and beef are sweet. There would be little to complain of if sounds meant things; if the names in a catalogue of forecastle provisions expressed the true nature of the stuff they labelled or indicated. For example, in 1844, the Committee of the General Shipowners' Society recommended a scale of forecastle eating that comprised bread, beef, pork, flour, rice, pease, tea, sugar, mustard, and vinegar. Here seems plenty for a poor man's meal. A yokel, bent on going to sea, might never have heard of half of these delicacies in his father's ill-thatched cottage; and I believe no sailor would complain if the pound and a quarter of beef, the pound and a quarter of pork, the half pound of flour, and the like served out day after day, were as these same things are in butchers' shops and grocery stores ashore.

But open the average harness cask in which the meat is kept, and the odor is that of the trough; hand up a piece of biscuit out of the bread-barge and let it lie in the sun—the baker's biscuit ashore does not crawl like *that!* Observe the dingy hue of this sample of flour. Where grew the wheat, and where revolved the mill by which that cask was filled? Doubtless in some of the steam mail-lines, the crews are well-fed; that is, the provisions served out to them are of excellent quality. This is notably the case in the forecastles of some of the Atlantic liners and in the vessels belonging to the Union Steamship Company, where the dietary scale besides beef, pork, and so forth as above, includes fresh bread, butter or marmalade, suet, molasses, pickles, fresh potatoes, raisins, and other articles calculated to keep Jack content. But the owner of the sailing ship will say: "The Union craft are steamers; the passage to the Cape of Good Hope is made within three weeks; they can very well manage to give fresh potatoes and fresh meat also; *my* ships are sometimes three and sometimes four months between port and port without touching." But my answer is, the time occupied in a voyage is no excuse for shipping bad forecastle provisions to start with. If you carry passengers in your saloon or cuddy, your cook and steward contrive to manufacture a wholesome bill of fare for them, meal after meal, though your ship be a hundred days at sea. It is not dogs, but men, who have "signed on" with you forward for your round voyage. You have no right to expect willingness in servants you starve. You may point to your tierces and your hogsheads, but the spirit of famine will lurk in a crammed harness cask if the meat in it stinks.

This food-question is not understood ashore because the ship-owners hold up their dietary scales and the public read the list and think there is plenty, and that Jack should be satisfied. I

have known what it is to work when half-starved—to toil like a very demon for life almost, famine-stricken — but through no fault of the captain's. We



Man Overboard—Rescuers Getting into Quarter Boat.

were off the Horn, ice all about us, a mountainous sea rolling, the galley fire washed out, six hours of daylight in the twenty-four, and sails to be bent, canvas to be reefed, all aloft to be snugged by a slender ship's company frozen to the marrow throughout an eternity of howling icy blackness—an Antarctic darkness visible by the ghastly glare of the frothing head of the surge. All hands of us worked through such nights with nothing more to eat

and drink than a bit of ship's biscuit (which I, as a boy, would overlay with moist sugar), and a pannikin of putrid water. Even a sailor cannot toil cheerfully on an empty stomach. I have known a watch fling their allowance of meat overboard as regularly as pork day came round; yet they had to slave like horses all the same on the worse than lenten fare of mouldy ship's bread and greasy tepid water, gravelly with a sort of shot, called pease soup. Whenever I hear of a crew brought ashore, charged with mutinously refusing to proceed on account of the badness of the provisions, I recall my Cape Horn

experiences, I dwell upon my own sensations when I had to work out and away harder than a pitman or a bricklayer, on a flatulent diet of sickly biscuit and stale water; and with all my heart I pity the men, knowing that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the complaint is well founded.

This condition of the life should be borne in mind by the young fellow who wants to go to sea. I exaggerate nothing. It has been suggested that the rottenness and wretchedness of the forecastle food is mainly owing to the ill manner in which it is dressed, and there are proposals afloat for establishing a school of marine cookery. I will not say that the trained ship's cook might not mend matters a little, but I am afraid that those who are for teaching people how to cook for sailors at sea, have but a very slender acquaintance with the quality and character of the stuff their artists of the galley would be called upon to boil.

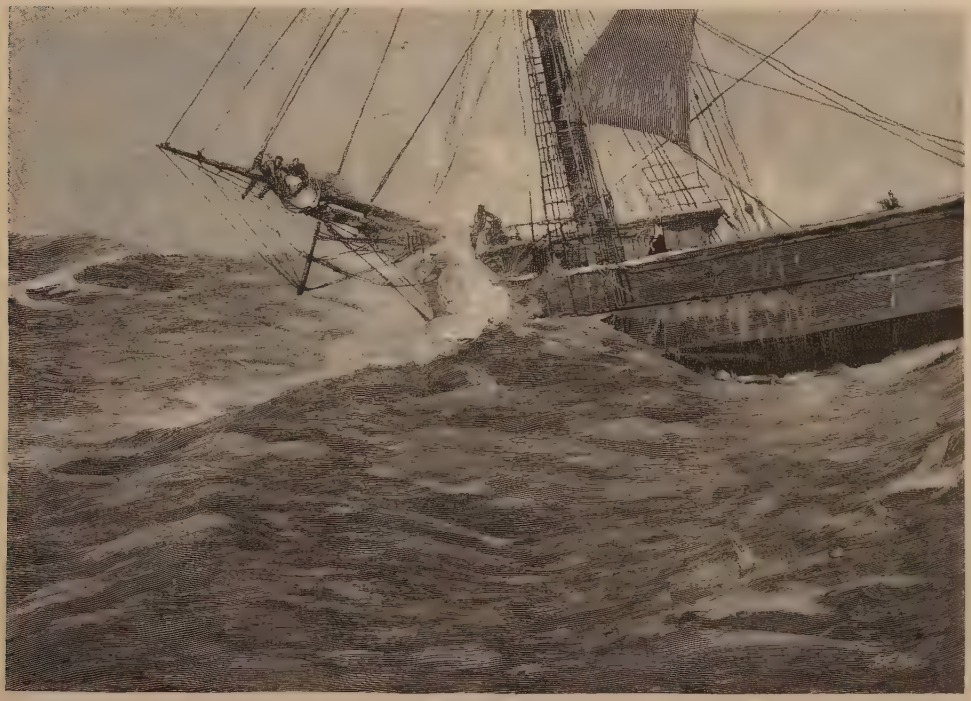
It remains to be seen whether the new Victualling Scale will satisfy the sailor. The forecastle menu "reads" very well; but so did the old ones. Nothing to a hungry man sounds nicer than beef and pork and pudding. But Oh, the beef of the sea! And Oh, the puddings! Jack's bill of fare is now, it seems, to run thus:

	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
Sunday	Dry hash, soft bread .	Sea-pie and plum-duff.....	Cold beef and pickles.
Monday.....	Irish-stew	Pea-soup, pork, calavances	Dry hash.
Tuesday	Rice and molasses ...	Salt beef, potatoes, plum-duff.....	Cold meat and pickles.
Wednesday..	Porridge and molasses.	Sea-pie	Potato-stew.
Thursday ...	Bread scowse	Pea-soup, pork, calavances	Cold pork and pickles.
Friday	Dry hash	Preserved meat, or salt fish and potatoes..	Twice laid of fish.
Saturday....	Porridge and molasses.	Salt beef, rice and molasses	Cold meat and pickles.
	Coffee, biscuit, butter, and marmalade, daily.	Biscuit and switchel, daily.	Tea, biscuits, butter, and marmalade, daily.

Another trouble which bears heavily on the British sailor, and which in fairness should be submitted to the seafaring aspirant, is undermanning. Nor is it undermanning only in the sense of insufficiency of numbers: ships are sent to sea with companies inadequate to the need of their tonnage, even if all hands of them were able seamen of first-rate quality: but what shall we think of an undermanned forecastle of which perhaps a full half of the men prove themselves, when at sea, utterly unfit for their duties—ignorant of the very elements of the vocation, unable to steer or to furl, trustless when on the look-out, absolutely afraid some of them to go aloft! The work in a ship thus manned obviously falls on the few competent men who get no additional pay for the extra duty imposed; nor dare they murmur; it is mutiny to step aft even to respectfully protest. A young fellow on first going to sea should contrive at all events to get aboard a ship where there are numbers enough to comfortably work her. But I fear he will not easily find such a ship in an English port.

There is now with us a system of filling a deckhouse or a living-room below with a number of apprentices, sons of respectable men who bind their lads at the cost of a trifling premium. This worthily supersedes an old fraud that was largely practised in my time; I mean that of taking lads into a ship and calling them midshipmen. Fathers paid heavily in premiums for each voyage; some of the lines used to charge seventy guineas for the first, sixty guineas for the second, and fifty for the third voyage. The boys were taught nothing. I never knew a captain to teach a midshipman how to take sights. The lads were put to work upon all the dirty jobs of the poop, such as an able seaman would refuse to touch; they tended the mizzenmast and were a sort of cheap afterguard, having signed for a shilling a month. They were charged ten guineas apiece mess-money, but got nothing for it. They obtained no other privilege

for the heavy premiums exacted than a right to wear a livery designed by the shipowner with the assistance of the outfitters.



Stowing the Jib.

This swindle is exploded. Here and there, indeed, in the advertisements you read of "midshipmen wanted for a fine clipper ship; uniform worn." But it usually comes to the lads being apprenticed and clothed for about one-third the amount they used to charge to fill a boy's chest with drill breeches and bars of marine soap.

A young fellow in England who wants to go to sea should undoubtedly start as an apprentice. Indeed, I don't see how he is going to get into the forecastle as a sailor in any capacity without previous experience. The shipping-yards of Great Britain swarm with respectable English seamen who loaf about all day long for weeks, unable to obtain a berth. The Dutchman is taking Jack's place with us; Yawcob will sign on for a trifling wage, and set his teeth and choke his growl over the mess kid, let the scent of it be what it will. The ship-owner contradicts this, and contends that the proportion of foreign seamen employed is ridiculously small, about 12.4 per cent. The seaman's parliamentary representative recently stated in the House of Commons that the British Mercantile Marine was composed of 150,000 men, of which 27,000 were foreigners, exclusive of between 20,000 and 30,000 Chinamen and Lascars, reducing the total of the British-born to 100,000 seamen. One cannot get a proportion of 12.4 per cent. out of these statistics. The shipowners declare that the foreigners and Lascars combined do not greatly exceed 50,000 men. When the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was President of the Board of Trade, he and the late Thomas Gray, C.B., as worthy and kindly a gentleman as ever filled an official position, went closely into this matter of the number of foreigners employed in the British Merchant Service; but, if I remember rightly, the figures they submitted with a view to legislation widely differed from the statistics

Burial at Sea.

which were obtained and diligently circulated by representatives of the shipowning industry. What is the sailor then to believe? But the point really comes to this: Do you or do you not find plenty of "Dutchmen" sailing under the red flag of Great Britain? How many of these gentry there may be I do not know; enough, anyhow, to block the road. They abound in the forecastle and swarm in the shipping yards. I shall long remember a visit I once paid to the Shipping Yard at Tower Hill; I watched crew after crew of foreigners called in to sign on, leaving the Englishmen without a ship, seemingly hopeless. Many of these poor fellows came about me and explained their grievance. They flourished certificates of good conduct; their eyes sparkled as they raged against the "Dutchman;" they nearly suffocated me as they pressed round, eager to find one who could understand them, more eager yet to obtain an exponent and a representation. One man, a plain, steady, respectable ship's carpenter who had served in several employs I was acquainted with, and who showed me a number of certificates indicating the grades he had filled, assured me he had been hanging about that yard for upward of four months; he had seen scores of foreigners called in, but to him never once in that time had a berth in any capacity been offered. These are facts which Mr. Thomas Scrutton and others should look into before they challenge the statements of men who, like Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., seek to give expression to a calling that for centuries has been practically voiceless on the forecastle side of it.

A young apprentice bound to a respectable line, and despatched in a ship commanded by a captain who respects himself and his calling, stands, at all events, a professional chance: I can say no more. Every ship afloat, steam and sail, must have a master and mates; the young sailor should remember this, work on, and hope on.

The great British mail lines, such as the Peninsular & Oriental Company, the Union Steamship Company, and

others, demand that a young fellow shall have served in a square-rigged ship before he can be deemed suitable for a post. This also is comprised in the Board of Trade regulations for obtaining certificates of competency. The system of taking apprentices, not as formerly under the obligations of the old Navigation Laws, but as now practised, should be encouraged. Young fellows of good families are going to sea in a branch of the marine where culture, education, and manners are wanted. Every lover of the ocean life must wish to see the purple-faced swaggerer of the quarter-deck, the typical Blowhard with his fiery nose and profane tongue, swept over the side, and set ashore forever. We have had too much of that sort of dog. I never can believe that the Merchant Service has been degraded by the forecastle; I look aft when they talk to me of the debasement of the red flag. You don't expect a sea career to polish a man; yet you find few but gentlemen in the Navy, and there is no reason why there should not be a higher tone than now exists among the masters and mates of merchant ships. How much higher it is than it was may be gathered from the following statement made by an eminent shipowner in regard to the repeal of the Navigation Laws. "I get," he said, "a couple of hundred of ships that I charter every year, and I have an opportunity of seeing the captains, and as a sample I must state that of one hundred out of those two hundred ships the captains can hardly sign their names to the charter-party. I ascribe the inferiority of the captains chiefly to the poverty of the ship-owners. You must pass an Act of Parliament compelling the ship-owner to pay double the rate to the captain that he pays now, because you will not get an educated man to serve at a low rate. And that operates downward, because if you have an uneducated and brutal captain he makes his ship a hell upon earth to his crew, and you will not get a superior class of seamen to serve on board, and your best seamen will be doing what they are now doing—going in shoals to the United States."

This was said above forty years ago. So far ahead were the people in the United States in the theory of marine needs when they had a great shipping industry of their own that they were training some of the best of the youth of their country to the sea, and embellishing their white quarter-decks with seamen who were educated gentlemen, when we in Great Britain were protesting against the compulsory examination of men as to their fitness and competency to take charge of ships. The late Mr. Lindsay has a note on this subject in his excellent "History of Merchant Shipping." "In my own time," he says, "I remember a shipowner saying to me that he never would have a 'scholar' in command of any of his vessels, *because* education taught him how to make up false accounts and the art of cheating; while another whom I knew only retained one 'educated' master in his service, because he was flattered by being invariably addressed by him as 'Mr. Joseph Perkins, Esquire.'" It was then that the Americans were submitting an example which our obstinate pride rendered us very slow to follow. A lad intended for the higher grades of the American Merchant Service was sent to school where he was taught mathematics, navigation, ship's husbandry, and perhaps French; he was then bound to a merchant in whose counting-house he learned all about exchanges and other such commercial knowledge as a shipmaster should possess. He then went to sea. The American captain often invested his savings in his ship. "Thus," says Lindsay, "young men of good position and talent were led to enter the American merchant service, and had much greater inducements than they would have had in Great Britain to take a zealous interest in the economy, discipline, and success of the ship they commanded. Captains of the larger class of packets or merchant ships, therefore, could not only afford to live as gentlemen, but, if men of good character and manners (which they generally were), they were received in the best mercantile circles on shore."

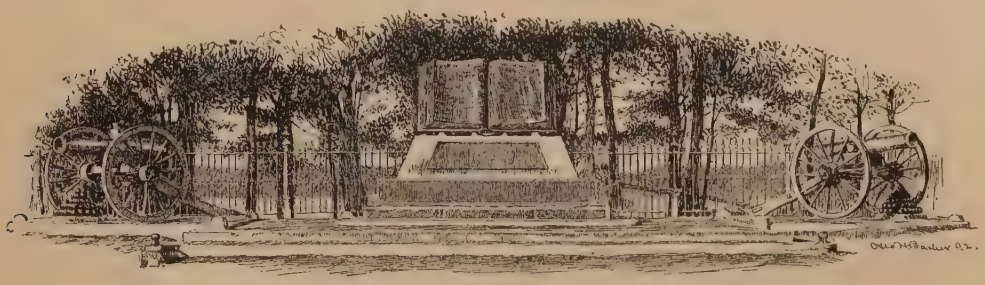
I dwell upon this point because I regard it as of vital interest and signifi-

cance to the seaman. When you ask about the every-day life of the merchant sailor, when you inquire into his prospects, labor, pleasures, a reference to the quarter-deck is inevitable. What sort of captain commands? Is he a gentleman, a man of education, a humane man, though a sailor first of all? Then you will find that the every-day life of the sailor who serves under him is as pleasant, hearty, cheerful a routine as the ocean and all the hard conditions of the ocean will allow human endeavor to contrive. The sailor's comfort will be regarded, his complaints wisely inquired into and judiciously dealt with; there will be no undue exaction of toil from him, even in moments which a worthless skipper might regard as a time of stress; harmless indulgences will be permitted; the noise of the fiddle will be constant in the fine weather dog-watch, the laugh in the hour of leisure frequent and hearty. There will be good feeling among the men, who will work together as one, with an honest, cordial rivalry between the watches. Ships filled with contented men in charge of educated, humane commanders, have been afloat by the score; some in this age—as I am very well informed—the winds continue to blow to their several destinations. It was Lord Collingwood, Nelson's famous second at Trafalgar, who, whenever he heard of trouble and mutiny in a ship, charged the captain with the difficulty. "It must be the fault of the officers," he would say, and investigation invariably proved him right.

The sailor's pleasures at sea, as I have said, are few: it is ashore that he steps for the dance and the drink, and if he is not considerably more artful than the folks who lay in wait for him his land-going carouse is commonly but a brief one. "Rise up, Jack, let John sit down" is a very old seaman's boarding-house joke. "You have spent all your money, Jack, so out you go; here is John, new from an eighteen months' voyage. Let him sit." But there is one side of the ocean life that must not be overlooked, and in it lies the fascination of the vocation to the young and the curious. Its possibilities of adventure are unlimited. Yes, even in this prosaic age, much that is extraordinarily picturesque and romantic is every day happening at sea. Nor are the old-fashioned horrors any longer plentiful. Science has proved a good angel to Jack; she has munificently equipped the captain's cabin, enlarged the horizon of the ship's steward; and, however ill-fed the seaman may be, it should be wholly the owner's fault if ever the poor fellow perishes for want of a drink of water.

I do not attempt to follow the merchant sailor ashore. The crimp, the boarding-house, the sailor's home, the "Midge" system, as it is called, the contract note, the penalties for failing to join after signing articles, though the ship may be overloaded and undermanned, charged with the menace of death even as she floats motionless on the smooth stream of a river; these and the like are features of the merchant sailor's life when he quits his vessel, which I have no space to enter upon here. Enough that the ocean is finding employment for countless persons; it is a vocation, and its chances, taking them all round, are at least as promising as you find in many of the shore-going walks. I am personally acquainted with some, I have also heard of many, men now in command in receipt of salaries averaging from £400 to £800 a year, who have worked their way to the bridge or quarter-deck from the forecastle; and they are the more trustworthy as commanders of ships, and the wiser and more respected as commanders of men, because of the rough and practical experience they gained before the mast. In the English Army the man who rises from the ranks is never much loved, nor his good qualities appreciated by the privates and non-commissioned officers of his regiment. It is otherwise at sea—at least in the merchant service; a sailor good or bad appreciates a thoroughly practical seaman whenever he encounters him. I am often asked by young fellows if I would advise them to go to sea; I always answer no, not if you can get a living ashore. Yet, if the seafaring yearnings of a lad prove unconquerable, he will find an ocean career not

without its chances and opportunities. But he must be prepared to fare hard and to work hard; he must be thrifty and cautious, and keep his eye steadily lifting in the direction of the quarter-deck; he must take his sailors' pleasures ashore very warily indeed; at sea he must be obstinately observant, cheerfully alert, heartily willing; he must never sacrifice an opportunity to learn by neglecting to inquire; and, above all, he must occupy his leisure, of which he will not get much, in reading and furnishing his mind in nautical literature mainly, though he will not err in striving to obtain a view of things outside the limited horizon of his own vocation.



The High Water Mark Monument, Gettysburg.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO VISITS TO GETTYSBURG.

By A. H. Nickerson.

THE FIRST VISIT.

On the morning of July 1, 1863, the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, General Hancock commanding, marched to Taneytown, Md., where it stacked arms and prepared to bivouac on the supposition that its day's work was done. The men were busy preparing their coffee when a mounted officer came through the camp at a furious pace. His horse was reeking with perspiration, and both horse and rider gave unmistakable evidence that they were the bearers of portentous news. All eyes were turned upon the ominous messenger as he dashed up to corps headquarters, flung himself from his saddle, and delivered a message to the corps commander. Hancock always was the most energetic and impetuous of generals. In the execution of an order he imparted his vigorous personality to everything and everybody about him, from the chief of staff to the orderly who brought him his horse. No one could ever truthfully accuse him of failing to do what he was commanded, or of executing an order in a lukewarm or slothful manner. When he received a command, he stood not on the order of going, but went at once with the vim and the *élan*, as well as the intelligence, born of his superb personality, his soldierly instincts, and his loyal nature. It did not seem to us that a minute had elapsed from the time the messenger arrived before we received the order to "fall in;" and even while our ranks were being formed, the general, with his whole staff, dashed out upon the road toward Gettysburg. Then everyone turned to his neighbor to know what had occurred or was occurring. The answer sped through the ranks with the speed and shock of an electric current: "The battle is on at Gettysburg; General Reynolds has been killed; General Meade has ordered Hancock to go at once to the front and assume command, representing him"—the corps to follow as fast as its many legs could carry it.

Our column had not been long *en*

route when we met an ambulance bearing the dead body of Reynolds, and soon after we were halted, drawn up in line, and General Meade's field order to his army was read at the head of each regiment. While this order did not tell us that forty centuries were looking down upon us, it did call attention to what was, to us, of greater import: The eyes of our whole country, our native land, were turned toward us in the expectation that in that momentous hour we would do our duty. Closing this exhortation, the order authorized corps commanders to execute summary punishment upon any man who, in this crisis, failed. The whole order was couched in excellent terms; its effect was admirable, and I do not remember an occasion when the Army of the Potomac was more thoroughly impressed with its grave responsibility, and so determined that its friends should not be disappointed in their hopes.

As we drew nearer to the scene of the overture to America's Waterloo, though still some distance away, we could see the wreaths of smoke curling up over the hills, and occasionally there came to our ears the dull roar of the guns that were covering the retreat of the First and the Eleventh Corps, as they fell back into their new positions on Cemetery Hill. We were marching at the route step, without much in the way of *impedimenta*, and yet, when the sun went down, those hills which we afterward learned were Little and Great Round Top, seemed almost as far away as ever; and it was very late when we finally halted, stacked arms, and laid down for a brief rest. As we had made a fair day's march previous to the halt at Taneytown, we were much exhausted and fell asleep before our tired bodies had fairly touched the ground. It did not seem as though our eyes were fully closed before we were aroused, and day had not yet broken when we moved down to the front and took our position in line of battle with our right resting on Cemetery Hill and our left extending toward Round Top. Here, all day long on the 2d, we supported our batteries and watched the manœuvres of our comrades and the enemy on our left, until at about four o'clock P.M., when they joined in the series of fierce struggles in front of Round Top, now known as the "Peach Orchard," "Devil's Den," etc.

It was growing dark when, just before Early made his assault upon the Cemetery Hill front, an order came for my regiment to go down to the extreme front, deploy two companies as skirmishers, and support them with the other eight companies to be posted along the Emittsburg road. My company was one of those selected for the advance line, and being the senior officer in rank, I was placed in command.

The companies we were to relieve had already been pressed back some distance by the aggressiveness of the enemy, so that we had a sharp fight to recover the ground we were directed to occupy. The struggle for this position was all the more fierce because Early's assaulting column was just then moving upon Cemetery Hill, in our immediate right rear. At the precise moment when we recovered this position, we heard the cheers of the rest of our comrades of the old brigade, as they hurled Early and his "tigers" back from their fierce onslaught upon the salient point of our whole line—Cemetery Hill. From this time forward, slacking a little with the darkness of the night, but renewed at the first glimpse of dawn, the skirmishing on our line was continuous until at one P.M. the next day, when it found its culmination in the charge of Pickett's assaulting column. How those veteran soldiers swept up to and well-nigh penetrated the main Union line of battle, still farther back than was my support; how they were grappled with in front, while we hung upon their flanks, until, in one of the fiercest conflicts of the war, they were hurled back, let us hope forever, has often been told in speech, song, and story. It is a matter of some personal as well as State pride, that the detailed maps of the battle show that the Eighth Ohio occupied the post of honor on this occasion, on the extreme front line and far in advance of the spot now known as "the high-water mark of the Rebellion."

During the latter part of this struggle I was *hors de combat* and lying on the high ground, not far from the spot originally dedicated by President Lincoln, for the battle monument. When Lee's batteries reopened fire to cover the retreat of Pickett's broken columns, the shells coming from the right rear and front enfiladed the position and appeared to cover every foot of ground. Men lying near me were cut in two and others torn in pieces by the jagged missiles. I thought a change of location, no matter how slight, might take me out of their immediate range. Certainly it could not be worse, so I dragged myself a short distance only to find that I was in a worse place, if possible, than where I had been. Then, by a supreme effort, for I had been shot through one arm and through the lungs, I struggled to my feet and started to run. I had taken but a few steps when the blood gushed from my mouth in a torrent, and I fainted and fell.

When consciousness returned, an ambulance attendant was bathing my face, and as soon as I opened my eyes he, with the aid of the driver, placed me in his ambulance. Even while they were doing this a conical shell went crashing through one of the wheels of the vehicle. The driver very properly did not wait to see whether his wheel could hold together, or if the shell exploded, but went tearing over the fields at full speed. The ground was awfully rough and covered with *débris*, but he turned out for nothing. There were two of us in the ambulance, but how we remained there is, to this day, a mystery to me. In the mad fury of that drive we were dashed against each other until the awful torture made us both unconscious. In this comparatively happy state we remained until the nurses, at the barn where we next found ourselves, revived us with brandy. Here I found that the attending surgeon was an old friend from my native State, and I felt that he would not hide the truth of my condition from me. When he came to examine me, I remarked that it looked very badly for me.

"Very badly," said he, "sententiously; as his hand came to the great jagged hole made by the bullet in its exit.

"You know," said I, "I am not afraid to hear the worst; is there any hope for me, doctor?"

"No," said he, very kindly, as he patted me gently on the forehead, and looked away; "no, my boy, none whatever."

And yet poor Surgeon McAbee is many years dead, and I am still here.

What took us from this barn hospital, which was near Meade's headquarters, I do not know. I have an indistinct remembrance of another ambulance ride across the fields, another jolting and banging, and finally being laid not too tenderly on the ground, where there were no less than two thousand more companions in misery, Union and Confederate, and all of the worst character of wounds. The location was in a bend of Rock Creek; the ground was very low and spongy, and, in accordance with the usual custom after a heavy cannonade, it commenced to rain soon after we got there and continued to do so all night. Many years have passed since then, and yet the recollection of the horrors of that awful night almost wrench a groan from me now.

By a strange piece of luck, one of the hospital attendants had picked up my servant, whom he brought to me. "Jerry" was a mite of a fellow whom it would be base slander to mention as a "colored" boy, for he was the blackest negro I ever saw. He was very young, too, and about as broad as he was tall. His duties had heretofore been confined to blacking my shoes when in camp, and carrying my haversack and rubber coat when on the march. To these latter-mentioned articles he had still clung, so that when it commenced to rain the little rubber coat was used to partially cover me. It would only cover a small portion of my person, but, inadequate as it was, it was more than many of my comrades had. The rain poured down in torrents, saturating the exposed portions of my clothing until, with the aid of a shallow pool that formed where I lay, it permeated the whole and I was thoroughly drenched. At times I became unconscious, but recovered enough to miss the little cover which the rubber coat had afforded. Although it was very dark, I felt all around for it and

could not imagine where it had gone, but gone it certainly had. The next day the mystery was explained. Little Jerry had visited me during one of the unconscious spells and, believing that I was dead, had constituted himself my executor and sole administrator, and as such had taken charge of my effects, consisting of the haversack and the aforesaid rubber coat. To add to this uninterrupted round of pleasure, toward morning I was seized with an awful thirst. Though the rain was pouring down my face and over my now totally unprotected body, I wanted water as I had never before wanted it. I called, and called again and again, but no one came. Those who were not disabled were sleeping too soundly for one feeble voice to awaken them. Finally a sergeant of my regiment, who was lying near, answered and said that he would try and get some water for me. I heard him get up and the rattling of his canteen, as he started down to the creek for the coveted drink, but he did not return. He had been badly wounded himself, and daylight showed that in his effort to succor his fellow-soldier, he had fallen near the banks of the stream and there bled to death. "Greater love hath no man," than was here shown by poor Sergeant Tracy.

The hope that had been raised and disappointed seemed to make me more thirsty than ever. A stream of water was boiling, bubbling, and running within my hearing; my face and body were drenched; and yet it seemed as though I should die of thirst.

Since then I have been on the deserts of Arizona when the mercury would have registered not less than a hundred and ten in the shade—had there been any such luxury—and no one knows how much higher "in the open;" not a drop of water within a distance of forty miles, and so thirsty that my tongue was swollen till I could not speak; and yet the thirst endured on that July night at Gettysburg lives in my memory as exceeding in intensity that of all other occasions.

At last a blessing, though terribly disguised, came to my relief; I became delirious, unconscious. The first thing I afterward recalled, except the wild phantasmagoria that always accompanies hours like these, was when, on the day following, an old friend, a captain in my regiment, lifted me out from among the dead, who had died during the night, and the muddy pool in which I had been lying.

Little Jerry had returned to camp that morning and reported that "De captain done gone died last night." So my friend, with several other officers of the regiment, had come to try and find my body. Poor Jerry! he little knew how nearly the carrying away of the rubber coat came to finishing me, and thus confirming his story.

Our visitors only remained with us for a very short time, as the regiment with the remainder of the army was already on the march following Lee. Every available man was ordered forward, and the fate of the immense number of wounded was left to the care of the citizen-nurses who were expected to soon be there to assist the few soldier-attendants left with us. Of course no one foresaw that the little stream which ran around us would soon overflow its banks, or doubtless more men would have been left, at least for this emergency. As it was, the stream, swollen to an unusual height, did soon overflow its banks, and sweeping through our dismal ranks, drowned many helpless fellows before the few attendants there could get them out of the way.

The man who was looking after me, finding that he could not, alone, carry me to higher ground, cut some stakes, drove them into the ground, placed poles on them, and then breaking up an old barrel, took the staves and laid them across the poles, thus making quite a comfortable bunk, several feet above the water. Upon this, after great labor on his part, and no little anguish on my own, this faithful man succeeded in placing me out of reach of the angry waters that swept through our camp and under my cot. The overflow was probably not over two feet in depth, but to men who could not raise their heads, this, like Mercutio's wound, was enough—it sufficed. The few attendants there worked like Trojans, but it was impossible to save

all, and quite a number of the more helpless ones were drowned within the range of my limited vision. It was some days before the citizens began to arrive on the field; a delay that was quite natural, in view of the confused state of the railroads in that vicinity. When, however, they commenced to come, there was no limit either in the number or high character of the volunteer nurses. In accordance with the prerogative established on the occasion of sacred memory, when she was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, the first volunteer attendant I saw on the field of Gettysburg was a woman. I find that she wrote her name in my diary, on July 7, 1863, "Miss Cornelia Hancock, New Salem, N. J." She carried writing materials, envelopes, and postage stamps, and wrote letters to the friends of those who were too desperately wounded to do so themselves. She took down just what each wanted to say, without abridgment, and in this manner many a mother, sister, and sweetheart received their first, last, and only message from their loved ones, whose lives ebbed out on this fatal field. It was a thoughtful, sensible, and delicate service, faithfully performed. Soon there was no lack of attendants. Every walk in life appeared to be represented. Some gentlemen brought their wives and daughters, and remained for weeks doing with their own hands the most disagreeable drudgery, sleeping on the ground, and enduring other privations with the heroism of veteran soldiers.

The old Keystone State outdid herself; her quota being filled thrice over by some of the wealthiest and most accomplished men and women within her borders. One group from Chester County was composed entirely of Quakers, or members of the Society of Friends. They were of the best and most reputable of that exceedingly respectable county. I saw ladies of this delegation, with their own hands, cooking delicacies at an open fire, where the wind blew the smoke and ashes in their faces with the persistence proverbial of all such out-of-door cooking "ranges." Clergymen from all denominations were there. They may, however, be divided into two classes—those who depended upon prayer and works, and those who relied exclusively on prayer without works. The difference between the two will be better understood by a brief description of the course pursued by one of each class, who, during the early part of my stay, paid daily visits to me. One was a portly man, about fifty-five years of age. He carried with him a large bible and a hymn-book. I do not recall that he ever brought anything else, or even asked a patient to take a glass of water. When he came in he asked me how I felt, and if I was prepared to die. Then he adjusted his spectacles and read a chapter from his bible. That finished, he selected what seemed to be the longest hymn he could find, and in a wheezy voice sang it all through without skipping a stanza. These interesting exercises were then closed by a lengthy prayer in which advice to the Creator was the most prominent feature. He daily inflicted this programme upon me at a time when every breath I drew was like the thrust of a dozen daggers, until the surgeons finally found it out, and then they forbade his entering my tent at all.

In striking contrast with this was the course pursued by another wearer of the cloth—a stout, energetic man of about thirty-five years of age. As he never troubled me with any of the conundrums which others of his profession considered it their duty to propound to those of us who were loitering along on the brink of eternity, it was some time before I knew that he was a minister of the Gospel. He never came into my tent that he did not do something for my comfort. Without being told, he seemed to have an intuition of what was needed, and then off came his coat and the thing was done. One of the many bad features in my case was the utter distaste I had for anything in the way of food. Such nourishment as I did take was taken like any other medicine, because the surgeons prescribed it. Everyone who came to see me brought something that they thought might tempt the appetite. The Hon. and Colonel Levi Maish, who was himself convalescing from

wounds received at Antietam, made several journeys from his home at York, Pa., to Gettysburg, to bring me delicacies that would have been the delight of an epicure. One corner of the tent was literally packed with all sorts of canned provisions, baskets of champagne, native and foreign still wines and liquors of all kinds; and yet with the whimsical notions of a sick man, I had conceived the idea that there was nothing in the world I wanted or could eat except a roasted potato; and as it was said that there was not a potato to be had within miles of our camp, of course I wanted one more than ever. I had long since ceased asking for them, but when food was mentioned that simple vegetable was the only thing that suggested itself to my mind. My clergyman friend was located in the Second Division hospital, some distance from ours, which was the Third Division, Second Corps. But he always came to see me at least once a day, and I had my tent flaps turned back so that I could watch for his coming. One very hot Sunday morning I caught sight of him coming considerably earlier than was his usual custom. His coat was thrown across his arm, and the perspiration was rolling down his face, but when he looked up and saw me watching his approach he swung a little bundle he had tied in his handkerchief, and exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of a boy: "I've got them, captain, I've got them!" Sure enough, he soon laid before me a dozen potatoes, two of which he immediately washed with his own hands and roasted in the ashes.

I saw Tiffany's collection of diamonds at the Centennial of 1876, and also the most notable display of jewels ever made by one person in this country, when the wife of a distinguished New York millionaire wore her gorgeous collection at a Presidential reception in the White House, not many years ago; and yet I have never seen any diamonds, rubies, sapphires, or pearls that were at all comparable with the exquisite beauty of that cluster of Irish potatoes, brought to me at Gettysburg, on Sunday morning, so many years ago, by the Rev. J. E. Adams, of New Sharon, Me. He had walked in the broiling sun over ten miles to gratify an invalid's whim.

Up to this time he had never held any religious services in my tent. So, while he was preparing another potato for one of my fellow-soldiers, I told the attendant that he might give my compliments to him and say that, as it was Sunday morning, I should be very glad, if he could spare the time, to have him offer a prayer.

"Certainly," he replied, when they told him, and walking over to my tent he laid aside his hat and knelt by my rude bunk. He was still without his coat, his sleeves were rolled up, and his hands were grimy with the ashes from his potato roast. His throat was bare of necktie, the collar thrown wide open, and great beads of perspiration stood on his broad forehead; but what a prayer! Like his works it was fervid, earnest, and apropos. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten, and yet it appeared to be such a short prayer. A wounded Confederate soldier was lying in one corner of my tent, and knowing what firm friends we now were, our advocate at the bar of God used that circumstance as the basis of an appeal that these two whilom enemies, between whom there subsisted no real ground for enmity, might both live to see their country at peace. It was a grand appeal, bearing malice toward none, and charity for all. When it was finished and the worthy man had gone, I felt as though I had really been with one who walked arm in arm with the Master, and knew when and how to work as well as when and how to pray.

My father had been summoned from a neighboring State, and soon after he came an incident occurred that aptly illustrates the peculiar phases of this war. He became very much interested in the Confederate soldier who was lying in my tent, and was careful to divide any luxury he got for me with him. The man, though apparently grateful, said little, and I think half suspected that my father was not aware that he belonged to the Confederate army. One day, however, the old gentleman had prepared a couple of milk-punches, and while "Johnnie" was partaking of his, he suddenly asked him to what regi-

ment he belonged. The patient hesitated for a moment, and then answered: "The —th Mississippi."

"The —th Mississippi!" echoed the good Samaritan, as he staggered and nearly fell to the ground. "Why," said he, "you may be the very man who shot my boy!" and the tears sprang to his eyes at the thought. In a moment more he had recovered his equanimity, and taking the wounded Confederate by the hand, said: "Never mind, my boy, pardon me for having such an unwelcome thought. I am sure you believed you were doing your duty, whatever you did."

I was quite proud that, from this time on until all the Confederates were removed from among the Union troops and placed in a camp by themselves, my father showed the man even more attention than he did me, so anxious was he to demonstrate that he made no difference because he might have "shot his boy."

While I was on duty in the Shenandoah Valley and in the Peninsula campaign, I had become much attached to the adjutant of an Indiana regiment that belonged to our brigade. About the time we left the Peninsula, in August, 1862, he had resigned in a miff about some real or imagined slight in the way of promotion, and I had lost sight of him. On the evening of the second day's battle, as I was about to take charge of my detachment for the skirmish line, an officer rode up and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned, and there was my old friend in the uniform of an assistant adjutant-general. We had little time for exchange of greetings, but he told me he had been assigned to the staff of the general commanding a brigade in the division of my corps next on our left. Just then the adjutant announced that my companies were ready, my friend and I shook hands; he returned to his division, and I went down to the skirmish line. One day, when the Reverend Adams was visiting me, he casually remarked upon the similarity of my case with that of another officer in the Second Division hospital, in whom he was also greatly interested, and he mentioned B——'s name. I then found that my friend was also so badly wounded that it was not thought possible for him to recover. Mr. Adams said he was so anxious to live, at least until his widowed mother, who had been telegraphed for, came. I then sent a message to B——, that if I was alive at ten the next morning, I would join him in a glass of wine, at least, we could each take one at the same moment. We continued this long-distance greeting for several mornings, until one day, just before the time for my glass with B——, a message came to my father. Instead of opening the bottle of wine for me as had been his custom, he came over by my bunk, laid his hand gently on my forehead, and looking sadly out across the green fields toward the hospital of the Second Division, he said: "Poor Captain B—— can't drink with you this morning; he is dead."

When I entered upon the third week of my enforced detention I began to have a great longing to be removed to my native State. The surgeons held a consultation and concluded that the change could not materially hasten or delay what appeared to them to be the inevitable. So they promised me that if, at the end of the next week, I was still alive, they would give their consent to my removal.

The agents of the Christian Commission had hung upon the wall of the tent facing me a calendar, or scroll, underneath each date of which were inscribed in large type numbers of texts or passages of the Scriptures supposed to be suited to the reader, the time, and place. Immediately on the doctors giving me the above-mentioned promise, this calendar assumed an interest which no other calendar, before or since, has ever attained. From ten to twelve o'clock each night I do not think that five minutes were allowed to pass without my asking whoever was attending me, the hour; and before the words announcing the departure of the old day were fairly out of his mouth I begged him to "please turn down that date."

Finally, on the last of the month, two attendants placed me on a stretcher, and while my father held an umbrella over me to keep off the rays of the mid-

summer sun, they carried me to the village. On entering the town we passed a large brick house that stood flush with the sidewalk, along which was a row of beautiful maples. Under the shade of the thick foliage the stretcher bearers set me down for a few minutes' rest. The little procession attracted the attention of the occupants of the house, and a young lady, accosting my father from one of the upper windows, asked if I would not like a luncheon. The offer was made in such sympathetic tones that I felt a refusal would cause actual pain to the lady tendering the hospitality, so I accepted.

While the dainty little spread was being prepared, the windows of the lower story, or parlor, were thrown open, another exceedingly attractive young lady appeared, and I had the first chat with a lady, in a real house, I had been privileged to enjoy for many a weary month. When I had finished so much of the delicious repast as I was able to do, we exchanged visiting cards, and the young ladies presented me with an exquisite national flag about two inches in length by half an inch in width. I still retain this little emblem among the most cherished mementos of my first visit to Gettysburg.

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THE SECOND VISIT.

In the November succeeding my first visit to Gettysburg, I was in the National capital, partly convalescent but still not permitted to rejoin my regiment. While awaiting a decision of the surgeons in my case, the ceremonies that were to take place on the occasion of the dedication of the proposed monument were announced, and I resolved to be present. On my way over, a friend of mine serving on the staff of General Tyler, at Baltimore, Lieutenant McDowell, joined me, and just at dusk we reached Hanover Junction, the station where we were to change for the train that would take us to Gettysburg. When our train stopped we immediately boarded another that was standing on the Gettysburg track. We had barely gotten inside when a guard was placed at the entrance to each car to prevent outsiders from crowding into it, as it was a special train carrying the governors of the several States who were the guests of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Being locked in, as it were, we concluded not to try to break out, and proceeded to find the delegation from our native State, Ohio. McDowell went toward the head of the train and I toward the rear. In the first car I entered I saw Governor Todd, while near him were ex-Governor Dennison and the Governor-elect, Brough. Thinking, perhaps, I might know some of his staff or retinue, I asked where the other members of the delegation were. He pointed to a group on the opposite side of the car, which upon joining, I found to contain several old acquaintances and one general officer, whom I had known as colonel of the Fourth Ohio, and who, when promoted, had afterward commanded our brigade, General John S. Mason, now a retired officer of the regular army. He knew the circumstances attending my former visit to Gettysburg, and insisted upon presenting me to the governor, although I said I had just spoken with him.

In introducing me, the general told the governor that I had a better right to be there than any of them, with many other equally flattering things which a soldier most likes to hear of himself. The governor then told me that he would like to arrange it so that I could see and hear everything that transpired at the dedication ceremonies, and that he could best insure that if I and my friend were to accept the positions of aides-de-camp on his staff, which he then tendered. Of course we gratefully accepted the proffered honor. The governor further informed us that although he had sent an agent ahead to secure accommodations for himself and staff, the latter had so increased in numbers since he started that he did not know whether all would have "downy pillows" to rest upon, but as we were soldiers he presumed we would not be troubled on that score.

Remembering my hosts on the occasion of my former visit, and relying somewhat upon their hospitality, I assured the governor that we should

not only be able to take care of ourselves, but possibly, if his quarters were overcrowded, we might be able to find shelter for some of the other members of his party.

When we arrived at the station, though it was nearly eleven o'clock at night, I took McDowell and sought out the residence of my hosts of the previous July. Nearly everyone in the village was up, their houses illuminated and open in anticipation of their being called upon to entertain the immense crowds of incoming visitors. We found the house of my former hostesses open like the rest, and upon my making myself known (for it must be remembered they had never seen me except for a few minutes, as I had laid upon the stretcher in front of their house) we were most cordially received. They could accommodate us, and if we chose, two more; an offer we accepted, and going back to the hotel we relieved the Governor of two of his party, George A. Benedict, editor and proprietor of the Cleveland *Herald*, and Mr. Clapp, of the Buffalo *Express*. Both of these gentlemen gave interesting accounts in their papers of their hostesses and their historic home, which bore the bullet marks of the strife that had raged around it.

At the dedication ceremonies on the following day, November 19, 1863, I had a seat on the platform within a few feet of the speakers, and could hear not only every word, but could mark every expression on the face of America's most polished orator, Edward Everett, as he delivered that masterly oration, and could see every lineament in the sad, earnest face of Mr. Lincoln as he pronounced his immortal "Dedication."

Mr. Everett's personality was profoundly impressive. He was as straight as an arrow, tall, portly, and faultlessly dressed. Like many others of his time he wore an evening suit, the coat of which displayed his figure to advantage. Crowning all was that massive head covered with snow-white hair, which was in striking contrast with the great dark eyes that flashed from out clear-cut, classic features that were innocent of the semblance of beard or mustache. I have not seen nor read the oration for more than twenty years, and yet many of his periods were at that time so impressed upon my memory that I cannot forget them. In closing one of them he said: "Standing on these heights; looking on these scenes;" here he turned and looked, first at Round Top on the left and then at Wolf's and Culp's Hills on the right, at the same time raising both hands slowly and impressively as high as he could, as if reaching toward the heavens for inspiration—"I feel how utterly inadequate words are to express the emotions that are swelling in my heart!" Toward the end of the sentence great tears suffused his eyes and rolled down his cheeks as his hands fell as if in utter helplessness.

It was certainly a grand oration; and when finished it seemed as though the subject had been exhausted and there was absolutely nothing more to be said. When, therefore, Mr. Lincoln arose in obedience to the announcement that the President would now pronounce the dedication, everyone felt sorry for him. To say that Mr. Lincoln arose, can only be appreciated by those who have been near him when he got up to speak; but he had never before seemed to me to be so tall as he did on this occasion. He appeared to continue to arise as it were, until when he finally stood up I thought that he was the tallest and most awkward man I had ever seen.

There has been considerable difference of opinion among those who were present, as to whether or not he had any notes of this, undoubtedly the greatest speech of his life. My own impressions, whether correct or not, were received then, and have never since been changed by anything I have seen or heard on the subject. I think he had a card or a strip of paper the size of a visiting card in his hand. He did not, however, look at or refer to it in any way. Others, too, have differed as to the immediate effect of his remarks. In this, also, I give the impressions received at the time, which were also identical with those of all with whom I spoke. I thought then, and still think, it was the shortest,

grandest speech, oration, sermon, or what you please to call it, to which I ever listened. It was the whole matter in a nutshell, delivered distinctly and impressively, so that all in that vast concourse could hear him. My own emotions may perhaps be imagined when it is remembered that he was facing the spot where only a short time before we had had our death-grapple with Pickett's men, and he stood almost immediately over the place where I had lain and seen my comrades torn in fragments by the enemy's cannon-balls.

Think, if you please, how these words fell upon my ears: ". . . We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here."

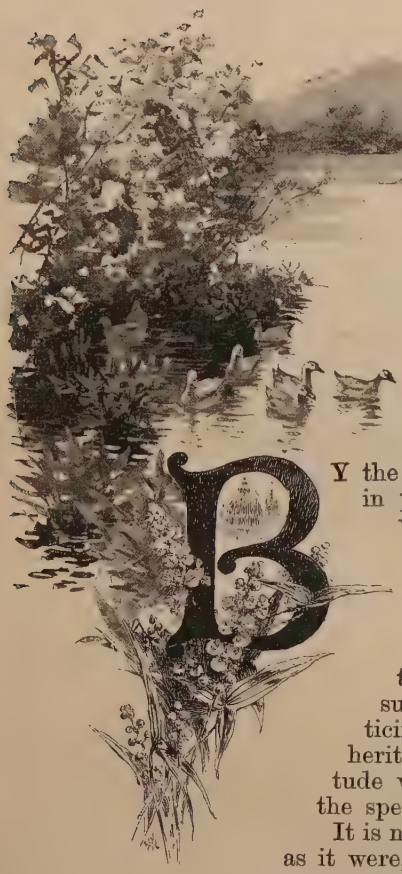
If at that moment the Supreme Being had appeared with an offer to undo my past life; give back to me a sound body, free from the remembrance even of sufferings past, and the imminence of those that must necessarily embitter all the years to come, I should have indignantly spurned the offer, such was the effect upon me of this immortal "Dedication." And even now, when the deeds performed on that field are rapidly becoming traditions, the mention of which requires an apology; when the brilliant hopes of the living actors in the tragedy have become faded disappointments; their promised rewards turned to dead-sea fruits; when they have nothing to show for them but maimed and shattered bodies, meaningless titles, and empty honors, there is still comfort for them in the great Martyr's prophecy, that history will not forget to record what they did in the way of heroic achievement upon the battle-field of Gettysburg.

FULFILLED.

By Anna C. Brackett.

She drank from out her curving palms
A draught she could not see;
Full filled they were and running o'er,
There had been space for not one more—
Full filled with kisses three.

A lover's kisses, newly pressed
On soft palms, tenderly;
With thirsty lips she eager quaffed,
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears, and could not see.



FOREGROUND AND VISTA AT THE FAIR.

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

BY the time this brief sketch shall have appeared in print the world's greatest international fair will have thrown open its gates to the impatient multitudes, and millions will have looked with rapture upon its impressive perspectives of palaces and enjoyed their treasures. Even to the great general public who are as yet awaiting with eager anticipation the indispensable outing at the Fair, its surpassing architectural features are already enticingly familiar. The "White City" is already a heritage of delight and inspiration to a vast multitude who have spent their available days beneath the spell of its enchantment.

It is no small thing thus to have penetrated the veil, as it were, as is here actually done for many—to have materialized a vision—to have embodied a paradise. The "Heavenly City," the "New Jerusalem," with gates of gold and pearl, which in one questionable shape or another hovers in the hopeful, faithful fancy of so many of the sons of Adam will here find a realization, supplanting or exalting the ideal which has hitherto not always been to the glory of Heaven.

But in thus paying tribute to the architect we are perhaps unconsciously crediting him with more than his due; certainly more than he would himself claim. Of what avail were beautiful palaces if they could not be seen; and how easily might such an assemblage of heroic structures such as these at Jackson Park, as in previous similar expositions, have been so disposed, with relation to each other and their environment, as to have completely lost not only their individual impressiveness but the infinite advantage of their imposing *ensemble*.

We traverse the winding lagoon for an hour in continual delight, every passing moment, every quiet turn of our launch or gondola beneath arching bridge or jutting revetement opening up in either direction new and ravishing vistas of architectual beauty. Yet how little have we considered that the very means of our enjoyment, the pure blue water-way upon which our gondola so listlessly floats, is the crowning artifice by which the work of the architect is glorified—a very triumph and inspiration in the great scheme of landscape—say rather water-scape—gardening, which has made this Columbian Fair a unique model for all others of its kind. I think it is conceded by the architects of the Fair that in no way are its buildings to be seen to such satisfaction or full effect as from the lagoon. And it is well to remember, if only as an instructive object-

A Cove in Wooded Island.

lesson, as we glide upon this liquid street, how much of our present enjoyment is due to the forethought of a supreme design, which, even before a single foundation-wall was laid, had taken into account the most effective grouping of the architectural features.

More than this, too, how many of these fortunate architects must have realized the rare satisfaction of having builded better than they knew, when for the first time they viewed their works from the vantage point afforded by their collaborator, the landscape artist, and saw these superb creations given back to them in twofold beauty from the clear mirror of the lagoon. The unique character and important innovation of this lagoon feature may be inferred when we consider that we have here an Exposition covering over five hundred and fifty acres, comfortably filled to its limits with the ample buildings, and yet no vehicles are to be allowed within its enclosure, and none will be required. The circuitous elevated railroad will of course transport the multitudes; while by the interior skilful distribution of the water-ways, rippling with gayly caparisoned gondolas by the score, and a hundred trim electric launches and other equally picturesque craft, every portion of the grounds will be easily accessible. The entire circuit on this water-course, from any given point, will occupy nearly an hour. The luxurious tourist arriving at his destination is invited at the water's edge by ascending terraces of marble steps, their balustrades on either side overtopped by picturesque masses of tropic and other luxuriant vegetation. Huge bronze-like agaves surmount the lofty marble urns; cannas, musas, caladiums, in most effective and artistic groups, are dispersed among broad expanses of velvety sward, begemmed with parterres of brilliant bloom.

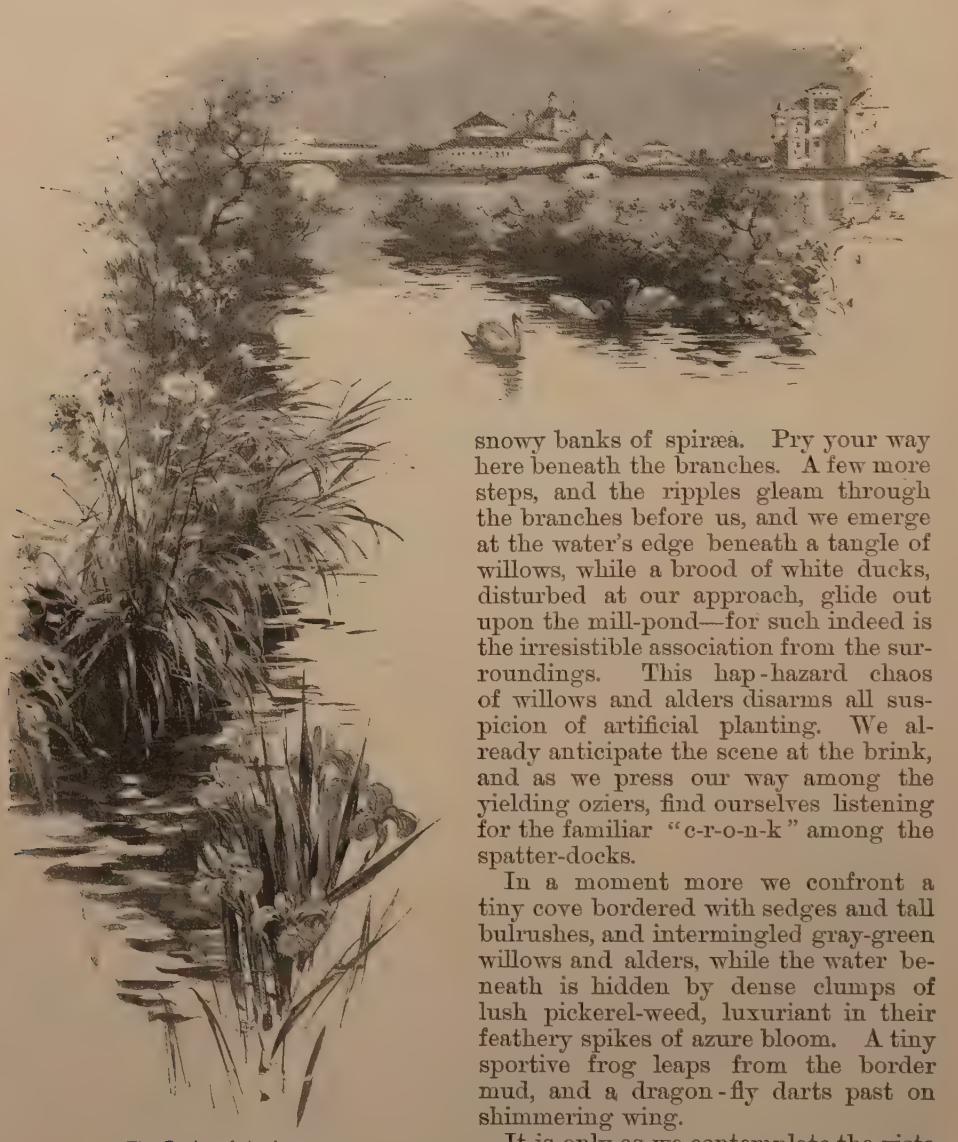
But it is not alone in these picturesque settings of lawn and garden which everywhere abound throughout the grounds that we find our fullest appreciation of the landscape art. In the spell of these imposing structures, towering above the revetement walls on

each side as we traverse the lagoon, we had utterly ignored another feature of its banks, or perhaps had our attention only momentarily inveigled thither by the invitation of the bevy of snowy ducks or geese or graceful swans hastening from our prow, and gliding beneath the overhanging boughs of feathery gray willows. Here indeed is a haven for a tired soul, a fairy realm whose modest charms are apt to be overlooked in the claims of the overwhelming architectural surroundings. But sooner or later its restful refuge will be discovered and welcomed. How many a foot-sore mortal, weary from the very excess of enthusiasm, will seek this quiet retirement, content for the moment to consign the architect to the accessory place of vista and horizon, while he roams and pries and muses among the labyrinthian paths, fragrant bowers, and shadowy glades, and along the reedy flowery borders of this sylvan fairy island, which the artistic genius of Olmsted and Codman has here, in two short years, conjured up like magic from the muddy, dreary marsh.

Connected to the main-land by a half-dozen spans of so-called bridges, it is readily accessible from any approach. It is a realm of strange inconsistencies and surprises, harmonies and pleasant discords, unified with the rarest skill. The familiar park or garden at one moment, its curving walks encircling more or less—generally less—conventional parterre, diversified with closely bedded mosaic of bright blossoms; and now a path leading us between high walls of blossom-laden shrubbery, skirting a rustic arbor, or winding beneath the shade of tall, dense branches of trees, which, however at home they may appear, so wonderfully has the skill of the landscapist concealed his artifice, are still almost as much strangers to the soil as ourselves; the adjustment and grouping giving the complete illusion of nature's random planting.

Only a very few of the thousands of trees upon this "wooded island"—medium-sized white-oaks—are native tenants of the place. Only two years ago isolated in the more elevated dunes of a great morass, they now find themselves in strange company; the

The Californian Building.



The Border of the Lagoon.

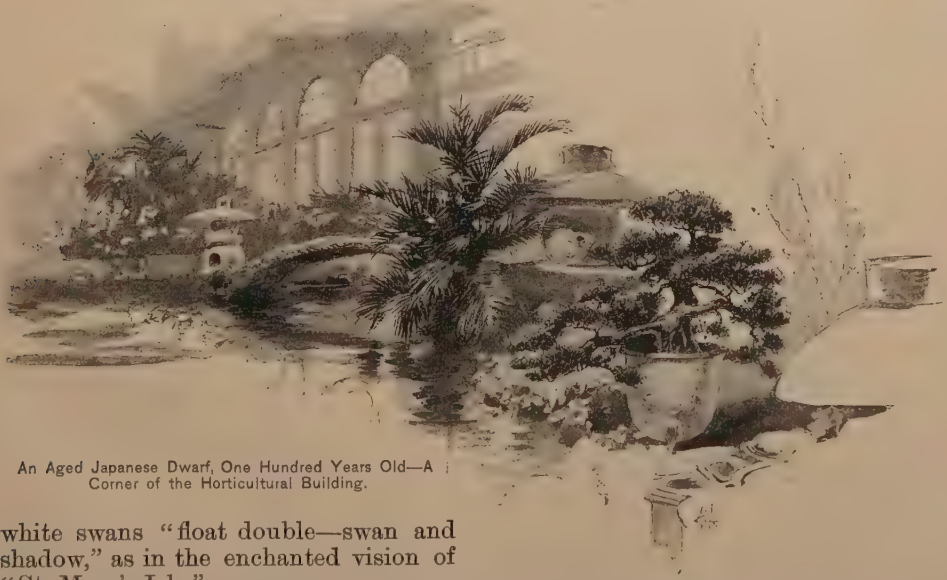
soil from the bed of the lagoon, having levelled the former slopes about their feet, is now peopled with individuals as large as themselves. Many a rare nook upon the island's borders would defy the critical scrutiny of the botanist or artist to detect a single tell-tale evidence of artifice. Would you step from the conventional park to the wild garden in ten paces? Follow me through this winding path, embowered with its snowy banks of spiræa. Pry your way here beneath the branches. A few more steps, and the ripples gleam through the branches before us, and we emerge at the water's edge beneath a tangle of willows, while a brood of white ducks, disturbed at our approach, glide out upon the mill-pond—for such indeed is the irresistible association from the surroundings. This hap-hazard chaos of willows and alders disarms all suspicion of artificial planting. We already anticipate the scene at the brink, and as we press our way among the yielding oziers, find ourselves listening for the familiar "c-r-o-n-k" among the spatter-docks.

In a moment more we confront a tiny cove bordered with sedges and tall bulrushes, and intermingled gray-green willows and alders, while the water beneath is hidden by dense clumps of lush pickerel-weed, luxuriant in their feathery spikes of azure bloom. A tiny sportive frog leaps from the border mud, and a dragon-fly darts past on shimmering wing.

It is only as we contemplate the vista across the water that we realize the beautiful deception as yonder beetling dome, in its gilded splendor, or sunlit palaces everywhere gleaming through the waters are brought to our feet in ripples from gliding gondola, swan, or duck.

Was ever border-tangle brushed by mill-pond raft or fishing-punt more wild or spontaneous than this! Foreground and vista in endless combination and surprise greet us as we follow

our course about the shore, with Flora's own wild calendar from neck to neck. Here a secluded harbor, bristling with arrowheads and white with its spires of bloom, its sedgy banks aflame with cardinal flowers, whose scarlet reflections mingle with the snowy glints from the sunlit façade or spangling flashes from the crystal dome across the water. Here we invade the sheltered retreat of a bittern or small heron, which stalks away with ruffled temper at our intrusion. Creeping between the neighboring bank of alders, we emerge upon a sequestered nook shut off from the main lagoon by a small, straggling islet, plumy with willows and sedges, the main banks fringed with rushes and burr-marigolds and tall galingales that wave their graceful heads above a wild garden of blossoming blue flag. In and out among its willows beyond, the ever present fleet of ducks glides among the dancing ripples, or snow-white swans "float double—swan and shadow," as in the enchanted vision of "St. Mary's Isle."



An Aged Japanese Dwarf, One Hundred Years Old—A Corner of the Horticultural Building.

As we leave this beguiling haunt the air is suddenly bewitched with entrancing perfume, and our fancy lit with luminous visions of the Orient from the great golden doorway which glows through the branches from the opposite brink and floods the water with its liquid replica. Attar of roses! One such inviting whiff is sufficient. Leaving the water's edge we return toward the interior of the island, and are soon confronted by the wonderful rose-garden wherein are assembled all the roses of the world, with their thousands of varieties. Roses single and double, pink roses, white roses, roses yellow, crimson, orange, and saffron, and, indeed, of every hue but blue, mingling their beauty and their fragrance in an acre of bloom, and sprinkling the ground in showers of petals with every breeze.

The now famous rose-garden lies in the southern end of the island, approached through winding walks, garlanded with flowery shrubs of every habit and hue, of graceful blossom-burdened spiræas, drooping as with a weight of snow, or varied with rare foliaged plants which vie with the flowers in the endless play of their brilliant colors. Through the skilful foresight and planning of Mr. John Thorpe, the custodian of this realm dedicated to Flora, the fair goddess will crown him with a new decoration of wreath or laurel for every week, from the earliest yellow glow of May to the brilliant maples and

the final autumnal glory of the chrysanthemum.

Japonica! Japonica! How continually does the spirit of the flowery land hover here! It is, indeed, scarcely a surprise that the actual, familiar outlines of its quaint massive gables suddenly confronts us, looking down above a mass of the Mikado's own chrysanthemum, and we suddenly find ourselves transported to Tokio or Yokohama, surrounded by a veritable epitome of Japan, embracing all the actual features, floral, ornamental, and utilitarian, with which, through the educational influence of painted fan and screen and household gods of vase and kakemono, we have become so pleasantly familiar.

The long, low-roofed, wooden temple is surrounded from its foundation by a

Japanese Building on Wooded Island.

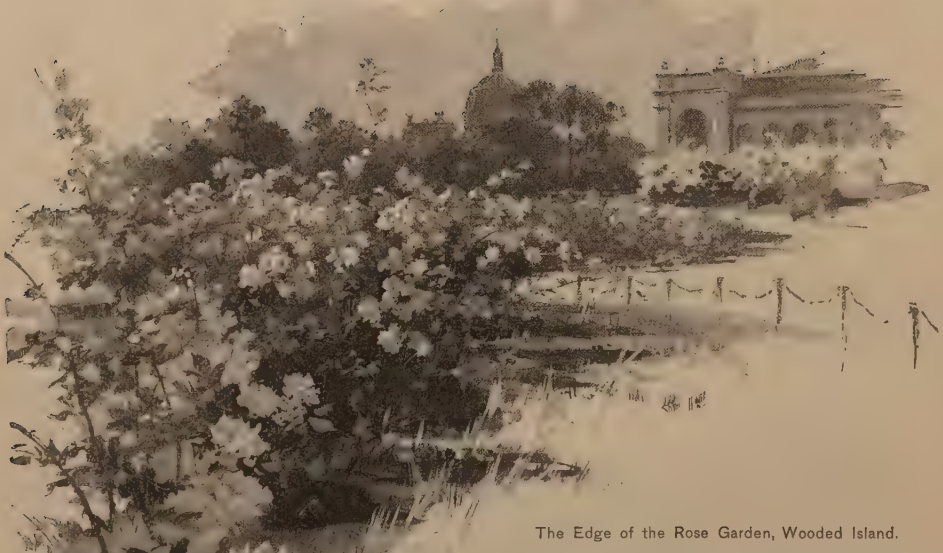
characteristic terraced garden, embracing many examples of those "precious goods done up in small parcels," which have always been the particular fad of the Japanese horticulturist—tiny giants of trees, so to speak, arranged in miniature parks, which, for the moment, make the beholder seem to be upon a mighty cliff or in flight with the soaring falcon, else how could he thus gaze down upon the summit of such a huge, lofty pine as this which he now sees beneath him! A fine example of one of these arboreal paradoxes is to be seen in the Japanese exhibit in the Horticultural Building—an aged dwarf of an *arbor vitæ* (*Thuja*) like a gigantic cedar of Lebanon, which, while having all the inherent characteristics of an actual age and dignity of over one hundred years, is still, with the big vase which it occupies, barely the height of one's shoulders.

In no structure within the grounds is the outward expression so sympathetically reflective of its architectural purpose as in the Fisheries Building. Itself reflected in the blue lagoon, in its architectural functions and sculptural ornament, it in turn reflects the lacustrine life of the waters, which not only almost lave its foundation walls but actually pour into its interior in fountain and cascade and gigantic aquaria. As we follow around these green translucent walls within, our passage lit only from the diffused light transmitted from above the water, we can almost fancy ourselves walking on the actual riverbed, ogled by familiar forms of sun-fish, perch, or pickerel; or perhaps wandering as in a dream among fair ocean caves abloom with brilliant sea-anemones, and embowered with mimic groves of branching corals and all manner of softly swaying sea-weed — graceful crimson laminaria reaching to the surface of the water, responding in serpentine grace to the soft invasion of waving fin. Rare living gems of fishes, very butterflies of the deep, float past flashing in iridescence with every subtile turn of their painted bodies. Star-fish, at first apparently stationary, as though in mid-

Elkhorn Fern, a Suggestion for an Architect—In the Australian Exhibit, Horticultural Hall.

water, glide across the illusive plane of glass, with their thousand fringy discs of feet. Strange crabs and mollusks and bivalves sport on the pebbly bottoms, and portentous monsters, with great gaping mouths, threaten us as they emerge from their nebulous obscurity and steal to within a few inches of our faces.

All of its interior ichthyological features might have been anticipated even at the threshold of the building, with its rich and effective portals, where so many of these very forms are seen petrified in surface ornament. The building is in the form of a rectangular central structure with two octagonal annexes, each with its own beautiful portal, and connected to the main edifice by curved colonnades, with arch and balustrade—portal and pillar, capital, entablature and arch and panel—everywhere sculptured with ornaments whose themes are drawn from the subaqueous life to which the building is dedicated. The very balcony upon which we lean is supported by columns composed of four ingeniously and gracefully interlocked dolphins, while the pillars on right and left and throughout the entire exterior suggest curious geometric fossils from the deeps. Here a spiral procession of huge toads, whose uncouth shapes thus embodied in conventional ornament are singularly agreeable and effective. Each successive pillar is a study alike for the naturalist or designer — here a sinuous procession of river-horses (hippocampus), the incurved tail forming a volute repeated with pleasant effect in the spiral bands of ornament. Accommodating star-fishes embrace their respective pillars, touching points in geometric

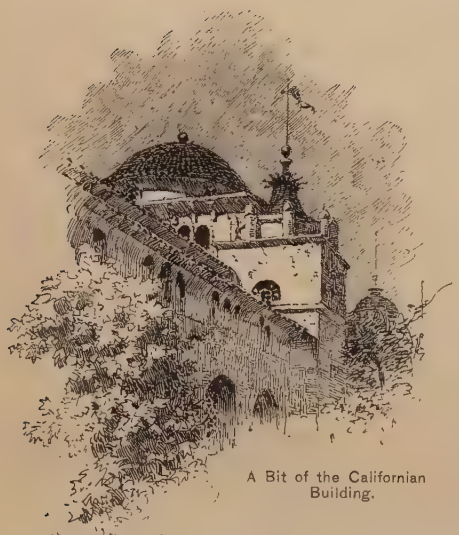


The Edge of the Rose Garden, Wooded Island.

design. Here are eels and fishes meandering among bulrushes and arrowheads. Lizards, crabs, and turtles, each combine in effective ornament about their particular columns, which are surmounted by capitals of even greater ingenuity and effectiveness of design, perhaps because less geometric. Gaping frogs leaping among water-weeds; lobsters captive and sprawling in their wicker "pots;" fishes entangled in the meshes of nets, or engaged in mortal combat, their gaping mouths finely utilized in effective points of shadow—the modelling of each and all suggests the perfection of a cast from nature. To those who look for a happy blending of architectural purpose and harmonious ornament, this building will be a welcome innovation. To the naturalist or the idler in quest of the mere picturesque, the Fisheries Building with its wandering façade and colonnade, its roof of ruddy tiles and almost Mooresque richness of surface ornament in high relief, will be found well worth careful study.

How many are the obvious natural themes yet awaiting their sculptured memorial in the temple of architecture. Must the classical and testy acanthus forever guard that exalted basket unchallenged, and the antique, indeed almost palæontologic lotus forever keep us oblivious to the abounding wealth of natural suggestion of even surpassing opportunity? What a rare suggestion for a national architectural theme, for instance, has nature thus far wasted on the wilderness in that elk-horn fern of Australia, which forms one of the most conspicuous features of the arboreal exhibit of that land of tropic contradictions and zoölogical anomalies. Where can there be found another such ready-made and graceful model for a massive capital?

Had this remarkable plant chanced to have been a native of ancient Egypt or Rome or Greece, it is difficult to conceive of its having escaped being immortalized in stone. Will the future national architecture of Australia ever embody its opportunities? Here is a veritable capital of clustered fern-forms.



A Bit of the Californian Building.

springing in graceful relief from a solid sculptured base. In some of the examples shown it simply surrounds the trunk upon which it is a parasite, and in others, the architectural suggestion is heightened by the cluster appearing at the summit of its pillar, the dead continuation of the trunk above having fallen.

Superlative anticipation of our hopes is often disastrous to their full realization. But no such danger awaits the visitor to the Columbian fair. The most extreme glorification of this superb achievement at Chicago still leaves us the superlative of actual experience.

Dull indeed must be the intelligence which fails to respond to the vision of beauty which the genius of architecture has here created. Whatever oblivion may await the other features of the Exposition, the fame of the architect is secure. Even though in their substance his creations here are but as the flowers of a day, to be cut down ere the coming of winter, their very evanescence constitutes their most abiding charm.

Though we may spend weeks in the enjoyment of the unexampled treasures within these walls, confusion will at length claim most of our minor reminiscences and the winnowing process of the years will at last leave few tokens. But the glamour of this celestial city, this throng of ethereal palaces hovering between sky and sky, buoyant as uplifting archangel wings from dome and pinnacle and acroteria—these will abide to the end of our days.

Portal of the Fisheries Building.

LONELINESS.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

O THOU! whom God in wisdom limitless
Hath taken from me to His realm unknown,
About me countless myriads surge and press,
Yet must I wander in my grief alone.

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

III.

SHORTLY before we moved to the sea-side this summer, it was evident to me that Josephine had something on her mind which she hesitated to broach to me. I suspect that the dear girl realized that we had had rather a trying winter in our new establishment, and was accordingly a little nervous as to how I would receive a new suggestion, which was aimed directly at my personal comfort. I had indeed found the winter somewhat trying on account of the number of small repairs which had proved to be necessary. Most of the doors would not open except by the application of brute force, and many of the windows rattled, so that carpenters were in possession of the premises a total of one hundred and twenty-eight hours in the course of nine calendar months, and I was compelled to listen in hang-dog silence to Josephine's sibilant commentary, that this was the natural result of buying a ready-made house. Still I must admit that on the whole she behaved extraordinarily well under these trying circumstances, and said nothing more tart than that, if she ever were so foolish as to move again, she should insist on building a house to suit herself; which struck me as rather a boomerang of a speech, seeing that it implied a lurking doubt on her part as to whether she had been wise in moving at all. I even came near admitting to her in consequence that I was thankful we had moved, and that, surface indications to the contrary notwithstanding, I was extremely happy in my new surroundings, and egregiously proud of her taste and cleverness in the selection of wall-papers and upholstery. I could have truthfully added also that, though a slippery hump had replaced the cosey hollow in my renovated easy-chair, I had found one of the new chairs exactly suited to my sensibilities, and should be secretly pleased if the old one were to softly and suddenly vanish away during our absence at the sea-side, after the manner of the Boojum of ditty. I have really no adequate reason to give why I delayed to make this amiable confession. It was the consciousness, however, that I had it to make which prompted me to help my darling out of her quandary when I perceived that she seemed afraid to beard the lion in his den.

"It has been very evident to me, Josephine, for the last two days, that you are keeping back something. If your mind is really set on altering the tinting of the drawing-room ceiling, I will consent to have it done while we are out of town."

"It isn't that at all, Fred. I agree with you that we can't afford it this year."

"Is it the extra tub in the laundry then?"

"Of course it would be very nice if we could have an extra tub. But it isn't that."

"Then there is something?"

"Yes," she murmured. "Oh, Fred, I do hope, now that the doctor has ordered you to take more exercise, you will get one of those pretty, striped tennis suits."

"Yes, do, father dear," exclaimed my eldest daughter, who happened to enter the room at the moment and overheard her mother's speech. "You would look perfectly lovely in one."

"It would be a satisfaction for once to see you wear something a little joyous," continued my wife, emboldened by the enthusiasm of her offspring.

"You seem to forget, dear, that I am a plain man," I answered, though

to tell the truth I was asking myself whether I was not a trifle weary of posing in that sublime capacity. Now that I thought of it, what was the especial virtue of being a plain citizen?

When I came to reflect on the matter further, I realized that my programme for the past fifteen years has been to put on a plain pepper-and-salt suit of modest demeanor in the morning, eat two plain-boiled eggs for breakfast, walk down town in a plain black overcoat to my office in a plain-

The funereal dress-clothes of commerce and convention.

looking building, where I pursue my calling until it is time to go home and doff my pepper-and-salt of modest demeanor for a plain suit of sables, the funereal dress-clothes of commerce and convention. Even this coal-black tribute to ceremony has discredited me with some, who argue that I am not a plain man because I do not prefer to dine in the same old pepper-and-salt. Verily the only bits of warm color in my wardrobe have been a robin's-egg-blue necktie, which I have never dared to wear except once at a wedding, and a pair of pajamas reserved for very occasional jaunts on yachts and sleeping-cars. And now that I had the doctor's orders to take more exercise, I had been on the point of selecting an ordinary, plain, pepper-and-salt flannel shirt, and condemning one of my oldest and plainest pairs of pepper-and-salt trousers for the purpose.

And yet it was not always so. I remember that when I was a young fellow and a bachelor I used to be, if not a dandy exactly, very particular regarding my personal appearance, and that I was willing to approach the border line of gaudiness as closely as any of my contemporaries. It took courage too then: the youth who wore down town even a garden flower in his button-hole was liable to be suspected of a lack of purpose. One got very little encouragement at the best in any effort to fly in the face of the perpetual black tie and black broadcloth frock-coat of the plain American citizen, and he who chose not to wear the garb of the Republic not merely cut himself off from the possibility of ever becoming President, but ran the risk of being refused employment of any kind. Naturally, therefore, I began after I was married to do pretty much as the rest of my fellow-citizens did, save in the matter of a dress-coat at dinner, which I continued to don daily out of respect to Josephine's feelings. (This has been one of the few points in my behavior upon which she has ever laid particular stress, and I thank her here publicly for her pertinacity. It has saved me from the slough of utter carelessness.) Barring the single blue necktie and the pajamas, I drifted into and have stuck to blacks and browns and the least ostentatious cuts until my own wife and children have felt called upon to proclaim me fusty.

To tell the truth, I had been more or less conscious for some time of my degeneration in this respect, but it is no easy matter to escape from a rut when one is middle-aged. Josephine's stricture concerning the lack of joyousness in my apparel, however, brought me up standing, as the phrase is, and served not merely to spur me to action, but to crystallize a tissue of reflections which had been churning in my brain during a considerable period. One evening a fortnight later I sauntered into the

drawing-room, where my wife and four children were congregated round the family lamps, and drew attention to my appearance by a timorous cough.

Josephine was the first to look up. My foot-fall will usually draw from her a welcoming smile, but she happened to be absorbed at the moment in the end of a novel, the beginning of which she was going to read later, so that it was not until I coughed that she raised her eyes from her book. For a moment she stared at me as though she were doubtful whether I was not one of the characters in whose vicissitudes she had been engrossed, then, letting the volume fall to the ground, she exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "Children, look at your father!"

Roused from their respective volumes by the ardor of this exhortation, my two

"I look like a perfect idiot."

sons and two daughters bent their critical eyes upon the male author of their being. It was a moment of sweet triumph for the old man for which he had made the most careful preparations. It was in vain that their gimlet-like faculties sought to discover flaws in the eminently fashionable costume of white striped serge, the brand-new yellow shoes, the jaunty summer necktie, and the appropriate hat, whereby I was transformed from a plain man to a respectable-looking member of society. The father who can run the gauntlet of his children's censorship may look the cold world in the face without a quaver. Philosophy has taught me this, and it was under the spur of the philosophic spirit that I had sought out the most expensive and most fashionable tailor in town, and told him to build me a summer outfit such as no one could carp at. Expense? He was to spare none. Cut? The latest and most joyous.

The children clapped their hands and there was a lively chorus of approval, and I had the satisfaction of hearing Josie, whose hair is ornamentally auburn, and whose face reminds me of her mother at the same age, declare that I looked "perfectly scrumptious," a sentiment which, in spite of its flavor of school-girl slang, seemed to express the critical estimate of the family circle.

"I look like a perfect idiot," I remarked, with becoming modesty as I surveyed myself in the glass. I did not think so, all the same. Indeed, I was saying to myself that I had had no idea I could look so well. Yet after all it is other people who decide whether one looks like an idiot or not.

"On the contrary," said Josephine, having surveyed me once more from head to foot to make sure that I was in nowise peculiar, but just like everybody else (only nicer, as she would say), "you look neat, and cool as a cucumber, and five years younger. Doesn't he, dears?"

"I should think so," said little Fred, who is aiming to be a dandy himself. "Father has cut us all out completely."

"It is a comfort to think that I shall no longer be a disgrace to my family," I remarked, with humble mien. "I may add that this is not all. I possess not merely this costume, but I have replenished my wardrobe utterly. When you see my new trousers, my new summer overcoat, my assortment of neckties, my brilliant shoes—both patent leather and strawberry roan—you will no longer be able to state, Josephine, that my clothes lack joyousness."

Later in the evening, after the children had gone to bed, Josephine, who had been upstairs to inspect my purchases, sat down beside me on the sofa, and nestled her head against my shoulder.

"Fred, you are very good," she said. "It must have bothered you terribly to get all those things—you, who are so busy. Everything is lovely, and the latest and prettiest of its kind. You have shown exquisite taste, dear; but I feel as though I had badgered you into it, following as it does on top of the house and everything else."

"No, dearest," I answered, stroking her hair. "I am proud of you—I am grateful to you. A man falls behind the times before he is aware of it. The world changes and paterfamilias ought to change with it out of consideration for his children. You were perfectly right, Josephine, just as you were right about the moving. Our house was too small and I was getting to look fusty and frowsy."

"Not so bad as that, Fred. I never said that you didn't look perfectly clean and respectable. All I meant was that there are such pretty things now, it seems a pity not to wear them. It wasn't the fashion to wear them when you were young. I mean younger than you are now," she added, patting my cheek. "I am glad, Fred, that you are reconciled to the house. I know that I have been a thorn in your flesh for the last eighteen months on account of it. I didn't mean to be irritating about the moving, but I was, and my soul has been wearing sackcloth and ashes ever since because I was so nasty. You see, Fred, in the first place, though I pretended to be pleased at your selecting the house, I was really dreadfully disappointed, for half the fun of a new house is choosing it. Of course a new house chosen by some one else is better than none at all, but a woman hates surprises of that sort, and somehow my teeth were set on edge by the few things about the house that didn't suit me. And then, dear," she continued, caressingly, "I don't think it was very nice of me to meddle with your great-grandfather Plunkett's portrait. It was too much in the line of the people who have their ancestors painted to order. I think of it quite often at night and blush, which shows that I have a guilty conscience on the subject, though I can't help feeling that it has been very much improved whenever I look at it."

"It was a very trifling amelioration," I answered. "And, if I remember rightly, it was I who put you up to it."

"Yes, but you were only in jest, and

"Fred, you are very good," she said.

I was base enough to adopt the idea and act upon it. No, Fred, though I agree that everything has worked out a great deal more satisfactorily than I deserve, and that we are infinitely better off than we have ever been before in point of comfort and general happiness, I look back on the last year and a half as a sort of nightmare. You were content to live along steadily in the dear old house and to toil unselfishly for us all, and I was perpetually prodding you. It has made me feel myself to be a perfect ogre of a woman. And yet it seemed to me to be necessary, Fred."

"It was not merely necessary, Josephine. It was essential. Thank goodness we have got through it so lightly! It is not every man who survives the operation. But, as I have said to you already, I am the one who should be grateful, and I too was the one at fault. Had you waited for me to make the suggestion, we should have been still in that dirty little box of a house, and I should have been wearing the same black wisp of a necktie such as I have worn for the last fifteen years. Kiss me, darling."

She did so, and as she leaned her head lovingly against my breast she looked up and said, tremulously: "It was all on account of the children, Fred. I wish them to have every chance there is." There spoke the fond mother-bird. The children! Are these young giants and giantesses our children? Seemingly but yesterday they were little tots pottering in the sand with spade and shovel, alternately angelic and demoniac, supplying annual testimony to the inability of green apples to oppress a hardy digestion, and free from every inkling of responsibility save a faint, intermittent respect for parental mandate. Now they tower before me in the glory of budding manhood and maidenhood; lovable, yet haughty; with star-like eyes and brows perplexed by all the problems of the universe; God-like in their devotion to principle, though distressingly eager for pocket-money.

"Fred," whispers the dear woman at my side, breaking in upon my cogitation, "what were you like as a boy—er—a young man, I mean?"

Her words are the answering echo to my own secret thought. Like myself she is groping for light and counsel. May not the cleverest man and woman fitly quail before the soul-hunger of eager adolescent youth? And I do not profess to be clever.

"What were you like as a young woman?"

"I was afraid you would make that answer," she murmurs, reproachfully. "Oh, I have forgotten!"

"And if we could remember, Josephine, it would not help us very much. Each generation finds the world a virgin field. Somehow, though, I had fancied that when we had seen them through the scarlet fever and landed them in college, it would be plain sailing. We have to begin all over again, though, and the second half promises to be the most difficult."

"I know it. And think how we worried, or rather tried not to worry, over them when they were little things, and how we fancied there were no problems to compare in difficulty with supplying them with proper food and proper masters. In the last fifteen years they have had everything—chicken-pox, measles, whooping-cough, mumps, and scarlet fever. And they've collected everything—postage-stamps, minerals, butterflies, coins, and cigarette pictures. And they've kept everything—rabbits, goats, bull-terriers, white mice, a pony, and guinea-pigs."

"And owned, and subsequently discarded, to my certain knowledge, a music-box, doll's-house, puppet-show, printing-press, steam-engine, aquarium, and camera."

"Yes, and over and above their school learning they've been taught to swim, ride, dance, use tools, play on the piano, and speak fair to middling French. Yet, as you say, Fred, the most difficult part is to come, just as we fancied that we were through. And the terrible reflection is that we're not so sure now what we ought to do for them as we were when they were younger."

"Precisely, dear."

"And it seems sometimes very strange to me, Fred, that though they've eaten out of the same dish, as it were, all their days, and had the same opportunities, they should be so totally unlike one another physically, mentally, and morally. It's impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule for them now, as one could when they were little."

It is indeed. I see them on the threshold of manhood and maidenhood looking up to my wife and me for guidance and counsel, though they pretend to be sufficient to themselves in matters of judgment. A word of encouragement or of disapproval from us may be the turning-point in their destinies, may set the seal on what they are to become. Even as the flowers are drawn by the sun and the willows follow the prevailing wind, their young lives may be turned to good or saved from ill by our loving sympathy or remonstrance in the nick of time. We clinch our fingers in the stress of uncertainty. Good counsel? Yes, a thousand times yes; but who will counsel the counsellors?

How the world has changed since Josephine and I were their age! More particularly that choicest section of it which we were taught to think and speak of as the land of the free and the home of the brave. As I look back now

in philosophic mood, simplicity seems to me to have been the keynote of our day. Not merely had the gladsome flannel costume and the Indian pajamas not yet begun to force an issue with the oratorical black broadcloth coat and the up-and-down white nightgown. There were no shingle stains to speak of but those of time and eternity, and he who owned a vehicle of any kind must needs be careful that it was of sombre hue and homely pattern. Among the fixed truths which we imbibed with the maternal milk, and from the prejudice of which I never expect to be wholly free, were these: That though the blatant blast of the Western politician offend the sensitive ear of culture by exaggeration, it is still true that we are the greatest nation under the sun by virtue of our total disregard of everything which other nations have held fast to; that the American woman is a newly created species; that George Washington never told a lie; that though France was on our side in our struggle for Independence, for which we should ever be profoundly grateful, the custom of handing over young people to be married at parental dictate, coupled with certain hoarse suspicions of an unmentionable character, must be an everlasting barrier between us and the Gaul; that nevertheless, if a man will have his fling, he may do so in Paris once without being held to strict account for it, provided that he comes home and lives a respectable life ever after on this side the water; that Russia's ill treatment of the serf and general barbaric conditions are to be overlooked on account of the friendliness she displayed toward us in our hour of need, barbarism being on the whole a less crucial blemish than the abovementioned peculiarities of our other ally; and that everyone should hitch his wagon to a star.

In this last injunction lay, perhaps, the gist of the whole matter. To hitch one's wagon to a star was to be, primarily, a plain person, to go in for truth, patriotism, fineness of soul, long hours of labor, little exercise and no vacations, pies and doughnuts, ugliness of physical surroundings, and squeaky feminine voices. Public opinion justified making all the money one could, provided it was not spent in rendering life ornate or beautiful. So lived our fathers and mothers, our upright, vigorous, single-minded, ascetic predecessors; and in our day their precepts were still held in reverence. Yet even then there were indications of a change. The newly created species took it into her head to look around her, especially in summer, first by itineraries along the rock-bound coast of her native land, and later by amazon-like pilgrimages abroad. She invented Bar Harbor, and while electrified Europe held its breath perambulated Paris alone and climbed Mont Blanc with a single man. She also made the pertinent discovery that her popper's purse was pudgy with the proceeds of wheat, corn, dry goods, and railway shares. Though she still urged the successive youths who strolled and sat under her Japanese sunshade to hitch their wagons to heavenly bodies, she gave it sweetly, and little by little to be understood that chastity among women and high resolve among men need not preclude more picturesque paraphernalia and a broader field of investigation. She bought French clothes; her brothers took the hint from her, and hied them to Paris and Vienna to pursue their studies; penetrated to Pekin and Constantinople, and hunted the tiger in the jungles of India, while popper's pudgy purse grew more and more plethoric despite the drafts upon it. Purification by pie waned, and the first Queen Anne cottage reared its head.

I wooed and won Josephine in those early, transitory days when the influence of the past was still upon us, though we foresaw and caught glimpses of the new. We were simple souls. I believed that Josephine's wagon was hitched to a star; else I could not have loved her. And she believed the same of mine. She wandered in the panoply of her maiden independence to far-off rookeries attended by me only (or some other swain only). Though we were fain to discuss De Musset and Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Dobson, George Eliot and Philip Gilbert Hamerton—strange names to the elder generation—our scheme of life was still essen-

tially grave and plain for all Josephine's Japanese sunshade and tendency to make the most of her willowy figure. Little did we dream of the later development which, like a huge wave, was to sweep over the land of the free and the home of the brave, overwhelming its native simplicity with the virtues, tastes, and vices of the other nations against which our forefathers barred the door. Palaces in all but the name stand where the buffalo was wont to disport himself, and where the American eagle in human form once flapped his wings and screamed most viciously in contempt of the effete civilization of the older world. Sons and daughters of the pioneers who bolted their dinners on the stroke of twelve find seven too early for elegant convenience. Among the reddest and palest of hot-house roses, which deck their tables, glisten glass of Venetian pattern and china from the bankrupt stock of kings. According to their intellectualities their talk is of labor and capital, of working-girls' clubs and model tenement-houses, of Buddha and Zola, of foreign titles, and transplanted fox-hunting. To-day a hundred thousand dollars is barely a competency, and a building less than a dozen stories high dwarfs the highway of trade. The vestibule limited, the ocean greyhound, the Atlantic cable, and the voice-bearing telephone have made all nations kin, and bid fair to amalgamate society. Even the newly created species condescends to swap her birthright for a coronet.

All this has come to pass while Josephine and I have been plodding along the route of all flesh, trying not to forget our early aspirations. We have changed our dinner-hour with the rest of the world; we have learned to talk more or less unintelligently about the sweating system and Buddhism; we have bowed our necks to the yoke of the electric wire. Now that Josephine has spurred me on to it, I have even bought a modern house, and replenished my wardrobe so as to keep pace with thought and custom. But, nevertheless, sitting here in my renovated easy-chair, with my feet stretched toward the brass andirons which were the pride of one of my great-grandmothers, listening to the ticking of the old-fashioned clock which belonged to another of them, and conscious that the eyes of my most distinguished ancestor are looking down at me from the wall, I feel bewildered, as it were, by this latter-day metamorphosis, bristling with new and formidable problems. Whither is civilization tending? What is one to think of it all? And by the shades of my forefathers, purified by pie, how shall we best help our sons and daughters to hitch their wagons to stars? That is what is worrying Josephine and me.

IV.

WE have just faced our first serious problem.

Said my wife to me one day not long ago, handing me the newspaper as she spoke, "Look at this, my dear. Little Fred has been selected to play on the University foot-ball eleven."

By way of contradistinction to me, who am rather short and slight, my namesake and eldest son is still habitually spoken of in the family as Little Fred, notwithstanding that he is a head taller than I, and a strongly built, muscular youth into the bargain. He is in college — a sophomore—and I do not hesitate to declare that when he left school he was about as clean cut a young fellow, both mentally and physically, as anyone would wish to see. I have always encouraged him to take a sensible amount of exercise and have been glad that he seemed fond of the athletic sports in vogue among the growing lads of the country and did not need to be prodded, like his brother David for instance, to keep out of doors. I have been aware that he has been a prominent member of an amateur base-ball nine and foot-ball eleven, and I have been proud to follow in a confused sort of fashion, for the technical terms have changed sadly

since I was a boy, the defeats and victories, principally the latter, I think, of those illustrious organizations. Although I was never his equal physically, I look back with considerable pride to my own foot-ball days, and my children have heard me repeatedly describe the famous dash which I once made with the ball from one end of the field to the other, with Tom Ruggs, the butcher's boy, at my heels, and how he never caught me until after I had sent it flying over the goal line, and we had won the game. That was a long time ago now, and we played a very different game, as I have since discovered. I hear a great deal said nowadays about the lack of attention which the older generation gave to manly sports. We did not make much fuss about them, I agree, and consequently some boys may have been allowed to grow to manhood without proper physical training; but it seems to me that most of us were playing something in the fresh air the greater portion of the time. However, I have always been a great believer in manly sports and I wish to continue to be.

When my boy entered college I remember telling him kindly but explicitly that it was a costly matter to send him there, and that I should expect him to make the most of the opportunities for improvement which were offered him. I knew that he was not especially clever at his books like his brother David, yet at the same time I had set him down as a sensible, wide-awake fellow with at least an average amount of brains and with plenty of tact and common-sense. It was my hope that he would devote himself to political economy and mathematics, in which case I should try and find an opening for him after graduation with the firm of Leggatt & Paine, our leading bankers. I expected, of course, that he would continue to take a suitable amount of exercise, to keep himself in good trim; row on the river and not altogether renounce base-ball. Indeed, although I was aware that collegiate sports were a much more serious tax on a student's time than in my day, I should not have seriously demurred had he been selected to row on the University crew or play on the University base-ball nine. I should have greatly preferred to have him steer clear of both; still, I try to remember that I was once his age myself, and I am given to understand that the rivalry between the several colleges in these matters is more intense than ever. There was a time when nothing seemed to me of such vital interest as whether Harvard or Yale won the boat race. The Darwinian theory paled in comparative importance beside it. Indeed, I still take more interest in it than it deserves, perhaps. Nevertheless, I took pains to impress upon Fred that his studies were to be his first consideration.

He is in college—a sophomore.

We did not play foot-ball in college when I was there, which was the reason, perhaps, why I assumed that it was a boy's game, to be shuffled off with other purely youthful sports when one became a dignified student. I had heard here and there the statement that it was a rough game, which did not impress me very much, recalling as I did my own hacked shins. It was not until I read my friend Horace Plympton's letter to the *Evening Times* that my attention was particularly called to the matter. Horace seemed to have lashed himself into a perfect fury on the subject. He stig-

matized the modern game as it was played by University students as a barbaric spectacle, dangerous to limb, if not to life. Horace has always been more or less of a pepper-pot, but he is not exactly a croaker, and he served in the war with distinction. Hence his diatribe made me frown, even though it rather amused me. It was written in the autumn of the year before Fred went to Cambridge, and I read it aloud to the family circle as being of interest to a sub-freshman.

"What perfect nonsense!" exclaimed that profound young gentleman, when I had finished. "The man who wrote that letter is a flub-dub, father."

Though not aware of the precise meaning of this epithet, I realized that it was a severe arraignment. I felt, too, that my manner of reading the communication had given license to my boy's tongue. I answered, therefore, with some unction.

"The writer, Horace Plympton, is a brave and sensible man. I know him very well."

"I guess he never kicked foot-ball."

"In his day the young men who were fortunate enough to be sent to college were better occupied. Foot-ball? It is a game for high-schools, not universities."

"It is the greatest game of the day, father," said my sub-freshman, with the haughty consciousness of superior knowledge which the waning, though reigning, generation has so often to bow to.

Of course that settled the question. I believe that I made a futile remark to the effect that the president ought to put a stop to it, or something of the sort, but I knew enough to know that I had been convicted of error. I saw Fred glance at his sisters, and all three at their mother, who looked anxious in her desire not to seem to take sides against me, though manifestly sympathizing with them. I said to myself that if foot-ball was the greatest game of the day, I was not going to put my foot down and prevent my boys from playing it merely because I was old fogy enough not to understand that it was the greatest game of the day, and Horace Plympton had written a letter to the *Evening Times*. Accordingly, when the time came for Fred to go to college I merely cautioned him generally against wasting his time, and uttered no fulminations against foot-ball in particular.

"On the University foot-ball eleven?" I echoed, taking the newspaper from my wife, and as I read I felt a little lump of emotional pride rise in my throat. There it was, sure enough, in black and white, though I could not help wondering why the fact was of importance enough to be chronicled in the daily press along with the telegraphic news, and the deaths and marriages. It was evidently a matter of considerable moment, though I could not quite see why.

"He will be perfectly delighted," said Josephine. "He has been extremely doubtful whether he would be chosen. Oh, Fred," she exclaimed, in a tone of solicitude, "do you really think it's safe?"

How exactly that was like a woman. Here was my wife, who had secretly aided and abetted her son in his design, and been the recipient of his hopes and fears on the subject, turning to me, who had dared to utter a feeble protest or two only to be scoffed at, and summarily sat upon, asking if the game was really safe.

"There are certain risks in this world that a man has to take," I answered, borrowing the sentiment which she had uttered on the occasion of our affair with the burglars.

Josephine did not appreciate my irony. "Why, oh why, did you give your consent to his playing foot-ball?" she asked, tragically. "I understand that it is a terribly rough and dangerous game."

"I give my consent? This is monstrous, Josephine, monstrous. I did not wish to be a killjoy and a marplot, or I would have forbidden Fred to touch a foot-ball after he entered college. Had you, my dear, given me the least bit of support, I should have nipped the whole business in the bud. Yet now you seek to throw the blame on me."

The suggestion of the dire parental sternness of which I had evidently just missed being guilty caused her thoughts to fly off on an opposite tack. "The

poor darling, his heart was so set on being chosen," she said. "I am sure, Fred, it would have been a terrible blow to him if he had not succeeded."

"I dare say that it was his chief motive in going to college," I interjected, a little indignantly.

"I really think it was," she murmured, with sweet maternal sympathy. "I shall live though in constant dread until it is over and done with."

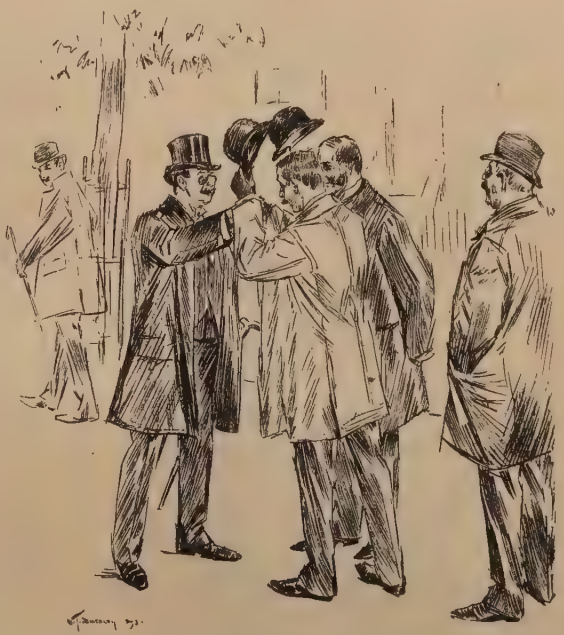
"What is over and done with?"

"The Harvard-Yale foot-ball match. It's on account of that he's been so anxious to belong. And, Fred, he said to me the other day that if he was chosen, he hoped that we would go to Springfield to see the game. It is terrible to think that I might see him killed before my eyes, but he is set on our going."

"It is all a piece of infernal nonsense," I remarked, with majestic dignity; nevertheless, the idea did not strike me as a bad one. To tell the truth, I was beginning to be curious to see this game, which, according to the views of my eldest son, was the greatest game of the day, and to those of Horace Plympton a barbaric spectacle.

And now befell me a curious experience; at least it seemed to me such. I found that I, who, though considered an industrious and painstaking lawyer, have never awakened any especial interest in the community, had acquired lustre and importance by virtue of the circumstance that I had a son on the University foot-ball eleven. College graduates of various ages, who had hitherto classed me with the general run of their acquaintance, grew suddenly cordial and congratulatory in their manner, and I had the satisfaction of reading in the public prints an item to the effect that Frederick ——, the father of the well-known half-back of the Harvard University foot-ball eleven, had recently visited New York for a few days. Altogether I had become, for the first time in my existence, an object of consequence to my fellow-citizens, and almost to the world at large.

As for the hero himself, he bore his importance modestly and meekly, though he evidently considered that he had rescued the family name from obscurity and set it gloriously in the public eye by dint of his renown. He was in strict training, and fiercely conscientious as to what he ate and drank, and as to his hours of sleep. Little was heard in the house when he was at home but conjecture and estimate as to who was likely to win in the impending contest. Had I been properly attentive, I might have learned from his lips not merely the names and nicknames of the members of the respective teams and the positions on the field they were to fill, but their weights in fighting trim, their fine points both as foot-ball kickers and as men, and not improbably their love affairs. When now and then, as occasionally happened, I betrayed by an unfortunate question or by unappreciative silence my lack of familiarity with this



Altogether I had become, for the first time in my existence, an object of consequence to my fellow-citizens, and almost to the world at large.

or that celebrity, the look of wondering pity with which my boy, and indeed every member of the family, regarded me made me feel myself to be a veritable ignoramus. Josephine and her girls knew the whole business from beginning to end, and I must confess that I secretly drank in more than I pretended.

A fortnight before the match was to come off Sam Bangs, who, as some of you will remember, is a second cousin of mine and rather a

Everybody, or nearly everybody, carried a flag.

pal of Josephine's, appeared at the house one evening and laid before me, in his engaging, plausible fashion, a project which he and his wife and my wife had cooked up between them. He and Josephine assured me, in the first place, that I wouldn't have the least bother in the matter, and that everything would be perfectly plain running for the reason that Sam was intimate with the manager of the railroad, and that little Fred had secured the requisite number of tickets for the game. Then he proceeded to inform me that they had conceived the idea of going to see the game at Springfield in a private special car; that the manager had promised to let him have one, and that it would be much more jolly to go with a few friends like that and have luncheon comfortably served by a caterer than to be lumped in the common cars with Tom, Dick, and Harry, who were liable to be noisy students, or still more noisy prize-fighters, and starve; that there were several people crazy to go whom it would be very pleasant to have, notably Mrs. Guy Sloane and Mrs. Walter Warner (*née* Polly Flinders), and that the expense would be comparatively trifling.

"I think it would be particularly nice, Fred, on Josie's account," added my wife. "I should ask two or three of her girls, and some boys to match. She is inclined to be shy, and this would be just the occasion to help her to feel at her ease with young men. Then I thought you would like to have a chat with Polly Warner; you so rarely see her now, and you and she used to get on so well together; and you know Mrs. Guy Sloane always stimulates you. I think you would have a very good time; and, as Sam says, it's a Dutch treat, so the expense would fall on everybody alike."

Seeing that Josephine's heart was set on going in just that way, I did not attempt to interpose objections. I took the liberty, however, of remarking that, though we as the parents of one of the players had a reason for going, I could not understand why a cultivated woman like Mrs. Guy Sloane was willing, crazy indeed according to what they had said, to take so much trouble to see a pack of college youths knock each other about. In answer to this, Sam declared that every man, woman, and child in the city who could possibly get away was going to Springfield; that trains were to be run every fifteen minutes, and that no less than twenty special private cars in addition to ours had been chartered for the occasion. Again I hung my diminished head before this broadside of superior information.

Sam was perfectly right. I have rarely seen such a crowd in a small compass as was collected at the railway station before we started. How we ever reached Sam, who made himself visible to me at last across an ocean

of heads by lifting himself on the shoulders of obliging friends, and found our special car seems mysterious to me as I look back upon it. It really appeared as though every man, woman, and child in the city *were* going, from the highest officials of the State and our leading citizens in various fields to the veriest street Arab who had managed to beg, borrow, or earn the requisite fare. Everybody, or nearly everybody, carried a flag, and Josephine seemed to think that I, as a Harvard man and the father of the half-back of the team, was lacking in enthusiasm because I had not got possession of one.

"It will be time enough for enthusiasm when we win the match," I remarked, sententiously, though what with the general crowd and the files of students bubbling over with Rah-rah-rahs as they tore along the platform to find seats in the several trains, I was beginning to feel very tremulous about the gills, so to speak.

I doubt if Josephine heard my answer. Her attention had suddenly been absorbed by the sight of Mrs. Willoughby Walton, on the way to her special car, in all her glory, which consisted of a new seal-brown costume with tiger-skin trimmings and a retinue comprising Gillespie Gore, Dr. Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases (who, like everybody else, had evidently taken a day off), and half a dozen youths who looked young enough to be freshmen. She was frantically waving a crimson flag, which she shook at the windows of our car as she passed with the spirit of a belle of nineteen.

"That woman is simply wonderful," murmured my darling. "She is fifty-five if she is a day, but she will not give up."

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!" I ejaculated hysterically. I felt that I was getting rattled, as my famous son calls it.

"Look here, Cousin Fred," said Sam Bangs at my shoulder. "Seen the morning paper? Here he is cabinet size and a full family history annexed. It's something which his great grandchildren will be proud of. Where the dickens, by the way, is Mrs. Sloane? I've been looking for her everywhere in the station. She's coming, because she telephoned me last night to inquire if I could squeeze one more into our car. We'll be off in another five minutes."

"What *do* you mean, Sam? What is it?" asked Josephine, as she seized and held to the light the newspaper which he was extending.

I looked over her shoulder and broke into a cold perspiration at beholding an execrable three-quarters length cut of my darling son superscribed by his name in holograph.

"It's an indecent outrage," I hissed.

"It isn't like him in the least. No one would ever know who it was. It makes him look like a prize-fighter," cried Josephine.

"They've no right to print his picture at all; it'll do the boy a serious injury by leading him to believe there

Mrs. Willoughby Walton on the way to her special car, in all her glory.

is nothing else in the world worth thinking about but foot-ball," I asserted. "What right have they to do it?"

"Pooh, Cousin Fred," said Sam. "It's nothing but ordinary newspaper enterprise. They print everybody's portrait nowadays, from the common murderer

up. Your ox is gored this time, that's all. Cheer up, old man—Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!"

"I never supposed they would make him look like that, or I wouldn't have let Fred have the photograph to give them," said Josephine, forlornly.

"Do you mean that you gave it to them?" I asked, in horror.

"It was to Fred I gave it. He said that his picture was to appear with the others, and that he must have a photograph. But they have made him much the worst looking of them all. It's a libel on the dear boy."

I was saved from intemperate language by the sudden advent of Mrs. Guy Sloane, in whose custody appeared the Rev. Bradley Mason, our spiritual adviser. They were both breathless with haste, occasioned, as we shortly learned, by the necessity imposed on our beloved pastor of marrying a couple before he could escape from his fold.

"If I had ever dreamed that you would come, Mr. Mason, I should have sent you an invitation myself," said Josephine, whose delight, as I perceived, was tinged with jealousy.

"I planned it as a delicious surprise," interjected Mrs. Sloane. "I knew you would be only too glad to have him if there was room. I dare say you thought I was a little mysterious over the telephone last night, Mr. Bangs," she added with a blithe twist of her neck in Sam's direction.

"I am a thorough believer in the efficacy of manly sports on character," I heard Mr. Mason remark to my wife. "They cannot be too much encouraged by us all."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Josephine, with a radiance which told me plainly that her qualms concerning the whole proceeding as an educational factor were at least temporarily dispelled. "I shall tell little Fred that you were with us. It will gratify him very much to know that you saw the game."

"It must be a proud day for you as a father and a college man," he continued, with a kindly smile in my direction.

"Really, sir, I am not altogether certain yet," I answered, a trifle doggedly. "My judgment is in a state of suspension."

He obviously mistook my philosophic utterance for fears concerning the outcome of the game, inasmuch as he presently sought to soothe me by a speech to the effect that a game well lost was a victory in ethics, which prompted me to remark, under my breath:

"Provided it doesn't cost a leg or a rib or two."

"Cost nothing," cried the irrepressible Sam, whose ear caught what I had meant for an aside. "He'll come out of it all right, Cousin Fred. We're bound to win too. Rah! rah! rah! Harv-a-rd!" Thereupon the engine gave a puff and a couple of snorts and we were off.

V.

We were early on the ground. That is to say, only a few hundred people were in their places when we arrived. The seating accommodations were for thousands. Have you ever seen an intercollegiate foot-ball field? If not, picture to yourself a long, level, rectangular arena about a hundred yards long and fifty yards wide marked out with white lines at certain regular intervals. At either end stands a crossbar supported by two posts. These are the respective goals. All along the field on either side runs a tall tier of seats similar to those at a hippodrome, and there are tiers of seats also opposite the ends; but the best seats are likely to be those on either side in proximity to the middle of the field.

Sam Bangs led the way with the confident tread of a drum-major down the Harvard side—for the custom is to apportion the seats on one of the long sides of the field among the friends of one college, and those on the other correspondingly—until he reached a desirable location. Then we established ourselves according to his directions and waited. It was rather a long wait—nearly two hours—during which I had ample leisure to philosophize to the top of my bent. We had to console us Sam's assurance that it was necessary to take time by the forelock to this

radical extent in order to secure satisfactory places. For the next two hours a steady stream of people poured along the two sides of the field until they became great walls of crimson and blue humanity. Flags waved, badges fluttered, the human voice worked itself hoarse in every form of encouraging outcry from the full-chested song to the indiscriminate cat-call. In front of each section of seats stood a separate youth, who at very short intervals and at the slightest provocation invoked cheers upon cheers for everything and everybody from the captain of the team to the college costermonger. An hour before the game began the benches were crowded and I seemed to have recognized in the passing throng every person of consideration among my acquaintance. Mrs. Willoughby Walton and her party were among the last to arrive. I was curious to see where they would bestow themselves, seeing that we were all packed tight as herrings, and there was only here and there an occasional chance for another mortal to squeeze in, and that generally at the cost of clambering over the heads of two or three hundred people. As Josephine said to me later, I might have known that Mrs. Walton would not put herself in any such plight. I was just wondering what on earth her elegant procession, which had halted in front of the section next to ours, was going to do, when of a sudden the occupants of the two best rows of seats trooped out in orderly file and relinquished their places to the fashionable party. Sam, after a moment's dazed silence, which must have been gall to him, for he does not like to be imposed upon in such matters, furnished us with the solution of this act of legerdemain.

"They were mill hands subsidized to come early and hold the seats until Mrs. Willoughby arrived."

Another hour of anticipation and then at last a roar; a roar which runs like a fire down our side of the field, waking tired lungs to new enthusiasm and calling into action every crimson flag and rag. Only the wearers of the blue are quiet; their benches remain coldly silent. The Harvard eleven have arrived on a tally-ho, and in a few minutes more are disporting themselves like a band of prairie dogs over the campus. The uproar is deafening, but they seem to pay no attention to it. They strip off their crimson jerseys and concentrate their energies on bunting and punting a leather foot-ball about the field. They wear earth-colored canvas jackets and earth-colored knickerbockers ending in crimson stockings, and I say to myself that they are the most unpleasant-looking band of ruffians I have ever beheld. Nor are my fond paternal eyes able to make a reservation in little Fred's favor on this point. I have considerable difficulty, indeed, in distinguishing him from his mates, though Josephine declares that she singled him out the moment he appeared on the scene. He suggests to me a compromise between a convict and a hod-carrier. Nevertheless, my eyes begin to water as I follow his every movement, and my pulses throb eagerly. At the same time I am impelled to link my arm affectionately in my son David's, next to whom I am sitting. I cannot help wondering what he, dear boy, is thinking of it all. He is perfectly healthy, but he is slight, and will never be an athlete. His tastes do not run in that direction. He graduated at school last summer next to the head of his class, and it was no class of two, but of twenty times that number. We were very proud of it, Josephine and I. We went to the exhibition and saw him receive a number of prizes. It was a pleasant occasion, but how trifling and insignificant were the plaudits he received compared with the uproarious ovation accorded a successful half-back. I feel almost indignant, even in the midst of my excitement over little Fred, and would fain throw my arms round his brother's neck and whisper that he must not take the matter to heart, and that the whole business is terribly unjust.

Now comes another uproar and this time from the opposite side of the field. The Yale eleven have arrived and are stripping off their jerseys. They career over the arena in dirt color and dark blue, while the dark blue benches surge tumultuously. There is no more delay. The umpire calls the

game and the two sides line up for action. I feel Josephine, who is on my other side, clutch my arm and sigh.

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!"

There is only one object for her on the field, as I well know. She has been trying to learn the rules from Sam for the last half hour (she doubts my knowledge on such subjects nowadays), and I can see that she is seeking in vain to concentrate her mind on her new-found information and to shut out the vision of little Fred being borne off the field on a litter. I confess that Horace Plympton's letter recurs to me for a moment, but I shake myself and utter an inward "Pooh!" and haughtily determine to view the contest dispassionately and from the standpoint of a third person and a philosopher.

Harvard has won the toss and is to have the ball. In my day we had to kick it; now it is manipulated with the hands, and not forward but backward. The players form a phalanx, and one of their number snaps, as it is called, the ball between his legs to someone behind him, who in turn passes it to another, who is expected to make a forward dash with it. Before I can quite realize what is being done the Harvard men are speeding toward the Yale goal in a V-shaped body. Little Fred has the ball. Or rather he had it. All I can see now is an indiscriminate mass of bodies, legs, and arms. A great pile of men are struggling on the ground, and I have reason to believe that little Fred is at the bottom of the pile.

"A scrimmage," says Sam, looking round at Josephine.

"Oh, yes," she answers, with apparent calm, but I can feel her tremble.

"This is nothing; its like this most of the time," says Sam. "You see he's all right, and——"

A yell cuts him short.

"Good enough! Harvard still has the ball," he continues, at its close.

"Can you see him?" whispers Josephine, in my ear.

"He's all right," I murmur, assuringly.

See him! I can see him distinctly. He has lost his cap already; his hair is in wild confusion; he is covered with dirt from head to foot; he limps a little. But Harvard still has the ball. And Sam says it is nothing and like this most of the time. Sam must know.

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!" I cry with the rest unflinchingly.

There is a second yell, this time from our enemies. Harvard has lost the ball and Yale has it. And now before my bewildered eyes scrimmage follows scrimmage with fierce iteration, and one pile of bodies, arms, and legs succeeds another. The player fortunate enough to carry or force the ball a yard or more toward the rival goal by a frantic rush before he is overwhelmed and squashed reaps a whirlwind of applause from the absorbed multitude. Every inch of ground is disputed. Once in a long interval when the ball gets dangerously near a goal, someone on the imperilled side kicks it half the length of the field and the scrimmages are renewed. But it is rarely kicked at all except at such junctures. Foot-ball! I say to myself that it is a gladiatorial combat with an occasional punt thrown in by way of identification. But everyone around me is declaring that the play of both sides is magnificent, that the team work is perfection, and the

head qualities displayed unique in the annals of the game. Sam tells me again and again that Fred is doing sheer wonders and is the backbone of the Harvard side, and I wonder how he can distinguish so easily which is Fred and whether he has any backbone left. I can no longer make out much of anything except that one ruffian closely resembles every other ruffian and that one poor boy is lying on the ground perfectly still, as though he were dead. There is just a little lull on the benches. People are interested.

"Who is it?" gasps Josephine. "Is it he, dear?"

"'Butchered to make a Roman holiday,'" I mutter between my teeth, with my heart in my mouth.

They are pulling and rubbing the victim, and a doctor, retained for such emergencies, is bending over him. After a few moments more he rises slowly, looks round him in a dazed fashion, and resumes his position with a painful limp, to a round of applause.

"It isn't Fred," says Josephine.

"But he has a mother, though," I answer.

"He'll be all right in a minute or two," says Sam. "They stamped the wind out of him, that all."

To have the wind stamped out of one is a mere bagatelle, of course, and I have forgotten it in another moment under the spur of excitement. A Harvard player has the ball and no one seems to be able to stop him. He throws off this antagonist and dodges two others and races down the field like a deer, while the wearers of the crimson scream his name with transport and flourish their banners like madmen. It is Fred, it is Fred, it is Fred! I know his figure now. He has the ball and is flying like the wind with two great brutes at his heels. Will they catch him? Will they kill him? They are gaining on him.

"Run—run—run," I shout, in spite of myself, while all the people on our benches rise in their excitement and Josephine covers her eyes with her hands, unwilling to look. On, on my boy runs until at last he falls with his two pursuers on top of him full across the Yale line.

"A touch-down, a touch-down!" bursts out Sam as he grasps my hand in his wild enthusiasm. I do not know exactly what has occurred except that there is pandemonium on the Harvard side of the field unequalled as yet by anything that has happened and a deathly tranquillity along the benches opposite. After making sure that Fred is still alive, I listen to the explanation that a touch-down counts a certain number of points, and gives the right to the side which wins it to try to kick a goal. This attempt is presently made. A player lies on the ground and holds the ball between his hands for another to kick. Presto! the ball sails through the air; for an instant there is agonized suspense and then a shout from Yale. It has failed to go between the goal-posts and consequently has missed

"Four to nothing, anyway," says Sam. "That was a magnificent run. Rah! rah! rah! Harvard."

Josephine is wiping her eyes and everybody in our neighborhood is nudging each other in consequence of the news that we are blood relations of the hero of the hour. Mrs. Sloane nods her congratulations and Mrs. Walton signals with a crimson flag from the adjoining section, and our beloved pastor smiles at Josephine in his delightful way.

And what follows? What follows is fierce and harrowing. What follows continues to hold that great audience spellbound to the close. The score is four to nothing in favor of Harvard, but the Yale team, smarting from defeat, throw themselves into the ever-recurring scrimmages with set faces. It is not my purpose to follow the contest in detail. I am writing as a father and philosopher and not as a chronicler of athletic struggles. Suffice it to state that the scrimmages grow still more savage and earnest, and that a player from each side is obliged by the referee to retire from the field, because he has slugged an opponent. Suffice it to state that presently a rusher is obliged to retire from the field by reason of a sprained ankle. It is not little Fred, but might it not have been? Suffice it to state that by

the end of the first three-quarters of an hour—let the uninitiated here learn that a match is divided into two bouts of that length each, with an interim of fifteen minutes—the Yale team by the most magnificent work (according to Sam Bangs) has forced the ball steadily and surely toward the Harvard line, and won a touch-down and kicked a goal, leaving the score for the first half six to four in favor of the blue. Just after the ball has flown between the goal-posts, amid thunders of triumph from our enemies, the umpire calls time.

Suffice it to state that the second three-quarters of an hour is largely a repetition of the first—short, furious rushes, everlasting scrimmages, and here and there a punt. The ruffians look still more ruffianly from frequent contact with mother-earth and the clutches of one another. Ominous gloom and depressing silence take possession of the friends of Harvard; their very cheers are anxious and with good reason. Yale has kicked another goal from the field in the first twenty minutes and the crimson is being gradually and steadily outplayed. My heart bleeds for my son; he will be so disappointed if he loses. And I shall be so happy when the game is over and I am sure that he is not maimed for life. He is doing wonders still, dear boy. Twice I see him lying flat and motionless on the field with the wind stamped out of him, to borrow Sam's euphemism, while his mother wriggles in her seat in the throes of uncertainty and is hardly to be restrained from going to him. Twice, after the doctor has fumbled over him and water has been dashed in his face, I see Sam's diagnosis vindicated, and my half-back rise to his feet, and the game go on as though nothing had happened. Such episodes are a matter of course, and not to be taken too seriously. A broken rib or two is not a vital matter, and only one rib is broken in the second three-quarters of an hour. Even then the poor victim does not have to be carried off on a litter, for he is able to walk with the help of the doctor and a friend. It is not Fred: Fred has merely had the wind stamped out of him a few times and is still doing wonders. Will it never end? I look at my watch feverishly. The ball is close by the Harvard goal and Yale holds it there with the tenacity of a bull-dog. Bull-dog? They are all bull-dogs — twenty-two bull-dogs cheek by jowl.

"Isn't it magnificent?" murmurs Sam, looking back at me. "They have outplayed us fairly and squarely. Only five minutes left and the score eleven to four against us. We're not in it. That run of Fred's was the most brilliant play of the day, though."

"The poor darling will be broken-hearted," whispers Josephine.

"That is better than being broken-headed—better for us," I whisper in reply.

"I do hope he hasn't lost any of his front teeth. His mouth was bleeding the last time he fell," continues his mother.

"False ones nowadays are very satisfactory," I answer.

Ten minutes later we are moving along with the rest of our acquaintance on the way to the railroad. Yale has won, eleven to four, and the bruised and battered players of both teams have departed on their respective tally-hos, and Josephine and I are free to receive the congratulations of our friends with a calm mind, though my darling is still haunted by the fear that our illustrious son has left a tooth or two on the arena. Fred's run is on everybody's lips, and we as the authors of his being are made much of. Mr. Leggatt, the banker, works his way up to me through the crowd at great personal distress, for he is a fat man, in order to say, with an enthusiastic shake of the hand:

"Great boy that of yours; splendid grit; I must have him when he graduates."

I sputter many thanks confusedly. Here is a strange development truly. I had been hoping, as you may remember, to be able to go to Mr. Leggatt at Fred's graduation and to ask for a clerkship for my boy on the plea of his steadiness and sterling common sense; and now the solicitation has come to me on the score of his grit as a foot-ball kicker. The world seems just a

little topsy-turvy and I am not quite sure whether to laugh or to cry.

We got home at last somehow, and here I am sitting in my library trying to collect my faculties and to appreciate the honor which has been thrust upon me, the honor of being the father of a famous half-back. To tell the truth, it sticks in my crop just a little and does not relish to the extent which would seem appropriate. Indeed I am not altogether sure whether I can see a distinction between being the father of a famous half-back and the father of a famous toreador or famous prize-fighter. I know that Leggatt and one or two others, to whom I ventured to expose my qualms on the way home, declared them preposterous, and that the game was magnificent discipline for both mind and body. Come to that, the vicissitudes of a matador are magnificent discipline for both mind and body. So are those of a gladiator. Yet I have my doubts whether Leggatt would like to be the father of either. Nevertheless, although he is a citizen of far greater consideration than I, he gave me to understand that he would be proud to be described in the newspapers as the father of a famous half-back, and to see a son of his handed down to posterity in the public prints as a prize animal of this description.

I fear there must be a screw loose somewhere in my make-up as a father and a philosopher. You remember the case of the burglars? It did not seem to me worth while to go down-stairs and expose myself to be shot. Yet Josephine felt differently on the point.

Moreover, I have never been able to understand why it is courageous or meritorious to be an amateur Alpine climber, whereas many are fain to admire the beauties of nature from an elevation where a false step or a rotten rope would be passports to destruction. Then, again, people who cross the ocean in dories, or fast for indefinite periods, have never aroused my enthusiasm. On the contrary I regard them as being in the same general category with lunatics. I have never seen a bull-fight, and I have sometimes fancied that I should be weak enough to attend one out of curiosity if I happened to be in Spain at the right time, but I am sure that I should never care to go twice. And yet I am expected to feel proud and grateful because my eldest son has made prowess at foot-ball the aim and object of his college course. I am trying to, trying hard, but I fear it is no use. I should like to understand why it is glorious or sensible for an honest, strapping fellow, who has been sent to college by dint of some economy on the part of his parents, to devote his entire energies to a course of training which will entitle him to run the risk of having his legs, arms, or ribs broken in fighting for a leather ball before several thousand people. Of one thing I am certain already, even at the risk of seeming to agree with Horace Plymton, which is, that if I had another son with like proclivities, I should put a stop to it.

But then, as Josephine reminds me, the fact that our David does not care a picayune for anything of the sort, robs my resolve of much of its solemnity. I might, to be sure, interpose a mandate at this late hour and cut off little Fred in the flower of his renown, and (to quote my wife once more) break his heart; which might be a more serious consequence than a broken leg. No, I am inclined to think on the whole, now that the mischief is done, we may as well let him follow the path he has chosen, especially as Leggatt has his eye on him and has promised to give him a start. We must live in the hope that the breath will not be trampled out of him once too often before that desirable result is brought to pass. Moreover, if he is borne off the field on a litter, it will not be in the presence of his parents. We have seen one gladiatorial combat, and our thirst for gore is sated.

Henceforth we shall be content to cower by the hearth on the days when the great matches are played and fancy each ring at the door-bell the summons of a telegraphic emissary. And by way of celebrating our first escape from bereavement, I am going to present our David with a gold watch for the excellent showing he made in his studies last summer.

(To be continued.)

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

By W. E. Henley.

"O mes chères *Mille et Une Nuits.*"—FANTASIO.

ONCE on a time
There was a little boy: a master-mage
By virtue of a Book
Of magic—O so magical it filled
His life with visionary pomps
Processional! And Powers
Passed with him where he passed. And Thrones
And Dominations, glaived and plumed and mailed,
Thronged in the criss-cross streets,
The palaces pell-mell with playing-fields,
Domes, cloisters, dungeons, caverns, tents, arcades,
Of the unseen, silent City, in his soul
Pavilioned jealously and hid
As in the dusk, profound,
Green stillnesses of some enchanted mere. — — —

I shut mine eyes. . . . And lo!
A flickering snatch of memory that floats
Upon the face of a pool of darkness five
And thirty dead years deep,
Antic in girlish broideries
And skirts and silly shoes with straps
And a broad-ribanded leghorn, he walks
Plain in the shadow of a church
(St. Michael's: in whose brazen call
To curfew his first wails of wrath were whelmed)
Sedate for all his haste
To be at home; and, nestled in his arm,
Inciting still to quiet and solitude,
Boarded in sober drab,
With small, square, agitating cuts
Let in atop of the double-columned, close,
Quakerlike print, a Book! . . .
What but that blessèd brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance?
The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and calenders,
And ghouls, and genies—O so huge
They might have overed the tall Minster Tower
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post!
In truth, the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sindbad, Scheherezade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulbadour,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar,
And Caspian, and the haunted bulk—
Ice-ribbed, tremendous, inaccessible—
Of Caucasus! . . . That centre of miracles,
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights!

Old friends I had a-many—kindly and grim
Familiars, cronies quaint
And goblin! Never a Wood but housed
Some morrice of dainty dapperlings: no Brook
But had his nunnery
Of green-haired, silvry-curving sprites
To cabin in his grots and pace
His rushy margents: every lone hill-side
Might open upon Elf-Land: every Stalk
That curled about a Beanstick was of the breed
Of that live ladder by whose delicate rungs
You climbed beyond the clouds, and found
The Farm-House where the Ogre, gorged
And drowsy, from his great oak chair,
Among the flitches and pewters at the fire,
Called for his Faëry Harp that came
And, perching on the kitchen table, sang
Jocund and jubilant, with a sound
Of the gleeful, golden-vowelled madrigals,
The shy thrush at mid-May
Flutes from wet orchards flushed with the triumphing dawn;
And blackbirds rioting as they listened still
In old-world woodlands rapt with an old-world spring,
For Pan's own whistle, savage and rich and loud,
And mocked him call for call.
I could not pass
The half-door where the cobbler sat in view
Nor figure me the wizen Leprechaun
In square-cut, old-world reds and buckle-shoes
Bent at his work in the hedge-side, and know
Just how he tapped his brogue, and twitched
His wax-end this and that way, both with wrists
And elbows. In the rich June fields,
Where the ripe clover drew the bees,
And the tall quakers trembled, and the West Wind
Lolled his half-holiday away
Beside me idling down my own,
'Twas good to follow the Miller's Youngest Son
On his white horse along the leafy lanes;
For at his stirrup linked and ran,
Not cynical and trapesing, as he lounged
From wall to wall above the espaliers,
But in the bravest tops
That market-town, a town of tops, could show,
Bold, subtle, adventurous, his tail
A banner flaunted in disdain
Of human stratagems and shifts,
King over All the Catlands, present and past
And future, that mustached
Artificer of fortunes, Puss in Boots,
Or Bluebeard's Closet, with its plenishing
Of meat-hooks, sawdust, blood,
And wives that hung like fresh-dressed carcases —
Odd-fangled, most a butcher's, part
A faëry chamber hazily seen
And hazily figured—on dark afternoons
And windy nights was visiting of the best.

Then, too, the pelt of hoofs
Out in the roaring darkness told
Of Herne the Hunter in his antlered helm
Galloping as with orders from the Pit
Between his hell-born Hounds.
And Rip Van Winkle. . . . Often I lurked to hear
Outside the long, low shanty wall,
The mutter and rumble of the trolling bowls
Down the lean plank before they fluttered the pins:
For, listening so, myself could help him play
His wonderful game
With Hendrik Hudson deep in those haunted hills.

But what were these so near,
So neighborly fancies to the spell that brought
The run of Ali Baba's Cave
Just for the saying "Open Sesame,"
With gold to measure, peck by peck,
In round, brown wooden stoups
You borrowed at the chandler's? . . . Or one time
Made you Aladdin's friend at school
Free of his Garden of Jewels, Ring, and Lamp,
In perfect trim? . . . Or Ladies fair,
But their white bosoms seamed with embrowning scars,
Went laboring under some dread ordinance
Which made them whip, and bitterly weep the while,
Strange Curs that wept as they,
Till there was never a Black Bitch of all
Your consorting but might have gone
Spell-driven miserably for crimes
Done in the pride of womanhood and desire. . . .
Or at the ghostliest altitudes of night,
While you lay wondering and acold,
Your sense was fearfully purged, and soon
Queen Labe, abominable and dear,
Rose from your side, opened the Box of Doom,
Scattered the yellow powder (which I saw
Like sulphur at the Docks in bulk)
And muttered certain words you could not hear:
And there! a living stream—
The brook you bathed in with its weeds and flags
And cresses—glittered and sang
Out of the hearthrug over the nakedness
Well-scrubbed and decent of your bedroom floor! . . .

I was—how many a time!—
That Second Calender, Son of a King,
On whom 'twas vehemently enjoined,
Pausing at one mysterious Door,
To pry no closer but content his soul
With his Fair Forty. Yet I could not rest
For idleness and ungovernable Fate.
And the Black Horse, who fed on sesame
(That wonder-working word!),
Took me upon his back, and spread his vannes,
And soaring, soaring on
From air to air, came charging to the ground,

Plumb as a lark from the midsummer clouds,
And, shaking me out of the saddle, where I sprawled
Flicked at me with his tail
And left me blinded, miserable, distraught
(Even as I was in deed
When doctors came and odious things were done
On my poor tortured eyes
With lancets, or some evil acid stung
And wrung them like hot sand,

And desperately from room to room
Fumble I must my dark, disconsolate way)
To get to Bagdad how I might. But there
I met with Merry Ladies. O you three—
Safie, Amine, Zobeide—when my heart
Forgets you all shall be forgot!
And so we supped, we and the rest,
On wine and roasted lamb, rose-water, dates,
Almonds, pistachios, citrons. And Haroun
Laughed out of his noble beard
On Giaffar and Mesrour (I knew the Three
For all their Mossoul habits!). And outside
The Tigris, flowing swift
Like Severn bend for bend, twinkled and gleamed
With broken and wavering shapes of stranger stars:
The vast blue night
Was murmurous with peris' plumes
And the leathern wings of genies: words of power
Were whispering: and old fishermen,
Casting their nets with prayer, might draw to shore
Dead loveliness; or a prodigy in scales
Worth in the Caliph's Kitchen pieces of gold;
Or copper vessels stopped with lead
Wherein some Squire of Eblis watched and railed,
In durance under the potent charactry
Graven on the seal of Solomon the King. . . .

Then, as the Book was glassed
In Life as in some olden mirror's quaint,
Bewildering angles, so would Life
Flash light on light back on the Book: and both
Were changed. Once in a house decayed
From better days, harboring an errant show
(For all its stories of dry-rot
Were filled with gruesome visitants in wax,
Inhuman, hushed, ghastly with Painted Eyes),
I wandered; and no living soul
Was nearer than the pay-box; and I stared
Upon them staring—staring. Till at last,
Three sets of rafters from the streets,
I strayed upon a mildewed, rat-run room
With the two Dancers, horrible and obscene,
Guarding the door: and there, in a bedroom-set,
Behind a fence of faded crimson cords,
With an aspect of frills
And dimities and dishonored privacy
That made me hanker and hesitate to look,

A Woman with her litter of Babes—all slain,
All in their nightgowns, all with Painted Eyes
Staring—still staring; so that I turned and ran,
As for my neck. The same, it seemed,
And yet not all the same, I was to find,
As I went up; for afterward
Whenas I went my round alone—
All day alone—in long, stern, silent streets,
Where I might stretch my hand and take
Whatever I would; still there were Shapes of Stone,
Motionless, lifelike, frightening—for the Wrath
Had smitten them; but they watched,
This by her melons and figs, that by his rings
And chains and jewels, with the hideous gaze,
The Painted Eyes insufferable,
Now, of those grisly images; and I
Pursued my best-belovèd quest
Thrilled with a novel and delicious fear.
So the night fell—with never a lamplighter;
And through the Palace of the King
I groped among the echoes, and I felt
That they were there,
Dreadfully there, the Painted staring Eyes,
Hall after hall . . . Till lo! from far
A Voice! And in a little while
Two tapers burning! And the Voice
Heard in the mighty Word of God was—whose?
Whose but Zobeide's,
The lady of my heart, like me
A True Believer, and like me
An outcast leagues and leagues beyond the pale! . . .

Or, sailing to the Isles
Of Khaledan, I spied one evenfall
A black blotch in the sunset; and it grew
Swiftly . . . and grew. Tearing their beards,
The sailors wept and prayed; but the grave ship,
Deep-laden with spiceries and pearls, went mad,
Wrenched the long tiller out of the steersman's hand,
And, turning broadside on,
As the most iron would, was haled and sucked
Nearer, and nearer yet;
And, all awash, with horrible lurching leaps
Rushed at that Portent, casting a shadow now
That swallowed sea and sky; and then
Anchors and nails and bolts
Flew screaming out of her, and with clang on clang,
A noise of fifty stithies, caught at the sides
Of the Magnetic Mountain; and she lay,
A broken bundle of firewood, strown piecemeal
About the waters; and her crew
Passed shrieking, one by one; and I was left
To drown. All the long night I swam;
But in the morning, lo! a smiling coast
Tufted with date-trees, meadowlike,
Skirted with shelving sands; and a great wave
Cast me ashore; and I was saved alive.

But, giving thanks to God, I dried my clothes,
And, faring inland, in a desert place
I stumbled on an iron ring—
The fellow of fifty built into the Quays:
When, scenting a trap-door,
I dug, and dug; until my scimitar
Stuck into wood. O then,
The flight of smooth-hewn, easygoing stairs
Sunk in the naked rock! The cool, clean vault,
So neat with niche on niche it might have been
Our beer-cellar but for the rows
Of brazen urns (like monstrous chemist's jars)
Full to the wide, squat throats
With gold-dust but atop
A layer of pickled-walnut-looking things
I knew for olives! And far, O far away,
The Princess of China languished! Far away
Was marriage, with a Vizier and a Chief
Of Eunuchs and the privilege
Of going out at night
To play—unkenned, majestical, secure—
Where the old, brown, friendly river shaped
Like Tigris shore for shore! Haply a Ghoul
Sat in the churchyard under a frightened moon,
A thighbone in his clutch, and glared
At supper with a Lady: she who took
Her rice with tweezers grain by grain.
Or you might stumble, there by the iron gates
(Of the Pump Room) underneath the limes
Upon Bedreddin in his shirt and drawers,
Just as the civil Genie laid him down.
For those red-curtained panes,
Whence a tame cornet tenored it throatily
Of beer-pots and spittoons and new long pipes
Might turn a caravansery's, and therein
You found Noureddin Ali loftily drunk,
And that Fair Persian, bathed in tears,
You'd not have given away
For all the diamonds in the Vale Perilous
You had that dark and disleaved afternoon
Escaped on a roc's claw,
Disguised like Sindbad—but in Christmas beef!
And all the blissful while
The schoolboy satchel at your hip
Was such a bulse of gems as should amaze
Gray-whiskered chapmen drawn
From over Caspian: yea, the Chief Jewellers
Of Tartary and the bazaars,
Seething with traffic, of enormous Ind.— — —

Thus cried, thus called aloud, to the child heart
The magian East: thus the child eyes
Spelled out the wizard message, by the light
Of the sober workaday hours
They saw, week in week out, pass, and still pass
In the fair Minster City folded kind
In ancient Severn's arm,

Amongst her water-meadows and her docks
Whose floating populace of ships—
Galliots and luggers, light-heeled brigantines,
Bluff barques and rake-hell fore-and-afters—brought
To her very doorsteps and geraniums
The scents of the World's End, the calls
That may not be gainsaid to rise and ride
Like fire on some high errand of the race,
The irresistible appeals
For comradeship that sound
Steadily from the irresistible sea.
Thus the East laughed and whispered, and the tale,
Telling itself anew
In terms of living laboring life,
Took on the colors, busked it in the wear,
Of life that lived and labored: and Romance,
The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm and arm,
Or left me, as bediademed with straws
And bits of glass, to gladden at my heart
Who had the gift to seek and feel and find
His fiery-hearted presence everywhere.
Even as dear Hesper, bringer of all good things,
Sends the same silver dews
Of happiness down her dim, delighted skies
On some poor collier-hamlet—(mound on mound
Of sifted squalor; here a soot-throated stalk
Sullenly smoking over a row
Of flat-faced hovels; black in the gritty air
A web of rails and wheels and beams; with strings
Of hurtling, tipping trams)—
As on the amorous nightingales
And roses of Shiraz or the walls and towers
Of Samarcand—the Ineffable—whence you espy
The splendor of Ginnistan's embattled spears
Like listed summer lightnings.
Samarcand!
That name of names! That star-vaned belvedere
Builded against the Chambers of the South!
That outpost on the Infinite!
And, behold!
Questing therefrom, you knew not what wild tide
Might overtake you: for one fringe,
One suburb, is stablished on firm earth; but one
Floats, founded vague
In lubberlands delectable—isles of palm
And lotus, fortunate mains, far-shimmering seas,
The promise of wistful hills—
The shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream.

LEISURE.

By Agnes Repplier.

"Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick?"

A VISITOR strolling through the noble woods of Ferney complimented Voltaire on the splendid growth of his trees. "Ay," replied the great wit, half in scorn and half, perhaps, in envy, "they have nothing else to do;" and walked on, deigning no further word of approbation.

Has it been more than a hundred years since this distinctly modern sentiment was uttered—more than a hundred years since the spreading chestnut boughs bent kindly over the lean, strenuous, caustic, disappointed man of genius who always had so much to do, and who found in the doing of it a mingled bliss and bitterness that scorched him like fever-pain? How is it, that while Dr. Johnson's sledge-hammer repartees sound like the sonorous echoes of a past age, Voltaire's remarks always appear to have been spoken the day before yesterday? They are the kind of witticisms which we do not say for ourselves, simply because we are not witty; but they illustrate with biting accuracy the spirit of restlessness, of disquiet, of intellectual vanity and keen contention which is the brand of our vehement and over-zealous generation.

"The Gospel of Work"—that is the phrase woven insistently into every homily, every appeal made to the conscience or the intelligence of a people who are now straining their youthful energy to its utmost speed. "Blessed be Drudgery!"—that is the text deliberately chosen for a discourse which has enjoyed such amazing popularity that sixty thousand printed copies have been found all inadequate to supply the ravenous demand. Readers of Dickens—if anyone has the time to read Dickens nowadays—may remember Miss Monflather's inspired amendment of that familiar poem concerning the Busy Bee:

> "In work, work, work. In work alway,
> Let my first years be past."

And when our first years *are* past, the same programme is considered adequate and satisfactory to the end. "A whole lifetime of horrid industry"—to quote Mr. Bagehot's uninspired words—this is the prize dangled alluringly before our tired eyes; and if we are disposed to look askance upon the booty, then vanity is subtly pricked to give zest to faltering resolution. "Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not;" they would be laggards in the field if our faults did not sometimes spur them into action. It is the pæan of self-glorification that wells up perpetually from press and pulpit, from public orators, and from what is courteously called literature, that keeps our courage screwed to the sticking place, and veils the occasional bareness of the result with a charitable vesture of self-delusion.

Work is good. No one seriously doubts this truth. Adam may have doubted it when he first took spade in hand, and Eve when she scoured her first pots and kettles; but in the course of a few thousand years we have learned to know and value this honest, troublesome, faithful, and extremely exacting friend. But work is not the only good thing in the world; it is not a fetich to be adored; neither is it to be judged, like a sum in addition, by its outward and immediate results. The god of labor does not abide exclusively in the rolling-mill, the law courts, or the cornfield. He has a twin-sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting gain of both.

Sainte-Beuve, writing of Mme de Sévigné and her time, says that we, "with our habits of positive occupa-

tion, can scarcely form a just conception of that life of leisure and chit-chat." "Conversations were infinite," admits Mme de Sévigné herself, recalling the long summer afternoons when she and her guests walked in the charming woods of Les Rochers until the shadows of twilight fell. The whole duty of life seemed to be concentrated in the pleasant task of entertaining your friends when they were with you, or writing them admirable letters when they were absent. Occasionally there came, even to this tranquil and finely poised French woman, a haunting consciousness that there might be other and harder work for human hands to do. "Nothing is accomplished day by day," she writes, doubtfully; "and life is made up of days, and we grow old and die." This troubled her a little, when she was all the while doing work that was to last for generations, work that was to give pleasure to men and women whose great-grandfathers were then unborn. Not that we have the time now to read Mme de Sévigné! Why, there are big volumes of these delightful letters, and who can afford to read big volumes of anything, merely for the sake of the enjoyment to be extracted therefrom? It was all very well for Sainte-Beuve to say "Lisons tout Mme de Sévigné," when the question arose how should some long idle days in a country-house be profitably employed. It was all very well for Sainte-Beuve to plead, with touching confidence in the intellectual pastimes of his contemporaries, "Let us treat Mme de Sévigné as we treat Clarissa Harlowe, when we have a fortnight of leisure and rainy weather in the country." A fortnight of leisure and rainy weather in the country! The words would be antiquated even for Dr. Johnson. Rain may fall or rain may cease, but leisure comes not so lightly to our calling. Nay, Sainte-Beuve's wistful amazement at the polished and cultivated inactivity, which alone could produce such a correspondence as Mme de Sévigné's, is not greater than our wistful amazement at the critic's conception of possible idleness in bad weather. In one respect at least we follow his good counsel. We do treat Mme de Sévigné precisely as we treat Clarissa Harlowe; that is, we leave them both severely alone, as being utterly beyond the reach of what we are pleased to call our time.

And what of the leisure of Montaigne, who, taking his life in his two hands, disposed of it as he thought fit, with no restless self-accusations on the score of indolence. In the world and of the world, yet always able to meet and greet the happy solitude of Gascony; toiling with no thought of toil, but rather "to entertaine my spirit as he best pleased," this man wrought out of time a coin which passes current over the reading world. And what of Horace, who enjoyed an industrious idleness, the bare description of which sets our hearts aching with desire! "The picture which Horace draws of himself in his country home," says an envious English critic, "affords us a delightful glimpse of such literary leisure as is only possible in the golden days of good Haroun-Al-Raschid. Horace goes to bed and gets up when he likes; there is no one to drag him down to the law courts the first thing in the morning, to remind him of an important engagement with his brother scribes, to solicit his interest with Mæcenas, or to tease him about public affairs and the latest news from abroad. He can bury himself in his Greek authors, or ramble through the woody glens which lie at the foot of Mount Ustica, without a thought of business, or a feeling that he ought to be otherwise engaged." "Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man," counsels Sir Thomas Browne; and it may be this gentle current will bear us as bravely through life as if we buffeted our strength away in the restless ocean of endeavor.

Leisure has a value of its own. It is not a mere handmaid of labor; it is something we should know how to cultivate, to use, and to enjoy. It has a distinct and honorable place wherever nations are released from the pressure of their first rude needs, their first homely toil, and rise to happier levels of grace and intellectual repose. "Civilization in its final outcome," says the keen young author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," "is heavily in the debt of leisure; and the success of any

society worth considering is to be estimated largely by the use to which its *fortunati* put their spare moments." Here is a sentiment so relentlessly true that nobody wants to believe it. We prefer uttering agreeable platitudes concerning the blessedness of drudgery, and the iniquity of eating bread earned by another's hands. Yet the creation of an artistic and intellectual atmosphere in which workers can work, the expansion of a noble sympathy with all that is finest and most beautiful, the jealous guardianship of whatever makes the glory and distinction of a nation; this is achievement enough for the *fortunati* of any land, and this is the debt they owe. It can hardly be denied that the lack of scholarship—of classical scholarship especially—at our universities is due primarily to the labor-worship which is the prevalent superstition of our day, and which, like all superstitions, has gradually degraded its god into an idol, and lost sight of the higher powers and attributes beyond. The student who is pleased to think a knowledge of German "more useful" than a knowledge of Greek; the parent who deliberately declares that his boys have "no time to waste" over Homer; the man who closes the doors of his mind to everything that does not bear directly on mathematics, or chemistry, or engineering, or whatever he calls "work;" all these plead in excuse the exigencies of life, the absolute and imperative necessity of labor.

It would appear then, that we have no *fortunati*, that we are not yet rich enough to afford the greatest of all luxuries—leisure to cultivate and enjoy "the best that has been known and thought in the world." This is a pity, because there seems to be money in plenty for so many less valuable things. The yearly taxes of the United States sound to innocent ears like the fabled wealth of the Orient; the yearly expenditures of the people are no rigid scale; yet we are too poor to harbor the priceless literature of the past because it is not a paying investment, because it will not put bread in our mouths, or clothes on our shivering nakedness. "Poverty is a most odious calling," sighed Burton many years ago, and we have good cause to echo his lament. Until we are able to believe, with that enthusiastic Greek scholar, Mr. Butcher, that "intellectual training is an end in itself, and not a mere preparation for a trade or a profession;" until we begin to understand that there is a leisure which does not mean an easy sauntering through life, but a special form of activity, employing all our faculties, and training us to the adequate reception of whatever is most valuable in literature and art; until we learn to estimate the fruits of self-culture at their proper worth, we are still far from reaping the harvest of three centuries of toil and struggle; we are still as remote as ever from the serenity of intellectual accomplishment.

There is a strange pleasure in work wedded to leisure, in work which has grown beautiful because its rude necessities are softened and humanized by sentiment and the subtle grace of association. A little paragraph from the journal of Eugénie de Guérin illustrates with charming simplicity the gilding of common toil by the delicate touch of a cultivated and sympathetic intelligence.

"A day spent in spreading out a large wash leaves little to say, and yet it is rather pretty, too, to lay the white linen on the grass, or to see it float on lines. One may fancy one's self Homer's Nausicaa, or one of those biblical princesses who washed their brothers' tunics. We have a basin at Moulinasse that you have never seen, sufficiently large and full to the brim of water. It embellishes the hollow, and attracts the birds who like a cool place to sing in."

In the same spirit, Maurice de Guérin confesses frankly the pleasure he takes in gathering fagots for the winter fire, "that little task of the woodcutter which brings us close to nature," and which was also a favorite occupation of M. de Lamennais. The fagot gathering, indeed, can hardly be said to have assumed the proportions of real toil; it was rather a pastime where play was thinly disguised by a pretty semblance of drudgery. "Idleness," admits M. de Guérin, "*but idleness full of thought, and alive to every impression.*" Eugénie's labors, however, had other aspects, and bore different fruit. There is nothing intrinsically charming in

stitching seams, hanging out clothes, or scorching one's fingers at a kitchen fire; yet every page in the journal of this nobly born French girl reveals to us the nearness of work, work made sacred by the prompt fulfilment of visible duties, and—what is more rare—made beautiful by that distinction of mind which was the result of alternating hours of finely cultivated leisure. Any ordinary and estimable young woman might have spread her wash upon the grass with honest pride at the whiteness of her linen; but it needed the solitude of Le Cayla, the few books well read and well worth reading, the life of patriarchal simplicity, and the habit of sustained and delicate thought, to awaken in the worker's mind the graceful association of ideas, the pretty picture of Nausicaa and her maidens cleansing their finely woven webs by the shores of the sounding sea.

For it is self-culture that warms the chilly earth wherein no good seed can mature; it is self-culture that distinguishes between the work which has inherent and lasting value, and the work which represents conscientious activity and no more. And for the training of one's self, leisure is requisite; leisure and that rare modesty which turns a man's thoughts back to his own shortcomings and requirements, and extinguishes in him the burning desire to enlighten his fellow-beings. "We might make ourselves spiritual by detaching ourselves from action, and become perfect by the rejection of energy," says Mr. Oscar Wilde, who delights in scandalizing his patient readers, and who lapses unconsciously into something resembling animation over the wrongs inflicted by the solemn preceptors of mankind. The notion that it is worth while to learn a thing, only if you intend to impart it to others, is wide-spread and very popular in our midst. I have myself heard an excellent and anxious aunt say to her young niece, then working hard at college, "But, my dear, why do you give so much of your time to Greek? You don't expect to teach it, do you?"—as if there were no other use to be gained, no other pleasure to be won from that noble language, in which lies hidden the hoarded treasure of centuries. To study Greek in order to read and enjoy it, and thereby make life better worth the living, is a possibility that seldom enters the practical modern mind.

Yet this restless desire to give out information, like alms, is at best a questionable bounty; this determination to share one's wisdom with one's unwilling fellow-creatures, is a noble impulse provocative of general discontent. When Southey, writing to James Murray about a dialogue which he proposes to publish in the *Quarterly*, says, with characteristic complacency: "I have very little doubt that it will excite considerable attention, and lead many persons into a wholesome train of thoughts," we feel at once how absolutely familiar is the sentiment, and how absolutely hopeless is literature approached in this spirit. The same principle, working under different conditions to-day, entangles us in a network of lectures, which have become the chosen field for every educational novelty, and the diversion of the mentally unemployed.

Charles Lamb has recorded distinctly his veneration for the old-fashioned school-master who taught his Greek and Latin in leisurely fashion day after day, with no thought wasted upon more superficial or practical acquirements, and who "came to his task as to a sport." He has made equally plain his aversion for the new-fangled pedagogue—new in his time at least—who "cannot relish a beggar or a gypsy" without seeking to collect or to impart some statistical information on the subject. A gentleman of this calibre, his fellow-traveller in a coach, once asked him if he had ever made "any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London?" and the magnitude of the question so overwhelmed Lamb that he could not even stammer out a confession of his ignorance. "To go preach to the first passer-by, to become tutor to the ignorance of the first thing I meet, is a task I abhor," observes Montaigne, who must certainly have been the most acceptable companion of his day.

Dr. Johnson, too, had scant sympathy with insistent and arrogant industry. He could work hard enough when cir-

cumstances demanded it; but he "always felt an inclination to do nothing," and not infrequently gratified his desires. "No man, sir, is obliged to do as much as he can. A man should have part of his life to himself," was the good doctor's soundly heterodox view advanced upon many occasions. He hated to hear people boast of their assiduity, and nipped such vain pretensions in the bud with frosty scorn. When he and Boswell journeyed together in the Harwich stage-coach, a "fat, elderly gentlewoman," who had been talking freely of her own affairs, wound up by saying that she never permitted any of her children to be for a moment idle. "I wish, madam," said Dr. Johnson, testily, "that you would educate me too, for I have been an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, sir," protested the woman, with dismayed politeness, "you have not been idle." "Madam," was the retort, "it is true! And that gentleman there"—pointing to poor young Boswell—"has been idle also. He was idle in Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He came to London, where he has been very idle. And now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever."

That there was a background of truth in these spirited assertions we have every reason to be grateful. Dr. Johnson's value to-day does not depend on the number of essays, or reviews, or dedications he wrote in a year—some years he wrote nothing—but on his own sturdy and splendid personality; "the real primate, the soul's teacher of all England," says Carlyle; a great embodiment of uncompromising goodness and sense. Every generation needs such a man, not to compile dictionaries, but to preserve the balance of sanity, and few generations are blest enough to possess him. As for Boswell, he might have toiled in the law-courts until he was gray, without benefiting or amusing anybody. It was in the nights he spent drinking port-wine at the Mitre, and in the days he spent trotting, like a terrier, at his master's heels, that the seed was sown which was to give the world a masterpiece of literature, the most delightful biography that has ever enriched mankind. It is to leisure that we owe the "Life of Johnson," and a heavy debt we must, in all integrity, acknowledge it to be.

Mr. Shortreed said truly of Sir Walter Scott, that he was "making himself in the busy, idle pleasures of his youth;" in those long rambles by hill and dale, those whimsical adventures in farmhouses, those merry, purposeless journeys in which the eager lad tasted the flavor of life. At home such unauthorized amusements were regarded with emphatic disapprobation. "I greatly doubt, sir," said his father to him one day, "that you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape gut!" and one half pities the grave clerk to the Signet whose own life had been so decorously dull, and who regarded with affectionate solicitude his lovable and incomprehensible son. In later years Sir Walter recognized keenly that his wasted school hours entailed on him a lasting loss, a loss he was determined his sons should never know. It is to be forever regretted that "the most Homeric of modern men could not read Homer." But every day he stole from the town to give to the country, every hour he stole from law to give to literature, every minute he stole from work to give to pleasure, counted in the end as gain. For it is in his pleasures that a man really lives, it is from his leisure that he constructs the true fabric of self. Perhaps Charles Lamb's fellow-clerks thought that because his days were spent at a desk in the East India House, his life was spent there too. His life was far remote from that routine of labor; built up of golden moments of respite, enriched with joys, chastened by sorrows, vivified by impulses that had no filiation with his daily toil. "For the time that a man may call his own," he writes to Wordsworth, "that is his life." The Lamb who worked in the India House, and who had "no skill in figures," has passed away, and is to-day but a shadow and a name. The Lamb of the "Essays" and the "Letters" lives for us now, and adds each year his generous share to the innocent gayety of the world. This is the Lamb who said, "Riches are chiefly good because they give us time," and who sighed for a little son that he might christen him Nothing-to-do, and permit him to do nothing.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR REPRESENTATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

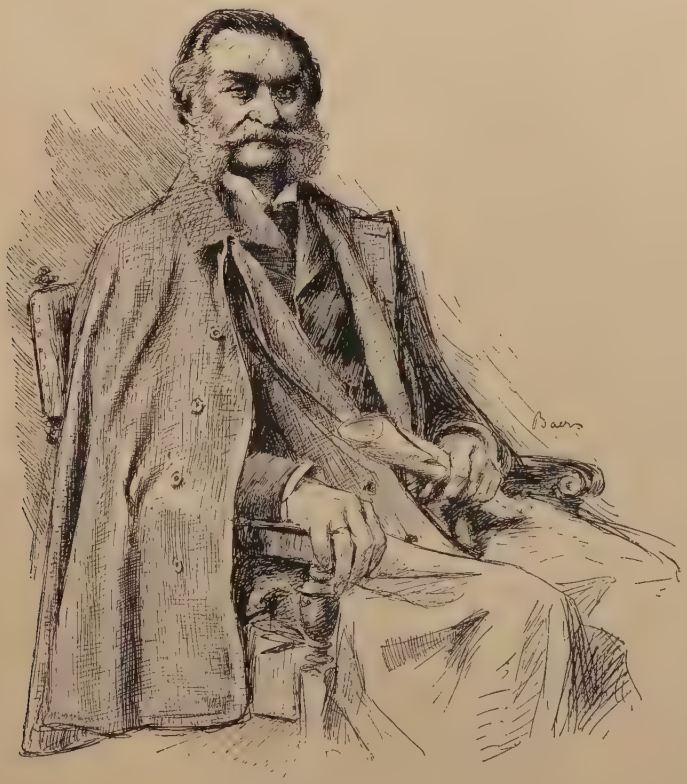
By George P. Upton.

THE musical societies of the United States, as they exist to-day, clearly are the outcome of the reaction, in the early part of the present century, against what is known as the Billings school of church music—a school characterized by its antiquated treatment and excessive fuguing. Upon this point all American historians of music are agreed. The reform was begun, or rather the way was prepared for it, by Professor Hubbard, of Dartmouth College, under whose auspices the Dartmouth Handel Society was organized, though this institution long ago ceased to have any active connection with music. The Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society antedated it in birth, having been organized in 1786, but it was not until after 1800 that it made its influence felt as a reinforcement to the Dartmouth Society. In one respect it was more fortunate than its New Hampshire companion. It is still in existence, in its 107th year, but long since ceased to exert any influence upon musical progress. It is kept alive by local pride, and though overshadowed by the great Handel and Haydn Society in the neighboring city of Boston, its members undoubtedly plume themselves on the fact that they belong to the oldest society in the United States, and still have their "hot turkey supper with nothing stronger than tea or coffee" at the annual meeting, as did the charter members just after the Revolution, when Squire Elijah Dunbar, of Canton, led them through the mazes of the oratorio choruses.

The next society in order of time was the Massachusetts Musical, founded in 1806, the immediate predecessor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. The latter organization, which still flourishes under the administration of its veteran leader, Carl Zerrahn, with its splendidly trained chorus of over 400 voices, has done a great and lasting work in the advancement of musical culture, not alone in New England, but throughout the United States. It was organized in 1815, and bears the same relations to the "modern Athens" that the Philharmonic does to New York, though it antedates the latter by twenty-seven years. It first made the American public acquainted with the great oratorios. It has commanded the services of many eminent conductors and enlisted the talent of nearly every prominent solo artist during the past three-quarters of a century, and it has never lowered its high standard of performance. Mr. Zerrahn was elected its conductor in 1854, and this post of honor he still holds. During the thirty-nine years of his administration the society has continuously flourished, while its conductor has achieved national fame and, what is better still, has secured the living esteem of two generations of singers. Its great triennial festivals have done a mighty work in musical education, and it keeps alive the taste for the higher music by its annual performances of the "Messiah" on Christmas-day, and Bach's "Matthew Passion Music" on Good Friday. The veteran Handel and Haydn still retains its place at the head of the choral societies of the United States, rich in musical memories and associations, powerful in influence, and far-reaching in results.

To the group of older choral societies which have played an important part in elevating the standard of musical culture and directing its progress, belong two other New England societies—the Oratorio Society of Salem, Mass., and the Haydn Society of Portland, Me. The quaint and prim old city of Salem did not lose its music with its commerce. Essex County, indeed, has been proud of its musical achievements from time immemorial. It fought Puritan "pennyroyal" and

the fugued psalmody as zealously as it fought witchcraft. It has had a long succession of musical societies, beginning early in the present century. At one time Salem was the home of three of the most accomplished of American musical scholars—Dr. J. F. Tuckerman, William Breed, who added to his musical acquirements an intimate knowledge of philosophy, and General H. K. Oliver, the composer of "Federal Street" and other well-known "psalm-tunes." To the last is largely due the organization of the Oratorio Society, which at times has numbered as many as five hundred singers in its ranks, while to Mr. Zerrahn, who has been its conductor since it was organized in 1868, is due its marked musical success. Its projectors left no doubt of their purpose or of the man of their choice, for the original call states its object to be "the study of music under Carl Zerrahn." The society is now in its twenty-fifth season and is still studying music under Mr. Zerrahn, zealously and enthusiastically, and the people of Salem are quite as proud



Carl Zerrahn.

of their Oratorio Society as they are of their House of the Seven Gables, or of their few remaining dame-stores. The Haydn Society of Portland was born a year later than the Salem Society. The whole musical life of that beautiful city is summed up in the Haydn and its favorite conductor, Hermann Kotzschmar, who has been at its head since it was organized. Under his competent direction the Haydn has achieved the reputation of being one of the best singing societies in the United States, and more than once has taken part on prominent public occasions, where it has never failed to make a decided impression with its admirable performances. One of its most successful achievements was its bringing forward for the first time

Professor Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter," in 1873. The veteran conductor, one of the truest of musicians, has been the central figure not only of the society but of the musical life of Portland all these years, and is still as active and enthusiastic as when he came there, forty-four years ago, fresh from his Prussian studies. His fellow-citizens have honored him in many ways, and have erected Kotzschmar Hall as his memorial, but his most enduring monument is his noble work for music and the results his society has achieved.

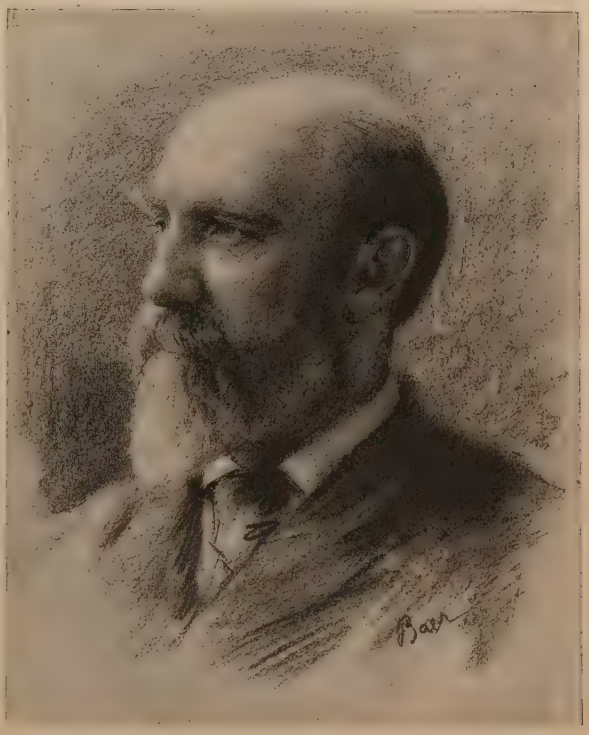
The last of the group of older singing societies which have made a strong impression upon musical culture is the

Joseph Mosenthal.

Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, which confessedly stands at the head of all organizations of its kind in the United States. It was founded in 1866, and for nearly thirty years has been without a rival as a male-voice club. Its extraordinary success is largely due to its conductor, Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, though a full measure of credit should also be conceded to the loyalty of its members, who have followed their leader as unquestioningly as an army does its general. Few men are so admirably and completely equipped for the responsible position of conductor as Mr. Mosenthal. He stands high among instrumental performers as an organist, pianist, and violinist, and, before he assumed the duties of conductor, was associated with Theodore Thomas, William Mason, and others in that series of chamber concerts which did so much to elevate the public taste and inspire a love for the higher music. The club was organized in 1866 from a little coterie of gentlemen who had studied and sung together privately, out of a love of music for music's sake; but Mr. Mosenthal did not take charge until a year later. Under his administration it at once took first position as a male-voice club, and it still retains it.

The Festival Associations are an important factor in the musical progress of the country. They are usually composed of an aggregation of musical societies, so that their constituency covers a wider area than the mere membership of the individual society. As their expenses are guaranteed, their resources in solo talent and accompaniment are correspondingly greater. Again, the extent of their equipment enables them to give the higher works under skilled conductors, and with vocal and instrumental emphasis commensurate with the great scale upon which they are laid out. They represent the ripened fruit of long and patient study. In their origin they are the direct outcome of the old "conventions," such as those conducted for so many years by such pioneers in musical education as Lowell Mason, Woodbury, Dyer, Bradbury,

Palmer, Perkins, Dr. George F. Root, and others, which bore the same relation to popular musical education that the lyceums of the same period did to popular information. Festivals have not been uncommon since the days when the late P. S. Gilmore set the pace with his anvils, artillery, church-bells, foreign bands, huge unwieldy chorus, and "bouquets of artists" in the Boston Coliseum — a conglomeration which was more harmful than beneficial in its effects. New York, Chicago, and other prominent cities have had isolated festivals of a very high order, and the triennial festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society have left a lasting impression upon the progress of music in New England. There are, however, but four regularly organized festival associations, two in New England and two in the West—the Worcester County and Hampden County in Massachusetts, and those at Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The annual festivals of the Worcester County Musical Association — Carl Zerrahn, conductor—are notable events in the musical history of New England. Its scheme includes large choral and symphonic works for all its concerts, and calls upon the leading artists of the country for its solo work. It has been in existence since 1857, and its library of 16,000 volumes attests the extent and variety of its work. Worcester, indeed, takes just pride in being the only city in the world that gives an annual musical festival, for it has not failed in this respect for thirty-five years. The three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester in England, hold a festival each year, but never twice in the same city, consecutive years. Norwich, Birmingham, and Leeds are famous also for their festivals, but they are not annual, nor are those given in the German cities. In this respect Worcester is the musical centre of New England. The Hampden County Association is young in years, but it has already aroused decided musical enthusiasm in western Massachusetts, and its festivals begin



B. J. Lang.

to have something like a national reputation. It was incorporated in 1887, and gave its first festival the following year, since which time it has given them annually under the leadership of the young, progressive, and thoroughly equipped conductor, Mr. George W. Chadwick, of Boston, who is also known as a rising composer, and made his mark in the programme of the World's Fair dedication ceremonies of 1892. It is his ambition to have, not a large chorus, but one of moderate numbers, which shall be of marked singing capacity, of sufficient breadth for oratorio work, and yet elastic enough to produce modern music with agreeable results.

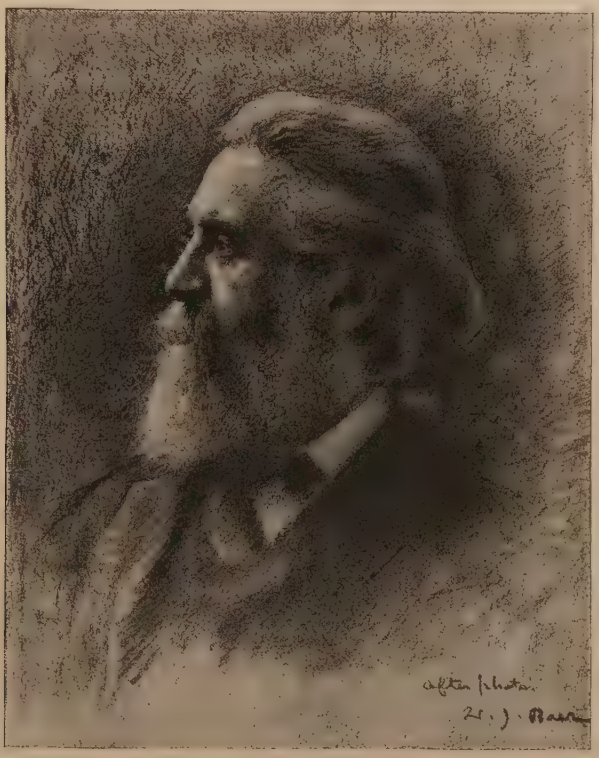
In the West the biennial festivals of the Cincinnati Festival Association, conducted by Theodore Thomas since 1873, with extraordinary success, do not

suffer by comparison with those in Worcester and Boston. They have had a marked effect in stimulating the progress of music in all directions. They led to the building of the beautiful Music Hall and the organization of the College of Music in that city. They have aroused musical enthusiasm all over the West, have given rise to the organization of many societies, and have quickened musical activity in other cities. In a word, their powerful influence upon the musical progress of the West cannot be over-estimated. The fourth association in the group, that at Indianapolis, is the direct outcome of the Cincinnati festivals, since they stimulated the Hoosiers to do a similarly great work for Indiana. It was organized in 1889, but young as it is, its annual festivals will compare favorably with those of the older associations. Its conductor is Mr. F. X. Arens, who, though born in Germany, has been in this country since his ninth year, and adds to the native German love and knowledge of music the business habits and public spirit of an American. The hopeful outlook for the Indianapolis Association is its local pride and enthusiasm. The directors are gentlemen engaged in the largest business enterprises of the city, and the commercial idea is as far removed as possible from their purpose. All the solo singers of the city sing in the chorus, and the members are mostly ladies and gentlemen who sing for "the love of the thing." There is every reason for the belief that its festivals will be permanent events, and that in a short time the association will occupy a correspondingly prominent position to that of its near neighbor of Cincinnati.

Theodore Thomas.

No sketch of the musical societies of the United States would be complete without reference to the important part the Germans have played in their organi-

zation, the powerful influence they have exerted, and the activity and enthusiasm they have displayed in advancing the



Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

cause of music in their adopted country, both in private and in public. The value of their services in these directions can hardly be over-estimated. Music is the one thing always near to the German's heart. It is his by tradition and by the strong forces of heredity It is largely the atmosphere in which he lives, and he has never failed to bring it with him from the Fatherland, whatever else he may have left behind. Wherever Germans gather together, whether in the older Eastern cities or on the Western prairies, the Sängerbund, with its song and untranslatable Gemüthlichkeit, is among the first of their national institutions to be organized ; and though it is essentially Teutonic it never conflicts with the duties of American citizenship. While thus, on the one hand, the German-Americans have preserved for nearly a century the musical habit and life of their own land, they have, on the other, most powerfully influenced the musical culture of ours. They form the overwhelming majority of military band and orchestral players in the United States. Their own singing societies are found in every city of any size, and even American societies number many Germans in their ranks. Their music constitutes the principal part of every programme. Their instrumental artists, notably violinists and pianists, are the principal interpreters of the higher music. To their conductors the American public largely owes whatever of musical taste and culture it possesses. It has been acquired under the tuition of such eminent leaders as Anschütz, Eisfeld, Bergmann, Thomas, Mosenthal, Zerrahn, Kotzschmar, Henschel, Gericke, Damrosch, Seidl, Van der Stucken, Balatka, Singer, and many others. Amid many discouragements they have always remained true to the highest ideals.

Prominent in this Germanic influence upon the national musical culture are the Deutscher Liederkranz and Arion Society, of New York, the most flourishing organizations of that nationality in America. Next to the Philharmonic Society, the Deutscher Liederkranz is the veteran musical society of any importance in the city. It was organized in 1847 for a purpose which is succinctly stated in the preamble to its by-laws: "Pflege der Musik, speciell des Männer- und gemischten Chor-Gesanges; Förderung der Geselligkeit und der Liebe zur Kunst, sowie Pflege deutscher Sitten und deutscher Sprache." It has always been true to these purposes. It is essentially German, both musically and socially. Its official language is German. It preserves the traditions, associations, and memories of the Fatherland, and yet its membership is loyally American in every duty and responsibility of citizenship. The same is true of the Arion Society, which in some respects is even more German than the parent society, for the Arion is an offshoot of the Deutscher Liederkranz. As so often happens in the case of German societies when they get to be large and flourishing, a dissension arose in 1854 which resulted in the secession of several members and the organization of the Arion, which has grown to be so strong that it has a fine home of its own, and has recently made a triumphant tour through Germany.

The secession, however, did not injure the Deutscher Liederkranz. In its earlier years it had many vicissitudes, but it is now one of the most flourishing societies in the United States, and under the competent leadership of Heinrich Zöllner has a total membership of over 1,500, of which 124 are active (singers). The Arion has had a long array of eminent leaders, among them, in consecutive order, Meyerhofer, Carl Bergmann, Carl Anschütz, Dr. F. L. Ritter, late director of music at Vassar, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and Frank van der Stucken, who still holds that position. Both these German societies have frequently sung in other cities; and more than once they have lent their strong help and influence in the early days of German opera, as in 1859, when the Arion furnished the chorus work for the first production of "Tannhäuser" in the United States, and again in 1867, when it sang in Weber's romantic "Der Freyschütz."

The strongest of the German societies in the West is the Germania Männerchor, of Chicago. It was founded in 1865 by Mr. Otto Lob, out of a temporary male chorus selected to sing at the obsequies of President Lincoln. After a year of peaceful relations a secession of some of its members took place, as in the case of the Deutscher Liederkranz of New York, resulting in the formation of a new society, the Concordia, of which Mr. Lob became conductor. Mr. Hans Balatka filled his place and remained conductor until 1871, when he also withdrew to become the leader of another new society. After the Great Fire, however, animosities having burned out, the Concordia secessionists returned to their first love, and since that time the Germania has steadily flourished until it has become the most influential and successful of all the Western German singing societies. It has an elegant club-house in the North Division of the city, where, as in the homes of the two New York German societies, the old Teutonic customs are observed and the memory of the Fatherland is kept alive.

These three societies may be classed as the representative organizations of their kind in the United States, and this without prejudice to the numerous other German singing societies; for the Männergesang is a German characteristic, and the national and state Sängerfests which summon thousands of enthusiastic German singers to their periodical musical gatherings, as well as to the sociality of the Commerz, have come to be recognized as a prominent factor in the progress of musical culture in every part of the country.

Though the average life of musical societies is short, owing partly to those unfortunate dissensions which are apt to arise where harmony naturally should be expected, and partly to the caprices of the public or the changing moods of fashion, there is nevertheless a steady movement forward. During the period from 1850 to 1870 numerous societies died from one or the other of these

causes, but during the past twenty years their places have been supplied by other organizations. One goes and another comes, and just now, under the fresh impulse given to them by the great scheme of choral music at the World's Fair, the societies organized since 1870 are in an unusually flourishing condition. Among these societies in New England are the Cecilia (mixed chorus on some occasions), and Apollo Club (male chorus), of Boston, both conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, whose term of musical service in that city has been well-nigh commensurate with that of the veteran Zerrahn, with whom also he has been closely associated in the service of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang has been the conductor of the Apollo from its start, twenty-two years ago, and has made its influence felt as far west as Chicago, for the well-known Apollo Club of the latter city was modelled upon the lines of its namesake in Boston. It has also done signal service for American composers, to whose works it has devoted special consideration. The other representative societies of New England are the Hosmer Hall Choral Society, of Hartford, Conn., and the Arion, of Providence, R. I., both of which are in flourishing condition. The latter is especially noticeable as being the final successful outcome of many attempts to organize a choral society in that city, and to Mr. Jules Jordan belongs the credit.

The Oratorio Society, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch, stands at the head of the New York societies which have been organized since 1870. Although oratorios have declined in public favor, with the single exception of the "Messiah," which is still the "stock piece" for the Christmas festivity, the Oratorio Society has held its ground firmly since 1873, performing the standard oratorios with the assistance of the Symphony Society, with which it has always been closely affiliated, and giving a festival in 1881 which was one of the notable musical events in this country. Upon the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, its founder, the direction passed into the hands of his son, Walter, whose administration has been continuously prosperous. The opening of the new Carnegie Music Hall has given it a permanent home, and under its present auspices there does not seem to be any sufficient reason why it should not continue to be the representative of the oratorio until the fickle public once more returns to its former love for this highest and noblest of all forms of choral music. The Musurgia (male chorus) and the Rubinstein (female chorus) also hold a high place among the New York societies. The former, organized by Mr. William R. Chapman, has recently elected Mr. Frank Damrosch its conductor, while Mr. Chapman leads the Rubinstein, a somewhat unique organization and the best of its class in the country. He conducts also the Apollo Club, the Metropolitan Musical Society, and several other societies in

Dudley Buck.

other localities of the State. Across the river the leading vocal society of Brooklyn is the Apollo Club, conducted

Anton Seidl.

by the veteran leader and well-known organist, teacher, and composer, Dudley Buck, whose church music has made him famous in this country and whose secular music, especially his cantatas, has given him not only an American but a European reputation. The club is now in its fifteenth season and can boast a longer life than any other choral association in Brooklyn. It is an evidence of its remarkable success that during this period no director or member ever has been called upon for an assessment to cover a deficiency. Mr. Buck has been its conductor from the beginning, and it need hardly be said that it has risen to a high position among similar clubs in this country, both by its excellent singing and by the high character of its programmes, for Mr. Buck has not been content with limiting the club to pretty and easy part songs, which are always tempting by their jingle and catching quality, but has given special consideration to male voice English compositions of large proportions as well as to some of his own choice works, which are now to be found in the repertory of every male voice club in the country making any pretensions to more than ordinary programmes and performances. Mr. Buck, indeed, has made a deep and strong impression upon the musical art of this country, not only by his enrichment of its church music, which he was largely instrumental in rescuing from its "pennyroyal" conditions, but by his own dramatic compositions.

In Orange, N. J., in Albany, as well as in New York City, where he conducts the Orpheus Society, Mr. Arthur Mees is doing substantial service for music by the high standard which he maintains, and similarly good work is done for Buffalo by Mr. Mischka, the leader of the Vocal Society, and the German society, the Liedertafel.

Philadelphia's musical reputation is largely upheld by two musical societies, the Orpheus Club, led by Michael Cross, a conductor well known for his musical attainments and his thorough and earnest work, and the Mendelssohn Club, led by Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, who has been connected with many musical societies during the past eighteen years, and has also achieved considerable reputation as a composer. The experiences of societies in Philadelphia, as a rule, have been neither joyous nor enduring. Their average life has been almost as brief as that of the infant's whose surprise was so tersely recorded on the gravestone; but the Orpheus and the Mendelssohn have proved exceptions to the rule, as the former is now in its twenty-first and the latter in its eighteenth year, and both appear to rest upon a substantial basis. Mr. Gilchrist is also the leader of the Tuesday Club, of Wilmington, Del., and the Germantown (Pa.) Choral Society. The musical entertainment of Pittsburg is supplied by the Mozart Club, James P. McCollum, conductor, who, after the

customary period of storm and stress, has had the satisfaction of seeing his society firmly established and doing good work. The musical interests of Baltimore centre almost exclusively in the concerts given at the Conservatory of Music, connected with the Peabody Institute, under the auspices of Mr. Asgar Hamerik, whose Scandinavian compositions have made his name well known, and in those of the Oratorio Society, conducted by Mr. Fritz Fincke, who is also a member of the Musical Faculty of the Institute. The generous endowment of this institution has placed unusual advantages in Mr. Hamerik's hands, which he has utilized with such rare intelligence and business sagacity that few conservatories of its kind have had a more powerful influence upon the musical culture of the South.

The musical growth of the great West has almost been accomplished since 1870, or within the period I have been hastily sketching. But during that time it has been making rapid strides, and the colossal World's Fair scheme of music, as outlined by Mr. Thomas and his assistants, Mr. W. L. Tomlins, choral director, and Mr. George H. Wilson, Secretary of the Bureau of Music, is destined to greatly accelerate its pace and to exert an influence upon the musical culture of the whole country the far-reaching results of which cannot now be estimated. The great "White City" at Jackson Park will be the centre of national musical activity during 1893, for within its limits will assemble, at various times during the year, nearly every society alluded to in this paper. In addition to the Eastern societies already mentioned, and the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Festival Associations, Ohio will send the Apollo Club, of Cincinnati, and the Cleveland Vocal Society. Michigan will be represented by the Detroit Musical Society and the Choral Union, of Ann Arbor, both under the leadership of Mr. Albert A. Stanley. The latter society has a governing body of its own, but is ultimately under the control of the Musical Society of the University of Michigan, whose aim is to furnish instruction in all branches of music to the students, and at the same time to further a thoughtful appreciation of the art by lectures, choral concerts, and the performances of eminent artists as well as of the leading orchestras of the country. The Students' Chorus numbers two hundred and eighty-five, and no part of the University curriculum is welcomed with more enthusiasm than that over which Mr. Stanley presides. Wisconsin will send its pet society, the Arion, of Milwaukee, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Weld, who succeeds to the position formerly held by Mr. Tomlins, the present leader of the Apollo Club in Chicago, and under whose direction the Arion has lost none of the prestige which it gained under the former's advanced methods and rigid discipline. Minnesota will be represented by the St. Paul and Minneapolis Choral Associations, both under the leadership of Mr. Samuel A. Baldwin; and Missouri by the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, Joseph Otten, conductor, an organization which is somewhat unique, as it gives both choral and symphony concerts, four of each kind, during a season. Far-away San Francisco will send its Loring Club, a flourishing male voice society, led by Mr. David W. Loring, formerly of the Apollo Club of Boston.

In the musical progress of the West Chicago now stands foremost, and its strongest impelling force is the Apollo Club, which for more than twenty years has been its principal factor in the cause of musical education, and through the agency of some of its innovations has made its influence felt in a national sense. Its career marks the renaissance of music in that city. The great conflagration of 1871 wiped out everyone of its musical societies, and drove nearly every musician away to seek a living elsewhere, for it was naturally assumed that music would have no opportunity in the partially destroyed city until its material resources were replaced. But it did not have to wait as long as was anticipated. Within a year from that disastrous time the Apollo Club rose like a phœnix. It was originally a männerchor under the direction of Mr. A. W. Dohn, a strict disciplinarian and one of the best equipped musical scholars in the West. He resigned his position in 1875.

and Mr. W. L. Tomlins, its present conductor, was called to the place. Under his administration it was changed to a mixed chorus and greatly extended its area of action as well as its success. It marked the beginning of a new impulse in music, which was destined to blossom in an unexpected manner, to exert an astonishing influence upon the progress of music in the city, and to give the club a national reputation under the leadership of Mr. Tomlins, who not only has special aptitude in training voices and developing tone, but is a musical enthusiast. The club has reached a degree of excellence which challenges superiority in the country. Its ordinary membership is five hundred, but as it will be the nucleus of the choral work at the Fair the chorus has been increased to twelve hundred. One of its grandest achievements from the point of view of social economy is the scheme of wage-workers' concerts, which has given the toiling masses an opportunity to hear high-class concerts at a price easily within their means — the programmes and solo artists being the same as those enjoyed by the associate members. Though the success of this scheme to attract the wage-workers was doubted by some of the friends of the club, there has been no uncertainty about it on the part of the beneficiaries themselves. Were the great Auditorium twice its present size it would fail to accommodate all the working people who make application for tickets.

The scheme so successfully inaugurated by the Apollo Club has also been put in operation in Boston and New York with excellent results, a fact which suggests new possibilities for music in its application to some of the problems of the labor question.

Akin to this club in its influence, though operating in other directions, is the Amateur Musical Club, an organization of ladies which had its source in the weekly meeting together of four ladies several years ago to read piano quartettes. Gradually others came in, and thus a regular society of players and singers was formed which now numbers two hundred active members and gives twenty concerts each season. Out of it also has grown the Juvenile Amateur Club, composed of young girls not yet sufficiently advanced to qualify them for membership in the parent organization. The one is a stepping-stone to the other. Mrs. James S. Gibbs is its President, and Mrs. Theodore Thomas, one of its active spirits, is at the head of a movement to secure a fitting representation of amateur clubs of women in the World's Fair, and to encourage women, not alone singers and players, but composers as well, by the offers of premiums for excellence.

As the great scheme of music at the Fair, indeed, is destined to be the most notable event in the musical records of this country, the table on the opposite page, setting forth the statistics of the various leading societies which have been invited to take part in it (and the most of which have accepted) will prove particularly interesting at the present time.

Having thus hastily sketched the conditions, progress, and influence of the older musical organizations, the German societies, the festival associations, and the representative choral societies which have been founded during the last twenty years, it remains to consider the principal instrumental organizations of the country upon which all of the others so largely depend for their success. The orchestra is the sure foundation of all musical culture, and the essential factor in its development. It is not saying too much to claim that no city can take a commanding place in music, and exert a wide-spread influence upon the progress of the art, until it has its own orchestra, homogeneous in its organization, drilled and disciplined under its own leader, and placed beyond the possibility of doing other than its legitimate work. If this result can be obtained in no other way than by subsidy—individual or otherwise—then it is fortunate that thus far the leading orchestras of this country have commended themselves to the generosity of public-spirited guarantors, who have been willing to take the risk of loss rather than be deprived of the great benefit and educating influences of a first-class band under competent leadership.

By virtue of its age, its long array of

VOCAL SOCIETIES.

Name.	Founded.	Society.	Numbers.	Conductor.
Oratorio Society	1871	New York.	500	Walter Damrosch.
Deutscher Liederkranz	1847	New York.	124	Heinrich Zöllner.
Arion	1854	New York.	155	Frank van der Stucken.
Mendelssohn Glee Club	1866	New York.	49	Joseph Mosenthal.
Musurgia	1884	New York.	60	Frank Damrosch.
Rubinstein Club	1888	New York.	75	William R. Chapman.
Apollo Club	1892	New York.	40	William R. Chapman.
Metropolitan Musical Society	1889	New York.	300	William R. Chapman.
Apollo Club	1877	Brooklyn, N. Y.	74	Dudley Buck.
Handel and Haydn Society	1815	Boston, Mass.	410	Carl Zerrahn.
Oratorio Society	1868	Salem, Mass.	250	Carl Zerrahn.
Worcester County Musical Association	1866	Worcester, Mass.	500	Carl Zerrahn.
Apollo Club	1871	Boston, Mass.	65	Benjamin J. Lang.
Cecilia	1877	Boston, Mass.	175	Benjamin J. Lang.
Hampden County Musical Association	1887	Springfield, Mass.	192	G. W. Chadwick.
Haydn Society	1869	Portland, Me.	125	Hermann Kotzschmar.
Arion	1880	Providence, R. I.	400	Jules Jordan.
Orpheus	1886	New York.	40	Arthur Mees.
Musical Association	1891	Albany, N. Y.	250	Arthur Mees.
Vocal Society	1886	Buffalo, N. Y.	131	Joseph Mischka.
Liedertafel	1848	Buffalo, N. Y.	50	Joseph Mischka.
Orpheus Club	1872	Philadelphia, Pa.	50	Michael Cross.
Mendelssohn Club	1875	Philadelphia, Pa.	75	W. W. Gilchrist.
Mozart Club	1878	Pittsburg, Pa.	150	James P. McCollum.
Oratorio Society	1880	Baltimore, Md.	250	Fritz Fincke.
Apollo Club	1872	Chicago, Ill.	500	W. L. Tomlins.
Germania Männerchor	1865	Chicago, Ill.	50	Henry G. Schoenefeld.
Festival Association	1873	Cincinnati, O.	700	Theodore Thomas.
Apollo Club	1883	Cincinnati, O.	60	B. W. Foley.
Vocal Society	1872	Cleveland, O.	153	Alfred Arthur.
Festival Association	1889	Indianapolis, Ind.	624	F. X. Arens.
Choral Union	1878	Ann Arbor, Mich.	285	Albert A. Stanley.
Musical Society	1867	Detroit, Mich.	193	Albert A. Stanley.
Arion Club	1876	Milwaukee, Wis.	500	Arthur Weld.
Choral Association	1889	St. Paul, Minn.	170	Samuel V. Baldwin.
Choral Association	1890	Minneapolis, Minn.	130	Samuel V. Baldwin.
Choral Symphony Society	1880	St. Louis, Mo.	250	Joseph Otten.
Loring Club	1876	San Francisco, Cal.	60	D. W. Loring.

INSTRUMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Philharmonic Society	1842	New York.	100	Anton Seidl.
Symphony Society	1877	New York.	98	Walter Damrosch.
Symphony Orchestra	1881	Boston, Mass.	75	Arthur Nikisch.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club	1849	Boston, Mass.	5	Thomas Ryan.
Peabody Orchestra	1862	Baltimore, Md.	85	Asgar Hamerik.
Chicago Orchestra	1891	Chicago, Ill.	100	Theodore Thomas.
Symphony Orchestra	1880	St. Louis, Mo.	75	Joseph Otten.

distinguished conductors, its unswerving loyalty to the higher music, and its commanding influence as a popular educator, directly and indirectly, the New York Philharmonic Society holds the first place among American instrumental organizations. Founded in 1842, it has now turned the corner of its first half-century, and during that long period it has uninterruptedly given concerts of the best music performed by professional musicians, to audiences which, like those of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, have come to regard their orchestra and its performances as theirs by right and descent. It exerts an ever-increasing influence from the standards of the highest art-forms, untouched by fashion or popular caprice, which have been the bane of so many societies, and unaffected by necessary changes of administration. In this respect, indeed, it seems to bear a charmed life. Its actual membership (which constitutes the orchestra and manages the affairs of the society) has always been of a high character. Even in its earliest years it had such musicians in its ranks as Alfred Boucher, William Vincent Wallace, Dr. Edward Hodges, Allan Dodworth, Anthony Reiff, D. G. Etienne, H. C. Timm, George Loder, and others, and from those days to the present it has commanded the best talent. During the fifty years of its existence it has steadily advanced in all directions. Its programmes represent the higher music, both in its classical and modern forms. In the earlier ones the society was loyal to the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other composers of their period; in its later, it has done efficient

service to the cause of music by the introduction of the works of Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, and of the composers of the modern romantic school. The keynote of its high artistic purpose was struck when at its very first concert, in 1842, it performed Beethoven's immortal Fifth Symphony. Its aim was high, its purpose serious, and through all its seasons, some of which in times past were unpropitious, it has steadily maintained its purpose and kept its upward aim. It has had a brilliant array of conductors, including U. C. Hill, H. C. Timm, George Loder, A. Boucher, D. G. Etienne, William Alpers, Louis Wiegers, Theodore Eisfeld, Max Maretzek, Carl Bergmann, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Adolph Neuendorf, and Anton Seidl. To Carl Bergmann and his successor, Theodore Thomas, are principally due the remarkable prosperity of the society, and the great success it has had as a musical educator. Mr. Seidl, young, active, ambitious, and scholarly, a thoroughly grounded musician, and a conductor of conspicuous executive ability, now has charge of its fortunes, and it is evident they are in good hands. Under his efficient administration the veteran Philharmonic keeps the prestige it secured under Bergmann and Thomas, and still holds its high position among the great musical societies of the world.

The second instrumental organization of importance in New York City is the Symphony Society. Like the Oratorio Society in the same city, it is the outcome of Dr. Leopold Damrosch's personal effort and inspiration. It was organized by him in 1877, out of the abundant musical material in New York, and thus has not in any way conflicted with older organizations. He remained its conductor until his death in 1885, the succession passing to his son, Walter Damrosch. As he is also conductor of the Oratorio Society, there have always been close and sympathetic relations between the two, and many of the former's most brilliant achievements have been made possible by this harmonious co-operation. The numerical strength of the Symphony Society is ninety-eight. During the past year its concerts were transferred to the new music hall erected by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is also president of the Society, and the orchestra was endowed with a guarantee fund of $50,000 per annum, which relieved it of every element of apprehension as to its financial status, and left it free to devote itself to its work. The fame of the Society is not confined to New York, for it has given over one hundred and fifty concerts in various cities of the United States and Canada, and has easily placed itself in the front rank of orchestral organizations.

A third great instrumental organization, which deserves to rank among the musical educators of the country, is the Boston Orchestra, the legitimate successor of the Harvard Musical Association. The latter was organized in 1865, largely through the personal efforts of the veteran musical journalist, John S. Dwight, and was conducted by Carl Zerrahn until 1886, when its concerts were discontinued, owing largely to the dangerous competition of the Thomas orchestra on the one hand, and on the other to the appearance of the Boston Orchestra in the field, which was organized in 1881 under the personal guarantee of the wealthy connoisseur, Mr. Henry L. Higginson. It numbered at the outset sixty-seven musicians, and its first conductor was Mr. George Henschel, who prior to that time had been better known as a song-singer and pianist of exceptional ability. He remained as conductor until 1884. He was an ardent devotee of Beethoven. His concerts began with "The Dedication of the House," and each season closed with the Ninth Symphony. All the nine symphonies were played during his administration, but his work was not confined to Beethoven, for the classical and modern composers had a fair representation on his programmes, and he gave considerable attention to American compositions. Notwithstanding his ability he did not succeed, however, and in 1884 Mr. Higginson brought Mr. Wilhelm Gericke from Vienna to take his place. Gericke was a rigid disciplinarian, a musical purist, and a devotee of two more B's than Henschel, namely, Bach and Brahms. He made several changes in the personnel of the orchestra, and introduced reforms which un-

questionably heightened its excellence; but meanwhile he was not currying favor with the people. He made his programmes extremely severe, and rigidly excluded popular music from them, besides unnecessarily antagonizing American composers; and as the outcome of it all he fell a victim to the populace, intellectual and orthodox in taste as it claims to be. As the result of his policy, however, when the new leader, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, came, he found an orchestra already drilled and disciplined, and abounding in excellent material. The new conductor is a Hungarian by birth, with all that nationality's characteristics of temperament, though at the conductor's desk he is seemingly as impassive as the sphinx. His greatest success has been won in his readings of the modern school rather than of the classic, and while unquestionably there are some who may regret the absence of the intellectual interpretations of the Gericke *régime*, still the work of the orchestra has been more popular since Mr. Nikisch took the bâton.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston cannot be classed with the orchestral organizations, but its claims as an educator of the public taste should not be disregarded on that account. For forty-four years it has kept its place upon the concert stage, and largely by the indomitable energy and enthusiasm of one man, Mr. Thomas Ryan, the clarinet and viola player of the organization. Players have come and gone, many of them great artists, but Mr. Ryan has remained at his post throughout the entire period, the one fixed, reliable fact in that little world of change, and so long as he lives it is likely the club will be known to concert-goers. It gave its first concert in Boston in 1849, the original members being August Fries, first violin; Francis Riha, second; Thomas Ryan, viola and clarinet; Edward Lehman, viola and flute; and Wulf Fries, violoncello. Since that time it has included many eminent players in its membership. Among its first violins have been such artists as Jacobsohn, Listemann, Dannreuther, Hamm, Allen, Schultze, Schnitzler, Thiele, Hille, Heimendahl, Ohliger, and Marcosson, its present concertmeister; and among its cellists Fries, Hennig, Giese, Hekking, and others. During the first twenty years of its existence it played exclusively in New England, but since then it has appeared all over the United States as well as in Canada, the Sandwich Islands, and Australia. Its standard always has been a high one, and in its quiet way it has done good service in the cause of popular musical education.

The last of the instrumental organizations in this group to be considered is the Chicago Orchestra, which is not alone doing solid service for music in that city, but has come to have a national position as the nucleus of the World's Fair musical scheme. Prior to the great fire Chicago had a regularly organized orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hans Balatka, which gave many seasons of philharmonic concerts, but from 1871 to 1891, though there were several so-called bands in the city, there was not a permanent, homogeneous association which could be called the Chicago Orchestra, in the sense of the Boston Orchestra or the Philharmonic of New York. In the latter year, however, an orchestral association was formed "for the purpose of maintaining a permanent orchestra of the highest character, resident in Chicago, and giving orchestral and other musical performances of the first class." There was but one man to whom the association looked as the leader of the new orchestra, Mr. Theodore Thomas. He had given summer-night concerts for many years with remarkable success. He was very much attached to Chicago, and Chicago was equally devoted to him. His relations with New York were such that they could be severed without difficulty. One of the most beautiful audience rooms in the country was ready to his hands, in which even a large festival orchestra would not be out of place, so far as effects were concerned. Better than all, he was given *carte blanche* in selecting his players, and he was made absolute master so far as the music was concerned, and relieved of all business responsibilities. Its financial status was assumed by the guarantee of fifty-one wealthy citizens for a period of three years. With such unusual inducements

as these, Mr. Thomas was not long in coming to a decision. He recruited an orchestra from Chicago, New York, and Europe, with Mr. Max Bendix as concert-meister, which already has given two seasons of concerts of a high order, and has made its influence felt all over the West. But one season more remains under the terms of the guaranty. To permanently establish the orchestra, a body of five hundred associate members has been created, whose annual subscription will take the place of the guaranty after its expiration in 1894. Following the policy adopted by the Apollo Club, the association has inaugurated a season of concerts for the wage-workers, which promise to greatly extend the influence of music and to secure educational results of the highest importance. No more inspiring spectacle, from a musical point of view, can be imagined than that of four or five thousand working men and women listening to the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven at the first concert, with every indication of enthusiastic delight. It is the testimony of the conductor himself that, while he may have had audiences more capable of judging the performance, he has never had one more attentive in following the music, or exhibiting a keener desire to appreciate and understand it, than these hard-working men and women. It is believed these educational results will be all the more extended during this year, as the orchestra will be employed every day during the World's Fair period, in association with vocal societies and other organizations, in giving concerts at popular prices which will specially appeal not only to those musically inclined, but to the great body of wage-workers.

The writer has thus sketched the conditions, progress, and influence of the representative societies of the United States, necessarily *currente calamo*. In looking over the whole ground, and considering the astonishing results that have been secured already when appeals have been made to the new *clientèle* of music recruited from the ranks of the toilers, it has seemed to him that here is the most promising field for musical effort, and that, if it be properly cultivated, musical education can be much more widely extended than it is at present. Much as we may boast of our musical achievements, it still remains true that our orchestras, to be permanent, have to be subsidized, and that the average life of our choral societies is comparatively short, owing to the changeful moods of the public. It is doubtful whether a body of singers standing before their friends and associates in formal function, merely for a stated public performance, can achieve anything more than amateur results. Whatever the care of the study, the performance always will miss the inner essential something which stirs the heart and thrills the listener. Would it not be well, then, for our musical societies to reach out and secure this new constituency of fresh and pliant material, which in every case thus far has responded with enthusiasm? Most certainly such concerts will induce a more responsible feeling toward the listeners. They may prove the entering wedge to others in which the wage-workers themselves will make the music, and where they themselves will experience in their too barren lives the uplifting influences of inner contact with the ideal, the orderly, and the celestial —all of which music is. The matter is one of more than ordinary importance. The subdivisions of labor which are continually increasing tend to make the workingman's life more monotonous. The shortening of hours is likely to give him more leisure. How shall a portion of that leisure be occupied? Why should not music, with its elevating influences, assert its rights to it? Why should not the musical society be a humanitarian practice-ground in which the great goal of effort is brotherhood, sympathy, and mutual helpfulness? And what better time can there be in which to consider these new relations of music than in the musical congresses of the World's Fair? Is it not time to make the musical society something more than a mere entertainer? In the words of a quaint old writer of the last century: "A society founded on principles like these can hardly fail of proving an inexhaustible fund of benefit and entertainment. Here the student in the

musical faculty will find the means of forming his style after the most perfect models. Here the timid and modest performer may acquire that degree of firmness and confidence which is necessary for displaying his excellencies in public. Here the ingenuous youth who prefers the innocent pleasures of music to riot and intemperance, may taste of that mirth which draws no repentance after it; and hither may those repair to whom the labors of a day must necessarily endear the elegant delights of a musical evening."

AN AMATEUR GAMBLE.

By Anna Fuller.

THE mining boom was on, and Springtown, that famous Colorado health-resort and paradise of idlers, was wide awake to the situation. The few rods of sidewalk which might fairly be called "the street," was thronged all day with eager speculators. Everybody was "in it," from the pillars of society down to the slenderest reed of an errand boy who could scrape together ten dollars for a ten-cent stock. As a natural consequence real estate was, for the moment, as flat as a poor joke, and people who had put their money into town "additions" were beginning to think seriously of planting potatoes where they had once dreamed of rearing marketable dwelling-houses.

Hillerton, the oldest real-estate man in town, was one of the few among the fraternity who had not branched out into stock brokerage. For that reason an air of leisure pervaded his office and men liked to gather there and discuss the prospects of Lame Gulch. Lame Gulch, as everybody knows, is the new Colorado mining-camp, which is destined eventually to make gold a drug in the market. The camp is just on the other side of the Peak, easily accessible to any Springtown man who is not afraid of roughing it. And to do them justice, there proved to be scarcely an invalid or a college-graduate among them all who did not make his way up there, and take his first taste of hardship like a man.

Hillerton used to sit behind the balustrade which divided his sanctum from the main office, and listen with an astute expression, and just the glimmer of a smile, to the talk of the incipient millionaires, who bragged with such ease and fluency of this or that Bonanza. When all declared with one accord that "if Lame Gulch panned out as it was dead sure to do, Springtown would be the biggest *little* town in all creation," Hillerton's smile became slightly accentuated, but a wintry chill of incredulity had a neutralizing effect upon it. As the excitement increased, and his fellow-townsmen manifested a willingness to mortgage every inch of wood and plaster in their possession, Hillerton merely became, if possible, more stringent in the matter of securities.

"We might as well take a mortgage on the town, and done with it," he remarked to his confidential clerk one Saturday evening. "We shall own it all in six months, anyhow!"

Peckham, the confidential clerk, shrugged his shoulders, and said he "guessed it was about so."

Hillerton's confidential clerk usually assented to the dictum of his principal. It saved trouble and hurt nobody. Not that Lewis Peckham was without opinions of his own; but he took no special interest in them, and rarely put himself to the trouble of defending them.

The young man's countenance had never been an expressive one, and during the three years he had spent in Hillerton's employ, his face had lost what little mobility it had ever possessed. He was a pale, hollow-chested individual, with a bulging forehead, curiously marked eyebrows, and a prominent and sensitive nose. A gentleman,

too, as anybody could see, but a gentleman of a singularly unsocial disposition. He looked ten years older than he was—an advantage which Hillerton recognized. His grave, unencouraging manner had a restraining effect upon too exacting tenants; while his actual youthfulness gave Hillerton the advantage over him of thirty years' seniority. Altogether Hillerton placed a high value upon his confidential clerk, and it was with a very genuine good-will that he followed up the last recorded observation, by saying, carelessly:

"I hope you've kept out of the thing yourself, Peckham."

"Oh, yes!" Peckham answered, in a tone of indifference, copied after Hillerton's own.

Peckham spoke the truth, as it happened, but he would probably have made the same answer whether it had been true or not. He was of the opinion that he was not accountable to Hillerton nor to anyone else in the disposition he might make of his legitimate earnings. In fact, it was largely owing to Hillerton's inquiry and the hint of resentment it excited, that Peckham put a hundred dollars into the Yankee Doodle Mining and Milling Co. that very day. To be sure, he acted on a "straight tip," but straight tips were as thick as huckleberries in Springtown, and this was the first time he had availed himself of one.

It would be difficult to imagine why Peckham should not have thoroughly liked Hillerton; difficult, that is, to anyone not aware of the unusual criterion by which he measured his fellowmen. He was himself conscious that he had ceased to "take any stock" in his employer, since the day on which he had discovered that that excellent man of business did not know the Ninth Symphony from Hail Columbia.

Against Fate, on the other hand, Peckham had several grudges. He was inconveniently poor, he was ill, and he was in exile. With so many hard feelings to cherish against his two immediate superiors—namely, Hillerton and Fate—it is no wonder that Peckham had the reputation of being of a morose disposition.

He was perhaps the most solitary man in Springtown. Not only did he live in lodgings, and pick up his meals at cheap restaurants; he had wilfully denied himself the compensations which club life offers. Living, too, in a singularly hospitable community, he never put himself in the way of receiving invitations, and he consequently was allowed to do without them. He did not keep a horse; he thought a lodging-house no place for dogs, and he entertained serious thoughts of shooting his landlady's cat. He had always refrained from burdening himself with correspondents, and would have thought it a nuisance to write to his own brother, if so be he had had such a relative to bless himself with.

Lewis Peckham did not complain of his lot in detail, and he never made the least effort to better it. There was only one thing he really wanted, and that thing he could not have. He wanted to be "something big" in the way of a musician. Not merely to be master of this or that instrument; certainly not to teach reluctant young people their scales and arpeggios. What he had intended to become was a great composer—a composer of symphonies and operas—the First Great American Composer, spelled, be it observed, with capital letters. He was not destined to the disillusionment of direct failure, which in all human probability would have been his. Fate spared him that, by visiting him in the beginning of his career with an attack of pneumonia which sent him fleeing for his life to the sunshine and high air of the Rocky Mountain region. Peckham was always rather ashamed of having fled for his life, which, as he repeatedly assured himself, was by no means worth the purchase. Yet with him as with most men, even when thwarted in what they believe to be a great ambition, the instinct of life is as imperative as that of hunger. And Lewis Peckham found himself wooing health at the cost of music, and earning his living as prosaically as any mere bread-winner of them all.

The "straight tip" on the Yankee Doodle proved to be an exception among its kind. The Y. D. which he had bought at ten cents, ran up in a week to twenty-five cents. Peckham sold out just be-

fore it dropped back, and then he put his profits into the "Libby Carew."

It happened that about that time he read in the local paper that the great Leitmann Orchestra would close its season with a concert in Chicago on May 16th. This concert Peckham was determined to hear, if it "took a lung." Hence the prudence which led him to reserve his original hundred dollars; a prudence which would otherwise have deprived the speculation of half its savor. The Libby Carew was as yet a mere "hole in the ground," but if he did not have the excitement of making money, it might prove equally stirring to lose it. Besides that, Hillerton's tone was getting more and more lofty on the subject of stock gambling, and the idea of acting contrary to such unquestioned sagacity had more relish than most ideas possessed.

Meanwhile the excitement grew. Lame Gulch was "panning out" with startling results. One after another the Springtown men went up to investigate matters for themselves, and the most sceptical came back a convert. The railroad folks began to talk of building a branch "in." Eastern capitalists pricked up their ears and sent out experts.

One morning the last of February, half-a-dozen men, among them a couple who had just come down from the camp, stood about Hillerton's office or sat on the railing of the sanctum, giving rough but graphic accounts of the sights to be seen at Lame Gulch. The company was not a typical Western crowd. The men were nearly all well dressed and exhibited evidences of good breeding. The refinement of the tenderfoot was still discernible, and excepting for the riding boots which they wore and the silk hats and derbys which they did not wear, and for an air of cheerful alertness which prevailed among them, one might have taken them for a group of Eastern club men. The reason of this was not far to seek. Most of them were, in fact, Eastern club men, who had sought Springtown as a health-resort, and had discovered, to their surprise, that it was about the pleasantest place they had yet "struck."

Peckham sat somewhat apart from the others on his high revolving stool, sometimes listening, without a sign of interest in his face, sometimes twirling his stool around and sitting with his back to the company, apparently immersed in figures.

Allery Jones, the Springtown wag, had once remarked that Peckham's back was more expressive than his face. On this occasion he nudged Dicky Simmons, with a view to reminding him of the fact; but Dicky, a handsome youth with a sanguine light in his blue eyes, was intent on what Harry de Luce was saying.

"Tell you what!" cried de Luce, who had only recently discovered that there were other interests in life besides the three P's, polo, poker, and pigeon-shooting. "Tell you what, those fellows up there are a rustling lot. Take the Cosmopolitan Hotel now! They're getting things down to a fine point in that tavern. There was a man put up there night before last, one of those rich-as-thunder New York capitalists. You could see it by the hang of his coat-tails. He came sniffing round on his own hook, as those cautious cusses do. Well, Rumsey gave him one of his crack rooms—panes of glass in the window, imitation mahogany chamber-set, pitcher of water on the wash-stand, all complete. Do you suppose that was good enough for old Money-Bags? Not by a jug-full. He owned the earth, he'd have you to know, and he wasn't going to put up with anything short of the Murray Hill! Nothing suited. There wasn't any paper on the walls, there wasn't any carpet on the floor, there wasn't any window-shade, and I'll be blowed if the old chap didn't object to finding the water frozen solid in the pitcher. He came down to the bar roaring-mad, and said he wouldn't stand it; he'd rather camp out and done with it; if they couldn't give him a better room than that, he'd be out of this quicker'n he came in! Well, fellers! You never saw anything half so sweet as that old halibut Rumsey. If the gentleman would just step in to supper and have a little patience, he thought he'd find everything to his satisfaction. And by the living Jingo, boys! when old Money-Bags went up to

his room in the middle of the evening, I'm blessed if there wasn't a paper on the wall, an ingrain carpet on the floor, and a red-hot stove over in the corner! Same room, too! Like to have seen the old boy when the grand transformation scene burst upon his astonished optics! Guess he thought Lame Gulch could give New York City points!"

"Did the old cove seem likely to put any money in?" asked a man with high cheek-bones who had the worried look of a person who has given a mortgage on his peace of mind.

"Yes, he bought up some claims dirt cheap, and they say he's going to form a company."

"That's the talk," cried the sanguine Dicky.

"Speaking of picking up claims dirt cheap," began a new orator, an ex-ranchman, who was soon to make the discovery that there was as much money to be lost in mines as in cattle, if a fellow only had the knack; "I saw a tidy little deal when I was up at the camp last week. We were sitting round in the bar-room of the Cosmopolitan, trying to keep warm. I guess it was the only place in Lame Gulch that night where the thermometer was above zero. There was a lot of drinking going on, and the men that were playing were playing high. I wasn't in it myself. I was pleasantly occupied with feeling warm after having fooled round the Libby Carew all day. I got interested in a man standing outside, who kept looking in at the window and going off again. The light struck the face in a queer sort of way, and I guess there was something wrong about the window-pane. They don't do much business in the way of plate-glass at Lame Gulch. Anyhow, I couldn't seem to get a fair sight of anything but the man's eyes, and they looked like the eyes of a hungry wolf."

"Ever meet a hungry wolf, Phil?"

"Scores of 'em. You're one yourself, Jim, when you look at the stock boards. Well! The fellow came and went like an angel visitant, and after awhile I got tired of watching for him and found myself admiring the vocabulary of the boys as they got excited. Gad! It's a liberal education to listen to that sort of a crowd. The worst you can do yourself sounds like a Sunday-school address by comparison. Suddenly the door opened and in walked the man with the eyes. He hadn't any overcoat on and his feet and legs were tied up in gunny sacks. His teeth were chattering and his face looked like a blue print! He shuffled up to Rumsey, who was sipping a cocktail behind the bar, and says he:

"Evenin', pard; I want a drink."

"All right, stranger. Just show us the color of your money."

"Ain't got any money," says he, "but I've got a claim over 'long side of the Yankee Doodle, and I'm ready to swap a half interest in it for all the liquor I can drink between now and morning." There was a kind of a desperate look about the man that meant business. Rumsey stepped out among the boys and got a pointer or two on that claim, and they made the deal."

There was a pause in the narrative, to allow the listeners to take in the situation, and then the speaker went on: "It was a sight to see that chap pour the stuff down his throat. He was drinking, off and on, pretty much all night. Didn't come to till late the next afternoon. Rumsey was so pleased with the deal next morning, that he let the fellow lie behind the stove all day and sleep it off. Not sure but that he gave him a drink of water when he woke up, and water's high at Lame Gulch."

"Kind of a shame, I call it, to let him do it. Wasn't there anybody to stand treat?" It was Dicky, the lad of the sanguine countenance that spoke.

"Wonder what the claim was worth?" said the man with a mortgage on him.

"Wonder how he felt next morning?" queried another.

"Felt like an infernal donkey!" Hillerton declared, flinging away a cigar-stump and taking his legs down from the desk.

Then Peckham turned himself round to face the crowd, and said, in a tone of quiet conviction:

"The man was all right. If you only want anything bad enough, no price is too high to pay for it."

This was a sentiment which everyone

was bound to respect—everyone, at least, excepting Hillerton.

"Sounds very well, Peckham," he said, "but it won't hold water."

The most surprising thing about Peckham's little speculations was that they all succeeded. It made the other men rather mad because he didn't care more.

"But that's always the way," Freddy Dillingham remarked, with an air of profound philosophy. "It's the fellers that don't care a darn that have all the luck."

When Peckham sold out of the Libby Carew, he doubled his money, and the moment he touched the "Trailing Arbutus," up she went. By the first of May he found himself the possessor of nearly three thousand dollars' worth of "stuff" distributed among several ventures. Of course, he was credited with five times as much, and the other men began to think that if he did not set up a dogcart pretty soon, or at least a yellow buckboard, they should have their opinion of him. If the truth must be known, Peckham would not have given a nickle for a dozen dogcarts. It was all very well to make a little money. It was the first time he had discovered a taste for anything in the nature of a game, and the higher the stakes came to be, the more worth while it seemed. Nevertheless, his mind, in those days of early May, when he was steadily rising in the esteem of his associates, was very little occupied with the calculation of his profits.

He had long since arranged with Hillerton to take part of his vacation the middle of May, and the anticipation of that concert was more inspiring to him than all the gold-mines in Colorado. As the time drew near, a consuming thirst took possession of him, and not a gambler of them all was the prey to a more feverish impatience than he. He tormented himself with thoughts of every possible disaster which might come to thwart him at the last minute. Visions of a railroad accident which should result in the wholesale destruction of the entire orchestra, haunted his mind. Another great fire might wipe Chicago out of existence. The one thing which his imagination failed to conceive, was the possibility that he, Lewis Peckham, might be deterred from hearing the concert when once it should take place. In the interim he made repeated calculations of the number of hours that must be lived through before May 16th. Hillerton came across a half sheet of paper covered with such calculations, and was somewhat puzzled by the prominence of the figure 24. An odd price to pay for a mining stock. He was afraid it was the "Adeline-Maria," a notorious swindle. Well, Peckham might as well get his lesson at the hands of the faithless Adeline-Maria as by any other means. He was bound to come to grief sooner or later, but that was no business of Hillerton's.

On May 7th, Hillerton came down with pleurisy and Peckham suddenly found himself at the head of affairs. Hillerton had no partner; no one but Peckham could take his place. And in Peckham's moral constitution was a substratum of unshakable fidelity upon which the astute Hillerton had built. Cursing his own unimpeachable sense of duty, Peckham could see but one straw of hope to clutch at. It might be a light case.

He went directly to the doctor's office, and with a feverish anxiety apparent in his voice and bearing, he asked how long Hillerton was likely to be laid up.

"Curious," thought the doctor during that carefully calculated pause which your experienced practitioner so well knows the value of. "Curious how fond folks get of James Hillerton. The fellow looks as though his own brother were at death's door."

"I think there is nothing serious to apprehend," he answered, soothingly. "Hillerton has a good constitution. I've no doubt he will be about again by the end of the month."

Peckham went white to the lips.

"I suppose that's the best you can promise," he said.

"Yes, but I can promise that safely."

The confidential clerk went back to the office filled with a profound loathing of life.

"If liquor wasn't so nasty I'd take to drink," he said to himself as he sat down at Hillerton's desk and set to work.

The next day was Sunday, and Peckham was at something of a loss what to do with it. He hated the sight of his room. The odor of the straw matting and the pattern of the wall-paper were inextricably associated with those anticipations which he had been rudely cheated out of. To escape such associations he took an electric car to the Bluffs, those rock-bound islands in the prairie sea which lie a couple of miles to the east of the town. There was only one other passenger besides himself, a man with a gun, who softly whistled a popular air, very much out of tune. Peckham came perilously near kicking the offender, but, happily, the fellow got out just in time, and went strolling across the open with the gun over his shoulder. Once he stooped to pick a flower which he stuck in his buttonhole. Queer, thought Peckham, that a man should go picking flowers and whistling out of tune! There were the mountains, too. Some people made a great deal of them—great, stupid masses of dumb earth! He remembered he had thought them fine himself the other day when there were shadows on them. But to-day! How the sun glared on their ugly reddish sides! And what was it that had gone wrong anyhow? He could not seem to remember, and on the whole he did not wish to.

Now Lewis Peckham was neither losing his mind, nor had he been drowning his sorrows in the conventional dram. The simple fact of the matter was that he had not slept fifteen minutes consecutively all night long, and his brain was not likely to clear up until he had given it a chance to recuperate. By the time he had left the car and climbed the castellated side of Pine Bluff he was still miserably unhappy, but he had altogether lost track of the cause of his unhappiness. He strayed aimlessly along the grassy top of the Bluff, away from the road, and down a slight incline, into a sheltered hollow. At the foot of a strange, salmon-colored column of rock was a little group of budding scrub-oaks. Peckham crawled in among them, and in about thirty seconds he was fast asleep. There he lay for hours. A blue jay, chattering in a pine-tree near at hand, made no impression upon his sleep-deadened ear; a pair of ground squirrels scuttled in and out among the scrub-oaks, peering shyly at the motionless intruder, and squeaked faintly to one another, with vivacious action of nose and tail. They were, perhaps, discussing the availability of a certain inviting coat-pocket for purposes of domestic architecture. An occasional rumble of wheels on the road, a dozen rods away, startled the birds and squirrels, but Peckham slept tranquilly on, and dreamed that the Leitmann Orchestra was playing in the Springtown Opera House, and that he, by reason of his being an early Christian martyr, was forced to roast at the stake just out of hearing of the music.

It was well on in the afternoon when he came to himself, to find his boots scorched almost to a crisp in the sun which had been pouring upon them. He pulled himself out from among the scrub-oaks, and got his feet out of the sun. Then he looked at his watch; and after that he looked at the view.

The view was well worth looking at in the mellow afternoon light. Peckham gazed across the shimmering gold of the plain, to the mountains, which stood hushed into a palpitating blue; the Peak alone, white and ethereal, floating above the foot hills in the sun. Peckham was impressed in spite of himself. It made him think of a weird, mystical strain of music that had sometimes haunted his brain and yet which he had never been able to seize and capture. As he gazed on the soaring, mystical Peak, he remembered his dream, and slowly, but very surely, he perceived that a purpose was forming in his mind, almost without the connivance of his will. He got upon his feet and laughed aloud. A sudden youthful intoxication of delight welled up within him and rang forth in that laugh. Life, for the first time in three years, seemed to him like a glorious thing; an irresistible, a soul-stirring purpose had taken possession of him, and he knew that no obstacle could stand against it.

He started for the town almost on a run, scorning the prosaic cars which harbored passengers who whistled out

of tune. He struck directly across the intercepting plain, and though he soon had to slacken his pace, his wingéd thoughts went on before him, and he took no note of the distance.

That evening Peckham sent off a telegram of one hundred and eleven words to Heinrich Leitmann, of the Leitmann Orchestra, and Monday afternoon the following answer came :

"Full Leitmann Orchestra can engage for Springtown, evening of 19th. Terms, five thousand dollars, expenses included. Answer before 13th. Buffalo, N. Y.

(Signed) "H. LEITMANN."

And now Lewis Peckham came out a full-fledged speculator. He sold out of four mines and bought into six ; he changed his ventures three times in twenty-four hours, each time on a slight rise. He haunted the stock-brokers' offices, watching out for "pointers ;" he button-holed every third man on the street ; he drank in every hint that was dropped in his hearing. On Tuesday afternoon he "cleaned up" his capital and found himself in possession of three thousand five hundred dollars.

"Peckham's going it hard," men said at the club. "He must be awfully bitten."

All day Wednesday he could not muster courage to put his money into anything, though stocks were booming on every hand. And yet on Wednesday, as on Monday and on Tuesday, he did his office work and superintended that of his subordinates methodically and exactly. That substratum of character which the long-headed Hillerton had built upon, held firm.

On Wednesday evening Peckham stood, wild eyed and haggard, in the light of Estabrook's drug-store and scanned the faces of the foot passengers. Early in the evening Elliot Chittenden came along with a grip-sack in his hand, just down from Lame Gulch. Peckham fell upon him like a footpad, whispering hoarsely :

"For God's sake give me a pointer."

"Jove !" said Chittenden, afterward. "I thought it was a hold up, sure as trumps."

At the moment, however, he maintained his composure and only said :

"The smelter returns from the Boa Constrictor are down to-day. Two hundred and seventeen dollars to the ton. I've got all the stuff I can carry, so I don't mind letting you in. The papers will have it to-morrow, though they're doing their best to keep it back."

Into the Boa Constrictor, Peckham plunged the next morning, for all he was worth. His money brought him ten thousand shares. The morning papers did not have it, and all that day the Boa Constrictor lay torpid as any other snake in cold weather. Peckham's face had taken on the tense, wild look of the gambler. He left the office half a dozen times during the day to look at the stock-boards. He had a hundred minds about taking his money out and putting it into something else. But nothing else promised anything definite, and he held on.

The evening papers gave the smelter returns, precisely as Chittenden had stated them. Now would the public "catch on" quick enough, or would they take ten days to do what they could just as well come to on the spot ?

At nine o'clock the next morning, Peckham was on the street lying in wait for an early broker. It was not until half-past nine that they began to arrive.

"Any bids for Boa Constrictor ?" Peckham inquired of Macdugal, the first-comer.

"They were bidding forty cents at the Club last night, with no takers."

"Let me know if you get fifty cents bid."

"How much do you offer ?"

"Ten thousand shares."

"Oh ! see here, Peckham ! I wouldn't sell out at such a price. The thing's sure to go to a dollar inside of thirty days."

"I don't care a damn where it goes in thirty days. I want the money to-day."

"Whew ! Do you know anything better to put it into ?"

"I know something *a million times better !*" cried Peckham, in a voice sharp with excitement.

"The fellow's clean daft," Macdugal

remarked to his partner, a few minutes later.

"I should say so!" was the reply. "Queer, too, how suddenly it takes 'em. A week ago I should have said that was the coolest head of the lot. He didn't seem to care a chuck for the whole business. Wonder if he's gone off his base since Hillerton was laid up. Hope he isn't in for a swindle. He'd be just game for a sharper to-day."

At noon Peckham sold his ten thousand shares of B. C. for five thousand dollars. He could have got six thousand the next morning, but then, as he reflected, what good would it have done him? His first act after depositing the check received for his stock, was to send the following telegram:

"Leitmann Orchestra engaged for Springtown, May 19th. Five thousand dollars deposited in First National Bank. Particulars by letter."

Signed, LEWIS PECKHAM.

. . . . . .

It is not a usual thing for an impecunious young man to invest five thousand dollars in a single symphony concert, but there was one feature of the affair which was more unusual still, namely, the fact that the consummation of that same young man's hopes was complete. For two beatific hours on the evening of the memorable 19th of May, Lewis Peckham's cup was full. He sat among the people in the balcony, quiet and intent, taking no part in the applause, looking neither to the right nor to the left. But if he gave no outward sign, perhaps it was because his spirit was so far uplifted as to be out of touch with his body.

The money which he had expended in the gratification of what the uninitiated would call a whim, seemed to him the paltriest detail, quite unworthy of consideration. When he thought of it at all it was to recall the story of the gaunt customer who paid so handsomely for his whiskey, and to note the confirmation of his theory, that "if you only want anything bad enough no price is too high to pay for it."

And in still another particular Lewis Peckham's experience was unique. He never gambled again. He had a feeling that he had got all he was entitled to from the fickle goddess. When pressed to try his luck once more he would only say, with his old, indifferent shrug: "No, thanks. I've had my fling and now I've got through."

A NIGHT.

By M. L. van Vorst.

I.

I HEARD the wind in the trees
  And the stir of the leaves in the white birch tops—
Then sat alone with my past till dawn
  Crept over the edge of the leas
And a dull red line was drawn,
  In the East. There memory stops.

II.

We do not live our lives
  As the almanacs run—I lived that night
Three years in the past and three to be,
  As foam that the sea-wind drives
My thoughts sped on—three years and three
Marked by this lock of white.

TROUT-FISHING IN THE TRAUN.

By Henry van Dyke.

THE peculiarity of trout-fishing in the Traun is that one catches principally grayling. But in this it resembles some other pursuits which are not without their charm for minds open to the pleasures of the unexpected—for example, reading George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" with a view to theological information, or going to the opening night at the Academy of Design with the intention of looking at pictures.

Moreover, there are really trout in the Traun, *rari nantes in gurgite;* and in some places more than in others; and all of high spirit though few of great size. Thus the angler has his favorite problem: Given an unknown stream and two kinds of fish, the one better than the other; to find the better kind, and determine the hour at which they will rise. This is sport.

As for the little river itself, it has so many beauties that one does not think of asking whether it has any faults. Constant fulness, and crystal clearness, and refreshing coolness of living water, pale green like the jewel that is called aqua marina flowing over beds of clean sand and bars of polished gravel, and dropping in momentary foam from rocky ledges, between banks that are shaded by groves of fir and ash and poplar, or through dense thickets of alder and willow, or across meadows of smooth verdure sloping up to quaint old-world villages—all these are features of the ideal little river.

I have spoken of these personal qualities first, because a truly moral writer ought to make more of character than of position. A good river in a bad country would be more worthy of affection than a bad river in a good country. But the Traun has also the advantages of an excellent worldly position. For it rises all over the Salzkammergut, the summer hunting-ground of the Austrian Emperor, and flows through that most picturesque corner of his domain from end to end. Under the desolate cliffs of the Todtengebirge on the east, and below the shining ice-fields of the Dachstein on the south, and from the green alps around St. Wolfgang on the west, the translucent waters are gathered in little tarns, and shot through roaring brooks, and spread into lakes of wondrous beauty, and poured through growing streams, until at last they are all united just below the summer villa of his Kaiserly and Kingly Majesty, Francis Joseph, and flow away northward, through the rest of his game-preserve, into the Traunsee. It is an imperial playground, and such as I would consent to hunt the chamois in, if an inscrutable Providence had made me a kingly kaiser, or even a plain king or an unvarnished kaiser. But, failing this, I was perfectly content to spend a few idle days in fishing for trout and catching grayling, at such times and places as the law of the Austrian Empire allowed.

For it must be remembered that every stream in these over-civilized European countries belongs to somebody, by purchase or rent. And all the fish in the stream are supposed to belong to the person who owns or rents it. They do not know their master's voice, neither will they follow when he calls. But they are theoretically his. To this legal fiction the untutored American must conform. He must learn to clothe his natural desires in the raiment of lawful sanction, and take out some kind of a license before he follows his impulse to fish.

It was in the town of Aussee, at the junction of the two highest branches of the Traun, that this impulse came upon me, mildly irresistible. The full bloom of mid-July gayety in that ancient watering-place was dampened but not extinguished by two days of persistent and surprising showers. I had exhausted the possibilities of interest in the old Gothic church, and felt all that a man should feel in deciphering the

mural tombstones of the families who were exiled for their faith in the Reformation. The throngs of merry Hebrews from Vienna and Buda-Pesth, amazingly arrayed as mountaineers and milk-maids, walking up and down the narrow streets under umbrellas, had Cleopatra's charm of an infinite variety; but custom staled it. The woodland paths, winding everywhere through the plantations of fir-trees and provided with appropriate names on wooden labels, and benches for rest and conversation at discreet intervals, were too moist for even the nymphs to take delight in them. The only creatures that suffered nothing by the rain were the two swift, limpid Trauns, racing through the woods, like eager and unabashed lovers, to meet in the middle of the village. They were as clear, as joyous, as musical as if the sun were shining. The very sight of their opalescent rapids and eddying pools was an invitation to that gentle sport which is said to have the merit of growing better as the weather grows worse.

I laid this fact before the landlord of the hotel of the Erzherzog Johann, as poetically as I could, but he assured me that it was of no consequence without an invitation from the gentleman to whom the streams belonged, and who had gone away for a week. The landlord was such a good-natured person and such an excellent sleeper, that it was impossible to believe that he could have even the smallest inaccuracy upon his conscience. So I bade him farewell and took my way four miles through the woods to the lake from which one of the streams flowed.

It was called the Gründlsee. As I do not know the origin of the name I cannot consistently make any moral or historical reflections upon it. But if it has never become famous, it ought to be, for the sake of a cosey and busy little inn, perched on a green hill beside the lake and overlooking the whole length of it, from the groups of toy villas at the foot to the heaps of real mountains at the head. This inn kept a thin but happy landlord, who provided me with a blue license to angle, for the inconsiderable sum of fifteen cents a day. This conferred the right of fishing not only in the Gründlsee, but also in the smaller tarn of Toplitz, a mile above it, and in the swift stream which united them. It all coincided with my desire as if by magic. A row of a couple of miles to the head of the lake, and a walk through the forest, brought me to the smaller pond; and as the afternoon sun was ploughing pale furrows through the showers, I waded out on a point of reeds and cast the artful fly in the shadow of the great cliffs of the Dead Mountains.

It was a fit scene for a lone fisherman. But four sociable tourists promptly appeared to act as spectators and critics. Fly-fishing usually strikes the German mind as an eccentricity which calls for criticism. After one of the tourists had suggestively narrated the tale of seven trout which he had caught in another lake, with worms, on the previous Sunday, they went away for a row (with salutations in which politeness but thinly veiled their pity), and left me still whipping the water in vain. Nor was the fortune of the day much better in the stream below. It was a long and wet wade for three fish too small to keep. I came out on the shore of the lake, where I had left the row-boat, with an empty bag and a feeling of damp discouragement.

There was still an hour or so of daylight, and a beautiful place to fish where the stream poured swirling out into the lake. A rise, and a large one, though rather slow, awakened my hopes. Another rise, evidently made by a heavy fish, made me certain that virtue was about to be rewarded. The third time the hook went home. I felt the solid weight of the fish against the spring of the rod, and that curious thrill which runs up the line and down the arm, changing, somehow or other, into a pleasurable sensation of excitement as it reaches the brain. But it was only for a moment; and then came that foolish, feeble shaking of the line from side to side which tells the angler that he has hooked a great, big, leather-mouthed chub—a fish which Izaak Walton says "The French esteem so mean as to call him Un Vilain." Was it for this that I had come to the country of Francis Joseph?

I took off the flies and put on one of

The Main Street of Hallstatt.

those phantom minnows which have immortalized the name of a certain Mr. Brown. It swung on a long line as the boat passed back and forth across the current, once, twice, three times—and on the fourth circle there was a sharp strike. The rod bent almost double and the reel sang shrilly to the first rush of the fish. He ran; he doubled; he went to the bottom and sulked; he tried to go under the boat; he did all that a game fish can do, except leaping. After twenty minutes he was tired enough to be lifted gently into the boat by a hand slipped around his gills, and there he was, a *lachs-forelle* of three pounds' weight: small pointed head; silver sides mottled with dark spots; square powerful tail and large fins — a fish not unlike the land-locked salmon of the Saguenay, but more delicate.

Half an hour later he was lying on the grass in front of the inn. The waiters paused, with their hands full of dishes, to look at him; and the landlord called his guests, including my didactic tourists, to observe the superiority of the trout of the Gründlsee. The maids also came to look; and the buxom cook, with her spotless apron and bare arms akimbo, was drawn from her kitchen, and pledged her culinary honor that such a *pracht-kerl* should be served up in her very best style. The angler who is insensible to this sort of indirect flattery through his fish does not exist. Even the most indifferent of men thinks more favorably of people who know a good trout when they see it, and sits down to his supper with kindly feelings. Possibly he reflects, also, upon the incident as a hint of the average size of the fish in that neighborhood. He remembers that he may have been favored in

this case beyond his deserts by good fortune, and resolving not to put too heavy a strain upon it, considers the next

A Gondola on the Lake of Hallstatt.

place where it would be well for him to angle.

Hallstatt is about ten miles below Aussee. The Traun here expands into a lake, very dark and deep, shut in by steep and lofty mountains. The railway runs along the eastern shore. On the other side, a mile away, you see the old town, its white houses clinging to the cliff like lichens to the face of a rock. The guide-book calls it "a highly original situation." But this is one of the cases where a little less originality and a little more reasonableness might be desired, at least by the permanent inhabitants. A ledge under the shadow of a precipice makes a trying winter residence. The people of Hallstatt are not a blooming race: one sees many dwarfs and cripples among them. But to the summer traveller the place seems wonderfully picturesque. Most of the streets are flights of steps. The high-road has barely room to edge itself through among the old houses, between the window-gardens of bright flowers. On the hottest July day the afternoon is cool and shady. The gay, little skiffs and long, open gondolas are flitting continually along the lake, which is the principal avenue of the town.

The incongruous, but comfortable, modern hotel has a huge glass veranda, where you can eat your dinner and observe human nature in its transparent holiday disguises. I was much pleased and entertained by a family, or confederacy, of people attired as peasants—the men with feathered hats, green stockings, and bare knees—the women with bright skirts, bodices, and silk neckerchiefs—who were always in evidence, rowing gondolas with clumsy oars, meeting the steamboat at the wharf several times a day, and filling the miniature garden of the hotel with rustic greetings and early Salzkammergut attitudes. After much conjecture I learned that they were the family and friends of a newspaper editor from Vienna. They had the literary instinct for local color.

The fishing at Hallstatt is at Obertraun. There is a level stretch of land above the lake, where the river flows peaceably, and the fish have leisure

to feed and grow. It is leased to a peasant who makes a business of supplying the hotels with fish. He was quite willing to give permission to an angler; and I engaged one of his sons, a capital young fellow whose natural capacities for good fellowship were only hampered by a most extraordinary German dialect, to row me across the lake, and carry the net and a small green barrel full of water to keep the fish alive, according to the custom of the country. The first day we had only four trout large enough to put into the barrel; the next day I think there were six; the third day I remember very well there were ten. They were pretty creatures, weighing from half a pound to a pound each, and colored as daintily as bits of French silk, in silver gray with faint pink spots.

There was plenty to do at Hallstatt in the mornings. An hour's walk from the town there was a fine waterfall three hundred feet high. On the side of the mountain above the lake was one of the salt-mines for which the region is celebrated. It has been worked for ages by many successive races, from the Celt downward. Perhaps even the men of the Stone Age knew of it, and came hither for seasoning to make the flesh of the cave-bear and the mammoth more palatable. Modern pilgrims are permitted to explore the long, wet, glittering galleries with a guide, and slide down the smooth wooden rollers which join the different levels of the mines. This pastime has the same fascination as sliding down the balusters; and it is said that even queens and princesses have been delighted with it. This is a touching proof of the fundamental simplicity and unity of our human nature.

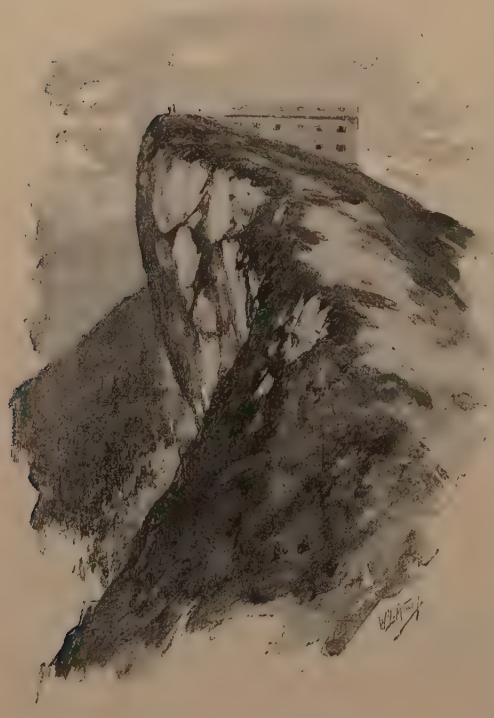
But by far the best excursion from Hallstatt was an all-day trip to the Zwieselalp—a mountain which seems to have been especially created as a point of view. From the bare summit you look right into the face of the huge, snowy Dachstein with the wild lake of Gosau gleaming at its foot; and far away on the other side your vision ranges over a confusion of mountains, with all the white peaks of the Tyrol stretched along the horizon. Such a wide outlook as this helps the fisherman to enjoy the narrow beauties of his little rivers. No sport is at its best without interruption and contrast. To appreciate wading one ought to climb a little on odd days.

Ischl is about ten or twelve miles below Hallstatt, in the valley of the Traun. It is the fashionable summer-resort of Austria. I found it in the high tide of amusement. The shady esplanade along the river was crowded with "brave women and fair men" in gorgeous rai-

The Little River, Gosau.

ment; the hotels were overflowing; and there were various kinds of music and entertainments at all hours of day and night. But all this did not seem to affect the fishing.

The landlord of the Königin Elizabeth, who is also the Burgomaster and a gentleman of varied accomplishments and no leisure, kindly furnished me with a fishing license in the shape of a large pink card. There were many rules printed upon it: "All fishes under nine inches must be gently restored to the water. No instrument of capture must be used except the angle in the hand. The card of legitimation must be produced and exhibited at the polite request of any of the keepers of the river." Thus duly authorized and instructed I sallied forth to seek my pastime according to the law.



The Summit of the Schafberg.

The easiest way in theory was to take the afternoon train up the river to one of the villages, and fish down a mile or two in the evening, returning by the eight o'clock train. But in practice the habits of the fish interfered seriously with the latter part of this plan.

On my first day I had spent several hours in the vain effort to catch something better than small grayling. The best time for the trout was just approaching as the broad light faded from the stream; already they were beginning to feed, when I looked up from the edge of a pool and saw the train rattling down the valley below me. Under the circumstances the only thing to do was to go on fishing. It was an even pool with steep banks, and the water ran through it very straight and swift, some four feet deep and thirty yards across. As the tail-fly reached the middle of the water a fine trout literally turned a somersault over it, but without touching it. At the next cast he was ready, taking it with a rush that carried him into the air with the fly in his mouth. He weighed three-quarters of a pound. The next one was equally eager in rising and sharp in playing, and the third might have been his twin-sister or brother. So, after casting for hours and taking nothing in the most beautiful pools, I landed three trout from one unlikely place in fifteen minutes. That was because the trout's supper-time had arrived. So had mine. I walked over to the rambling old inn at Goisern, sought the cook in the kitchen, and persuaded her, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to boil the largest of the fish for my supper, after which I rode peacefully back to Ischl by the eleven o'clock train.

For the future I resolved to give up the illusory idea of coming home by rail, and ordered a little one-horse carriage to meet me at some point on the high-road every evening at nine o'clock. In this way I managed to cover the whole stream, taking a lower part each day, from the lake of Hallstatt down to Ischl.

There was one part of the river, near Laufen, where the current was very strong and waterfally, broken by ledges of rock. Below these it rested in long, smooth reaches, much beloved by the grayling. There was no difficulty in getting two or three of them out of each run.

The Lake of Gosau with the Dachstein.

The grayling has a quaint beauty; his appearance is æsthetic, like a fish in a pre-Raphaelite picture. His color, in mid-summer, is a golden gray, darker on the back, and with a few black spots just behind his gills, like patches put on to bring out the pallor of his complexion. He smells of wild thyme when he first comes out of the water, wherefore St. Ambrose of Milan complimented him in courtly fashion: "*Quid specie tua gratius? Quid odore fragrantius? Quod mella fragrant, hoc tu tuo corpore spiras.*" But the chief glory of the grayling is the large iridescent fin on his back. You see it cutting the water as he swims near the surface; and when you have him on the bank it arches over him like a rainbow. His mouth is under his chin, and he takes the fly gently, by suction. He is, in fact, and to speak plainly, a kind of a sucker; but then he is a sucker idealized and refined, the flower of his family. Charles Cotton, the ingenious young friend of Walton, was all wrong in calling the grayling "one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world." He fights and leaps and whirls and brings his big fin to bear across the force of the current with a variety of tactics that would put his more aristocratic fellow-citizen the trout to the blush. Twelve of these pretty fellows, with a brace of good trout for the top, filled my big creel to the brim. And yet such is the inborn hypocrisy of the human heart, that I always pretended to myself to be disappointed because there were not more trout, and made light of the grayling as a thing of naught.

The pink fishing license did not seem to be of much use. Its exhibition was demanded only twice. Once a river-guardian who was walking down the stream with a Belgian Baron and encouraging him to continue fishing, climbed out to me on the end of a long embankment and with proper apologies begged to be favored with a view of my document. It turned out that his request was a favor to me, for it discovered the fact that I had left my fly-book, with the pink card in it, beside

an old mill a quarter of a mile up the stream. Another time I was sitting beside the road trying to get out of a very long, wet, awkward pair of wading-stockings, an occupation which is unfavorable to tranquillity of mind, when a man came up to me in the dusk and accosted me with an absence of politeness which in German amounted to an insult.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Have you any right to fish?"

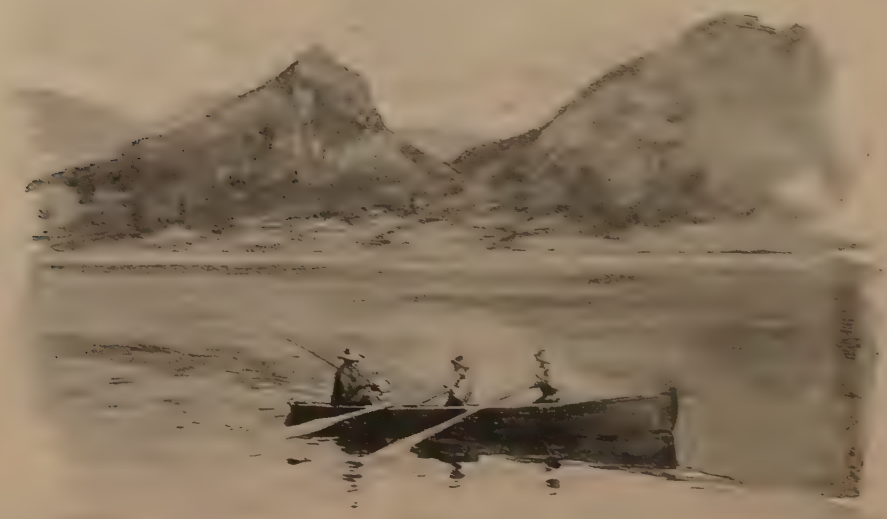
"What right have you to ask?"

"I am a keeper of the river. Where is your card?"

"It is in my pocket. But, pardon my curiosity, where is *your* card?"

This question appeared to paralyze him. He had probably never been asked for his card before. He went lumbering off in the darkness muttering, "My card? Unheard of! *My* card!"

The routine of angling at Ischl was varied by an excursion to St. Wolfgang and the Schafberg, an isolated moun-



St. Wolfgang's Lake.

tain on whose rocky horn an inn has been built. It stands up almost like a bird-house on a pole, and commands a superb prospect; northward, across the rolling plain and the Bavarian forest; southward, over a tumultuous land of peaks and precipices. There are many lovely lakes in sight; but the loveliest of all is that which takes its name from the old saint who wandered hither from the country of the "furious Franks" and built his peaceful hermitage on the Falkenstein. What good taste some of those old saints had!

There is a venerable church in the vil-

lage, with pictures attributed to Michael Wohlgemuth, and a chapel which is said to mark the spot where St. Wolfgang, who had lost his axe far up the mountain, found it, like Longfellow's arrow, in an oak, and "still unbroke." The tree is gone, so it was impossible to verify the story. But the saint's well is there, in a pavilion, with a bronze image over it and a profitable inscription to the effect that the poorer pilgrims, "who have come unprovided with either money or wine, should be jolly well contented to find the water so fine." There is also a famous echo farther up the lake, which repeats six syllables with accuracy. It is a strange coincidence that there are just six syllables in the name of "der heilige Wolfgang." But when you translate it into English, the inspiration of the echo seems to be less exact. The sweetest thing about St. Wolfgang was the abundance of purple cyclamens, clothing the mountain meadows, and filling the air with delicate fragrance like the smell of lilacs around a New England farm-house in early June.

There was still one stretch of the river above Ischl left for the last evening's sport. I remember it so well: the long, deep place where the water ran beside an embankment of stone, and the big grayling poised on the edge of the shadow, rising and falling on the current as a kite rises and falls on the wind and balances back to the same position; the murmur of the stream and the hissing of the pebbles underfoot in the rapids as the swift water rolled them over and over; the odor of the fir-trees, and the streaks of warm air in quiet places, and the faint whiffs of wood-smoke wafted from the houses, and the brown flies dancing heavily up and down in the twilight; the last good pool, where the river was divided, the main part making a deep, narrow curve to the right, and the lesser part bubbling into it over a bed of stones with half-a-dozen tiny waterfalls, with a fine trout lying at the foot of each of them and rising merrily as the white fly passed over him—surely it was all very good, and a memory to be grateful for. And when the basket was full, it was pleasant to put off the heavy wading-shoes and the long rubber-stockings, and ride homeward in an open wagon through the fresh night air. That is as near to Sybaritic luxury as a man should care to come.

The lights in the cottages are twinkling like fire-flies, and there are small groups of people singing and laughing down the road. The honest fisherman reflects that this world is only a place of pilgrimage, but after all there is a good deal of cheer on the journey, if it is made with a contented heart. He wonders who the dwellers in the scattered houses may be, and weaves romances out of the shadows on the curtained windows. The lamps burning in the wayside shrines tell him stories of human love and patience and hope and divine forgiveness. Dream-pictures of life float before him, tender and luminous, filled with a vague, soft atmosphere in which the simplest outlines gain a strange significance. They are like some of Millet's paintings—"The Sower," or "The Sheepfold"—there is very little detail in them; but sometimes a little means so much.

Then the moon slips up into the sky from behind the eastern hills, and the fisherman begins to think of home, and of the foolish, fond old rhymes about those whom the moon sees far away, and the stars that have the power to fulfil wishes—as if the celestial bodies knew or cared anything about our small nerve-thrills which we call affection and desires! But if there were Someone above the moon and stars who did know and care, Someone who could see the places and the people that you and I would give so much to see, Someone who could do for them all of kindness that you and I fain would do, Someone able to keep our beloved in perfect peace and watch over the little children sleeping in their beds beyond the sea—what then? Why then, in the evening hour, one might have thoughts of home that would go across the ocean *via cœlum*, and be better than dreams, almost as good as prayers.

A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

By Bliss Carman.

O Mother, I have loved thee without fear,
And looked upon the mystery of change,
Since first, a child, upon the closing year,
I saw the snowflakes fall and whispered, "Strange!"

Because in these pale border-lands of fate
Grief hath companioned me, I have not quailed;
And when love passed into the outer strait,
I have not faltered and thou hast not failed.

For I have lifted up my heart to thee,
And thou hast ever hearkened and drawn near,
And bowed thy shining face down over me,
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers hear.

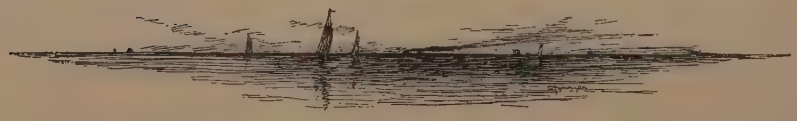
And I have cried to thee in lonely need,
Being but a child of thine bereft and wrung,
Till all the rivers in the hills gave heed,
And the great hill-winds in thy holy tongue—

That ancient incommunicable speech
The April stars and autumn sunsets know—
Soothed me and calmed with solace beyond reach
Of human ken, mysterious and low.

Then in that day when the last snow shall come
And chill the fair round world within its fold,
Leave me not friendless in the gathering gloom,
But gird thine arms about me as of old.

With sleep once more in thy compassionate hands,
Croon me a murmur as of many rills
When I would rove the crimson valley lands
With all my vanished comrades of the hills.

When that great storm out of the dark shall drive,
And blur the sun, and bugle my release,
Let not thy weary earthling faint nor strive,
Faring beyond the tumult to thy peace.



ASPECTS OF NATURE IN THE WEST INDIES.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

By W. K. Brooks.

NATIVE of temperate regions never thinks of crabs as terrestrial animals, but one of the most novel and noteworthy features of tropical island life is the abundance of crabs everywhere on land, even to the tops of the mountains. A fig-tree near my door was covered with fruit, some of it nearly ripe, but every day when I visited it I found all the ripening fruit gone. One morning before daybreak I found the thieves at work—half a dozen big crabs up among the branches, making their way slowly and cautiously, but reaching every part of the tree, clinging by the sharp tips of their legs. Even the hermit-crabs, loaded down by their massive shells, climb trees with agility, and infest the houses like mice, and in the stillness of night the loud crash of a hermit-crab falling in a heavy shell from the pantry shelf to the floor often rouses the household. If you steal quietly into the bushes anywhere in the Bahamas and rest for a few minutes in the shade you soon hear the leaves rustling on all sides, as if snakes were crawling through them; but there are few snakes in the islands, and the noise is made by the hermit-crabs which have dropped to the ground and hidden at your approach. When everything is quiet they come and climb the bushes again, and they may be picked off the stems and branches by hundreds in beautiful sea-shells as varied as the collection of a conchologist.

The hermit-crabs are busy night and day, but most of the land-crabs of the tropics are nocturnal, or at least most active at night, and they are usually wary and timid in habit; on the alert at all times, and taking alarm and hiding when disturbed. They must have many enemies, for the empty sea-shells which have served as houses for hermit-crabs may be gathered in abundance many miles from the water; some of them are possibly shells which have been outgrown and abandoned, but most of them are the empty homes of murdered crabs. On a little coral island where I once spent several months a negro brought a basket filled with fine plump crabs. He assured us that they were a great delicacy, but our cook rejected them, with the assertion that she was sure we would not care for them. When questioned she gave no reason, except that white folks never ate them; but she seemed so sure that they would not suit us that we determined to wait for more knowledge, although our larder was nearly empty, as it always is in the tropics.

A few days later, passing the little cemetery just before dark, we found the ground tunnelled by great burrows like those of prairie-dogs, and one or two of these plump crabs on the mound of earth at the mouth of each burrow.

Land-crabs are by no means confined to oceanic islands, although they form one of the most characteristic features of island life. They are undoubtedly insular in their origin, although they have wandered from the islands to the shores of the continents.

They are interesting as an illustration of the way in which the land was originally populated by wanderers from the ocean. The remote ancestors of all terrestrial animals were marine, but at present the continents are well stocked, and every available place is so well filled, by thoroughly terrestrial forms, that a new-comer from the ocean cannot gain a footing. Long before its structure and habits become modified and adapted for a life on land, it is exterminated by competition with improved forms, or else destroyed by enemies which it has not yet learned to escape.

On an island the case is different. Most oceanic islands are modern geologically, and while plants and birds and

insects have means for reaching and populating new lands, most of the common terrestrial mammals are unable to make a long sea-voyage by natural means, and the places which they fill in the continents are therefore vacant in oceanic islands, where they have been seized upon by the crabs, which have acquired habits much like those of our rats and squirrels.

They still retain enough of their old nature to carry them back to the water at the breeding season, and when the eggs hatch the young swim away like the young of ordinary crabs. They inherit a constitution which will lead them back on to the land when they have completed their larval life, although this lasts long enough for the ocean-currents to carry some of them away from time to time to lands far distant from their birthplace. Even if these lands be already stocked with terrestrial animals the crabs are able to hold their own, for they are not mere upstarts, but the children of parents whose ancestors have slowly learned the way to live on land in a country where the coast has been clear.

A recent emigrant from the ocean would have little chance on the shore of a continent, but an animal which has slowly found out the road to terrestrial life on an oceanic island transmits all its powers to its children, and if they are thrown on to a continent they are under no great disadvantage.

Our laboratory in Jamaica was on the side of a rocky limestone hill, honeycombed in all directions by cracks and fissures and large caves, all inhabited by big land-crabs, which came out every night, usually in pairs, to forage around our home. They would climb the steep stone terrace, and the high steps to our door, where they would stand peeping inquisitively through the crack of the door, and waiting and watching until the house was quiet. Whenever we looked up from our work in the evening we were sure to see at least one gentleman crab, and his wife beside him, standing on tiptoe and cocking their long stalked eyes, on the watch for a chance to slip in and explore the house. As soon as we were well settled at our work they would creep stealthily in and wander everywhere, although they were especially fond of climbing up the mosquito-nets to the canopies over our beds.

A crab hunt was the last event of our day, and it was not without excitement, for while the animals are generally peaceful and well behaved, they have big formidable claws, and they always fight when cornered. They cannot be driven out, for while they are timid and desirous to escape, they never go out of the door, but run sideways along the walls, tumbling over each other in their eagerness, until they reach a hiding-place behind our trunks or under the furniture, when they resist all attempts to dislodge them, clinging to everything within reach and waving their big claws in the most threatening way.

I soon learned that the way to clear the house is to sweep them with a broom into the middle of the floor before they have time to hide, and then, keeping them well away from the furniture and door-casings, to hurry them along until they are opposite the open door, and to shoot them out with a push which sends them over the steps and clear of everything, down the hill, for if they are simply pushed out they hang by the tips of their claws over the wall and out of sight, ready to come back as soon as the way is clear.

It seldom rains in this part of Jamaica, but we had one hard rain, and after it was over the crabs came out of their hiding-places and swarmed everywhere in innumerable multitudes. They came up our steps in armies, and they would climb over each other in their eagerness to look in at the door. At night, when I escorted my family home to our own quarters, after our dinner in the laboratory, I was forced to go ahead with a lantern to kick the crabs out of the path. I could not avoid stepping on some of them, and the injured ones were at once attacked and eaten by the others.

All the negroes from miles around came with bags, or carts, or boats, or donkeys to gather them for food; and we found them a most acceptable addition to our own somewhat monotonous bill of fare. In two days fully a thousand bushels were gathered on an area of

a few acres around our laboratory without any perceptible decrease in the supply. The books speak of the sudden appearance of these crabs as a migration, and our neighbors stated that they were on the march over our hill to a harbor several miles away. As this did not seem true, we tried to settle the question by observations on individual crabs, but our studies brought us into conflict with the crab-gatherers, who caught most of them around our house.

We tried to prevent crab-catching on our premises, but while the Jamaican negro accepts his inferior position without protest, he is very tenacious of what he regards as his established rights, and there was such an indignation meeting that I was afraid we should be mobbed. I was forced to give way, but I satisfied myself that all the crabs had holes near by and knew the way home, and that there was no true migration ; although it is well known that other species do migrate from the interior down to the sea-shore at the breeding season.

The crabs were generally in pairs, and I think the rain had excited their breeding instincts and made them restless. They were possessed by a most intense passion for climbing, and they climbed everywhere, apparently from pure inquisitiveness—up the trees, over the high stone wall on which our house stood, into the house, up the furniture, shelves, window-shutters, and stairs, and at night we heard them pattering over the corrugated iron roof.

On the night when the excitement was at its highest my students were awakened by a crash, and rushing out they found the veranda, which is so large and cool that we have made it our laboratory, in the possession of an army of crabs. Our reagent shelves were covered to the top, and the floor was covered with broken bottles of alcohol, corrosive sublimate, and acids. My students put on their shoes and kicked their way through the crabs, kicking them over the wall and down the steps, and after half an hour of hard work they cleared the house, but I was forced to hire a man to clear away the dead and wounded next day, and the destruction of our reagent was a serious loss.

The natives of Jamaica claim that their coffee is the best in the world, and that which grows on the sides of the high mountains is the best in Jamaica, for in high altitudes it acquires a rich flavor, which commands the highest prices in the English market. We are told, however, that the quintessence of all is the *rat coffee*, or the seeds from berries which have been gnawed by rats, for these animals are very fond of the aromatic pulp of the cherry-like fruit which incloses the seeds, and as their fastidious taste leads them to select the best, children are employed to gather among the bushes the berries which they have gnawed, and this coffee is set apart as the finest and most delicious of all.

Years ago rats were very abundant on the island, and they were so destructive in the sugar estates that the Government undertook to destroy them, and after many fruitless experiments with various rat-killing animals, finally found an efficient rat exterminator in the mungoos of India. Rats are scarce now, but they have too many resources and expedients to submit tamely, and in some parts of the island they have taken to the trees as a refuge, and have acquired something of the habits of squirrels. The mungoos, or, as its name is sometimes spelled, the moongus, is a small, prolific, and most aggressive mammal, with weasel-like habits, and something of the general appearance of a large rat. It is now found in abundance in all parts of the island, and in our walks and drives we often saw it running across the road like a cat. It is absolutely without fear, and its movements are so rapid that it does not hesitate to attack any animal, however large, and it is highly valued in India as a destroyer of all sorts of vermin.

In Jamaica it has not confined itself to the rats, for it has exterminated a number of interesting birds and reptiles, and the land fauna has become very scanty since its introduction. There were never any poisonous snakes in the island, but a few years ago several species of boas and other large snakes of great interest to naturalists were very common. Now they are almost gone, and we did not see or hear of a single specimen, although my party explored the whole island. The mungoos

attacks and kills the full-grown snakes whenever it finds them, and it seeks out and devours their eggs. We had no opportunity to see it attack a snake, but it is a perfect picture of savage ferocity when it attacks a rat, although the battle is over in an instant. In India, where it is kept as a domestic animal on account of its value as a serpent-killer, it is said to attack the largest and most venomous snakes without hesitation, with such intense rage and eagerness for battle that the snake is overwhelmed by the audacity and unrelenting fury of its onset. All the poisonous snakes stand in awe of it, and even the cobra seeks to escape, but finding that no escape is possible, it erects its crest and makes futile efforts to strike its persecutor, but the mungoos darts about just out of reach, and seems to delight in dodging out of the way just in time. At each opportunity it darts in and bites the back of the snake's neck, repeating this until it is killed. A very similar species was so highly esteemed by the ancient Egyptians for its value in checking the increase of the crocodile that it was regarded as a sacred animal.

It is always impossible to foresee the effect of any interference with the economy of nature, and the influence of this relentless and aggressive savage has been felt by all the terrestrial animals of Jamaica.

There is no native carnivorous mammal, and in fact at the time of the discovery of the island the only terrestrial mammal, besides the Indian and his pet lap-dog, was the agouti, and the birds and reptiles had no experience or inherited instincts to aid them when they were suddenly confronted by an enemy which had been developed by the fierce competition of the densely populated continent of Asia. They were like peaceful islanders invaded by soldiers trained by long practice in the art of war. A few have learned to protect themselves, and the ground-dove now builds its nest on a great branching cactus, so thorny that even the mungoos cannot climb it, but many interesting species have been almost or quite destroyed.

In most of the West India islands bright little lizards are found everywhere, and they are so familiar and harmless that no prejudice against reptiles resists their attraction very long. After learning that they are great destroyers of flies, mosquitoes, and other insect pests, most visitors to the tropics soon become interested in them and find a great pleasure in watching them. They are usually so abundant on most of the islands that you can scarcely look up without seeing one or two species on the veranda, or the bushes, or rocks. The embryologist who wishes to study the development of reptiles can find their eggs in any desired quantity after he has learned where to look, but they are hidden with great care.

In one of the smaller Bahama islands the children brought to our laboratory a few little eggs about the size of peas. They proved to be the eggs of a small lizard which a member of the party wished to study, and as we had not been able to find any ourselves we proposed to buy all the children could bring at a half-penny each. Soon a steady procession of children set in, each with an egg, and even after we had bought up all the copper in the treasury of the island Sunday-school our stock of half-pence was exhausted, so we followed the children, as it was clear that they knew of an egg mine near by. Back of the huts on the beach were great piles of the empty shells of the beautiful pink-lipped conch, which is the chief food staple of the islanders. On these shell-heaps we found the children twisting the shells like reversed Archimedean screws and rolling the little eggs out of their hiding-places in the central whorls; and we afterward found all we needed for ourselves.

In the towns of Jamaica the little lizards are still pretty common, but they are comparatively scarce in the country, for the mungoos keeps them in check, as it does the insectiverous birds. The result is an excellent illustration of the interdependence of all forms of life, for the introduction of the mungoos to destroy the rats has brought about an evil still more serious, and the extermination of the insectivorous lizards and birds has given an opportunity for the injurious insects to multiply, and whole sections of the island which formerly produced choice beef and mutton have

Jamaica Crabs Climbing a Wall.

become almost useless for grazing purposes, for the ticks now swarm in millions on the grass and worry the domestic animals into starvation.

They are a plague so serious that the Government has offered a large sum of money as a prize for the discovery of some way to destroy them.

Everywhere in the West Indies one sees on stone walls and trees and rocks, as well as in the houses, dark brown streaks, which look as if drops of paint or varnish had trickled down and then hardened, but on touching them they are found to be hollow ridges of an earthy substance which crumbles under a blow. These lines are the covered roads of the termites, or white ants, leading from their feeding grounds to their nests. These are not at all like the great conical nests of the African termites which the pictures in the school geography have made so familiar. The West Indian species builds in trees, and the brown nests, which are not often much larger than a flour barrel, look like great warty knots on the trunks. The white ants are very abundant, but as the nests and galleries are almost indestructible by rain, they last for years after they have been abandoned, and they are therefore much more common than the living colonies. The ants feed upon dry or decaying wood, and the absence of fallen tree-trunks or branches in the forests of the tropics is no doubt due in great part to their influence. The destruction to the wood-work of houses and furniture is all the greater, as they work in the dark, entering the wood at some hidden corner, and leaving the surface unbroken so that their presence is not suspected until the wood has been reduced to a surface layer so thin that when it breaks it collapses completely and crumbles like dust. The workers and soldiers are wingless, but when young the males and females have wings, and they leave the nest in great numbers at certain seasons to lay the foundation for new colonies.

I once rented as a laboratory a furnished house which had as part of its equipment what appeared to be a massive carved oak dinner-table.

While we were at dinner a swarm of these winged termites came out of the

table and flew away, and we then found that the carving was only a film of varnish so thin that we could crush it to powder in our hands.

I once had the good fortune to witness the first attack on a piece of furniture. A member of my party was working with his microscope at a little table which touched the inner wall of our house at one corner, and as I was sitting down to look at something which he had asked me to examine under his microscope I saw an army of termite soldiers come out of a crack in the floor and form two parallel ranks facing each other, about a third of an inch apart, along a line which had clearly been laid down before, up the wall to the place where the table touched it. The soldiers stationed themselves with great regularity at equal intervals, and they took their positions like machines without any hesitation or confusion, and in far less time than it takes to tell it each one stood in his proper place as stiff and immovable as a stone statue.

Instantly a living stream of the blind workers flowed up between the lines of soldiers on to the lower surface of the top of the table, where we found other ranks of soldiers guiding the stream to three or four points where the attack on the table was to begin. The workers then began at once to gnaw away the wood and to build up walls of a dark brown substance on each side of the lines of march, which were then arched over and converted into dark passages. The soldiers kept their places for two days, changing guard at intervals, until all the paths were roofed in, but as fast as the tunnel was finished the soldier on duty at that point slipped in and disappeared, until on the second day only about a dozen were on duty along an unfinished half inch, and I watched them go in just before the last gap was closed. In a few days the lower side of the table-top was covered with dark passages, and we could hear the work going on inside the wood, although the proprietor of the table still kept up his embryological studies with the microscope on top.

Whenever daylight is let into one of the tubes by breaking a hole in it the stream of workers breaks and disappears, but in a few seconds the soldiers come out and mount guard, and the stream of workers flows on again, and the break is soon mended. In the dark the workers are able to carry on their labors alone, but they seem unable to accomplish anything in the light, or even to keep to the path without a guard of soldiers.

Among the interesting natural objects of tropical America the gigantic silk-cotton tree is one of the most prominent features in the landscape. It does not contain as many cubic feet of timber as the great California trees, but it is among the largest of living things, and its sturdy individuality is so impressive that even a half savage negro feels its grandeur, and it is said that in the old days of Jamaica the slaves never dared to cut down a cotton-tree until its pardon had been asked and its anger appeased by a plentiful libation of rum poured over its roots.

It is widely distributed, but is seldom seen to more advantage than on the grazing pens in the high valleys of Jamaica, where it is a most imposing giant when its smooth straight trunk is seen towering like a great lighthouse from some commanding hill, with its majestic crown of spreading branches outlined against the sky.

Every traveller describes it, but it is not easy to seize upon the exact source of the interest which it always excites, for this is not its size nor its beauty, nor anything in the tree itself, except the fact that it is one of the best examples of the essential difference between tropical vegetation and that of temperate regions. Everyone feels this difference and recognizes the existence of some characteristic peculiarity in the vegetable life of the tropics which give a distinctive tone to the whole, and I feel confident that this feature is the intensity of the struggle for existence and the obvious and impressive character of the devices and contrivances which enable the plants to escape their enemies or to defeat their competitors.

A trained botanist sees evidence of the same struggle among the plants of temperate regions, but its existence is not at all obvious to a superficial ob-

server, and except for the destruction caused by untimely frost or hail, or by prolonged drought, our trees and plants at home seem to live out their days in peace.

They toil not, neither do they spin, and the productive power of the earth never seems overtaxed. In the tropics everything is different, and interest is continually excited by the discovery of new devices for enabling each plant to hold its own or to seize upon unoccupied ground.

The purpose of these adaptations is so definite and obvious that tropical botany is as lively and attractive as the study of the instincts and habits of animals, and a short stay among tropical forests and gardens makes of every visitor an enthusiastic botanist.

Every inch of ground is fought for, down to the edge of the water, and even into the ocean, and he who has the rare good luck in these days of steamships and seaports to make his first visit to the tropics, as I did, in a sailing vessel, and to row ashore from her moorings to an unsettled coast, will be impressed before he sets foot on shore by the absence of the belt of bare rock or sand which fringes the coast of temperate regions. The boat is among the bushes before it reaches land, and one must either find a path or cut a way to the shore through the impenetrable thicket. The intensity of the contest for every inch of standing room is shown by the diversity of the forests, for no one tree predominates, and one sees nothing like our own chestnut woods, or oak, or maple, or birch forests. Each tree is different from its neighbors, and big trees are often found in most singular places. It is not unusual to find roots which have penetrated cracks in the roof of a cave, hanging like ropes to the floor, where they penetrate the ground and gather nourishment for the big trunk on the hill-side thirty or forty feet above, while ferns and climbing vines grow inside the caves in dim twilight.

The fight between the plants is so fierce and incessant that no species has much chance, unless it has some specialty, some peculiar adaptation, some distinctive habit of life, some contrivance for distributing its seeds in new places, some poisonous property, or something which sets it apart in a place of its own.

Of all this which gives to tropical vegetation its peculiar interest, the silk

Sweeping Out the Crabs.

cotton-tree is one of the most conspicuous and intelligible illustrations.

Its true home is in dense forests of tall trees, where it holds its own against all its competitors for standing room by the simple expedient of pushing up into the empty air above, to spread out its mighty crown of branches and delicate glossy dark green leaves in the clear sky.

It is like an animal in the definite purpose of its habits, and like an animal, too, in its method of development, for it has a metamorphosis, and it passes through a series of well-marked stages of development on its way to maturity. A young tree is usually only a big tree in miniature, and the element which gives to zoology its greatest interest—the re-

capitulation by the individual animal during its development to maturity of a series of ancestral stages in the evolution of the race—is lacking in the sister science. But the young silk-cotton tree is quite different from the old one, and it passes through a series of stages which may possibly show the way in which its peculiar structure has been gradually acquired.

Silk-cotton Tree in Jamaica—low-branched form.

Its seeds, as light as thistle-down, may float on the wind for hundreds of miles, and when its great pods burst the whole country is whitened. Seedlings are found everywhere, and small trees are abundant and much like ordinary trees in appearance, except that the trunk and branches are covered by a thorny armor of sharp spines. As it grows older these disappear, first from the trunk and later from the branches, after they have served their purpose of protecting the young tree. They seem to be a better defence against animal enemies than against vegetable parasites, and yet the tree does seem to be protected, either by the spines or by some property in its bark, from the mosses and creepers and epiphytic plants which cover the trunks of other trees, for these are seldom found on the trunk of the young silk-cotton, which is beautifully clean and white. When struck it rings like an iron pipe, for while the surface is very dense and hard, the central portion is soft and pulpy: a disposition of the woody substance which secures great strength, while permitting rapid growth. When the tree is some four or five feet in diameter wooden brackets begin to grow out from the trunk into the right angles under the branches, which thus become strongly braced as they begin to spread. At the same time the trunk becomes ventricose near the ground, and soon great buttresses arise in the angles between the trunk and the roots, which run close to the surface of the ground for a very great distance. We found that we

could trace them for two hundred and fifty feet from the trunk of a tree of medium size before they penetrated to the deeper soil.

It is said that the Spanish conquerors stabled their horses between the buttresses, and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" tells how he was taken as a prisoner to a guard-house with a rude veranda of bamboos and palm-leaves between two of the immense spurs of a mighty cotton-tree that stretched many yards from the parent stem.

Silk-cotton Tree in Bloom.

Above these buttresses the trunk is smooth and cylindrical, and in well-grown specimens is some ten or twelve feet in diameter and eighty or a hundred feet high. The glossy green leaves are deciduous, for it is one of the few tropical trees which have a bare season, but the cycle runs through eighteen months instead of twelve, and it is fixed by conditions of nutrition rather than the change of seasons. Just before it flowers the branches are bare, but after the fruit has set the new leaves burst forth, like the opening buds of our springtime, and nourish the great pods until they have swelled to their full size. Then the leaves fall and the tropical sun beats down upon the pods until they are fully ripe, when they suddenly burst all over the tree and swell into great snowy bundles of cotton.

That these changes are independent of the change of seasons is shown by the fact that one great branch may become established in a cycle of its own, and may be green while the rest of the tree is bare or covered with great yellow flowers.

Specimens vary in shape, and solitary trees in open meadows often branch near the ground, but in a well-grown typical tree the trunk runs straight up, without branches, like a massive cylindrical tower, well above the heads of all ordinary trees or even the tallest palms. At the top it carries a crown of branches stretching out horizontally to an incredible distance. There is always room at the top, and one tree which I measured covered a circle sixty-one yards in diameter, or about half an acre in area.

The silk-cotton is free from the crowding which has caused the upward tendency of the greater branches of all ordinary trees, and although each one of its

main branches is as big as a good-sized oak, they all run straight out at right angles to the trunk. Their enormous size and weight demand a peculiar arrangement of the material, so they have become soft and light internally, while the surface is tough and firm. Practically they are tubes, like the steel spars of a man-of-war. Even this is not enough, and they rest on brackets where they join the great columnar trunk. The spreading crown is exposed to all the force of the hurricane, and while the trunk may be too strong to snap, it might be uprooted were it not for the mighty spread of its snake-like roots, which run out so far that the diameter of the tree at the surface of the ground is some three or four times its height. No wind can upset such a tree, but with the great leverage of the long trunk it might snap just above the ground if it were not braced and guarded by the great buttresses. Every part of the tree helps to fit it for its peculiar habit, and once established it would seem to be pretty safe, but competition is so fierce that the silk-cotton is seldom able to live out its life and to die of old age. The thorns on the young tree and the smooth surface of the old one afford a good defence against attack from below, and few climbing plants or creepers try to ascend it; but it is vulnerable above, and a host of plants has become adapted for reaching and clinging to its branches. The invisible spores of ferns and the microscopic seeds of orchids float in the air and settle down upon the broad level backs of the branches like dust, and growing and dying there generation after generation build up a thick bed of rich fine soil, which becomes converted into an aërial garden which would drive an orchid-fancier wild with envy and delight a botanist with its rich beauty.

Those familiar with cultivated orchids will be able to form some picture of the top of a silk-cotton tree if they are told that great plants of *Schomburgia* stand in rows along the tops of the branches, sending their grand spikes of blossoms straight up to a height of five or six feet. *Epidendrum fragrans* and *epidendrum cochleatum* also grow on the upper surface, and in such abundance that enough to load a hay-wagon might be forked off from a single tree. Along the sides of the branches hang the long narrow leaves and beautiful green and white flowers of *Brassivola cordata*, while spikes two or three yards long, each one carrying hundreds of the brilliant orange flowers of *Oncidium luridum*, hang pendent below the branches. Top and sides and bottom are covered by a drapery of ferns in endless variety, and as seeds are carried by the birds great thickets of bromeliads and climbing arums spring up, and ropes of *Cereus triangularis* hang like great cables in loops covered with magnificent white blossoms.

Beautiful and interesting as it is, no one except a naturalist would care to explore the top of a silk-cotton tree, for it swarms with ants, and wasps, and spiders, and scorpions, and biting and stinging things innumerable; but a party of botanists and zoologists might live and work there, and find abundant supplies for their laboratory without leaving the tree-top.

We found in Jamaica one little animal so interesting that it deserves a word or two to point out its position in a long chain of adaptations.

The silk-cotton tree has become adapted for a life in the clear sky above the forest. The wild pineapple has become adapted for life on its branches, and it has learned to store up in the axils of its trough-shaped leaves all the rain it can catch, and to hold it in store for the dry season. This water is a happy hunting-ground for naturalists, and in it, with many other interesting things, we found a remarkable tree-frog, with a most wonderful adaptation for life in the sky far from ponds or ditches. The presence of a tree-frog on the tree-top is a matter of course, but this one lays its eggs in the water of the wild pines, and instead of hatching into tadpoles, after the manner of frogs, they hatch into little frogs. While in the egg they have a tadpole's tail, but as this is no longer needed for swimming it has been put to a new use as an embryonic breathing organ.

We also found in the wild pines a little crab, which in course of ages has wandered up from the ocean to this strange new home.

Sooner or later an evil fate comes to

Silk-cotton Tree—tall form.

the silk-cotton tree in the shape of some ungrateful bird, which carries up a wild fig to eat among its hospitable branches and carelessly lets fall a seed or two. A little fig-seed seems a small matter to such a mighty tree, but it is the beginning of the end, and it finally lays in ruins the giant which has withstood the hurricanes for centuries.

The history of the parasitic fig-tree is another striking example of the lively and interesting character of the habits of tropical plants, for it is as obviously adapted as any animal for making its place in the world.

After it has grown for a while in the soil on the branch it drops a root which goes straight down, like a fish-line, perhaps for a hundred feet or more, until it strikes the ground, and gathers strength for another effort. Soon a tangle of roots of all sizes hangs like a net around the trunk, and as these grow they twine and twist until the tree is firmly locked in a knotted coil, from which there is no escape. It is as helpless as a rabbit in the folds of an anaconda, and it is slowly but surely strangled and killed. At last its top is snapped off from the rotting trunk and falls in a shapeless ugly ruin, while a great fig-tree grows where the silk-cotton tree had stood.

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

I.

IT was on the night of my thirteenth birthday, I know, that the old farm-house was burned over our heads. By that reckoning I must have been six or seven when I went to live with Farmer Beech, because at the time he testified I had been with him half my life.

Abner Beech had often been supervisor for his town, and could have gone to the Assembly, it was said, had he chosen. He was a stalwart, thick-shouldered, big man, with shaggy dark eyebrows shading stern hazel eyes, and with a long, straight nose, and a broad, firmly shut mouth. His expansive upper lip was blue from many years of shaving; all the rest was bushing beard, mounting high upon the cheeks and rolling downward in iron-gray billows over his breast. That shaven upper lip, which still may be found among the farmers of the old blood in our district was, I dare say, a survival from the time of the Puritan protest against the mustaches of the Cavaliers. If Abner Beech, in the latter days, had been told that this shaving on Wednesday and Saturday nights was a New England rite, I feel sure he would never have touched razor again.

He was a well-to-do man in the earlier time—a tremendous worker, a "good provider," a citizen of weight and substance in the community. In all large matters the neighborhood looked to him to take the lead. He was the first farmer roundabout to set a mowing-machine to work in his meadows, and to put up lightning-rods on his buildings. At one period he was, too, the chief pillar in the church, but that was before the episode of the lightning-rods. Our little Union meeting-house was supplied in those days by an irregular procession of itinerant preachers, who came when the spirit moved and spoke with that entire frankness which is induced by knowledge that the night is to be spent somewhere else. One of these strolling ministers regarded all attempts to protect property from lightning as an insolent defiance of the Divine Will, and said so very pointedly in the pulpit, and the congregation sat still and listened and grinned. Farmer Beech never forgave them.

There came in good time other causes for ill-feeling. It is beyond the power of my memory to pick out and arrange in proper sequence the events which, in the final result, separated Abner Beech from his fellows. My own recollections go with distinctness back to the reception of the news that Virginia had hanged John Brown; in a vaguer way they cover the two or three preceding years. Very likely Farmer Beech had begun to fall out of touch with his neighbors even before that.

The circumstances of my adoption into his household—an orphan without

relations or other friends—were not of the sort to serve this narrative. I was taken in to be raised as a farm-hand, and was no more expected to be grateful than as if I had been a young steer purchased to toil in the yoke. No suggestion was ever made that I had incurred any debt of obligation to the Beeches. In a little community where everyone worked as a matter of course till there was no more work to do, and all shared alike the simple food, the tired, heavy sleep, and the infrequent spells of recreation, no one talked or thought of benefits conferred or received. My rights in the house and about the place were neither less nor more than those of Jeff Beech, the farmer's only son.

In the course of time I came, indeed, to be a more sympathetic unit in the household, so to speak, than poor Jeff himself. But that was only because he had been drawn off after strange gods.

At all times—even when nothing else good was said of him—Abner Beech was spoken of by the people of the district as a "great hand for reading." His pre-eminence in this matter remained unquestioned to the end. No other farmer for miles owned half the number of books which he had on the shelves above his writing-desk. Still less was there anyone roundabout who could for a moment stand up with him in a discussion involving book-learning in general. This at first secured for him the respect of the whole countryside, and men were proud to be agreed with by such a scholar. But when affairs changed, this, oddly enough, became a formidable popular grievance against Abner Beech. They said then that his opinions were worthless because he got them from printed books, instead of from his heart.

What these opinions were may in some measure be guessed from the titles of the farmer's books. Perhaps there were some thirty of them behind the glass doors of the old mahogany bookcase. With one or two agricultural or veterinary exceptions, they related exclusively to American history and politics. There were, I recall, the first two volumes of Bancroft, and Lossing's "Lives of the Signers," and "Field-Books" of the two wars with England; Thomas H. Benton's "Thirty Years' View;" the four green-black volumes of Hammond's "Political History of the State of New York;" campaign lives of Lewis Cass and Franklin Pierce, and larger biographies of Jefferson and Jackson, and, most imposing of all, a whole long row of big calf-bound volumes of the *Congressional Globe*, which carried the minutiæ of politics at Washington back into the forties.

These books constituted the entire literary side of my boyish education. I have only the faintest and haziest recollections of what happened when I went during the winter months to the school-house at the Four Corners. But I can recall the very form of the type in the farmer's books. Every one of those quaint, austere, and beardless faces, framed in high collars and stocks and waving hair—the Marcys, Calhouns, DeWitt Clintons, and Silas Wrights of the daguerreotype and Sartain's primitive graver—gives back to me now the lineaments of an old-time friend.

Whenever I could with decency escape from playing checkers with Jeff, and had no harness to grease or other indoor jobs, I spent the winter evenings in poring over some one of these books—generally with Abner Beech at the opposite side of the table immersed in another. On some rare occasion one of the hired men would take down a volume and look through it—the farmer watching him covertly the while to see that he did not wet his big thumbs to turn over the leaves—but for the most part we two had the books to ourselves. The others would sit about till bedtime, amusing themselves as best they could, the women-folk knitting or mending, the men cracking butternuts, or dallying with cider and apples and fried-cakes, as they talked over the work and gossip of the district and tempted the scorching impulses of the stove-hearth with their stockinged feet.

This tacit separation of the farmer and myself from the rest of the household in the course of time begat confidences between us. He grew, from brief and casual beginnings, into a habit of speaking to me about the things we read. As it became apparent, year by

year, that young Jeff was never going to read anything at all, Abner Beech more and more distinguished me with conversational favor. It cannot be said that the favoritism showed itself in other directions. I had to work as hard as ever, and got no more play-time than before. The master's eye was everywhere as keen, alert, and unsparing as if I had not known even my alphabet. But when there were breathing spells, we talked together—or rather he talked and I listened—as if we were folk quite apart from the rest.

Two fixed ideas thus arose in my boyish mind, and dominated all my little notions of the world. One was that Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall were among the most infamous characters in history. The other was that every true American ought to hold himself in daily readiness to fight with England. I gave a great deal of thought to both these matters. I had early convictions, too, I remember, with regard to Daniel Webster, who had been very bad, and then all at once became a very good man. For some obscure reason I always connected him in my imagination with Zaccheus up a tree, and clung to the queer association of images long after I learned that the Marshfield statesman had been physically a large man.

Gradually the old blood-feud with the Britisher became obscured by fresher antagonisms, and there sprouted up a crop of new sons of Belial who deserved to be hated more even than had Hamilton and Marshall. With me the two stages of indignation glided into one another so imperceptibly that I can now hardly distinguish between them. What I do recall is that the farmer came in time to neglect the hereditary enemy, England, and to seem to have quite forgotten our own historic foes to liberty, so enraged was he over the modern Abolitionists. He told me about them as we paced up the seed rows together in the spring, as we drove homeward on the hay-load in the cool of the summer evening, as we shovelled out a path for the women to the pumps in the farm-yard through December snows. It took me a long time to even approximately grasp the wickedness of these new men, who desired to establish negro sovereignty in the Republic, and to compel each white girl to marry a black man.

The fact that I had never seen any negro "close to," and had indeed only caught passing glimpses of one or more of the colored race on the streets of our nearest big town, added, no doubt, to the mystified alarm with which I contemplated these monstrous proposals. When finally an old darky on his travels did stroll our way, and I beheld him, incredibly ragged, dirty, and light-hearted, shuffling through "Jump Jim Crow" down at the Four Corners, for the ribald delectation of the village loafers, the revelation fairly made me shudder. I marvelled that the others could laugh, with this unspeakable fate hanging over their silly heads.

At first the Abolitionists were to me a remote and intangible class, who lived and wrought their evil deeds in distant places—chiefly New England way. I rarely heard mention of any names of persons among them. They seemed to be an impersonal mass, like a herd of buffaloes or a swarm of hornets. The first individuality in their ranks which attracted my attention, I remember, was that of Theodore Parker. The farmer one day brought home with him from town a pamphlet composed of anti-slavery sermons or addresses by this person. In the evening he read it, or as far into it as his temper would permit, beating the table with his huge fist from time to time, and snorting with wrathful amazement. At last he sprang to his feet, marched over to the wood-stove, kicked the door open with his boot, and thrust the offending print into the blaze. It is vivid in my memory still—the way the red flame-light flared over his big burly front, and sparkled on his beard, and made his face to shine like that of Moses.

But soon I learned that there were Abolitionists everywhere — Abolitionists right here in our own little farmland township of northern New York! The impression which this discovery made upon me was not unlike that produced on Robinson Crusoe by the immortal footprint. I could think of nothing else. Great events, which really cov-

ered a space of years, came and went as in a bunch together, while I was still pondering upon this. John Brown was hanged, Lincoln was elected, Sumter was fired on, the first regiment was raised and despatched from our rustic end of Dearborn County—and all the time it seems now as if my mind was concentrated upon the amazing fact that some of our neighbors were Abolitionists.

There was a certain dreamlike tricksiness of transformation in it all. At first there was only one Abolitionist, old "Jee" Hagadorn. Then, somehow, there came to be a number of them—and then, all at once, lo! everybody was an Abolitionist—that is to say, everybody but Abner Beech. The more general and enthusiastic the conversion of the others became, the more resolutely and doggedly he dug his heels into the ground, and braced his broad shoulders, and pulled in the opposite direction. The skies darkened, the wind rose, the storm of angry popular feeling burst swooping over the country-side, but Beech only stiffened his back and never budged an inch.

At some early stage of this great change, we ceased going to church at all. The pulpit of our rustic meeting-house had become a platform from which the farmer found himself denounced with hopeless regularity on every recurring Sabbath, and that, too, without any chance whatever of talking back. This in itself was hardly to be borne. But when others, mere laymen of the church, took up the theme, and began in class-meetings and the Sunday-school to talk about Antichrist and the Beast with Ten Horns and Seven Heads, in obvious connection with Southern sympathizers, it became frankly insufferable. The farmer did not give in without a fierce resistance. He collected all the texts he could find in the Bible, such as "Servants obey your masters," "Cursed be Canaan," and the like, and hurled them vehemently, with strong, deep voice, and sternly glowing eyes, full at their heads. But the others had many more texts—we learned afterwards that old "Jee" Hagadorn enjoyed the unfair advantage of a Cruden's Concordance—and their tongues were as forty to one, so we left off going to church altogether.

Not long after this, I should think, came the miserable affair of the cheese-factory.

The idea of doing all the dairy work of a neighborhood under a common roof, which originated not many miles from us, was now nearly ten years old. In those days it was regarded as having in it possibilities of vastly greater things than mere cheese-making. Its success among us had stirred up in men's minds big sanguine notions of co-operation as the answer to all American farm problems—as the gateway through which we were to march into the rural millennium. These high hopes one recalls now with a smile and a sigh. Farmers' wives continued to break down and die under the strain, or to be drafted off to the lunatic asylums; the farmers kept on hanging themselves in their barns, or flying westward before the locust-like cloud of mortgages; the boys and girls turned their steps townward in an ever-increasing host. The millennium never came at all.

But at that time—in the late fifties and early sixties—the cheese-factory was the centre of an impressive constellation of dreams and roseate promises. Its managers were the very elect of the district; their disfavor was more to be dreaded than any condemnation of a town-meeting; their chief officers were even more important personages than the supervisor and assessor.

Abner Beech had literally been the founder of our cheese-factory. I fancy he gave the very land on which it was built, and where you will see it still, under the willows by the upper-creek bridge. He sent to it in those days the milk of the biggest herd owned by any farmer for miles around, reaching at seasons nearly one hundred cows. His voice, too, outweighed all others in its co-operative councils.

But when our church-going community had reached the conclusion that a man couldn't be a Christian and hold such views on the slave question as Beech held, it was only a very short step to the conviction that such a man would water his milk. In some parts of the world the theft of a horse is the

most heinous of conceivable crimes; other sections exalt to this pinnacle of sacredness in property a sheep or a pheasant or a woman. Among our dairymen the thing of special sanctity was milk. A man in our neighborhood might almost better be accused of forgery or bigamy outright, than to fall under the dreadful suspicion of putting water into his cans.

Whether it was mere stupid prejudice or malignant invention I know not—who started the story was never to be learned—but of a sudden everybody seemed to have heard that Abner Beech's milk had been refused at the cheese-factory. This was not true, any more than it was true that there could possibly have been warrant for such a proceeding. But what did happen was that the cheese-maker took elaborate pains each morning to test our cans with such primitive appliances as preceded the lactometer, and sniffed suspiciously as he entered our figures in a separate book, and behaved generally so that our hired man knocked him head over heels into one of his whey vats. Then the managers complained to the farmer. He went down to meet them, boiling over with rage. There was an evil spirit in the air, and bitter words were exchanged. The outcome was that Abner Beech renounced the co-operative curds of his earlier manhood, so to speak, sold part of his cattle at a heavy loss, and began making butter at home with the milk of the remainder.

Then we became pariahs in good earnest.

II.

The farmer came in from the fields somewhat earlier than usual on this August afternoon. He walked, I remember, with a heavy step and bowed head, and, when he had come into the shade on the porch and taken off his hat, looked about him with a wearied air. The great heat, with its motionless atmosphere and sultry closeness, had well-nigh wilted everybody. But one could see that Abner was suffering more than the rest, and from something beyond the enervation of dog-days.

He sank weightily into the arm-chair by the desk, and stretched out his legs with a querulous note in his accustomed grunt of relief. On the moment Mrs. Beech came in from the kitchen, with the big china wash-bowl filled with cold water, and the towel and clean socks over her arm, and knelt before her husband. She proceeded to pull off his big, dust-baked boots and the woollen foot-gear, put his feet into the bowl, bathe and dry them, and draw on the fresh covering, all without a word.

The ceremony was one I had watched many hundreds of times. Mrs. Beech was a tall, dark, silent woman, whom I could well believe to have been handsome in her youth. She belonged to one of the old Mohawk-Dutch families, and when some of her sisters came to visit at the farm I noted that they too were all dusky as squaws, with jet-black shiny curls and eyes like the midnight hawk. I used always to be afraid of them on this account, but I dare say they were in reality most kindly women. Mrs. Beech herself represented to my boyish eyes the ideal of a saturnine and masterful queen. She performed great quantities of work with no apparent effort—as if she had merely willed it to be done. Her household was governed with a cold impassive exactitude; there were never any hitches, or even high words. The hired-girls, of course, called her "M'rye," as the rest of us mostly did, but they rarely carried familiarity further, and as a rule respected her dislike for much talk. During all the years I spent under her roof I was never clear in my mind as to whether she liked me or not. Her own son, even, passed his boyhood in much the same state of dubiety.

But to her husband, Abner Beech, she was always most affectionately docile and humble. Her snapping black eyes followed him about and rested on him with an almost canine fidelity of liking. She spoke to him habitually in a voice quite different from that which others heard addressed to them. This, indeed, was measurably true of us all. By instinct the whole household deferred in tone and manner to our big, bearded chief, as if he were an Arab sheik ruling over us in a tent on the desert.

The word "patriarch" still seems best to describe him, and his attitude toward us and the world in general, as I recall him sitting there in the half-darkened living-room, with his wife bending over his feet in true Oriental submission.

"Do you know where Jeff is?" the farmer suddenly asked, without turning his head to where I sat braiding a whip-lash, but indicating by the volume of voice that his query was put to me.

"He went off about two o'clock," I replied, "with his fish-pole. They say they are biting like everything down in the creek."

"Well, you keep to work and they won't bite you," said Abner Beech. This was a very old joke with him, and usually the opportunity of using it once more tended to lighten his mood. Now, though mere force of habit led him to repeat the pleasantry, he had no pleasure in it. He sat with his head bent, and his huge hairy hands spread listlessly on the chair-arms.

Mrs. Beech finished her task, and rose, lifting the bowl from the floor. She paused, and looked wistfully into her husband's face.

"You ain't a bit well, Abner!" she said.

"Well as I'm likely ever to be again," he made answer, gloomily.

"Has any more of 'em been sayin' or doin' anything?" the wife asked, with diffident hesitation.

The farmer spoke with more animation. "D'ye suppose I care a picayune what *they* say or do?" he demanded. "Not I! But when a man's own kith and kin turn agin him, into the bargain—" he left the sentence unfinished, and shook his head to indicate the impossibility of such a situation.

"Has Jeff—then—" Mrs. Beech began to ask.

"Yes—Jeff!" thundered the farmer, striking his fist on the arm of the chair. "Yes—by the Eternal!—Jeff!"

When Abner Beech swore by the Eternal we knew that things were pretty bad. His wife put the bowl down on a chair, and seated herself in another. "What's Jeff been doin'?" she asked.

"Why, where d'ye suppose he was last night, 'n' the night before that? Where d'ye suppose he is this minute? They ain't no mistake about it, Lee Watkins saw 'em with his own eyes, and ta'nted me with it. He's down by the red bridge—that's where he is—hangin' round that Hagadorn gal!"

Mrs. Beech looked properly aghast at the intelligence. Even to me it was apparent that the unhappy Jeff might better have been employed in committing any other crime under the sun. It was only to be expected that his mother would be horrified.

"I never could abide that Lee Watkins," was what she said.

The farmer did not comment on the relevancy of this. "Yes," he went on, "the daughter of mine enemy, the child of that whining, backbiting old scoundrel who's been eating his way into me like a deer-tick for years—the whelp that I owe every mean and miserable thing that's ever happened to me—yes, of all living human creatures, by the Eternal! it's *his* daughter that that blamed fool of a Jeff must take a shine to, and hang around after!"

"He'll come of age the fourteenth of next month," remarked the mother, tentatively.

"Yes—and march up and vote the Woolly-head ticket. I suppose that's what'll come next!" said the farmer, bitterly. "It only needed that!"

"And it was you who got her the job of teachin' the school, too," put in Mrs. Beech.

"That's nothing to do with it," Abner continued. "I ain't blamin' her—that is, on her own account. She's a good enough gal so far's I know. But everything and everybody under that tumble-down Hagadorn roof ought to be pizen to any son of mine! *That's* what I say! And I tell you this, mother"—the farmer rose, and spread his broad chest, towering over the seated woman as he spoke—"I tell you this; if he ain't got pride enough to keep him away from that house—away from that gal—then he can keep away from *this* house—away from me!"

The wife looked up at him mutely, then bowed her head in tacit consent.

"He brings it on himself!" Abner cried, with clenched fists, beginning to

pace up and down the room. "Who's the one man I've reason to curse with my dying breath? Who began the infernal Abolition cackle here? Who drove me out of the church? Who started that outrageous lie about the milk at the factory, and chased me out of that, too? Who's been a layin' for years behind every stump and every bush, waitin' for the chance to stab me in the back, an' ruin my business, an' set my neighbors agin me, an' land me an' mine in the poorhouse or the lock-up? You know as well as I do—'Jee' Hagadorn! If I'd wrung his scrawny little neck for him the first time I ever laid eyes on him, it 'd 'a' been money in my pocket and years added onto my life. And then my son—*my* son! must go taggin' around—oh-h!"

He ended with an inarticulate growl of impatience and wrath.

"Mebbe, if you spoke to the boy—" Mrs. Beech began.

"Yes, I'll speak to him!" the farmer burst forth, with grim emphasis. "I'll speak to him so't he'll hear!" He turned abruptly to me. "Here, boy," he said, "you go down the creek-road an' look for Jeff. If he ain't loafin' round the school-house he'll be in the neighborhood of Hagadorn's. You tell him I say for him to get back here as quick as he can. You needn't tell him what it's about. Pick up your feet, now!"

As luck would have it, I had scarcely got out to the road before I heard the loose-spoked wheels of the local butcher's wagon rattling behind me down the hill. Looking round, I saw through the accompanying puffs of dust that young "Ni" Hagadorn was driving, and that he was alone. I stopped and waited for him to come up, questioning my mind whether it would be fair to beg a lift from him, when the purpose of my journey was so hostile to his family. Even after he had halted, and I had climbed up to the seat beside him, this consciousness of treachery disturbed me.

But no one thought long of being serious with "Ni." He was along in the teens somewhere, not large for his years but extremely wiry and muscular, and the funniest boy any of us ever knew of. How the son of such a sad-faced, gloomy, old licensed exhorter as "Jee" Hagadorn could be such a running spring of jokes and odd sayings and general deviltry as "Ni," passed all our understandings. His very face made you laugh, with its wilderness of freckles, its snub nose, and the comical curl to its mouth. He must have been a profitable investment to the butcher who hired him to drive about the country. The farmers' wives all came out to laugh and chat with him, and under the influence of his good spirits they went on buying the toughest steaks and bull-beef flanks, at more than city prices, year after year. But anybody who thought "Ni" was soft because he was full of fun made a great mistake.

"I see you ain't doin' much ditchin' this year," "Ni" remarked, glancing over our fields as he started up the horse. "I should think you'd be tickled to death."

Well, in one sense I was glad. There used to be no other such back-aching work in all the year as that picking up of stones to fill into the trenches which the hired men began digging as soon as the hay and grain were in. But on the other hand, I knew that the present idleness meant—as everything else now seemed to mean—that the Beech farm was going to the dogs.

"No," I made rueful answer. "Our land don't need drainin' any more. It's dry as a powder-horn now."

Ni clucked knowingly at the old horse. "Guess it's Abner that can't stand much more drainin'," he said. "They say he's looking all round for a mortgage, and can't raise one."

"No such thing!" I replied. "His health's poorly this summer, that's all. And Jeff—he don't seem to take hold, somehow, like he used to."

My companion laughed outright. "Mustn't call him Jeff any more," he remarked, with a grin. "He was telling us down at the house that he was going to have people call him Tom after this. He can't stand answerin' to the same name as Jeff Davis," he says.

"I suppose you folks put him up to that," I made bold to comment, indignantly.

The suggestion did not annoy "Ni." "Mebbe so," he said. "You know Dad lots a good deal on names. He's downright mortified that I don't get up and kill people because my name's Benaiah. 'Why,' he keeps on saying to me, 'Here you are, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, as it was in Holy Writ, and instid of preparin' to make ready to go out and fall on the enemies of righteousness, like your namesake did, all you do is read dime novels and cut up monkey-shines generally, for all the world as if you'd been named Pete or Steve or William Henry.' That's what he gives me pretty nearly every day."

I was familiar enough with the quaint mysticism which the old Abolitionist cooper wove around the Scriptural names of himself and his son. We understood that these two appellations had alternated among his ancestors as well, and I had often heard him read from Samuel and Kings and Chronicles about them, his stiff red hair standing upright, and the blue veins swelling on his narrow temples with proud excitement. But that, of course, was in the old days, before the trouble came, and when I still went to church. To hear it all now again seemed to give me a novel impression of wild fanaticism in "Jee" Hagadorn.

His son was chuckling on his seat over something he had just remembered. "Last time," he began, gurgling with laughter—"last time he went for me because I wasn't measurin' up to his idee of what a Benaiah ought to be like, I up an' said to him, 'Look a-here now, people who live in glass houses mustn't heave rocks. If I'm Benaiah, you're Jehoiada. Well, it says in the Bible that Jehoiada made a covenant. Do you make cove-nants? Not a bit of it! all you make is butter firkins, with now an' then an odd pork barrel."

"What did he say to that?" I asked, as my companion's merriment abated.

"Well, I come away just then; I seemed to have business outside," replied "Ni," still grinning.

We had reached the Corners now, and my companion obligingly drew up to let me get down. He called out some merry quip or other as he drove off, framed in a haze of golden dust against the sinking sun, and I stood looking after him with the pleasantest thoughts my mind had known for days. It was almost a shock to remember that he was one of the abhorrent and hated Hagadorns.

And his sister, too. It was not at all easy to keep one's loathing up to the proper pitch where so nice a girl as Esther Hagadorn was its object. She was years and years my senior—she was even older than "Ni"—and had been my teacher for the past two winters. She had never spoken to me save across that yawning gulf which separates little barefooted urchins from tall young women, with long dresses and their hair done up in a net, and I could hardly be said to know her at all. Yet now, perversely enough, I could think of nothing but her manifest superiority to all the farm-girls round about. She had been to a school in some remote city, where she had relations. Her hands were fabulously white, and even on the hottest of days her dresses rustled pleasantly with starched primness. People talked about her singing at church as something remarkable; to my mind, the real music was when she just spoke to you, even if it was no more than "Good-morning, Jimmy!"

I clambered up on the window-sill of the school-house, to make sure there was no one inside, and then set off down the creek-road toward the red or lower bridge. Milking-time was about over, and one or two teams passed me on the way to the cheese-factory, the handles of the cans rattling as they went, and the low sun throwing huge shadows of drivers and horses sprawling eastward over the stubble-field. I cut across lots to avoid the cheese-factory itself, with some vague feeling that it was not a fitting spectacle for anyone who lived on the Beech farm.

A few moments brought me to the bank of the wandering stream below the factory, but so near that I could hear the creaking of the chain drawing up the cans over the tackle, or as we called it, the "teekle." The willows under which I walked stretched without a break from the clump by the factory bridge. And now, lo and behold! be-

neath still other of these willows, farther down the stream, whom should I see strolling together but my schoolteacher and the delinquent Jeff!

Young Beech bore still the fish-pole I had seen him take from our shed some hours earlier, but the line twisted round it was very white and dry. He was extremely close to the girl, and kept his head bent down over her as they sauntered along the meadow-path. They seemed not to be talking, but just idly drifting forward like the deep slow water beside them. I had never realized before how tall Jeff was. Though the school-ma'am always seemed to me of an exceeding stature, here was Jeff rounding his shoulders and inclining his neck in order to look under her broad-brimmed Leghorn hat.

There could be no imaginable excuse for my not overtaking them. Instinct prompted me to start up a whistling tune as I advanced—a casual and indolently unobtrusive tune—at sound of which Jeff straightened himself, and gave his companion a little more room on the path. In a moment or two he stopped, and looked intently over the bank into the water, as if he hoped it might turn out to be a likely place for fish. And the school ma'am, too, after a few aimless steps, halted to help him look.

"Abner wants you to come right straight home!" was the form in which my message delivered itself when I had come close up to them.

They both shifted their gaze from the sluggish stream below to me upon the instant. Then Esther Hagadorn looked away, but Jeff—good, big, honest Jeff, who had been like a fond elder brother to me since I could remember—knitted his brows and regarded me with something like a scowl.

"Did pa send you to say that?" he demanded, holding my eye with a glance of such stern inquiry that I could only nod my head in confusion.

"An' he knew that you'd find me here, did he?"

"He said either at the school-house or around here somewhere," I admitted, weakly.

"An' there ain't nothin' the matter at the farm? He don't want me for nothin' special?" pursued Jeff, still looking me through and through.

"He didn't say," I made hesitating answer, but for the life of me, I could not keep from throwing a tell-tale look in the direction of his companion in the blue gingham dress.

A wink could not have told Jeff more. He gave a little bitter laugh, and stared above my head at the willow-plumes for a minute's meditation. Then he tossed his fish-pole over to me and laughed again.

"Keep that for yourself, if you want it," he said, in a voice not quite his own, but robustly enough. "I sha'n't need it any more. Tell pa I ain't a-comin'!"

"Oh, Tom!" Esther broke in, anxiously, "would you do that?"

He held up his hand with a quiet, masterful gesture, as if she were the pupil and he the teacher, "Tell him," he went on, the tone falling now strong and true, "tell him and ma that I'm goin' to Tecumseh to-night to enlist. If they're willin' to say good-by, they can let me know there, and I'll manage to slip back for the day. If they ain't willin'—why, they—they needn't send word; that's all."

Esther had come up to him, and held his arm now in hers.

"You're wrong to leave them like that!" she pleaded, earnestly, but Jeff shook his head.

"You don't know him!" was all he said.

In another minute I had shaken hands with Jeff, and had started on my homeward way, with his parting "Good-by, youngster!" benumbing my ears. When, after a while, I turned to look back, they were still standing where I had left them, gazing over the bank into the water.

Then, as I trudged onward once more, I began to quake at the thought of how Farmer Beech would take the news.

(To be continued.)

THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

By Oscar Craig.

OVERTY and pauperism are words which should not be used as equivalents, or even as synonyms. The terms stand for things or thoughts which in some respects are antitheses. An individual may be both a poor person and a pauper; but the majority of the poor, when not demoralized by unwise interference or neglect, are neither purposely nor actually in the attitude of pauperism, which is that of dependence on public or private charity in the form of either indoor or out-relief; while a large minority, if not a major part, of paupers misrepresent or suppress either infrequently their accumulations of property, or more often their ability to work, which is their capital, and so pass as poor persons only by their false pretences or concealments.

Another distinction must be made. The productive classes should not be identified with even "the poor." The worker who toils continuously and effectually, such as the parish priest or minister of the gospel or teacher in the rural district, the farmer, the artisan, or the humble laborer, may be in destitute circumstances, or in distress of desire to supply the higher wants of his family with the small means at his command; but such workers make the world rich in spiritual worth and material wealth, and accumulate the potential forces, moral and physical, which, being liberated from time to time, lead to the progress of the world. They are, in such points, differentiated from the simply indigent or worthy poor, who, though patient, enduring suffering uncomplainingly, striving to avoid the dependence of pauperism, and if defeated renewing the struggle for an honest living, are handicapped in the race by some incumbrance or inefficiency, proceeding from incomplete correspondence with their environment, or imperfect organism, or defective energy or vitality; and who (while deserving the favors of the strong to "help them to help themselves," and perhaps more the favorites of heaven than many who succeed better in the struggle for existence on earth) are nevertheless not energetic factors in industrial activities or in the performance of duties to society.

A distinct set remains to be mentioned, viz.: the opulent who are not rich by the results of their own industry for the moral or material ends of society, and who, neglecting their social obligations, suffer atrophy of virile and moral powers, and, like paupers, live on the world's surplus without adding to it or giving any fair equivalent for their maintenance.

These four categories may thus be arranged in two divisions: first, *the poor* and *working classes*, both of which are entitled to our respect for different sorts of praiseworthy qualities; and, second—*the idle rich* and *the pauper*, neither of which is worthy of our praise. Eliminating from consideration the affluent who lead useless lives, as of no account, we have the remaining unprofitable class of the second division contrasted with the two estimable classes of the first division.

Observing these distinctions, it is obvious that any principle or policy which leads toward the prevention of pauperism, conduces *pro tanto* to the protection of both the poor and the producing classes. To defend the workers, as members of the social organism most entitled to honor, is to shield them from unjust taxes levied to support persons who are able but unwilling to work, or to maintain in comfort and comparative luxury, to a degree relatively higher than the average families of tax-payers can enjoy, even those who are willing but unable to work. To preserve the poor from injury is to guard not merely their physical welfare but also their moral well-being, and to ward off the forces that break down their manhood and thus tend to disintegrate society.

To *prevent pauperism* is to go before the processes which lead to it, and to anticipate the causes which, if not counteracted, tend by successive steps to make the productive and independent worker lapse into indigence, and the indigent to descend into dependence. Preventive measures are therefore better than any and all means that are merely repressive or remedial.

The work of prevention is so imperfect in most communities, while the processes for the propagation of pauperism are so successful in many countries of Europe, that there is imposed on public authorities in the United States, the duty of exclusion or expulsion of all emigrants who may be infected with this vice or disease. This proscriptive duty devolves on charity administration in the State of New York more than elsewhere in America, for the reason that its territory includes the principal port of entry, and therefore naturally retains the worst elements, while most of the able-bodied and the right-minded pass into the interior States, where they become worthy and valuable citizens of the Republic.

It may be suggested that the return of such immigrants, who have effected a landing by eluding the agencies of the Federal Government, does not go to the true end of the prevention of this disease, or even its reduction or relief in the world at large. But this view is not so broad as at first sight it seems to be, in subordinating patriotism to philanthropy; and is not so comprehensive as that which justifies the necessary means for the preservation of the social organisms and life of America, with their potential advantages and benefits to the whole world. *There is no room for doubt that immigration, if unrestricted, would soon change from what now is mostly good, to that which would be mainly bad, if not in actual ratio of numbers, at least in real proportion of power.*

It is difficult for Americans, in their magnanimity, to realize or fully believe, however realistic may be the story, that government and other agencies in Europe have deliberately and successfully conducted their diseased, filthy, vicious, and criminal dregs of society, by ocean steamers as sewers, into cesspools made of the ports and towns of the United States. But such is the fact established by evidence convincing and cumulative. The State Board of Charities of New York has promoted federal legislation for the correction of these evils, and State legislation for the return of alien paupers who may escape the national authorities, and of other unsettled paupers, to their homes in other States and foreign countries. The work of executing these State laws having been committed to this Board, its reports to the Legislature show that its enforcement of these legal remedies, by humane methods, has relieved the financial resources of New York from the useless expenditure of over twenty-five millions of dollars for maintenance, and has secured its social and moral economies from great disorders and disturbances, and has saved the life of its people from much contagion of vice and disease. The State Boards of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are credited with similar efforts and results.

The public system of out-relief, as organized and administered in many places, is a prolific propagator of pauperism. Until our departments and bureaus of local, as well as State and national, governments shall be regulated by a reformed civil service divorced from partisan politics, the dispensation of alms in money or food or other things, by public officials, to recipients in their homes, will continue to be a source of corruption. The taint affects the body politic directly, as does all venality in public life. The fraud upon the service is, however, of no account, in comparison with the wrong done in converting whole families and circles of people, who are actually or potentially self-supporting, into the most shameless mendicants and dependents. The offspring of households so "helped" soon become helpless parasites upon the public.

Organized charity, administered by voluntary societies, is the remedy for such evils. The first association of this sort in the United States was formed in the year 1877, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. Similar societies now exist in Philadelphia, Boston, Brook-

lyn, and about one hundred other American cities, the forms and plans of which differ in certain respects, some of them more than others resembling the pioneer organization of London, but the best of them providing no financial aid except through outside agencies or in emergencies.

The Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, formed January 26, 1882, is destined to do a great work in the metropolis. Its "New York Charities Directory" contains over four hundred pages of valuable notes of more than three hundred benevolent and more than five hundred congregational agencies, omitting only those which are reported adversely by the State Board of Charities, or otherwise known to be unworthy; and its tender of services has been accepted by nearly all the religious and relief associations.

The popular apprehension should embrace one prominent fact, found from general statistics, viz.: that public indoor relief is not increased by diminishing public out-relief, which shows that cases requiring out-relief are supplied by private societies or persons, and that other cases applying for it do not, when refused, come upon the public in any way, the exceptions, if any, proving the rule governing each class of cases. It is to be remembered always that the good ministry of charity (though by the older maxims confined in theory to the relief of only the industrious or the virtuous) is, by the better precepts and practices under modern methods, extended to the worthy and the unworthy, by moral measures as well as material means adapted to reach each individual case, for the preservation or restoration of the person directly involved, and the consequent protection of society. This is the work of charity organization. It is to be understood also that the aim to organize the powers for good against the organized forces of evil, in communities where the citizens have not time to investigate or to co-operate in works of mercy, does not relieve the constituent or the corresponding members of charity organization from the duty or deprive them of the blessedness of beneficence. The design is to inform the conscience of benevolent people with the proofs in each case; and not to discharge them from, but to charge them with, the obligations of humanity.

Other forms of charity organization are found in older types. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in the city of New York, organized in 1835 and incorporated in 1872; the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, organized in 1843 and incorporated in 1848; the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, in New York, organized in 1798 and incorporated in 1802; the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York, organized in 1853 and incorporated in 1855, and numerous other associations in the metropolis; with the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor, organized in 1822 and incorporated in 1855, now operating in eighty-four defined districts, to which are assigned about one hundred visitors under eighteen active directresses—one and all represent associations in the State of New York, which were precursors in the evolution of charity organizations, and proceeded on the underlying principles of the dispensation of moral as well as material relief and its administration by "friendly visitors."

University Settlements, now introduced in New York, Chicago, and Boston, promise to become influential centres of personal sacrifices and endeavors, for the restoration and protection of the weak, by the realization of their brotherhood with the strong. The public and private agencies of benevolence already pointed out, with their manifold instrumentalities, are characterized by the self-sacrifice as well as the severity of sympathy seeking the highest relief. Their work is in full agreement with that enforced by the public conscience, which has been informed through such investigations as those by Mr. Brace, in his inquiries respecting "The Dangerous Classes of New York," and by Mr. Riis, in his "Studies Among the Tenements of New York," showing "How the Other Half Lives." Such new activities have, in this generation, arisen at different centres in the world. The "Rational-

ized Christianity" commended in Mr. Spencer's "Data of Ethics," as a popular equivalent for scientific altruism, does not account for the origin, however it may explain the movement, of such voluntary or spontaneous agencies. The awakening has been produced by Christianity, not in the abstract, but in the concrete working in the hearts of men. Its practical pity for unhappy or unworthy men is the evolution of Christian experience, and is justified and inspired by the Christian scriptures; and, as the writer believes, is informed by the providence and the person of Christ, who evidently works not through all who profess His name, but through those confessing or non-confessing who have been touched by His truth and Spirit.

With these general movements are others which were earlier in origin, though special, and on church and denominational lines. The various boards of home missions are doing much for the salvation of secular society. The City Mission and Tract Society and the City Mission Society (P. E.) of New York, with their evangelistic labors, are working also on the same plane as Mr. Brace and Mr. Riis, and in similar lines —saving from pauperism as well as from other forms of vice and disease. May all churches, whose sincere members have the means in their own private resources, ultimately and speedily become convinced that it is their duty to call assistant ministers and consecrated laymen wholly set apart, to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind," and to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Philanthropists who are enlightened on these subjects appreciate the administration of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church in their ministries to the socially and spiritually destitute and dependent classes.

The Jewish congregations in the United States are in some respects examples to distinctively Christian societies. Their ministers are frequently students of social science. The precepts which they put into practice have also their religious as well as their scientific credentials and authority. For they read the moral law of love as it is written, not only on the human heart, where it is so often illegible, or in pagan philosophy and literature, or in the writings of the Christian covenant and dispensation, but also clearly and fully in their own sacred scriptures, whose formula, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is in these very terms adopted by Christ. The practice of these precepts by this ancient people respecting their poor, is unprecedented and unparalleled in its honor to the written word. If there are Jews in the poor-houses and alms-houses of the counties and cities of the State, they are exceptions proving the rule.

In the United Jewish Charities organized by the principal Jewish congregation, under their minister, Rev. Max Landsberg, Ph.D., in Rochester, N. Y., 106 new "cases," or families, of 262 persons, were received as Jewish immigrants from Russia, from October 1, 1891, to March 1, 1892. Nearly all of these cases came in a destitute and dependent condition, and thirty were men who had left their wives and children in Russia. One of these cases is given as a fair representation of them all, viz., a family of ten persons assisted as follows: October, $77.04; November, $17.75; December, $10; January, $12; February, $8; March, $5; besides three and one-half tons of coal, and aid in finding and doing work, with friendly counsel. This family is now self-supporting, though its head had been a fish-packer in Russia and was obliged to learn a new trade here. Of the 106 cases, 19 were refused and 85 were assisted, of whom all are now earning their own maintenance without assistance except friendly advice.

Dr. Landsberg asserts that a large expense at first, in proper cases, may be true economy of means to the end of self-maintenance. Many other persons, who deal with destitute classes gravitating toward dependence, have arrived at this conclusion. The danger of outrelief, in such cases, arises, as we have seen, from the political nature of its public dispensation, but disappears on its private and organized administration by means of friendly visitors.

The correction or prevention of pauperism is intimately related to the curative and humane treatment and care of the insane poor, for the reason that, while like many other classes of poor persons they with their families may become dependent or demoralized through either neglect or unwise interference, they are neither necessarily nor presumptively paupers. The fact may be better stated by saying positively, that an extremely small proportion of the indigent insane come from the classes tainted with pauperism. This conclusion, though contrary to popular apprehension, is sustained by the opinions of alienists and specialists. Insanity when neglected is the cause of pauperism, but pauperism is seldom the source of insanity. The workers in the poor-houses have been confined almost exclusively to the lunatics. The legislation in the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, for exclusive State care is absolutely justified on the ground of humanity, but may also be defended on the ground of economy. Opponents objected that the better care of the State would attract patients who, under the county system, would remain in their families. If the prediction shall be fulfilled, the results will not be deplored in the interest of society. The father or mother or bread-winner of a family, when stricken with insanity, ceases to become a producer, and at the same time becomes an incumbrance upon not only the accumulations or earnings, but also the time, energy, and producing capacity of the other members of the family, thereby directly impoverishing the community, and perhaps further prejudicing it by the ultimate pauperization of the family. Here, as everywhere, the welfare of the State is consistent with humanity toward its citizens, and justice to its taxpayers is in harmony with mercy to its wards.

The *transference of children* from the demoralizing influences of poor-houses *to asylums* was effected by law, recommended by the State Board of Charities, and enacted in the year 1875. Prior to this legislation, its subjects, many of whom on the death of their parents came from homes of relative industry and purity, and most of whom were presumptively innocent of the virus of pauperism though susceptible and in highly receptive states, were one and all detained in intimate association with the chronic cases of the disease, in the common wards of the county houses, until they could be placed by the county superintendents of the poor in private families. While the net results of the law have been good, the statistics gathered and compiled by the State Board of Charities show that its operation has been attended with incidental evils. *The indications from these statistics are that some asylums are taking on the character of permanent homes at public expense*, though they should be regarded as domiciliary for only transitional and provisional purposes, until their beneficiaries can be placed in good families. One evil is that while the institutions are thus enlarged and extended, they impose burdens on the taxpayers for maintenance of their wards, without commensurate benefits, but in many cases with positive injury. Children who are detained too long in asylums tend to become institutionized, and unfitted to correspond with a free environment on their final discharge. The close corporations of private managers of these semi-public institutions sometimes lose their sense of responsibility to the people. Relief would be found in remedial legislation, providing among other things for county or city agents, or another paid secretary of the State Board, whose duty it should be to see that the asylums exercise due diligence in placing their wards, under proper conditions, in private families of good character and circumstances, in visiting them statedly, and in securing legal commitments to the institutions and proper indentures from them, thus protecting foster parents as well as their adopted children.

There is now devolved by law upon the State Board of Charities of New York, the function of determining and certifying whether applications for the incorporation of institutions and societies having the care of children, shall be granted. This power is carefully ex-

ercised, and decisions are made under it only after full investigation.

Notwithstanding the safeguards and precautions vouchsafed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York and other cities, which are assumed to be all that are possible under existing laws, there is reason to believe that children are not infrequently committed to juvenile reformatories, including the House of Refuge on Randall's Island and the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y., on frivolous or false complaints of parents, in order to shift the burden of maintenance and education to the State, county, or city. The remedy should be found in new legislation, requiring corroboratory proofs on all complaints by parents or guardians or relations, and assessing upon the persons responsible for the support of the children in the home, part of the cost of their maintenance in the institution.

The progress which has been made in some of these reformatories, during the last decade, furnishes great temptation for unwise if not fraudulent commitments to them. In the matter of technologic instruction alone, the State Industrial School of New York offers great inducements; as among the semi-public institutions of this sort in the same State the Catholic Protectory has, for the last decade, been in advance in the teaching of trades. That these juvenile institutions and the reformatories for adults do accomplish reformations in vastly greater proportions than could be effected in the same classes by the old time confinement and discipline in State prisons, county and city penitentiaries, and jails, is a conclusion of fact from experience in the State of New York (whatever it may be in Massachusetts or elsewhere), respecting which there is no reasonable doubt among persons acquainted with the subject.

The work of reformatories must be inadequate, unless the preventive work of such associations as the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the restorative work of the Prison Association of New York, shall sustain and supplement it.

The preventive measures respecting prisoners have an intimate relation with those regarding paupers. Any decrease in the number of recidivous criminals or misdemeanants diminishes the number of paupers manifoldly; for habitual offenders, in their intervals between prison terms, beget and educate races of variously demoralized and pauperized types of human beings; and criminals and paupers succeed each other, as has been familiarly illustrated in the annals of "The Jukes" in the State of New York, and in the more recent history of the "Tribe of Ishmael," by Rev. Oscar McCulloch, the late President of the State Board of Charities to Indiana. The present practice under the laws is to sentence disturbers of the peace, on conviction of public drunkenness, debauchery, or disorder, to imprisonment for a term of ten days or upward, just sufficient to permit, not reformation of moral character, but recuperation of vitality and accumulation of physical energy for renewed dissipation and disturbance, with repetitions of transgression and punishment indefinitely continued, perhaps scores of times in one life.

Civil intervention, to be beneficent to such transgressors, or to society whose laws they violate, should be prolonged and uninterrupted, until there is reasonable evidence of reformation.

This conclusion in favor of indeterminate sentences without maximum limits, applies to delinquent or depraved paupers, who now come and go to and from the public houses of counties and cities, with the primary effect of prolonging their own evil courses, and with the secondary consequence of continuing their kind by generation or succession. For, waiving the philosophical explanation of social environment on the one hand, and the theory of natural inheritance on the other, we know as matters of fact that often, in almost unbroken and indefinite lines, criminals and paupers succeed each other, under the intermittent treatment of civil governments, where, if either removed from society or left to nature, they would soon become extinct.

The *question of heredity* (though eliminated from the problem of the

treatment of adult individuals belonging to the delinquent and dependent classes, the solution of which is on any hypothesis in their detention from their kind) is not so easily disposed of when we come to their offspring, to detain whom indefinitely in either prisons or asylums would be inhuman and unjust. The great work done by the Children's Aid Society of New York, in placing their wards in good homes in Western States, represents on a grand scale of conception and execution the proper treatment which is at once popular and philosophic. But the question has often returned to thoughtful minds, What has become of the taint or tendency in the blood of these children to evil, if any, when mixed in the veins of descendants in the Western States, where they have been adopted into pure families and developed under a pure atmosphere, and finally have intermarried with other stocks?

In a recent letter, Mr. C. Loring Brace, Secretary of the Society, says in substance that of the 84,000 children which this agency has placed in homes, not more than two per cent. have turned out badly; and that the failures were among the older children, and were due to evil associations long continued rather than to inheritance.

Happily there is no real contention, at the present time, between science and the experience gained by philanthropists. The last word of scientists is in accordance with the words of these practical specialists. The theory of heredity now held by Wallace, who shares with Darwin the credit of the hypothesis of natural selection, and by Weismann and the most eminent authorities, is that acquired characteristics of the parent do not pass to the child by inheritance. The truth stated would seem to admit a tendency of all traits of progenitors to pass, which in the case of qualities that are the results of protracted accumulations of experience, continued in long lines of successive generations, will be transmitted, unless overcome by environment; but which in the case of qualities that were acquired by the immediate ancestors, will not be propagated with any effectual or appreciable force if opposed by outside influences. Hence a foster parent would assume less risk of blood in succoring the offspring of delinquent, diseased, or dependent parents whose remote lineage is good, than in adopting the children whose father and mother are both worthy in their own personal character, but one if not both of whom come of general stock which was bad. These conclusions make the matter so mixed as to remove it from practical consideration.

In this light we can appreciate the work done by the Children's Aid Society of New York, not only in the magnitude of its proportions, but in the far-reaching effects of its beneficence. This society, during the fiscal year 1891–92, had charge of 36,363 children, of whom it taught and partly clothed and fed 10,464 in its twenty-two industrial schools and nine night schools, and sent 2,851 to homes, mainly in the West. It is an approved agency for bringing to bear the influences of environment and education upon character and destiny at formative periods of growth.

No presentation of the subject of liquor saloons is needed. The moral and religious people of the State know perfectly well that these saloons are the centres where political corruption finds its points of application, and whence flow unceasing currents creating most of the pauperism and public vice which infest the body politic. And the same respectable and dominant classes know as well that, without imposing prohibitory laws upon unwilling minorities, or unduly interfering with personal liberty, it is in their power to abate these public nuisances. A mighty crusade in this direction might be led by some agency such as the Church Temperance Society.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that whatever protects the poor from pauperism, also protects the producer from poverty, and vice versa. Therefore the State, if justified in interfering for the good of any one of these three classes, may justly intervene at either end of the series.

The Factory law, regulating the sanitary and moral conditions of labor,

of adult as well as juvenile operatives congregated in masses, where the units have no separate control, and the principle of certain proposed legislation correcting the evils of what is known as the "sweating system," come within the legitimate scope of governmental authority. In the same sphere are many of the remedies proposed by reforms for improving the tenements of the working-classes in large cities, and for promoting the public health. To the objection that such civil laws interfere with the natural laws of trade, the answer is that, not only in society, but in all departments of nature, higher forces constantly intervene to regulate the action of lower forces, and so interfere, not in violation, but in pursuance, of the laws of the mental and the physical worlds. The advocates of extreme individualism, excluding the intervention of the State in matters of trade or industry, as also in matters of relief or charity, are inconsistent when they belong, as most of them do, to the class of thinkers who hold to the theory of society, not as an aggregation of individuals, but as an organism. The reasonable reconciliation of opposing theories seems to be that paternalism in the State shall govern, wherever the individual cannot properly control the conditions for his own protection, as in factory laws and charity laws; but that in all other respects individualism should reign, leaving each person to work out his own salvation in the struggle for existence, as essential discipline for his own well-being, as well as for the general welfare of society.

One objection, which is more specific and specious, opposes all interference by society in public relief or private charity, for the reason that the delinquent and dependent classes should as individuals be left to suffer, in order that the beneficent processes of nature, providing for the death and disappearance of their species, may not be defeated or delayed. This position is abhorrent to moral sentiment. It is also unsound in its philosophy, seeming to ignore that Mr. Darwin's law of "natural selection," as well as Mr. Spencer's law of "the survival of the fittest," which it cites, do in their full scope include society as symbolized under the figures of "the social organism" and "the body politic," in which is resident a moral force in correspondence with the environment of moral law. Humanity is superior to political economy or biology, and must leave the community which denies it to moral disintegration and dissolution, until, by reverse processes of selection, which sometimes occur in both the higher and the lower forms of life, it shall become unfit to survive.

The policy which has obtained of dispensing public charities as well as civil penalties so as to injure rather than benefit their objects and society, is an excuse though not a justification for such opposition to humanity.

The simple truth, as we have seen, is that the habitual and hardened pauper, as well as the congenital or confirmed criminal, should be restrained in his tendency to evil, and to the extent of his ability constrained to labor for the support of himself and his family, if any, dependent on him; and indefinitely continued in such discipline, with all needful instruction, recreation, and influence to recovery, under indeterminate sentence of confinement; and thus sequestered from society until he reforms or dies. This is the law for remedial, not retributive, and preventive, not punitive, relief; and is thus the law of kindness to the criminous or unworthy delinquents or dependents, and of safety to the virtuous workers and the honest poor, and therefore of justice. Such equity, rather than mere mercy, is the best expression of charity in public relations, and the true reconciliation of the scientific as well as the economical objections to the intervention of the State for the sake of humanity. Such relief would be within the practical reach, as well as the political right, of the State to-day, were the public conscience properly informed of the facts relating to the prevention of pauperism.

THE POINT OF VIEW

It is rumored that ammonia has been trained to haul street-cars, and promises to prove strong, docile, and cheap, not afraid of the cars, and able to run up hill without getting out of breath. Even in a decade so prolific of tractorian movements as the present one, this is a development that is not to be sneezed at. I suppose it is another bit of Yankee enterprise.

The Yankee's antipathy to work has never yet been adequately appreciated. He is in a state of perpetual insurrection against the primal curse. He feels that he was born to sit on the fence and whittle in the sunshine, and he is against every apparent necessity that would compel him to forego the serene pleasures of a purely contemplative existence. He recognizes, to be sure, that work has got to be done. No-one has a more vivid realization of that. But the consciousness of the need of getting things done does not impel him to take his coat off and do them, so much as to contrive some way of accomplishing ends without working. The crudest, simplest way of doing that is to get rich enough to hire labor. Accordingly the Yankee does try to get rich, and does not try in vain. It is not that he loves money so much, and desires to possess it, as that he loves labor so little.

But to get rich is only an indirect way of beating the tyrant. The Yankee would rather abolish work than elude it. If he can get it done without human intervention at all, he likes that best; and if he cannot wholly eliminate human intervention, he wants to reduce it to its lowest possible limit. When he gets matters fixed so that the work is done with very little intermeddling, he is willing to sit by and supervise the process. He will pull a lever and turn a cock now and then without much complaint, if so be that he can ruminate and whittle between times. It is not that he is lazy. His name is a synonyme for energy and perseverance. But to make things work together for the automatic accomplishment of labor, and to sit by and see that they work right—that is the Yankee idea of the mission of man.

It is the right idea; perhaps even the highest idea that there is on the subject. Omnipotence, according to the reverent conception of some of the wisest philosophers, is not so much the ability to do all things, as to compel a spontaneous performance of allotted duties by all creation. So it may fairly be argued that it is not the Yankee's perversity but the divine spark in him that is at the bottom of his desire to make nature toil while he looks on. Of the propensity toward contemplation he has no monopoly. The seers of all times have shared that. It has peopled monasteries and convents, and enthusiastic Buddhists have been used these many centuries to give up all their time to it. But it is the distinction of the Yankee, admirably illustrated in the case of Lincoln, to combine the contemplative disposition with an acute sense of responsibility for the proper conduct of affairs. He insists upon having time to think, but he also insists

that the work shall go on while he is thinking. It would not suit him merely to sit under a bo-tree and concentrate his mind on his own corporeal centre, nor yet to vegetate in a monastery. That would seem to him an evasion of responsibility. What he does do is to build a machine that will do his work while he sits by and watches it.

A VERY remarkable exhibition was that lately held in a Boston studio, the result of Dr. Sargent's labors in measuring the bodies of over two thousand Harvard students. It consisted, besides his measurement-charts, of two nude clay figures; the one representing the average or "composite" of more than five thousand Harvard men at the age of twenty-one; the other the corresponding composite of the same number of girl students of divers colleges, measured at the same age. Here, indeed, in this show year, we have the fine flower of our three hundred years experiment at life in the Western Hemisphere reduced to a picture that he who runs may read.

But he will not run. Rather will he or she linger to examine if not admire. Still more she; for reluctant gallantry gives place to veracity, and one admits that the young man is the finer figure of the two. Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many *wheels*, the stunting, or the abnormal one-sided development, of the factory or of city life. The pose, of course, must be the sculptor's, but the measures show: height, five feet eight; weight, one hundred and thirty-eight (the equivalent of one hundred and forty-nine, as we clothe ourselves); chest, thirty-four, to thirty-seven inflated. Lung power is there and heart; strength enough to hold his own in life, and withal a certain refinement, a curious grace of mould, which our fathers would have called aristocratic and we would term, as even our age may permit us, finely bred. This one might look for in the type of student of our better colleges; but it is reassuring, where we need more assurance, to find that both in height and weight and strength as well, this statue far exceeds the average of any other nation, even England.

When we come to the woman, we must—*glissons un peu.* A prominent artist looked her over from a professional point of view and refused to accept the statue as the ultimate model. Of course, said her creator; for that you would in fairness select a figure on the eighty or ninety per cent. line, not this, which meets exactly fifty per cent. of them all, and is half way from the best to the worst; or, to put it more precisely, is only *the greatest good of the greatest number.* He then naïvely explained her inferiority to the boy on a ground one hardly dare whisper—namely, that women students in colleges came from a class not equal, socially or intellectually, to that which universally sends its boys. Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four) but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose. At this point one hurriedly resorts to figures: the height is five feet three, the weight one hundred and fourteen, the chest measurement but thirty, and the feet (the figure will be seen at Chicago) ten inches long.

Nevertheless, if the figures are not ideals, neither are they so realistic as to be repulsive. And here we again discover this truth: there is a certain ideality in the average. Take an average vast enough, broad enough to comprehend Nature, and you already approach an ideal. Left to herself, she works, strongly and steadily, for life; for all that is normal, sane, good; good in the true, not monkish way. And if these figures have not the last touch of perfection, beauty—which Goethe tells us only covered all creation on the first created day—if not Hebes nor Hermes, neither would they suit as studies for the modernest of immodest realism, or the working-models of Zola's "*L'Œuvre.*" Even *à la fin des fins de siècle*, this hope we gather from these plastic projections of our new world life; Nature still is weaving well the garment we see her by, and we are learning in this new land to follow her teaching more each day.

WHAT a strange and subtle charm we all find in the favorite books of our favorite

authors! There is Chapman's "Homer," for instance—one of the few translations which have the value of original work—made dearer to us and to those who come after us forever by a word of Keats. And John Florio's "Montaigne"—of all translations in the world, except the English Bible, perhaps, the greatest—immortal, if for no other reason than that it belonged to Shakespeare. I like to take that book down in the dead of night, when the turmoil of the day is done, and the noisy street is so still that a solitary footfall resounds in it; and I never turn the familiar pages of my late reprint without a feeling of peculiar reverence, as if Shakespeare's own copy, strayed or stolen from the British Museum, had fallen by some happy chance into my hands. These were the very words he read and pondered over in a quiet hour like this. Into what glorious English the wise thoughts of the French scholar and gentleman were turned for Shakespeare's reading! Here, surely, he caught a suggestion; there another. That line is like him—yet how unlike! To look up the scene of which it reminds us is only to marvel again at the originality of the master, who incorporated nothing, copied nothing. This book was no more to him than a source of inspiration.

But that it was, unquestionably. I have lingered long, to-night, over the two chapters on Life and Death, merely because of a conviction, growing at last into a certainty, that Shakespeare has been before me here on every page. This is prose, not verse; but its effect upon the mind is like that upon the ear of a distant echo in which we may distinguish the sound, though not the words. For example:

"Our religion hath had no surer humane foundation than the contempt of life. Discourse of reason doth not only call and summon us unto it. For why should we feare to lose a thing, which being lost, cannot be moaned? but also since we are threatened by so many kinds of death, there is no more inconvenience to feare them all, than to endure one: . . . Long life or short life is made all one by death. For long or short is not in things that are no more."

So speaks the essayist through the mouth of his translator. And in "Measure for Measure," when the *Duke* discourses to *Claudio* upon the same theme, he says:

> "Reason thus with life:—
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> (Servile to all the skyey influences,)
> That dost this habitation, where thou keepst,
> Hourly afflict: . . . What's yet in this,
> That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
> Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
> That makes these odds all even."

This is, perhaps, the most striking instance, but it is only one of many. The whole nineteenth chapter of the Florio is shot through and through with such suggestive sentences. And a little farther on in it occurs what seems to be the germ of that passage in "As You Like It" which every schoolboy knows by heart:

"And if the worst happen, the distribution and varietie of all the acts of my comedie is performed in one yeare. If you have observed the course of my four seasons; they containe the infancie, the youth, the viriltie and the old age of the world. He hath plaied his part."

It is as if the melancholy Jaques himself were speaking!

A high Shakespearean authority, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, *à propos* of a single word in North's "Plutarch," once called attention to the curious way in which facts of critical importance may lie unnoticed for centuries in well-known books which are easily accessible. The fact of Shakespeare's fondness for Montaigne is old as the ages, and this same parallel of mine may have been drawn many times already, for aught I know. But it does not follow that we have observed the full extent of his debt to the pedant and schoolmaster, John Florio, whom it pleased him to impale as *Holofernes* in "Love's Labor's Lost," years before the translation of Montaigne was published. Every man for himself in this world, so far as study goes; and, for the student, what new delights, what joys of discovery, may still lurk, undreamed of, in the book that once was Shakespeare's!

A CONTRIBUTOR to a contemporary magazine has been complaining that "society has put maternity out of fashion," but "considering the average society woman" she is not sorry, for she thinks no children

are more to be pitied than those who have the fortune to have "average society women" for their mothers. She goes on to demonstrate that "society women" turn the care of their young children over to nurses, at sixteen dollars a month, and that all nurses are cruel and neglectful of their duties.

It is not true that "society" has put maternity out of fashion, though it may be admitted that social activity is not conducive to the rearing of very large families. People who marry and have no children are unlucky, and usually so regard themselves, whether they are "society people" or not. It commonly happens, however, that if such people are poor their childlessness is assumed to be their misfortune, and if they are well-to-do and socially active it is imputed to them as a crime. As a matter of fact almost all women who are wives wish to be mothers also, though it is true that if they like to go about and associate more or less frivolously with their fellow-creatures, they are very liable to believe that the possession of three or four children makes them just as happy as if they had a dozen.

That the average "society" woman neglects her babies and lets them suffer for lack of maternal care, is something which Mrs. Barr may believe, but which does not tally with the experience of most observers. There are mothers and mothers. Some of them know something and some know less. Some are fribbles and some are shrews. Some live in the slums and get tipsy on stale beer and set the baby on the stove, or tie it in bed and leave it. Some live in luxury and spend their time flirting with other women's husbands, while their children fall to the care of nurses for better or worse. But bad women of that sort are not very common. The average American mother, in society or out, is a good mother. Often she lacks knowledge, but she seldom lacks zeal. She is not apt to get tipsy and set the baby on the stove; nor yet to neglect it, as Mrs. Barr suggests, for the sake of "gyrating in a ball-room, or posing at the opera and having a perfectly lovely time." Small children are in bed and asleep when balls and operas are doing.

There are sixteen available hours every day in which by good management a competent woman, who can command competent service, can do several things and make thorough jobs of them all. A "society woman" may spend eight hours daily in intimate association with her children, and still have eight hours in which to "gyrate and pose," to dine and to pay visits, and even at a pinch to take a hand in more than one good work. If the American mother has a fault it is that she obliterates herself for her children. If she does not rub herself entirely out of polite existence for her children's sake, it is so much the better for her and for them too. The woman who brings children into the world and doesn't manage to stay in it herself, only half does her duty. If she has health and knowledge and money enough she can do it all.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"FOR AWHILE NO ONE SAID A WORD."

—See *Beneath the Mask*, page 168.

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THE HOUSE ON THE HILL-TOP.

A TALE OF MODERN ETRURIA.

By Grace Ellery Channing.

GIULIA, bent over her machine, pulled the threads with flying fingers. Outside the sun beat straight down on the stone steps and the stones of the little court in which the steep road ended. "*Sole di Maggio,*" murmured the peasants going up and down the hill, in the same tone of warning with which they had said "*Sole d' Aprile*" a month before, and would say "*Sole di Jugnio*" a month later.

It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning, but Giulia had long ago eaten her wedge of black bread which Assunta cut from the huge loaf for all of them—'Tonio, Delia, Gemma, and herself—and ever since her fingers had flown without pausing. She had not stopped to look up when Gemma, coughing and shivering in the hot sunshine, passed her on her way to the *fabbrica;* nor, when 'Tonio, bent double with rheumatism, limped painfully down the hill. The little household worked always, but nowadays Giulia was the most industrious of them all, and had her frame drawn to the doorway to catch the light and busily clicking before even Delia sat down to the pile of straw which daily she converted into fans. Poor stupid Delia, who had had "fear of a dog" once in her youth, and fallen, and now was only good to be the household drudge and make fans all day long and every day. Her highest ambition was to make twenty fans daily; those large, round fans, which shut between two slender sticks, and have a rosette on either side. Sometimes she made only fifteen, but these were bad days.

Giulia wove the braided patterns for straw-hats, and Gemma at the factory made baskets, which the fine ladies who came up to Fiesole from Florence carried away on their arms. The father, 'Tonio, worked at carpentering, but he had been so long ill with rheumatism that he worked less, and never had there been so hard a winter, and never so little money as just now when there was such special need of it.

So Giulia's fingers flew, and she sat patiently all day at her frame. Delia no longer had to find fault with her waywardness, or scold her for running out into the bright sunshine the moment her back was turned, to jump about with Fuffi from sheer gayety. Fuffi disconsolately lay at her feet, or jumped by himself; for was she not about to "finish her thirteenth year," as they say in Tuscany, when they mean one will be fourteen years old—and was she not to take her First Communion in three weeks in the cathedral, together with eleven other girls and sixteen boys? Assuredly; and there was crying need of whole francs to be expended upon the dress and veil, without which she would never feel that she

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had properly been confirmed at all. For there are two indispensable, inexorable needs in a Tuscan maiden's life —a white gown and veil for the *prima communione* and a black gown for marriage. Everybody doesn't marry, but everybody—at least, if he be not an actual heathen—is confirmed at some time.

But when one has so much work to

'Tonio.

live, there is so little, little, to buy white gowns and veils with. The whole family had worked and planned willingly all winter that the *bambina* might not be disappointed, but the *bambina* herself must do her share.

Presently the mother came out, her black handkerchief with green strawberries stamped on it knotted, Tuscan fashion, about her plain, homely, energetic face, a clean blue apron tied about her waist, the faded purple skirt showing below and the dingy plaid waist above.

Assunta was in a hurry, as she always was ; a Tuscan hurry, which is quite a different thing from a New England hurry, and has in it a good deal of aimless hither-and-thither running, and rapid idling with one's neighbor, compensated by more hasty rushing afterward. She stopped a moment, however, on her way for the Signorina's cream and butter, to look at Giulia's braid, and caution Delia against cutting too much bread for lunch — Assunta herself never lunched. She patted Giulia's shoulder :

"Work, work always, *bambina*, and who knows——" She finished with a smile and a nod.

Pretty Giulia started up and threw her arms about her mother eagerly.

"Oh, Mamina! do you think I can have the ribbon?"

"Who knows, *chi lo sa?*" replied Assunta, with mingled doubt and hope. Oh, how much she had thought about that ribbon herself!

"*Chi lo sa?*" she said again, hopefully.

At that moment Tesita came by—Tesita, on her way to Piazza San Domenico with her blind and one-armed father, there to beg of all the strangers. Just so they went by every day of the year, Tesita a little more ragged and dirty each day, and every day in the year Assunta eyed them with the same disfavor. Every day also Tesita and Giulia looked at one another. Giulia had been forbidden to have anything to do with her former playmate since Beppe lost his sight at the burning of the car-factory and Tesita had become a street-beggar—a "*niente di buona*," Assunta said, with grieved indignation. She was sorry for the *povero*, yes ; but bring up a girl on the streets!—why didn't they teach her to weave straw instead? A girl who lives on the streets soon will not work, and when a girl will not work, what happens? "*Niente di buona*—no good." She knew very well, however, why they didn't teach her to make straw! He who begs makes three soldi, while he who works makes one! Assunta drew her lips together scornfully. Some people will do anything for money—yes, even sell their souls!

So Giulia and Tesita only eyed each

other in silence each day. To-day Giulia sat up straighter.

"Wait until she sees my white gown and veil!" she thought, her heart already swelling with pride.

Tesita wrinkled her small nose scornfully. As if everyone in all Fiesole had not known for weeks that Assunta's Giulia was to make her first communion!

"Huh!" thought Tesita in her sinful little soul, "she thinks she's very big because she's going to wear a veil! and work, work, work all day for it! My Babbo could give me two veils if it pleased him. She needn't be so proud; wasn't my Babbo a Sant' Apostolo only last Holy Thursday?" A cloud passed over her impudently gay small face as she said it. For had not the priest taken that very proud occasion, when he paid the five francs to each holy apostle, to look hard at her (though she made herself as small as never was, behind the apostle's robe), and to say that she was really quite too large to be always on the street, and Beppe should begin to think of sending her for holy instruction, and confirming her; it was ill for a *ragazza* to run the streets at her age. And Beppe, still under the influence of his apostolic dignity and the clean stockings and linen robe he had worn for the occasion—perhaps of the five francs too—had talked seriously of taking rosy, blue-eyed Annina with him in future. Tesita had had all the trouble in the world to change his mind; she had had to remind him how beautifully she talked to the strangers, and how cleverly she arranged him on his knees in piteous postures, for Festas, before Beppe had relented and decided to risk the Father's displeasure yet a little longer. Since then Tesita had grown adroit in whisking Beppe round a corner whenever a black gown came in sight; not a difficult task to escape the easy-going, rotund Father.

Still, the evil day loomed in the future, and darkened Tesita's horizon at moments—when she saw Giulia especially. To leave off begging meant work—work, abhorred of Tesita's very soul, as only a creature of her untrammelled life could abhor it. True, it rained half the year at Fiesole, and the other half it blistered beneath the sun; and in rain and sun alike the wind blew, either whirling white dust in clouds, or driving sleet down one's throat and through one's clothes; but never mind! how far preferable one's freedom even so. To sit on stone walls, to curl up on the pavements or in the dust itself, and listen to the cabmen and *contadini* swearing and talking volubly; to thrust out one's hand at the *Forestieri*, and rehearse one's plea: "*Signore, un poverino! Signorina,*

At that moment Tesita came by.

un povero vecchietto!" before lame Ghigo or armless Gigi could get in a word—these were simple pleasures, but sufficing. Giulia, with her veils and her white gowns and her straw-work and her industry, made the soul of Tesita sick! She grunted audibly as she led Beppe by, and Assunta watched her with that compression of the lips which means disapproval, and said, as usual: "*Niente di buona!*" as she hurried after the Signorina's cream.

The stones of the road almost fitted themselves automatically to Assunta's feet, she had trodden them so often. Twenty-three years! Ever since she and 'Tonio went to housekeeping in that house on the utmost peak of Fiesole; a peak which embraced in vision all Val d' Arno and its watching mountains, and which now and then an enterprising tourist climbed to, for the view, and boasted of for weeks after. Assunta did not boast, however many times she plodded up and down daily. It had good air, "*buon aria*," she was fond of saying, and a "*bella vista;*" for Italian eyes can no more help being conscious of beauty than other eyes of bread and meat before them. But nowadays Assunta concerned herself little with the view. As she hastened down the hill she was busy calculating—she had been calculating for months past.

"Say so many lire for the waist, so many more for the skirt; say three lire for the making (the *sarta* said four, but that might be cut down to three); a lire for buttons and the like; four lire. Then stockings, and boots, and the veil, also ribbon." The folds in her forehead deepened at each item. "Also the *fornaio* must be paid this week, he said, for his daughter too makes her communion."

Assunta sighed; but for all her sighing she did not slacken her steps or forget the Signorina's cream and butter. The milkman's wife poured out the first into a wee glass flask and wrapped the second in dewy grape-leaves.

"They are good and fresh?" inquired Assunta, with that jealousy she always exhibited in her Signorina's interest.

"*If* they are fresh!" exclaimed the *sposa*, with reassuring enthusiasm. "And how stands it at your house, Assunta?" she added, condescendingly.

"As always; thanks."

"'Tonio goes to work?"

"As he can."

"And the Gemma?"

"Also the Gemma."

"And the *bambina* makes her communion?" said the sympathetic *sposa*.

A smile of pride dawned on Assunta's face.

"Yes, Madame."

"Ah!" exclaimed the *sposa's* husband, heartily, "that will be a *bella ragazza* some day!"

"And a good one," added his wife, reprovingly. "And the gown and veil?"

Assunta's face fell. "At this hour," she admitted, reluctantly, "they do not find themselves."

"Ah!" said the *sposa*, sympathetically, "it has been a hard winter. Courage—they will be found."

"Let us hope so!" responded Assunta, fervently, appropriating the cream and butter, and departing with *so* many salutations, and "until we see each other again."

She continued down the hill, taking that winding Way which goes from where once loomed the mighty Etruscan citadel, past the gray walls of villas nodded over with pink roses, down to the city, and at every zigzag turn opens out to show you all Val d' Arno with Florence on its breast, lifting her towers and spires as thickly as the lilies she supplanted. It is a Way where one may see a ghost in every tree and pluck memories plenteously as the roses on the walls; but Assunta, Fiesolana born and bred, knew and cared nothing for that. What was it to her if the feet of all the Etruscan Lars, of all the legions of Hannibal and Cæsar, of eager Catiline's followers, of the entire riotous Florentine nobility had preceded hers over these roads? What should it be to her that once a slender Mantuan scholar, with bent brows beneath the hood, paced here as every day of her life she saw the Frati doing?—or that a gay idler with the Decameronian chaplet about his head had strayed hither? Truly,

nothing. She passed straight under the shadow of Lorenzo's villa and did not lift her eyes.

"Seven lire—it could scarce be less—and boots and stockings—to say nothing of the ribbon for the garland. *Dio* will that 'Tonio may keep about, and Gemma, it might yet be possible then. And who knows but the Signorina will have errands in the city."

Assunta's heart smote her a little even at the wish. They were the only things she had on her conscience toward the Signorina—those trips to town. She had never been rightly able to satisfy herself that when the Signorina despatched her in haste for something, she was quite fair to the Signorina to take her tramfare and walk the six miles to town and back. And the fact that the Signorina was none the wiser (for she found no fault, merely looked a little impatient and said "*Va bene!*" or some such phrase in her singular Italian) only half soothed her conscience. But, what would you?—when times are so hard, to let an honest soldo pass you was little less than wicked; and the Virgin knew she never took a centesimo from the Signorina in all the marketing, though the Signorina hardly glanced at the change if she had a pen in her hand—as she usually did. Still, it was with a shadow of compunction that she opened the gate of the villa and hurried upstairs.

The Signorina greeted her with the cordiality of one who has been impatiently waiting for breakfast a long time, and she poured the cream into her coffee and buttered her roll and began in a preoccupied way to eat it without her usual inquiries for the household on the hill; for the Signorina was anxious and troubled about many things.

She had been casting up her accounts—never a good thing to do before breakfast—and had decided that beggary was near at hand. Not being born to it—like Tesita—the prospect depressed her spirits. Editors, she concluded, were a worthless set, and literature a profitless profession. Any number of unpleasant facts stared her in the face. Decidedly she must give up the new summer hat and patronize second-best dressmakers—and the Signorina hated second-best things on principle as well as by instinct. The charming hem-stitched linen which the *ricamitrice* made for almost nothing must also be renounced—the Signorina looked disgustedly at the plain cloth on the table—and all like frivolous indulgences must be denied. She began to think, too, that she must make a rule of visiting the galleries on free days—a practice particularly abhorrent to the Signorina, whom Nature had

Assunta's heart smote her a little even at the wish.

so framed that she never felt a desire to look at a picture on Sundays but hungered and thirsted after them on Saturdays and Mondays. She was so troubled at all these things that she did not look up until Assunta had twice said "Signorina!" in an accent of reproach.

Assunta fell on her knees before it.—Page 144.

"The Signorina is very naughty (*molto cattiva*)," said Assunta the third time. "She slept again with her window open."

"I have told you fifty times, Assunta," responded the Signorina, listlessly, "that I can't sleep at all without."

"And therefore the Signorina is *pallidissima* this morning," went on Assunta, calmly. "And it is bad for the eyes."

The Signorina opened hers widely.

"Nonsense; when there isn't a ray of light—not so much as a firefly."

"And now the Signorina eats nothing. Eat, eat, Signorina, and fatten."

Thus adjured, as she was three times a day, the Signorina—nowise remarkable for pallor or emaciation among her pallid countrywomen, but who, since she came to Italy, had often been made to feel that she was created in the image of a tallow-candle—made an effort to swallow the other half of her roll.

"How is your husband to-day, Assunta?" she asked, with languid interest.

"Badly, badly, Signorina," answered Assunta, cheerfully, cutting bread. "Poverino!—when he goes to work he walks so." She dramatically doubled herself up and limped a few steps, then, straightening up, pushed the butter toward the Signorina, saying cheerily: "Eat, eat, Signorina *mia*."

"Goes to work?" echoed the Signorina, "but he has been in bed for weeks; how can he work?"

Assunta shrugged her shoulders.

"What would you? There were but two lire left remaining when we paid the *fornaio* Saturday, and the Signorina knows two lire is little for five persons."

"But there is always the straw-work?"

"Truly, yes (the Signorina is not eating)—there is the straw-work," assented Assunta. "Yesterday the Delia made twenty fans."

"Twenty fans! that must be a long day's work, Assunta?"

"From six to eight — every, *every*, EVERY minute, Signorina."

"Dear me!" thought the Signorina, "*I* should like to make twenty fans a day—and sell them! How much does she get for a fan, Assunta?"

"A centesimo, Signorina."

The Signorina, with a spoonful of coffee at her lips, dropped it.

"A centesimo!" she repeated.

"What misfortune!" ejaculated Assunta, hastily wiping up the coffee.

While she did so the unmathematical Signorina made a hasty calculation. A centesimo is the fifth of a cent; twenty centesimi are four cents; then if one works "every, *every*, EVERY minute" for fourteen hours one may live to make four cents a day. "And the fans sell for a franc and a half or two francs apiece; *worse than literature!*" concluded the Signorina grimly to herself.

"It is not much," said Assunta, serenely, "but what would you? The *fabbricante* makes all. The Giulia, however," she went on, encouragingly, "can now make from eight to ten arms of braid a day, and receives twenty-five centesimi for fourteen arms."

"And Gemma?" suggested the Signorina, faintly.

"The Gemma makes three francs a week at the *fabbrica*, but—*poverina!*—she is always ill. The Signorina has eaten nothing!"

The Signorina turned at the door of her room.

"And the gown for the first Communion, Assunta?" she asked.

Assunta clasped her hands.

"*Chi lo sa!*—it does not find itself—as yet."

"And the veil, the ribbon?"

Assunta's face faded still more.

"The veil—and the ribbon—also the boots—do not find themselves either, Signorina," she replied, despondently.

The Signorina looked at the downcast countenance.

"Never mind!" she said, encouragingly. "I daresay they will, and, by and by, could you go to the city for me?"

"Willingly, Signorina!" responded Assunta, with alacrity; and as she spoke her heart smote her.

It smote her again when she stood in the Piazza San Domenico with the Signorina's franc in her hand. It would cost her eighty centimes to go and return, and the Signorina was wont to bestow the remaining twenty on her. The sun was at white heat; there stood the tram on one side, and on the other the winding Way of Boccacio, three miles of it, between stone walls which gathered the heat and reflected it straight to the lime-dust of the road. She hesitated; beholding on the one hand her waiting Signorina, who could do no more work without paper, and on the other the metre and a half of ribbon which might be bought for eighty centimes.

"It is a sin to waste it and I will run every step of the way!" she thought, and set hastily off down the burning road.

"*Ecco*, Signorina!" she exclaimed, hours later, depositing a heavy package on the table before which the Signorina, in the thinnest of cool, white muslins, sat, feeling life a burden. She glanced at her messenger's purple face but said nothing.

"How it is cool and fresh here!" remarked Assunta, easily, "but in those trams, *Dio mio*, what a heat! Here are the twenty centesimi." The Signorina pushed them silently back.

"Thank you," she said, gently.

"*Dio mio!*" moaned Assunta to herself as she toiled up the hill, "*Dio mio! Dio mio!*" She said it all the way until she came in sight of the little house on the hill-top, and Giulia bending over the frame, her cheeks pale with the long, hot day's work.

Then Assunta's eyes brightened.

"*Guarda*, Giulia!" she exclaimed, joyously, holding up her franc, "the ribbon finds itself!"

Giulia, with a cry of delight, threw her arms about her; and the last sting of remorse vanished at that touch.

"I ran all the way," she said to herself, justifyingly.

"Gemma, oh, Gemma!" cried Giulia,

darting to greet her as she dragged up the steps, and dancing about her. "The ribbon finds itself!"

She stopped short, perceiving Tesita, hot and dirty from a day's lolling in the dust, but with many soldi in her —or rather Beppe's — pocket. Tesita heard.

"Huh!" she said to herself, contemptuously. "Now she's got her old ribbon!"

Not for anything in the world would Tesita have admitted to herself a pang of envy.

"Huh!" she said again, scornfully.

Assunta, smiling still with exultation and beginning to fan the fire for the *minestra*, paused to shake her head and murmur, as usual:

"*Niente di buona!*"

. . . . . .

"*Dio mio!*" Assunta said it often, in the intervening weeks, as the days dragged along, loaded with calamities.

"*Dio mio!*" She said it very often.

First 'Tonio took to his bed, doubled up with rheumatism so that it was no longer possible to sit up—much less work. And instead of ten francs a week —"and he has been known to make as much as fourteen," said Assunta, with sad pride — there was nothing at all. And then—as if there were no reason in anything—his stomach refused the good food, bread and *minestra*, such as he had eaten every day of his life, except such days as they had not been able to afford the *minestra*, when he ate the bread alone.

"Seven pounds and a half of bread and half a kilo of *minestra* every day," said Assunta, "and the bread a whole franc! The Signorina sees, what with a bit of *carbone* to cook the *minestra* and a drop of *petrolio* to work by nights, and the rent, it is not possible to live on much less than twelve francs, or even fourteen, a week."

The Signorina, grown expert in doing many little sums lately, computed rapidly: fourteen francs a week; one hundred and forty-five dollars a year; divide by five—twenty-nine dollars a year apiece; divide by twelve—two dollars and forty cents a month apiece. No, she did not find it unreasonable.

"But we must all work," said Assunta, "and if 'Tonio cannot eat he cannot work, and if he cannot eat good bread——!" she looked as if divided between compassion and impatience.

The Signorina was no longer surprised at anything—even 'Tonio's unreason.

"*Buon giorno*, Signorina; has she slept well?" always greeted her ears, in the same tone of unvarying, cheerful interest, each morning. Assunta might have a trouble or two at heart, but who was she that she should bring her clouds into the Signorina's atmosphere? It was not until the Signorina herself, in the pauses of her type-writing or her writing, looked up and asked specific questions, that she extracted such news as there was.

"Yes, 'Tonio had taken to his bed again," or "Gemma had again an abscess" (for people will even have afflictions that are not pretty or pleasing); but "*pazienza!* what would you?"

There was, in truth, a trouble at Assunta's heart. It was not the sickness —that she had known before. It was not the lacking *minestra* nor the bread falling short — these she had lived through before; but a First Communion can neither be given up nor postponed. It represented all the *festas* of a girl's lifetime in one, and its robe took the place of a society belle's hundred party-gowns. Gemma had taken her Communion three years before, and the *bambina*—what a misery it would be if she should miss it! The *bambina* was working day in and out, and Delia made her score of fans nearly every day; but what with the baker, and now a plaster for 'Tonio and another for Gemma, and no wages—it was a desperate outlook for the gown. Assunta shut her eyes to it and went ahead.

What she did and didn't do those weeks, no one but herself precisely knew. The Signorina grew accustomed to seeing her arrive breathlessly, with the butter and cream and an apology—she had had a bit to do, or an errand to run, and the Signorina would graciously "have patience." Or late in the evenings, when she had (presumably) been at home for hours, the Signorina strolling in the ilex-walks would hear

a cheery "Good-evening, Signorina! a pleasant walk!" and behold her late servitor up to her elbows in the stone washing-trough, or ironing for dear life on a table set in the shrine beneath the life-size Crucifixion.

Once in a while—but rarely—the Signorina let fall some commiserating word.

"What would you?" was the invariable reply, accompanied by a shrug; "I have never been less poor, Signorina."

But as the days passed, bringing nothing but more debt and less hope, Assunta clasped her hands and dropped more than one tear upon that ironing-table, while she fervently implored the saints and Madonna for aid. The Madonna herself ought to take an interest in it, for surely she couldn't want Giulia to march in her procession wearing things so shabby that they could only be characterized by ending them in a scornful "*accio*," "*scarpaccio*," and the like.

Whether the Madonna took this view of it or not, one day Assunta fairly flew upstairs and announced joyfully:

"Signorina! Signorina! the veil finds itself!"

The Signorina dropped her pen and clapped her hands.

"It is most beautiful—and a gift!" Assunta continued, ecstatically. "So large and also long and beautiful—beautiful, Signorina!"

It is true, if dark clouds have silver linings, silver clouds have dark ones as often; the next morning Gemma coughed blood. Assunta's voice broke as she told it, and she wrung her hands passionately for a moment. "*Dio mio!* if it should be—all her father's people went so! *Che passione!*"

The Signorina looked helplessly about her—

"But Giulia is well," she said, "and Delia is never ill."

A shadow crossed Assunta's face.

"No danger!" she said, briefly, with the only approach to bitterness the Signorina ever heard.

Poor, homely, stupid Delia! the only one of the three always well and robust. While pretty Gemma——

The Signorina tried again; she too had coughed blood, but I hardly think her physicians would have recognized her case from her description. She was very eloquent over it. When she had finished Assunta regarded her respectfully, as a miracle, and the Signorina felt a little like a miracle herself. According to her it was less than nothing, if it were not indeed a healthy symptom, to cough blood; all the long-lived people she was able to remember had coughed for many years. One could argue nothing from a trifle of that kind. Assunta was more than consoled.

"And the Signorina slept again with her window open!" she remarked, catching sight of it as she wiped away the last tear. "How naughty she is! And the veil, Signorina, you should see how it is beautiful!" she added, gayly from the threshold, as she went.

The Signorina leaned back in her chair, deeply conscious that she had been making an idiot of herself.

"*Cosa vuole*—what would you?" she said to herself in Assunta's extenuating phrase, a little palely.

She was so tired that she underwent a revulsion later, and was glad when Assunta brought in strawberries for her to look at, and she could survey them discontentedly and find them poor, and dear at the price.

Assunta agreed that they ought to be far finer for the Signorina, and suggested that it might be well for her to go in search of others at Fiesole—or even to the city.

Which brought the Signorina to her senses.

. . . . . .

"This is my *festa*, Assunta," said the Signorina, looking up from the pile of birthday letters and gifts on her table.

Assunta, with a copper water-jar in either hand, stopped short.

"Truly, Signorina! it is also mine!" she exclaimed. "And how many years has the Signorina?" she asked, with interest.

"Twenty-eight."

The copper jars went down to the floor.

"Truly! How well the Signorina carries them!"

The Signorina, who never before had realized her antiquity, felt actually abashed.

"And how many years have you, Assunta?" she asked.

"I finish forty, Signorina."

In her turn the Signorina stared; twelve years only between herself and the worn, wrinkled, thin-haired, almost toothless woman before her.

"Yes, Signorina," went on Assunta, tranquilly. "Forty years ago my mother put me in the world. I was born on the roadside, the Signorina remembers, and she carried me home in her apron, so!" gathering up her blue apron to illustrate. Then letting it fall again: "And the Signorina has twenty-eight years! Who would believe it?"

"I think I should like some very nice strawberries for my *festa*—if you can go to the city for me," said the Signorina, to change the subject.

"Signorina, I am here to obey you," replied Assunta, gravely, in spite of her inward emotion. A whole franc toward the boots!

And while she was hurrying down the hill and over the white road, the Signorina, in the midst of her pretty gifts and the pleasant mood they awakened, was experiencing an unwonted fit of benevolence.

"Poor Assunta!" she thought, "I should like to give her something for her *festa*—if I were not so poor;" and she fell to wondering what in all the world Assunta would best like to have. Not that edition of Shelley, surely, which had made her own eyes sparkle with delight, nor yet the dainty linen worked by dear hands; Assunta wanted nothing for herself.

"I know!" thought the Signorina, with conviction.

She went into her room and sitting down before her bureau, drew out one by one the fourteen gowns which were its contents.

"I will certainly do it," she said to herself, and after some pondering she selected the plainest and the oldest—a white cashmere—and spread it out on her lap.

The smile of satisfaction deepened on her lips.

"I should not wear it six times more—and even if I *do* miss it," she said to herself, generously, "I should be willing to make a sacrifice now and then. I will certainly do it."

Her heart grew light. "How pleased Assunta will be!" She was so pleased with herself for thinking of it, that she shut up the other thirteen gowns gayly and went in to dinner, still smiling. There is nothing so sweet, the sages tell us, as a self-approving conscience.

One good action begets another.

"Does Gemma like strawberries?" asked the Signorina, languidly, as she filled her saucer for the third time, while Assunta stood beaming near.

"*Chi lo sa?*" answered Assunta, tranquilly.

At this remarkable reply the Signorina raised her eyes in astonishment.

"She has never tasted them," explained Assunta. "They are so dear—the Signorina knows——"

"Never tasted them!" repeated the Signorina. "Do not you have fruit—all the fruit you want—in Tuscany?"

"Oh, there is plenty of fruit, Signorina," responded Assunta, cheeringly, "but for poor people it costs too much. Sometimes," she added, "we have tasted figs; yes, more than once in my life have I eaten them fresh" (the Signorina had an instant vision of them, purple and luscious, and sixteen for a soldo), "but dried — never; as for oranges and other fruits—the Signorina knows what they cost—I and my people have never tasted them. Are not the strawberries good, that the Signorina is leaving them?"

"Give them to Gemma," said the Signorina, with a gesture of loathing, walking away.

Presently she returned with something white in her arms, but no triumph in her expression.

"Assunta," she said, hesitatingly, "if you can use this for Giulia"—she laid it on the sofa.

Assunta fell on her knees before it.

"Don't!" said the Signorina, "don't!" and she fled.

"*Dio mio! Dio mio!*" murmured Assunta all the way up the hill, tears dropping through every smile, but not one upon the precious cashmere.

"Giulia, oh, Giulia! arrive below!" she shouted up the stairs, and then she opened her apron.

Oh, the rapture! Giulia laughed and cried for joy; Delia rejoiced un-

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

Twelve little brides of Heaven.—Page 147.

selfishly; Gemma, coughing painfully, came and looked wistfully—hers had not been so fine nearly, and this would have many, many tucks.

In their hearts all had begun to despair, but now that the dress had found itself the rest would surely follow. Giulia flew back to her frame, and her fingers flew also with fresh activity; from time to time she crept away to peep at the wonderful dress all wrapped away in paper, and then flew back again. Delia began a new fan, and Gemma—pale Gemma—took up the straw in her thin fingers and began to weave a little basket for the Signorina. Even 'Tonio, on the strength of the great rejoicing, crept back to work the next day; for he thought he might at least make enough for shoes for the bambina—and he did.

"If the Signorina can spare me," said Assunta, tremulous with pride, "Giulia is coming at half-past twenty-one o'clock to go to the city."

The Signorina looked up quickly. Could it be?

The smile trembling on Assunta's lips ran over and overflowed her furrowed face — one might say her soul smiled.

"*Si*, Signorina," she answered the look; "we go to buy the shoes, also the stockings, also"—her voice trembled with this culminating triumph—"the ribbon."

The Signorina clapped her hands.

"*Brava! Brava!*"

Assunta moved softly and ecstatically about, doing her work; but that her mind was full of its own bliss the Signorina, tripping steadily away and affecting to hear nothing, could tell.

"Beautiful little things! beautiful little things!" she could hear her sigh ecstatically, as she lifted the Signorina's thrice-patched number fours and surveyed them with lingering admiration—perhaps picturing a pair as fair on Giulia's feet. And she spent a most unusual care upon the toilet-table and all its knick-knacks, as if they had a suddenly acquired relation through the splendors about to be Giulia's.

She kept that bright-eyed and exultant little maiden waiting long after the hour, while she scrupulously fulfilled every service; for nothing was permitted to take precedence of the Signorina's comfort. At length, however, they departed, Assunta quite stiff with importance, Giulia openly dancing at her side. They walked, of course; for who would dream of spending twice eighty centimes on a tram?—and what were six miles—with the boots at their end! Giulia looked about her secretly at the Piazza—she would have liked Tesita to see her going to the city to shop, just like a signorina; but Tesita was not there.

The Signorina could scarcely wait for the next morning, but when it came she had her question out almost before she heard the door open.

"The boots—are they beautiful, Assunta? And the ribbon?"

"*If* they are beautiful, Signorina!—five lire they cost me in Florence! And the stockings, Signorina!—beautiful black ones for half a lira! As for the ribbon—two metres and a half—so wide, a franc and a half. Giulia is *pazza, pazza* with joy!—and the *sarta* finishes the dress at this hour—the Signorina will see if it is beautiful!"

"And Gemma—and 'Tonio?" asked the Signorina, smiling.

Alas! why had she asked!

Assunta found her voice in a moment.

"*Chi lo sa*, Signorina?" she said, sadly; "the Gemma stays in bed this morning."

"And 'Tonio?"

"'Tonio also stays in bed; the good and the bad come always together—it is necessary to have patience."

"Tesita also is ill," announced Assunta, later in the day. "She has the *tifo*."

"Ah! I hope she is not very ill," replied the Signorina.

"It would be better that she should die," said Assunta, with sorrowful sternness. "When a girl stays on the streets it is better that she dies; she will come to nothing good. There are persons who will do anything for money." Then, her indignation melting into a smile, she added:

"The Signorina will not forget that she has promised—to-morrow at eight she will be in the Duomo?"

"She will not forget, Assunta; she will be there."

. . . . . .

It had come at last, the great day; and, for a miracle of miracles, rain came not with it. Up on the hill-top they were stirring with the daylight, for how was it possible to sleep with those boots in plain sight and the knowledge of that gown in the drawer?

Giulia flew from room to room, but not more excitedly than her mother and Delia. The whole family convened to assist at the ceremony of dressing, and as article after article went on, Assunta, standing by, calculated the cost. That added immensely to the impressiveness.

First the beautiful black stockings: "Half a franc," murmured Assunta, breathlessly, as they were drawn on, slowly, without a jerk or a pull, lest they should tear. Then the boots—miles too large and quite shapeless, for who would be so incredibly reckless as to buy boots for five francs only large enough for a foot as it is, and take no thought for next year or the year after? They had patent leather tips, however, and Giulia could hardly stand up in them for pride. Then came the skirt, with many tucks and all the fulness in front, as Fiesolan dresses are wont to have it; and the waist, also tucked in every possible direction, lengthwise and breadthwise, to allow for the years of letting out and down; naturally, one could not hope to have a second gown like this.

"Three francs for the *sarta* and half a franc for the buttons," commented Assunta, as Delia fastened them; for Giulia's fingers were useless, they shook so.

Then the veil: a splendid square of curtain muslin, falling quite to the bottom of the short skirt and gathered full about the rosy face under the ribbon garland.

"Two metres and a half—a franc and a half it cost," murmured Assunta.

There was yet something lacking, the white cotton gloves Gemma had worn three years before. Immensely large they made Giulia's slender brown hands look, and the fingers were worn through, but still they were truly magnificent.

They all stood off and gazed.

At last!——

"Ten lire and a half I spent for it!" said Assunta, with a sigh of unutterable content. "How much it is beautiful—*Quanto è bella!*"

"*Quanto è bella!*" The Signorina said the same words an hour later, as she entered the dim and still Duomo from the morning sunlight, and the sixteen little boys and twelve little brides of Heaven carried up their flowers to the Madonna. Nearly all Fiesole was there, and not only priests and acolytes in due profusion, but a Bishop and an Archbishop in white and gold before the altar.

The little brides knelt on one side and the little boys on the other, and twenty-eight pairs of small hands in gloves rested on the chancel railing; while twenty-eight heads bent devoutly, with now and then a furtive side-glance at one's veil to be sure it was down, or at one's ribbons to be sure they were still there.

The Bishop prayed and the Archbishop exhorted; then the Archbishop prayed and the Bishop exhorted; and finally, after all the ceremony had been duly observed, the sixteen little boys went up two by two and knelt to receive the holy wafer. Then came the turn of the twelve little brides, and the prettiest of them all was Assunta's Giulia in the much-tucked dress, with the beautiful boots creaking as she went, and the long veil fluttering about the rosy face, sweetly serious for the moment and forgetful of all her finery, I really think. The huge cotton gloves were devoutly folded over a white prayer-book, lent for the occasion. And as they went:

> "Verbum caro, panem verum,
> Verbo carnem efficit,
> Fitque Sanguis Christi merum
> Et si sensus deficit:
> Ad firmandum cor sincerum
> Sola fides sufficit,"

rose the voices all about them.

Eight small brides had knelt and risen; now it was Giulia's turn. The Signorina leaned forward; two little

But nobody dreamed it was Tesita going by in such state.

figures knelt ; the Archbishop popped something into two rosy mouths, opened like a bird's to be fed ; then two little figures rose and the next two advanced. The great moment was over ; Giulia had taken her first communion, and——

"O Salutaris Hostia! qui cœli pandis ostia!"

sang the voices softly.

But all was not over ; not until each had received a silver crucifix (to wear until one's second communion, eight days later), a pictured saint's card, a medal with a pink ribbon which the Archbishop himself threw over the bent heads, and the mammas and sisters stealthily adjusted from behind ; and, last of all, a loaf of consecrated bread to take home for the *collazione* after the service. Then the Archbishop blessed the little flock, and everyone pressed forward to see the little boys and the brides, but especially the brides, because they were so much more fine to see ; and so, all whispering and admiring, the crowd poured from the Duomo, not forgetting to cross one's self with holy water at the font.

Giulia, escorted by a group of admiring friends, walked demurely, casting a glance to see if haply Tesita was witnessing her triumph ; but Tesita was not there. The Signorina, how-

ever, was there and stopped to admire everything—from the white gown and veil to the crucifix and medal. Then they started up the hill, the little bride blushing with pleasure and modesty, her hands demurely clasping the book and all her train following. As they went up on one side another little procession came down on the other—black-masked Brothers of Mercy carrying a small black bier. Everyone stepped aside to let them pass, and Giulia crossed herself twice, like a pious little maiden, once at the crucifix, once at the bier. But nobody dreamed it was Tesita going by in such state, until the next day, when rosy Annina appeared on the piazza with Beppe and lisped out, "*Signorine—poverino!*" in funny imitation of Tesita. It was, however, "*a providenza,*" Assunta declared then, "for it was certain she would have come to nothing good."

Far from any thought of Tesita, Giulia sped on up the steep hill till the little house came in sight; and there on the threshold, with such a face as the angels may wear, stood Assunta, watching the triumph of her child.

The little bride, finery and all, flew into her arms; oh, it had been so beautiful!

Assunta turned her beaming eyes upon the group. The Signorina had kept her promise. She had seen it all—the procession to the Madonna—the Archbishop—all; and it was beautiful, *non è vero?* Perhaps she had even seen the *bambina* take her communion, at the very moment itself.

The very precise moment, even to the opening and shutting of the rosy mouth; it had been most beautiful, and——

"Oh, Assunta, Assunta!" exclaimed the Signorina, taking the hard hand in hers, with sorrowful passion, "why were you not there?"

Assunta laughed, a little short, happy, shame-faced laugh.

"Oh, Signorina mia!" she said, deprecatingly; "in this gown and these boots! how was it possible? But it was truly beautiful, was it not?" she added, gleefully. "And the Signorina saw my *bambina;*" her eyes rested proudly on the small white figure holding court in the dingy room.

Never was such a day! To be sure, there was no collation—it had been manifestly impossible to compass that; but the neighbors came flocking all day long to admire and declare that within memory there had not been a prettier communicant — no, nor one that deserved better.

'Tonio sat proudly by, and Gemma, propped up among pillows, listened and shared unenviously in her little sister's triumph, while Delia ran about waiting on everybody. As for Assunta, she only stood and smiled and smiled. Never was such a day!

But the longest and the happiest day must end at last, and presently the white gown was taken off—oh, how carefully—and folded away against the festa of Corpus Domini, and the veil was also laid away, and the fine prayer-book sent home, while the beautiful boots were stood on the bureau where everyone could look at them.

Then the soft night of Tuscany came down—luminous and fragrant and alive with silence—and everybody slept.

Tesita, alone for the first time in her life in the *stanza mortuaria*, slept with wide-open eyes and the sound of slowly dripping water near by. And in the house on the hill-top, worn out with excitement, all slept. 'Tonio, forgetful of his rheumatism, and tired Delia, and even Gemma, ceasing to cough for a time, lay sleeping with the little red-stained handkerchief in her hot hand. In the other room Giulia, clasping the silver crucifix, dreamed that it was already Corpus Domini. But Assunta, a smile of fathomless content still on her thin lips, slept dreamlessly—the sleep of profound exhaustion.

Only the Signorina down in the villa could not sleep for thinking of many things.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

By Julian Ralph.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

EVERY intelligent man read with much interest the project of M. de Blowitz for manufacturing newspaper correspondents, and it is fair to presume that some were impressed by it. I do not agree with him—not even with his preliminary assumption that journalists can be made at all, except as (when the world shall advance to the point the Mormons aim at) we shall arrange for all sorts of human talent, as we now do for various points of excellence in horses and milch-cows. Professor Brainard G. Smith, of Cornell, knew that, even when he presided over the class or school of journalism at that university. He was criticised and ridiculed by a hasty and ignorant number of journalists, who supposed that he aimed to establish a factory for turning out newspaper men as sashes and blinds are produced. He never was nonsensical. He aimed only to teach composition, as the now lost art of letter writing was taught one hundred years ago, by precept and example. He offered to take those who thought they wanted to be newspaper men (I like that honest, modern word better than the word journalists), and to give them a chance to write articles as for a newspaper, while he talked to them about the work, supplied them with examples of what was best in the ways of reporting, and "edited" their "copy" as he had done on a daily newspaper in days gone by. The only question was whether such a department ought to be included in the plan of a college—or even in that of a technical school—since the fellows who have the gift would still have to begin at the bottom when they took up regular work, and would best learn the little that can be taught about newspaper writing when they were set to acquire the knowledge by such degrees as would regulate their ability to earn much or little at the business.

Newspaper men are born and not made. I do not mean that the art of contributing skill in modern newswriting or editorial work is any nearer to heavenly standards than the reader holds it to be, whatever his opinions are; but the phrase "heaven-born" expresses what it is. It cannot be taught or manufactured in a boy. There are persons in Northern New York who are hoarding the scraps of paper whereon my friend, Frederic Remington, scrawled the childish drawings by means of which he gave hint of what his life-work was to be, and it is such an essence as he possessed which must be in the journalist in childhood. The peculiar faculties of a blacksmith are in the prospective blacksmith in the same way—and others are in the future money-maker, the future architect, and the future horse doctor, if you please, as well. The man who is or is not a born newspaper man either can write entertainingly and with some sense of color and proportion about the things that are interesting or important—or he cannot. If he can, that ability must be developed and fashioned, not according to any so-called "tricks of the trade," however, for the artist or preacher or doctor or writer who follows only the cut-and-dried rules of his calling is a mere bush that does not flower. If he does not develop his own methods and "style," he will never amount to much beyond getting his living.

There are newspaper editors, as there are "art directors" and college professors, who think this is all humbug. They are like the old English fathers who put the first son in the army, the second one in the navy, and the third in the church. Such men do not recognize the quality called "genius," except where it is so pronounced as to be overmastering. The father of the elder

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"The mere reporter who always remains a reporter, with a department to cover or errands to run."

Charles Mathews distinguished his kind when he set out to follow his son and hiss him off the stage, but desisted on the first night because the boy made him laugh so that he could not hiss. Such are the stubborn folk who now and then pop up in newspaper offices, and establish business rules and talk of "discipline," who suspend and fine and lecture the writers who are under them. It does not do, and there lies a proof of the old-fashioned idea that talent is innate and not manufacturable. The self-effacement of a newspaper correspondent is not that of a soldier; it is that of a scout. These martinets can decimate their forces, they can weed out the talent and hold fast to the sticks, and they can crush down *esprit de corps* and greatly weaken a newspaper; that is all. Newspaper making is not a business, except in the publication office. It is not a business—as the word is meant to be used—in the editorial or reporters' rooms. The kind of brains that are powerful there would not fit a man to earn his salt in trade. Once, when I called on a millionaire for a piece of news, at seven o'clock every morning at his house, twice a day at his office, and at least once every night at his home, he said to me: "You newspaper men amaze me by your persistence and enterprise. I have made ten millions in the lumber business, but if I could have employed young men like the newspaper reporters, I would have made one hundred millions in half the time."

How can anyone hope to succeed while fettering with business rules such enthusiasm, perseverance, self-sacrifice, courage, ingenuity, wit, cheerfulness, and tact as go to make up the successful modern reporter of the first or second grades? The average worker for wages begins a fixed routine at a certain hour every day, performs it, and goes back to his home and his own pleasures in eight or ten hours; but this queer creation of the period, the newspaper man, penetrates the wilds of Athabasca in midwinter to find a white girl who is said to be in the custody of Indians; floats about in the bay or ocean for days to meet a steamship; sees himself locked and battened in an untried submarine boat, as Stephen Bonsal did not long ago, to be shot down to the bottom of the harbor in that perambulating coffin; or at a moment's notice goes to Hamburg, when it is the hot-bed of a cholera epidemic, to put up there and report what he sees. This singular creature can make no appointment with wife or friend, even a day in advance. He cannot predict where he will be living next year or next month. He is not surprised, on coming back from a wearisome journey at midnight, to find that he is ordered to start on another expedition in five hours. He does not deal with his own kind or any special sort of men, but with all kinds, under all circumstances; and having written an account of a week's stay aboard the most luxurious steam yacht of the period, he goes post-haste to witness a miners' riot in the mountains of North Carolina. All that is *a* business, if you please, but it is not what men call "business." A newspaper is a co-operative concern in all except an equal division of the earnings; and since a good half of the newspapers do not more than pay their way, it is good for the writers that the co-operative tendency stops where it does. The more thoroughly a newspaper manager relies upon the enthusiasm and pride of his men, the more considerable is his success. The office of the only newspaper I know well—*The Sun*—which most journalists regard as the most brilliant and most wide-awake product of their profession, is frequently likened to a club-house. No taint of caste poisons its atmosphere or forces its workers into cliques, and when its men have no work to do they play together, at cards, or chess, or gymnastics, or whatever.

No newspaper has gone so far in pressing the practical view of the character of newspaper enterprises as the *Evening Post*, which calls our newspapers speculative concerns that gather news to sell it at a profit. This is the business idea which, as I say, is correct, in so far as the publication office is concerned. Yet it cannot have been a mere clerk who gathered the data for that journal's biographies of the machine politicians of New York; nor was

"He goes post-haste to witness a miners' riot in the mountains of North Carolina."

it an accountant or salesman who commented upon these records in the editorial columns, for clerks do not perform that sort of work, nor do wages alone pay for them. The *Evening Post* is one of the very ablest and best newspapers in America, and its practical view of the profession of which it is a product must be regarded as one among the many eccentricities that give it distinction, even when they do not add to its worth.

It expressed the opinion to which I have referred in connection with the "hounding" of President Cleveland by reporters, and that reminded me that among the several Presidents who have honored me with their friendship or acquaintance, there was one—General Arthur—whom I was once sent to

"hound," though he and I called it reporting his fishing trip to the Thousand Islands. He told me his experiences from day to day, and at times ordered especially fine fish that he caught served to me and the other correspondents who ate at the next table

'The best Washington correspondents work upon a friendly basis with cabinet officers and senators."

to his, and I remember troubling him only once. On that occasion I had sent off my despatch and returned to the hotel at two o'clock in the morning, to find all the doors locked and all the lights, except those in the President's suite of rooms, gone out like the Israelites from Egypt. Captain R. F. Coffin, now part of a treasured memory, and Mr. Macdona, who is at present an assistant district attorney in this city, were with me, and we battered at a side door to wake the servants. In time the door was opened by the President of the United States. Knowing him only as a journalist must know all men, without too much awe of place or power, we yet were chagrined at having disturbed and brought to the door a President—and particularly one of so charming a personality as his—and we begged his pardon.

"Why, that's all right," he said; "you wouldn't have got in till morning if I had not come. No one is up in the house but me. I could have sent my colored boy, but he had fallen asleep and I hated to wake him."

What I have said of journalism is part of that which applies to the subject in hand: the special correspondent, or, as they call him in England, "the special." The mere reporter who always remains a reporter, with a department to cover or errands to run, may or may not be especially gifted. The special correspondent must be "to the manner born." He may or may not have creative ability. That is essential to the sketch-writer, whether he does his work on the editorial page or supplies the character sketches that make too little renown for the men who write beside the news-columns. But the special correspondent must have a great many other qualities of an uncommon kind, and in a remarkable degree. He must have such a temperament as to be new-born every morning, and to look on all that he is to write about with new eyes and fresh interest. He must have a made-to-order sort of a soul, that will suffer itself to be thrown into whatever he does as a boy's soul enters into what games he plays at college. He must have at once the broadest and the finest power of observation, and the vocabulary and facility that are the bases of expression and freedom with his pen. He must be as sanguine as a song-bird, and as strong and willing as a race-horse. Above all, he must love his work better than his comfort, his club, his home, or his friends, else he might some day pause and consider for what small reward and shadowy glory he is risking his neck or plunging into discomfort—a train of thoughts which can never come to a correspondent as it does to men of many another stamp who live for money, for comfort, or for social distinction. He must have a personality all vigor to keep on past every hindrance, and with much candor and sweetness to win and keep men's confidence, so that they will admit

him everywhere and talk to him unrestrainedly; but his personality must be of a kind that does not intrude itself too rigidly at many points, for, like an actor, he must be controlled by some other's character and appetite and likes —those of the Public. If he consults his own whims or feelings, or has stiff prejudices of his own, they must be very strong indeed—so strong as to subordinate both the public and his newspaper to his individuality. And then, in my opinion, he will be one of several forcible and eccentric writers whom we could all name, but he will not be the ideal or the typical special correspondent. Such a man will be apt to twist his facts to make them accord with his wishes, and in this case, if I employed him, I would send another and a genuine correspondent to make separate reports of the same matter, that my readers who liked the strong man's crochets could have them, while all the readers could get the news as well.

The special correspondent must be so constituted as to remain poor, and willingly, so long as he sticks to newspaper work. There have to be such men in a world that is as well ordered and complete as this—who write about what may make or ruin fortunes, and yet feel only a chronicler's interest in getting at the truth concerning them. I will not say what would happen if their palms itched, because they next to never do itch. Such is the peculiarity of their minds that, without the feeling of pariahs or the impulses of Bedouins, they consider nothing but their duty to the public. They want neither credit nor sympathy. It is their nature. In spite of the speculative character of a newspaper enterprise, it is to the public that the newspaper correspondent appeals one hundred times for every time that he is even asked to consider the whims or interests of the men who own the paper. If there are editors or owners who are not nearly equally disinterested in the collection and publication of the news, they are fools, and must be content with less than the fortune with which the public is certain to reward those who are.

There was once an idea that such men as the true "specials"—content to do superhuman and dangerous work for a salary and expenses—were apt to end in becoming a charge on their friends or the public, and were not to be wondered at if they were drunkards. A great many erratic, irresponsible geniuses and mock-geniuses, from the days of "The Spectator," in all likelihood, down to those of Pfaff's beer cellar, not long ago, were borne with and even encouraged under that notion. It was a wrong one. The special correspondent is trained to be a great expense to himself, because, when on duty away from home, he must live so as to acquire expensive tastes; but the day has gone by when either his employers or associates will put up with any form of unreliability or blameworthiness in his habits or his principles. The need of a barber and a bath, and the tenancy of an attic with a bottle in lieu of other furniture, are no longer recognized as the outward proof of even poetic ability.

"God bless you," said he, "I don't know him at all."

The correspondents of to-day must be and are welcome at the houses, clubs, and business places, of the men who lead in public affairs. They must be men of parts, and of good appearance

and behavior. This is the day when a woman has interviewed the Pope, and a reporter has been nominated for mayor of Brooklyn (failing in which effort he became the model postmaster of the country). Nothing about the profession is more remarkable than the change that has come over the relationship between the correspondent and the so-called "great man." While there are reporters who "hound" public men, there are also public men who badger the newspaper folk. The typical correspondents, on the other hand, call upon the officials upon terms of equality and get from them what they want —to publish or not to publish, as the two agree. The best Washington correspondents work upon a friendly basis

"Tell the reporters to go to the devil," said the exalted foreigner.

with cabinet officers and senators—all of them that they care to know—and are recognized as men pursuing an honorable calling. I once congratulated an English reporter, who told me he had reported Gladstone's speeches for nearly twenty years, upon knowing that statesman so well. "God bless you," said he, "I don't know him at all. I was once unable to escape from his car without passing him, when he came in unexpectedly, and a mutual friend introduced me to him. But I never presumed upon that, you know." Such a man and many others in England have wondered at the place the best American newspaper correspondents have managed to carve out for themselves by earning the confidence and friendly interest of public men over there.

Two things the critic of the modern newspaper man is very apt to overlook. One is that nine times in ten, when a man's affairs become of interest to the public, he is as anxious to see the newspaper man as the other is to see him. The other thing is that a shrewd man, who recognizes the place the press has taken and the power it has, will easily manage to make it serve him to some extent while he is serving it. It serves him gladly if what he wants is of value or of interest to the public. A noble personage was once asked by an American what he could say to the reporters at home about something that concerned them both, and which had been discussed in this country by means of the cable.

"Tell the reporters to go to the devil," said the exalted foreigner.

"Oh, but I can't," said the American. "Our American way is to help each other along. I like to read about other men in our papers, and I must contribute my share to the fund of news. I will have to tell them whatever will do no harm for the public to know."

That illustrates another element in the situation that is helpful to the modern correspondent, and if he did not take full advantage of it, what a poor workman he would be!

The element of danger sometimes plays a part in the adventures of a man whose life is spent in minding the business of others, on behalf of the rest of mankind; but a peculiarity and a charm of that life is in the fact that he can never tell when or where the danger will arise. I have found it the next thing to a certainty, that when the most unsafety is looked for the least is found,

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"I had myself called at five o'clock in the morning, and having a cab at hand, mounted the box with the negro driver and travelled about the city from end to end."

whereas, when none is expected it often springs to the foreground. Being sent into Southern Indiana to investigate the White Caps, not long ago, I anticipated great mischief from the low-lived cowards who are so numerous in that region, and who compose the meanest lot of human beings I ever saw; the meanest in morals, the poorest in substance, the most frequently diseased and deformed in body. They are a people run to seed by means of an exclusiveness that has limited a host of them to a few surnames, and that has shut out new population at the point of a gun; the gun being always fired at the back of its victim. There had been reason enough for going there in reports of many cowardly and brutal outrages, but the truth, as I found it, was that the state of affairs was ten times worse than it had been reported. The night

"I took a hearty luncheon and sat down at half-past one o'clock to write steadily for twelve hours."

riders were out in almost every village, masked and armed, and bent on whipping women as often as men. Every here and there the scenes of murders and outrages were pointed out. Even a little gully-road leading to the principal out-door religious meeting-place of one county, had been the scene of a fight wherein men in ambush shot others who were on their way home from church on a Sunday night. Just as I reached that region a rumor had gone forth that the Federal Government meant to send a Secret Service or Pinkerton man to spy out every leader in every outrage that had taken place. It was commonly agreed that I was that official. I did not know it at the time, but even the law-abiding folks in the towns along the Ohio River discredited my assertion that I was a newspaper man, and spread the belief that I was a detective. There was one especially bad nest of White Caps that it was necessary to go to in order to talk to the perpetrators of a long list of midnight outrages. I reached the place and found the leader—the terror of the country-side—loafing in a cross-roads store with a friend or two, and several others who held the middle course—quite popular in such a time and place—of being mortally afraid of, and excessively polite to, the White Caps.

The chief rapscallion, whom I wished to interview, seemed to me at the first glance to be seven feet high and as raw-boned and vicious-looking as a wolf. He tried to keep his back toward the open floor-space in the store. My visit was expected. All had gathered there when it was known that I had come to the town. I asked a few pointed questions of the storekeeper, and got some exceptionally dull answers. Then I inquired for the ringleader. No one pointed him out or answered me. All the men looked at the floor. I never was more certain that I was in for a lot of trouble. Having the man's description well in mind, I advanced and touched his arm lightly with my fingers. It was like touching a mould of jelly. He quivered all over. All my anxiety vanished at once. The man was a cur, and his fright was almost pitiable to witness.

"Colonel, I don't know nothin' about that scrape at ——'s," he said; "I kin prove I was ter hum all that night—

and all the other nights—and hain't had nothin' to do with no White Cap business"—all this before I had accused him of anything whatever.

He supposed himself in the toils of a detective of dime-novel calibre, from whom nothing could be hidden, and only capital punishment could be expected. He was by nature as harmless as a turtledove to any man in the daytime. It was at night, with his rawhide swung over a woman's naked back, that he played his dangerous part.

Soon afterward it was my turn to be frightened. The stories of White Cap outrages that were reeled off to me all day and every day were generally alike, and the bursting in of a cabin door, the dragging out of a cowering man or woman to be whipped, were the leading features of nearly every tale. I had gone to bed in a rickety hotel one night, with a head and a notebook full of such data. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the tramp of heavily shod feet and the grumble of hoarse voices. Then came a violent assault on a door, which presently gave way with a crash. I had not known how nervous I was, but now I believed that a band of White Cap Regulators had come for me and had burst in the wrong door in their haste. Fortunately, the partitions were thin and the succeeding sounds reassured me. Two travellers and the stable-boy of the tavern had forced a swollen door and the travellers were going to bed.

"And now," said I, advancing to the fellow who had his back against the door, "stand aside and end this folly—quick!"

That moment was almost as exciting as another when, like a fool, for no reason better than dare-deviltry could offer, I had paid a Welshman to take me down into a coal mine in which there had been an explosion of fire-damp accompanied by great loss of life. The superintendent had said it was as much as any man's life was worth to venture in there, because the machinery which was used to create a draft through the mine had not been running for a couple of days, and the place was likely to be newly filled with the gas that causes so much mischief

in coal mines. But, on the other hand, I had never been in a great mine, and I was younger than I have ever been since. My Welshman startled me by carrying a naked lamp, but he said he could get no other without "the company" finding out about his project. Deep down and far along in the black and dripping main roadway or tunnel, through that buried and deserted honeycomb of rocks, my Welshman began to act like an idiot or a madman. He had greatly interested me by telling of his long acquaintance with the "Brown People" (brownies) who live in mines, and who are only seen, skipping about or sitting cross-legged in the crannies, on the eve of a terrible accident. One had attracted his attention and smiled and beckoned to him on the day of the explosion, but there was not time to escape. The explosion followed close upon the warning. Thus we came to talk of the terrible fire-damp, and, to my astonishment, the Welshman, in order to show me where it lurked, began poking the naked flame of his lamp up into the black crannies over our heads, crying eagerly: "It do be in sooch places like this and in sooch a place as this." Perhaps there was little danger. When I got the lamp out of the idiot's hands he said he "didn't know; mebbe she might blow up again."

"I do both," said I; "I take a cigar when I want one, and I give cigars to others when they want them."

On the other hand, danger comes where one does not seek or expect it. Once, when I was investigating the horrible and (even yet) mysterious murder of a young girl in a New Jersey village, I was taken for the murderer by her relatives—whom I could not blame, for they were ignorant, wrought up to an ugly pitch, and suspicious of every stranger who came upon the scene. The girl had been buxom and pretty, and it must have been a stranger who slew her, they thought, for none who knew her could find it in their hearts or in her nature to attempt to wrong her. In the course of a search of the neighborhood I visited the home of the afflicted family more than once, and on the last occasion

was invited in to see the body. As I could not judge what manner of girl she had been without seeing her, I went in. Her three grown-up brothers were there, and as I stood beside the coffin one returned to the door of the room, closed it, and put his back against it. The others then attempted to carry out a project they had cherished but concealed, which was to have me touch the body in order that they might see whether blood flowed from the wounds, according to an old superstition which holds that such dumb mouths will accuse a murderer. At the moment I would not have done as they wished for a fortune.

"Put your hand on her," said one.

"I will not."

"Touch her with your hand. You must, I tell you," said another.

"You cannot get away. Touch her."

They were terribly in earnest.

"I will do nothing of the sort," I said, and then I made a very short but very earnest speech, in which I explained who I was and how easily they could satisfy themselves about me. "And now," said I, advancing to the fellow who had his back against the door, "stand aside and end this folly—quick!"

He obeyed, and in an instant the air of out-doors tasted almost as sweet as anything that I ever drew down my throat. But danger, except of harm by accident, is not a thing to lift into prominence as a spice of the life of a correspondent. The town loafers who drink excessively and frequent bar-rooms, can discount almost anyone else in the extent of the dangers they face. The typical correspondent offsets many of the risks that he runs by being diplomatic, naturally and by training, and if he is not too young he has learned the old rule that discretion is the better part of valor. In the West, as they are fond of saying out there, "only the bad men get killed," and in one large Western city I was told that a ruffian who murders another is not too sharply pursued if he tries to get away, because to hang or imprison him is to rid the world of only one scapegrace, whereas, if he keeps his freedom he will either kill more scoundrels or be killed himself. The only time I ever had a pistol aimed at me with murderous intent was during a dinner on a ship in New York harbor, in the course of a simple job at reporting, and that was because I did not sing a Southern war ballad at a drunken man's command, eleven years after the close of the Civil War.

I have been asked to write upon this subject of the newspaper correspondent, and to illustrate what I write with my own experiences. It will be an easier task—and pleasanter for the reader—if it is understood that, while describing the qualities of the perfect and typical man of this sort, I am not thinking of myself. As a correspondent I have only been what I have been. What I would like to have been is the kind of man who is here described.

If I have done anything uncommon in newspaper work, it has been in the way of reporting the main stem of important events completely, and at great lengths, unaided and alone. It is said that in New York, at least, I have been peculiar in possessing the—physique is perhaps the greatest requisite—to carry out tasks of the sort, necessitating the nearest approach to an imitation of ubiquitousness, and resulting in from seven to ten columns of solid writing for the next day's paper. Some curiosity as to how this is done has been manifested by others in the profession, and I have been asked to explain it, but it seems to me there is little to tell. Take the last inauguration of a President for an illustration. I had myself called at five o'clock in the morning, and having a cab at hand, mounted the box with the negro driver and travelled about the city from end to end and side to side. I did this to see the people get up and the trains roll in and the soldiers turn out—to catch the Capital robing like a bride for her wedding. After a breakfast, eaten calmly, I made another tour of the town and then began to approach the subject more closely, calling at the White House, mingling with the crowds in the principal hotels, moving between the Senate and the House of Representatives, to report the hurly-burly of the closing moments of a dying administration. I saw the old and the new President, and then wit-

nessed the inauguration ceremonies and the parade. Then, having seen the new family in place in the White House, I took a hearty luncheon and sat down at half-past one o'clock to write steadily for twelve hours, with plenty of pencils and pads and messenger boys at hand, and with my note-book supplemented by clippings from all the afternoon papers (covering details to which I might or might not wish to refer). Cigars, a sandwich or two at supper-time, and a stout horn of brandy late at night were my other equipments.

That is hard work, but it is as nothing, in that respect, when compared with the task of reporting a national convention in the same way. One needs only to *see* an inauguration; in a national convention one must *know*. The leading men, their records, motives, and plottings, must be known. If one such man is absent from the convention hall, it must be known where he is and what he is doing. There is nothing in all the business that compares with a national convention for trying the body and mind of a man who essays to master and report it; that is, if he works for a newspaper which wants the truth, regardless of its predictions or policy. In the course of it there comes a task beside which the rest of it has been trifling. That is, the "covering" of a night session when the balloting is in progress.

Then the reporter of the main story selects the ablest man on his staff and asks him to stand beside him and whisper everything that he sees. The reporter is seeing for himself, but must write as well, and so may miss a word or a tableau. He is writing as for his life. He has a man to keep sharpening his pencils and to hand his copy to the telegraph boys, who are throwing themselves at him and away from him like balls out of cannon. Sometimes he is allowed to finish twenty words on a sheet, but more often the pages are torn from under his pencil with only eight or ten words on each one. His desk is a board; men are clambering over him, the place is in a tumult. But all that and the strain conduce to good work. The strain! He knows that the hungry maw of the printing-press in New York is wide-open, that the wires are loaded, that his matter is being seized and flung into extra editions, and that all around him are men as able as himself, doing the same work, and determined to excel him at it if they can. The fevered pencil flies, every nerve is strained, every brain-cell is clear. Comment, description, reminiscence, dialogue, and explanation, flow upon the impatient sheets in short paragraphs, like slivers of crystal. There is no turning back, no chance for correction or rearrangement, no possibility of changing a word that has been written. Yet there must be no mistakes, no confusion or complexity. For two or three hours, perhaps even longer, this race is kept up. That is the hardest task that falls to the lot of a "special," and it is the most intoxicating. Whoever does it is glad that he has lived to drink so deep a draught of that matchless elixir, which keeps us all young till we die—excitement.

To "beat" his fellows is still the chief aim and glory of every man who writes on the newspages, but the "beat" (as an exclusive piece of news is called) is growing to be more and more a product of intimate acquaintance with public men, and less and less a result of agility of mind and body. The great press associations now scatter the news of important happenings indiscriminately, and special correspondents do very little racing with locomotives and tugs, and still less telegraphing of the Bible — a favorite trick of a bygone day, accomplished by instructing a telegraph operator to send off your "copy" and then supplement it with the book of Job or Revelations, so as to busy the wire until it was too late for any other correspondent to send in his news. The last time I tried that my competitor rowed across Haverstraw Bay in a storm, and, from another point, sent in a story as complete as my own. The old-fashioned competitions now occur in lonely country regions, where the facilities for telegraphing are so meagre as to tempt a man to try to control them. I remember a delightful half-hour when a *Tribune* man tried to reach a country wire first in order to shut me out. We had to

run three miles over a plain that was one great glare of ice. He was the faster runner and appeared to have everything his own way, but suddenly he slipped and rolled down the side of a gully to fetch up at the bottom badly hurt. The tearing of his clothes and peeling of his face did not bother him, but his ankle was sprained and he could not walk without help.

"I give up," said he. "Will you help me to the village?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Is the wire mine?"

"Of course," said he; "I'm done." But I gave him his turn at it. The matter did not warrant shutting him out.

Constituted as I am, the comic side of my own experiences has always interested me greatly and filled a large place in my memory. Of one long ride in the wilderness beside Lake Superior, for instance, I recall, first, the splendid beauties of the woods and, next, the comic habit of my French-Canadian guide in always speaking of the Indians of the neighborhood as "dose tobacco-sign people." Of another trip, undertaken in order to describe the hunting of big game, I remember with most pleasure the manner in which my fare was changed after I had eaten fried bacon until, as Mr. Remington, who was with me, once expressed it, "it will be found sticking to our ribs when the last trump is blown." Mornings, noons, and nights we soiled the very forest with the eternal frying of pork, while we waited for the crust of snow to soften so that we could hunt without crashing about with the noise of wounded elephants. After nearly a week of this cloying experience, one of our half-breeds improvised a fishing-rod, attached a line and hook to it, and said with a rare breach of semi-Indian reticence, "Be a good job if I catch some fish." He went an eighth of a mile in a direction in which none of us had moved, and there I, following him, found a beautiful, snow-blanketed lake stocked with a primeval abundance of trout. I laughed then, and have laughed ever since at the thought, when it occurred to me that we might never have known there was a change of diet within one hundred miles, if we had not eaten pork till it turned the cast-iron stomach of that half-breed.

One of my journeys was through Cuba from end to end, and as I was commissioned only to describe the scenery and hotels for the edification of tourists, and was to do it in a hurry, I was disinclined to waste any time upon a study of the Spanish tongue. The first man I met who spoke English was a patriot tobacconist, who loved my country and wanted Cuba joined to it. "Write down in Spanish," said I, "a sufficient number of handy phrases to carry me through the island." On a piece of brittle, brown straw paper he wrote the Spanish equivalents of about twenty words and sentences, and with that in my pocket I journeyed through the island with only one mishap. As I remember them, the things he wrote down were: "How much? I want breakfast—dinner—supper; wine; I want to go to ——; hurry up; no hurry; yes, please—no, thank you; I do not speak Spanish; I do not understand; can I have a room here? I want pen, ink, and paper; I am an American; How far is it to ——? All right." That prince in Scheherezade's tale did not get about much more easily or pleasantly on his magic carpet than did I with my square of wrapping paper; but, on one day, the unforeseen happened and I needed all the Spanish that I had not got.

I had taken a cab from Matanzas to the Yumuri Valley, and on the way—outside the city, in a deserted neighborhood—the driver stopped his horse. I got out and said "Hurry up." The driver shook his head, waved his hands, and appeared to swear terribly. I consulted my brown paper lexicon and said "no hurry," and retreated into the cab and away from the frightful heat of the sun. The driver descended from his box and came to the cab door, in front of which he delivered an oration which, for earnestness, eloquence, and the other qualities that move men can seldom have been equalled. I said "I do not understand." He sat down upon a rock and looked at me with mute helplessness—the picture of abandonment to despair. After a time I said

again "Hurry up." Then he arose and once more relieved himself in a torrent of burning Spanish. I shrugged my shoulders. He went on. He appealed to me, pleading with his hands outstretched. I pulled out my brown paper and consulted it. I decided to tell him that I wanted the next meal in the order of the day, though I had but just eaten. His fiery speech continued, so I said "Hurry up," and then appeared to relent and remarked, "No hurry," adding that I was an American, that I did not speak Spanish, that I did not understand, that I wanted to go to the valley, and how far was it. I utilized nearly everything that was on my paper and that could assist me in seeming to converse with him. At last he wrung his hands, addressed himself to Heaven, mounted his box, and drove ahead. I hope he has repented of his profanity (if he was profane), so that we may meet in Heaven, where there will be no Spanish. Then I shall find out what it was that he wanted to tell me.

Great stress has been laid upon the value of the truth in the reports of a correspondent, yet there are times when the whole truth would jar upon the general tone or subject of a piece of work. One may not dwell upon the appearance of a new mode of hairdressing in describing a funeral, or upon the high stakes that obtain in army poker when the address of a general to the West Point cadets is the subject in hand. I was reporting Virginia politics once, during an exciting campaign, and was—in the course of the work—in a characteristically beautiful part of the Blue Ridge region. Night fell, and with it, rain. The Democratic candidate and a score of his friends, of whom I was one, repaired to a little railway station which rose out of a great plaza of liquid mud, like a lighthouse in a harbor. The great ten-acre sea of liquid mud was dimly streaked by the faint reflections of the yellow lights of the houses that stood around it. At first I could see little else than the mud and the lights, but presently I noticed a queer, floundering, wallowing, black object out in the heart of the open square. It was as if it might have been a grampus that had dropped from the clouds. It flopped about and rose and tumbled and rolled like a stranded fish of at least that size. I called the attention of my distinguished friend to it, and we splashed out to where it was. And there we found a little knot of men bending over and looking at the same thing, which was nothing less than a couple of citizens closely wrapped in one another's arms, and fighting in the mud—one under and the other on top. The rain pelted them and the mud flew as they fought and struggled, and their feet and arms were flung about. One was a distinguished Democratic leader and the other was a pillar of the Republican party. I suggested that it was a pity that they should fight, and that someone ought to interfere and bid them behave themselves. My friend then called out his name and added that he would like to know what it was all about.

"Well, sir," said the man who was on top, resting his fists while he spoke; "my name is Hazel, of Hazel Court House, Hazel County, Virginia, sir, and I am a Democrat. This man said that he agreed with everything that the Republican candidate for governor has said, and among other statements which that candidate has made are some which reflect upon a Virginian's honor, sir. These and all the other things, sir, this man has repeated and says he will stand by. That is why I'm a-licking him."

At that point there was a muddy convulsion, a splash, a twist—and the Republican was on top. Landing a neat and effective blow on the now silenced mouth of his antagonist, the man on top paused for breath, and then spoke:

"Sir," said he, "my name is Wisely, of Wiselyville, Wisely Township, and there never was a Wisely yet that wouldn't stand by his words, sir, if he died for it. And" (here he punctuated his remarks with a dig in the Democrat's ribs) "there never was a Wisely yet that was licked by a Hazel, so you can make up your mind I'll never take back what I say."

"Mr. Ralph," said my friend, "this is, as you see, a fair fight, and in this part of the country we never interfere

in such a case, but let the best man win."

We waded back to the railway station and from that point watched the battle, in which, once again, the antagonists took the form of a submarine monster in its dying throes.

Audacious attempts to bribe a correspondent are seldom made, I think. As burglars learn the plan and contents of a house before they break into it, so the bribers, as a rule, find out the character and reputation of a man before they ask him to consider the alleged speculative character of newspaper work as applicable to himself. It is seldom that a correspondent knows the interest he excites in their minds if he is an honest man, and such a bold and direct attempt as I was once the subject of must seldom occur. It was a New York assemblyman who sought to impress me with that practical, business-like aspect which journalism wears in the view of others than myself. He did it because he liked me, he said. I was an Albany correspondent and the time was the year 1885. A corps composed of such men as George F. Spinney, Edgar L. Murlin, Hugh Hastings, and Thomas Alvord, jr., were then co-operating to expose the lobby and to defeat crooked legislation. The amount of money that the correspondents saved to the city and the State by their vigilance and shrewdness was so great, that once when they ran over the principal bills that they had caused to be defeated or abandoned, the sum total of the moneys thus saved astonished even themselves. Evidently their success greatly annoyed the thieves (if I may so characterize the men who take a practical view of legislation as the "business" of getting the right to make laws and then selling them at a profit), and one of them made bold to discuss with me the question whether the course of correspondents was wise from a worldly point of view.

He began by offering me a cigar, and then putting this question:

"Which would you rather do, take cigars from men or have cigars to give to others?"

"I do both," said I; "I take a cigar when I want one, and I give cigars to others when they want them."

"Well, which would you prefer, to take a carriage ride or own your own carriage? Very well, then, why don't you own your carriage, buy cigars by the box, and live as well as any man in Albany, with money to spare?"

"I wish I could," said I.

"Very well, then; I like you and I can do you a service. Now, there's so-and-so's bill affecting the price of gas. You are favoring it and making a fuss about the efforts of the lobby to kill it, and all that sort of thing. Stop that. Either change your tone or drop the whole matter and say nothing, and I will get you fifteen hundred dollars to-morrow morning—the price that is paid to all who help to defeat the bill. That is only a drop in the bucket to the money I can get for you as the session wears along. I will put you in the way to own a carriage and live as a man of your ability ought to live. What do you say?"

I thanked him and said, in few words, that I preferred to buy cigars one at a time for many years to come rather than drown myself at once, as I certainly would have to do after taking the money; "because," I said, "I couldn't live to let an infernal rascal like you point me out as one of your kind."

"Oh, well," said he, as little ruffled as if I had paid him an empty compliment; "every man to his liking. Go ahead and be poor, as you please."

That man, whom many who were then in Albany are able to place (for I told the story to many), was generally known for what he was. Yet he was of so much finer fibre than the rest of the raiders, and possessed so many good qualities, that he deceived most of his constituents and made others, who were not deceived, sorry for him and as lenient as possible toward him. He had one more talk with me, and it was more astonishing than the first. He called me into a cloak-room and told me that I was right in calling him a rascal. He said he had been one, and a thorough-paced one, for a long time. He had been well born and well raised, and (I think he said) he had been educated for the ministry. But when he fell in love and married and contemplated the likelihood that his wife would remain poor and be obliged to toil and to deny

herself comforts, it was a state of things he could not face. He loved her too dearly—so he said. He thereupon resolved to earn any and every dollar that offered itself, legitimately or illegitimately, and he had done so. At this point in his story he paused, and when next he spoke, it was in a different key. He said that his life had been a hell ever since he had pursued the course he planned. He acknowledged that he felt a degree of shame, and suffered an amount of torment horrible to endure. He said that at times he had even been afraid to sleep alone, and often had called upon a young son to stay with him when his wife was away. Once more, after a pause, he changed his tone —this time to say that, notwithstanding all that he had told me, he would do precisely the same thing if he had his life to live over again, because he so loved his wife, and because his dishonesty had enabled him to save her from toil and self-denial.

My two interviews with this man are among the most extraordinary incidents of my experience as a correspondent—as the man was himself one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. Certainly, I do not believe that any other thief in the Albany Legislature ever spent a wakeful night or a moment of unhappiness on account of his stealing —except when the market quotations for votes were lower than usual.

A SIN-OFFERING.

By W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

I HAVE hewn and builded my altar
And set it in sight of men,
And now is my hand to falter,
Must the battle be fought again?

From the height that I scarce ascended
Have I fallen to fresh offence?
How illy the rents were mended,
In my garment of penitence.

In the ashes of old transgression
Still lingers a last, dull fire,
And the shadows of past possession
Take shape to my vain desire.

The heart that I strove to harden
Is as water that runs away;
The wind in my close-kept garden
Has scattered strange seed to-day—

A trifle of purple heather,
The lilt of a minstrel's rhyme,
A day that was like June weather
In June of the olden time.

And I turn away unforgiven,
Unwilling to pay the price;
My soul, though by sharp swords riven,
Still shrinks from the sacrifice

Then take what my will denieth,
O Thou to whom all is due,
That the soul, which in sin now dieth,
May be born into life anew.

Take all, lest again uplifted,
My heart from Thee turn away,
And I, like as fine wheat sifted,
Find no longer of words to pray.

BENEATH THE MASK.

By Howard Pyle.

With Illustration (frontispiece) by the Author.

I.

MR. STEVE CARROLL used to be known as one of the best-dressed men in New York. He was a professional gambler. He usually haunted the purlieus of the Waldemer, and on a pleasant morning, especially in the spring, you would sometimes see him standing in front of the portico where the great swinging doors swept noiselessly back and forth with the ceaselessly intermittent coming and going of men. There he would pose by the hour, one leg crossed before the other, half-leaning upon the cane which he used for a prop, the light overcoat thrown back so as to show the satin lining, and usually a carnation *boutonnière* burning in the lapel of his Prince Albert coat. He had a fine, sensitive, sallow face, clean shaved except for a small mustache, so perfectly black as to more than suggest dye, as did his smooth, well-brushed, well-trimmed hair. He looked keenly out from under his down-tilted hat brim with a pair of sharp and black, rather beady eyes, at the stream of life that came and went along the flag-paved sidewalk. Altogether there was in him the perfect type of the aimless, homeless, restless, demi-monde life to which he belonged—calm, unruffled, self-composed.

All this was Steve Carroll, as he appeared from without. What struggles and hopes and ambitions and desires moved him from within no man but himself knew, for he did not often confide his thoughts to other men. He did occasionally, it is true, retail scraps of his life to those with whom he was intimate, but those scraps were almost always in mere fragments. "You see," he would say, "the world owed me a living; and as it did not give me what it owed me, I took it from the world as I could get it;" and there was a plausibility about the statement that seemed, somehow, to excuse the wickedness of his existence. "I started out to be a lawyer," he would say again, "but I did not get along well. I had a little money in those days, but I got in with a wild set and they pretty well cleaned me out. So it seemed to me that if I was going to play cards at all with the like of them, I'd better do it systematically." Then, perhaps, he would tell how he had spent two or three months in his law-office doing nothing but shuffling and dealing cards, and then, maybe, he would show tricks of expert manipulation that were almost miraculous. No one had ever seen him use such arts, but he did not often lose at cards.

So Steve Carroll had for a long time been pretty well known to a certain set in New York.

But it was the game of poker, played in General Lucey's rooms, at the Waldemer, that made him really famous. The victim was a young fellow named Wetmore, whose father, lately deceased, had been the president of a rich watch plant in Connecticut, and the money that changed hands was a larger amount than, perhaps, any lost or gained at cards outside the walls of the Cosmopolitan Club.

The General Lucey, in whose rooms the game was played, was an ex-Confederate soldier. He had a fine, florid face, and white mustache that lent him a certain ex-military air. He was spoken of as having been a brave soldier during the war; he was in these latter days the husband of a very beautiful and notable actress whose stage name was Violet Ellsworth. As to the game of poker, it was afterward said, and with truth, that General Lucey and Steve Carroll had arranged the plucking of Mr. Wetmore between them, and that they afterward shared the spoils.

The game was played upon a Thursday evening, and there were altogether four in the party besides Carroll and General Lucey—Wetmore (who was a young, callow-looking lad, the very picture of a pigeon); Mr. Walker-Hamley, the notable polo-player; Hamilton Stark, and John Rodman, of Rodman & White, of Wall Street. It was still rather early in the night when that famous hand was dealt—that hand that afterward made so much talk and gossip. Only Carroll, General Lucey, and Wetmore were in it. The others sat looking on, and excepting for the voices and the sharp ticking of the clock on the mantel, the room for a time seemed filled with a muffled silence. The faces of all were very serious, and the poor lad — the pigeon — was as pale as death. He held a more than strong hand—a hand that ordinarily was almost certain to win; but in spite of its strength he was frightened, and would have called the others again and again, could he have done so. But he could not—neither could he afford to lose the hand he held.

At last the cards were called, and then Carroll delivered his *coup-de-grace*, laying down his cards with a dexterous sweep. "I never happened to have that hand but twice before," said he, calmly, as he scratched a match beneath the table, and lit his cigar, which had gone out.

Wetmore did not say a word; he leaned his elbow upon the table, and his face upon his fist looking down upon the upturned cards. By and by his mouth began twitching, and then his face became distorted; there was something grotesquely tragic in its contortions and the efforts he put upon himself to suppress his emotions. For awhile no one said a word, and Carroll continued shuffling and shuffling the cards. It was Mr. Hamilton Stark who first spoke. He took out his watch and looked at it. "By Jove!" said he, "half-past ten o'clock! I nearly forgot my engagement at the club. Come along, Wetmore, I'll take you down with me," and so the party broke up.

Nothing had been directly said, yet there was a very palpable air of disapproval of what had been done. General Lucey, who, no doubt, felt this air of disapprobation, talked rather strenuously as his guests put on their overcoats, but Carroll sat calmly shuffling and shuffling the cards.

After the others had gone General Lucey sat down and took out a pencil and paper and began figuring. Presently he flicked the paper across to Carroll, who took it up and looked at it.

"How's that?" said General Lucey.

Carroll ran his eye quickly down the figures and then nodded his head, "That's all right," said he; "that's what I make my share to be."

"I'll give you my check for it as soon as the notes are settled, if that's satisfactory to you," said General Lucey.

"Yes," said Carroll, "it is."

It was the largest sum of money he had ever won at cards. As Carroll lit a fresh cigar before going, he said, "Do you know, I felt sorry for the poor devil—he took it so d——d hard."

"Pshaw!" said General Lucey, "he could stand to lose ten times that and not feel it."

"Perhaps so," said Carroll, as he puffed away with his cigar at the lighted match which burned lower and lower toward his fingers. Then, as he gave the match a quick shake and threw it into the grate, he added: "I dare say you'd laugh at me if I were to tell you that I have thought of giving up this sort of life and living respectably again." And General Lucey did laugh.

. . . . . .

Carroll went down the stairs. He saw Violet Ellsworth and an escort—a Mr. Denny, of Philadelphia — waiting for the elevator. The actress nodded as he passed and the gambler knew that the theatres must now be over for the night. He looked in through the glass plate of the restaurant-door and saw that the room was already filled with the bustle and glitter of the after-theatre life. Then he passed down the marble corridor and out through the swinging valves.

Cabs and coupés were passing with a ceaseless rattle and rumble. He stood for a while looking out upon the night-life of the street, with his hands in his pockets, smoking away at his cigar. Presently a very neat private coupé,

with a well-dressed groom and neatly cropped horse, and a good deal of jingling glitter of plated chains, rattled into and passed through the area of the electric light. In the moment of passing Carroll saw and recognized a face at the window. He mentally recorded it as belonging to Sylvia Nottingham, the variety actress. At the instant of seeing the face it struck him that there was a very curious expression upon it; then he thought that maybe the expression was only the effect of the electric light—then he thought no more about it.

He did not know that he had seen a glimpse of the tragedy of another life pass by him; but so we see such a tragedy pass us every day and know nothing about it. Just then in the little padded space of the coupé there was a very bitter fragment of passion being enacted.

. . . . . .

The Sylvia Nottingham whose face he had seen was just then quite the rage in New York. It was a fashionable thing to make up parties of ladies and gentlemen to go to the Delamore Garden to see her dance and to hear her sing in the second act of the "Devil on Two Sticks." This was the second season through which the rage for her had lasted—unprecedentedly long for a fad of its kind.

Her real name was Louise Carpentier, and she was the daughter of a French saloon-keeper in Baxter Street. Originally she had been a minor attaché in the chorus of Wiel's Thalia Theatre. Being very handsome she had there attracted the attention of a Mr. Horace Peyton, who was a rich broker, with theatrical proclivities. It was he who took her up and pushed her fortune to its high tide. He took her to Paris, where her education was finished and where she took well. Then she came back to New York, adopted the Anglican title of Sylvia Nottingham, and made her great hit in the bat-dance, in the "Devil on Two Sticks."

She was a very striking brunette with gray eyes.

The same night that the notable game of poker was being played, Mr. Peyton came behind the scenes of the Delamore Garden. He appeared smoking a cigarette, stopping now and then to chat with an occasional chorus girl. Then he came across to where Sylvia Nottingham stood a little apart.

She made a studied pretence of not seeing him. As the light fell upon her she looked singularly charming in the dead black of her costume, with the pleats of her bat-dress falling behind her *à la Pompadour*. She tapped the floor with the point of her black, high-heeled slipper in a devil's tattoo, as the other approached. It had been a long time since Mr. Peyton had seen her to speak to her, and he read at a glance the emotions of angry pique that were passing through her heart. He laughed with a flash of his white teeth, but without taking his cigarette from his lips; he was so perfectly calm and unruffled in his manner that the half-suppressed rage of the lady burned up like fire, and she glared balefully at him with her gray eyes from under her pencilled eyebrows.

"Come, Lou," said he, "don't be disagreeable. I came to ask you to ride home with me; I have something I want to tell you."

The actress was at that time living at the Edmonton Flats. The ride home from the theatre was not a long one, and Peyton was glad of it. "See here, Lou," said he, after they had rumbled along a little distance in silence, "I may just as well be frank with you. After all there is no use beating about the bush. The long and short of it is that I am going to be married and we must part." He waited for a moment or two, and as his companion did not speak he continued: "I want to be honest and straightforward with you; I'm not going to drop you as some men would. I always expect to look after you and do the fair thing by you." Still the woman did not say anything. Just then the carriage rumbled over the pavement in front of the Waldemer and the electric light shot a hard-cut square in at the window and lit up her face, and it was terrible to see. Then the light was gone and it was dark again inside the carriage. It was that glimpse of her that Carroll had

seen. "And how about the child?" said she, almost breathless with the terrible constraint she put upon herself.

"Oh! that's all right, I'm not going to neglect the child either. I haven't quite made up my mind yet; but I'll let you know in the course of a few days what I'll do for you and for her."

Then the pent-up rage broke loose and the woman's wrath filled the narrow, padded space with its lurid tempest. Her words grew shrill, then shriller and shriller, and Peyton pulled up the window lest the sound of her fury should attract attention. At first he was fairly overwhelmed by the fiery flood of her rage; then, by and by, he caught her by the wrist and held her tightly. "Don't you make a fool of yourself," said he, and his voice suggested a certain breathlessness of half-angry excitement. "Don't you make a fool of yourself; we've got to part some day and it might as well be now as at any other time. Look here! we are almost at the Edmonton. Now, don't go to making a scene; do you understand me?" And he gave the wrist he held a shake. The woman had ceased her voluble fury almost as soon as he had laid hold of her, and she was quiet now, only her hands trembled and she wrenched her wrist away from his hold.

"Don't you touch me," said she, hoarsely. "Here, let me out!" The coupé had stopped at the curb. Peyton got out and offered the soubrette his hand, but she struck it aside and rushed past him into the vestibule, brightly illuminated by its electric lights, and the next moment Peyton heard the sharp sound of the call-bell of the elevator. Then he got into the coupé and drove away.

No one but the woman's younger sister, Annette, who lived with her, knew what happened in the actress's apartments when the doors were closed and she let loose all that seethed within her.

Three days after, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Peyton's lawyer, called upon her. Peyton had given the man of law to understand that he had a Jezebel to deal with, but in the long interview that followed Nicholson found the woman as cool and sharp and bright as an icicle.

"Do you know, Annette," said the soubrette, when her sister came back after having seen the lawyer to the door; "do you know, Annette, I am sick and tired of this life. I'm going to live respectable."

Annette did not laugh at her sister as General Lucey had laughed at Carroll when the gambler had ventured the same sentiment; but she looked at the other out of the corner of her eye with a very queer expression.

II.

It was the height of the season at Rock Island Bay, and the Rock Island House was filled to overflowing with that more than respectably representative crowd of summer tourists that frequent our beautiful northern border of lakes and rivers and rocky islands. Rock Island is such an old-established resort that it is almost superfluous to say anything of it. Its pickerel, muscalonge, and bass fishing are not what they used to be years ago, but the lake-like spread of the St. Lawrence and the islands dotted over its surface are just as they always were, except here and there where some private summer residence covers the little rocky hump, its garish white and yellow façade gleaming among the hemlocks.

At this particular year there were two guests at the hotel who were especially interesting to the others. One was a General Neville, one time of the Confederate Army, and the other a Mrs. Hurlbutt, a very young and very blond widow, apparently of twenty-four or twenty-five. They had come up the river from Quebec about ten days before, and had brought their romance along with them.

The General's devotion was very palpable. It displayed itself in a simple, quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly fashion, but he made no secret of it, and it was clear to all. He was, if not a handsome, a singularly fine-looking man. His hair and mustache, with its old-fashioned goatee, were almost more than iron-gray, and his eyes were black and full of fire. In spite of that fire, however, they were almost excessively

quiet and self-contained. He did not talk a great deal about his military experiences, though it was known that he had led his brigade in the right of Pickett's famous charge at the battle of Gettysburg, and that the brigade had been nearly cut to pieces by Stannard's Vermonters.

So far as could be seen the General's marked attention made no impression upon Mrs. Hurlbutt. She was very young, even for her apparent age, and was palpably very innocent. It did not seem to occur to her that General Neville felt for her anything more than a sort of paternal kindness; he certainly looked old enough to be her father. She was very gay, very vivacious, and sung light French songs with delightful brilliancy and snap, and in a light, jocund voice peculiarly adapted to them. But now and then came periods of repose, and in the absence of the flitting emotions that gave to her expression a certain butterfly life, it assumed sometimes a look introspective beyond what one would have thought possible in one so young and so innocent. She came to the hotel with a nurse, and a little child with black eyes, a Frenchified bang, and long, curling hair. The little girl was, perhaps, six years old. She was rather pretty, but thin and eager-looking, and had a dark, sallow face. She was always dressed in a certain foreign fashion that smacked of an un-American life.

It was well known that Mrs. Hurlbutt was, if not rich, at least in very comfortable circumstances, and from what she said it was easy to gather that she had lived mostly abroad with her husband, who had died in Southern France—a man far past the prime of life—older even than General Neville, who was in a certain sense distinctly in his prime.

In spite of the difference of their ages, all the hotel society felt that the two were eminently well fitted for one another, both in position and estate; for it was known that General Neville was also in more than comfortable circumstances. Everyone hoped that the honest, simple-minded soldier might be successful in his suit.

Little Madeline Hurlbutt was devoted to him. She was with him whenever and wherever it was possible; she clung to his hand or to his clothes, and followed him with that certain dog-like and somewhat oppressive fidelity of devotion belonging to children. But General Neville did not appear to feel any oppression in this rather excessive manifestation of love. He seemed to like it very much. "Madeline!" her mother would say, at times almost sharply, "you must go away and let General Neville alone. You will bore him with your attentions."

"Madam," the General would say, in his courtly fashion, "do not send the little child away, I love to feel the atmosphere of her innocence around me." Ordinarily one would not call Madeline an especially innocent child, but General Neville's simplicity was just of the kind that would see simplicity and innocence in everyone. It was no wonder that the romance of those two should have interested the guests at Rock Island House, or that both the simple-minded General and the innocent young widow should be extremely popular.

There was a hop at the hotel. The General did not dance, he sat upon a chair on the darkened porch close to one of the tall open windows, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, looking in upon the brightly lighted parlor at the dancing. The light shone upon his face and lit it out faintly but strongly against the dark night, with dim lights and blackly cut shadows. A military company had come up from Chippaway and were stopping at the hotel. They wore huge bearskin shakos, and they had drilled just after supper on the porch. They had brought a very good band with them, and it was now making the music for the dancing. The company wore a uniform with a great deal of gold braid, and they lit up the dancing crowd very brilliantly. Mrs. Hurlbutt was dancing with one of them, a tall young fellow with a mustache and goatee trimmed about his mouth, and his cheeks shaved to a blue smoothness.

General Neville watched the couple as they slid in and out among the

restless crowd swaying to the music. Presently little Madeline Hurlbutt came out on the porch. She looked languid and tired, and her nurse was not with her. She came up to where General Neville sat and leaned against him. He turned his face toward her, "What's the matter, Madeline?" said he.

"I'm tired," said she, in a sleepy voice. He took her up on his knee and she laid her head on his shoulder and went to sleep. Presently the sound of the waltz ceased and the dancers came pouring out on the porch, the ladies fanning themselves vigorously. One of the ladies stopped with her partner, close to General Neville.

"Poor little thing," said she, looking at Madeline, "she looks dreadfully tired and sleepy."

The General also looked down at the sleeping face, with the long lashes lying upon the white cheeks, and he smiled ever so faintly and quietly under his mustache. Almost immediately a crowd gathered around the General and the sleeping child.

"Don't you dance, General?" said one of the men; it was the Captain of the Chippaway company.

"Oh, no!" said he, "my dancing days were over long ago. A gunshot wound puts a stop to all that sort of thing." He spoke in his usual quiet, easy voice.

"Tell us something about your adventures in the war, won't you, General?" said one of the young ladies.

Again General Neville smiled faintly. "Well, this is hardly the time to tell a story, besides I shouldn't know what to tell you. There isn't much romance in war-making, you know."

"How did it feel when you were wounded?" asked another one of the young ladies.

"It felt exactly as if someone had struck me with a brick," answered he. "And it knocked me down just as if a brick had struck me."

"Where were you wounded?" asked the Captain of the Chippaway company.

"At Gettysburg. You see, Captain, I was on the wrong side of the fence then, I was a Johnny Rebel. I was leading my regiment of Pickett's division in its charge on the stone fence, and doing all that I could to capture the good city of Philadelphia. I was shot just after we had captured the battery, just back of the wall." General Neville spoke almost with a deprecating reluctance, but other questions followed, and bit by bit the ex-soldier dropped out the story of that memorable charge as he had seen it.

The music had begun to play again, but the little group around remained there listening to him. Mrs. Hurlbutt also had stopped. She stood a little distance back behind the others. She was listening silently; the noise of the music was loud, and someone closed the window. Never did General Neville appear more honest, more simple, more noble than he did now, surrounded with that circle of intent young girl faces as he told so quietly how he had fought at Gettysburg. "You see," said he, "no one thinks of the danger in a charge like that, or rather, you do think about it but it does not make you afraid. The only thing is that you want to get it over as quickly as possible, just as you want to get in out of a rain-storm. There was the stone fence before us and the battery behind it, and there were the Vermonters firing upon our flank and enfilading us from right to left. The men kept dropping all around, and as we got near the fence we began to run so as to get it over as quickly as possible. I jumped over the wall along with the first, and there we were in a crowd of the blue coats.

"It was a burning hot day, and I can see now just how red and sweaty and dirty their faces were. It was all confusion, just as it would be in a street fight, only they were shooting and striking with muskets. I saw a young fellow in blue trousers and white shirt just about to strike at me with his musket, and I shot at him with my revolver.

"I saw him drop, but I don't know whether I killed him or not. I thought of his mother and was very sorry, but there was little time to think about that then. They broke away on all sides of us and began running, and we ran after them right up into the battery. I was just past the guns when I felt as if

someone had struck me with a brick. I fell down on my face and then I crawled under the wheels of a gun, so that they would not tread on me. There was another of our fellows there. He had bare feet. He was shot in the shoulder. We laid there quiet for a while, and then by and by my companion said, 'Well, we'll git some coffee now, anyhow;' that was after our men had been driven back."

Those who listened laughed at the *dénouement*, and then the party broke up; then the window was opened again and the music poured out in great volume. Just then Mrs. Hurlbutt's maid came out looking for the little girl.

"Here is Madeline, Annette," called Mrs. Hurlbutt, and then to General Neville: "It is a shame to let her burden you, General;" and she spoke very softly and tenderly. The ex-soldier looked down at the sleeping child with his peculiar grave and gentle smile. "She does not burden me, Mrs. Hurlbutt," said he, quietly; "I love to feel her freshness near me," and he touched her cheeks very lightly with his lips.

The maid took Madeline from him; the child whimpered, sleepily. Then Mrs. Hurlbutt sat down, fanning herself. Her partner lingered a moment and then bowed and left her. She still continued fanning herself, though she was no longer warm.

"Why don't you go in and dance some more, Mrs. Hurlbutt?" said the General. "I love to see you enjoying yourself. You have a happy disposition, your life must have been a happy life."

Mrs. Hurlbutt stopped fanning herself. "No," said she, abruptly, "I have not had a happy life." There was a long pause; it seemed as though she had it on her mind to say something. She began nervously picking at the feathers of her fan. "I have had trouble, so much trouble—if you only knew—if I dared to tell you." She ceased speaking again, but she still picked nervously at her fan.

General Neville looked steadily at her, waiting for her to resume, but she did not say any more. Presently he said in his quiet, even voice, "If I could be of any help to you—I—I would be very glad. I wish I could help you, I wish I could be of use to you. I wish—I would do anything—to make you happy." He spoke so softly that she could hardly hear the words. They were almost caressing in their sympathy. He looked at her in silence; her face was turned away, he could see that her bosom was rising and falling tumultuously.

Just then a young fellow, one of the guests of the hotel, came abruptly upon them. "Oh, Mrs. Hurlbutt," said he, "I have been looking for you everywhere; you promised me this dance, you know."

Immediately after the dance Mrs. Hurlbutt went to her room, she flung herself violently down upon the sofa, and then sat there inert and listless, her eyes fixed intently and vacantly, one hand still holding her fan, the other lying palm upward upon her lap. Her maid bustled in and out from one room to the other, but Mrs. Hurlbutt did not look at her. Suddenly the maid broke the silence. "Well," said she, "you've certainly caught him—you've got him hooked tight."

The other looked at her swiftly but without moving her body. "Don't you speak to me, Annette!" said she, in a low voice that was almost fierce in its intensity; and then, after an instant's pause, she said, in the same low, harsh voice, "By God! I wish I was dead!"

III.

Next morning after the hop quite a large picnic party which had been built up, so to speak, around General Neville and Mrs. Hurlbutt, went out to enjoy itself. It was one of those summer mornings such as you only find up along the St. Lawrence—warm but sparklingly, almost vividly bright. There were maybe twenty or thirty in the picnic party. They took fishing lines and boats and guides, and had hired a steam-launch for the day. The little launch, gay with its striped awning and its fluttering flag, puffing and wheezing laboriously, steamed away from the wharf in front of the hotel with the line of fishing-boats, each manned by its guide, trailing

after it. A crowd of ladies and gentlemen in nondescript costumes of flannel and corduroy sat packed under the awning, together with baskets and hampers, and shawls and waterproofs.

General Neville sat beside Mrs. Hurlbutt; little Madeline had seated herself, half upon his lap and half upon the seat. He pointed over the gunwale of the boat down through the liquid crystal of the water to the waving gardens of water-grasses below—brown, dull red, and green, in which the fish hovered like birds. Mrs. Hurlbutt was peculiarly silent; she paid no attention either to the General or to the child; she sat with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, looking steadily out across the smooth, bright face of the water, through the distant vistas that opened and closed again between the wooded islands.

The destination of the picnickers was Cliff Island, a famous place for such parties. Cliff Island looked out upon one side, from under its brow of clustering trees, with its beetling, shaggy cliff-face upon the broad width of the St. Lawrence. Upon the other side was a little bay almost enclosed by the sloping rocky shore, overhung in places with the soft, cool foliage of the birch-trees, with here and there a touch of dark hemlock. An island—a rocky mass of bloom—blocked the entrance to the bay. It was an ideal spot for picnicking.

The launch came to a standstill, the picnickers were landed, scattering here and there and this way and that way, some to the fishing, some to prospecting, some to wandering, and some to look after the dinner baskets and hampers. General Neville remained ever close to Mrs. Hurlbutt. She was still under the shadow of the mood that had brooded over her all the morning—silent, absent, inattentive to the life about her. General Neville watched her covertly. Little Madeline clung close to him, holding one of his fingers clasped in her hand.

They had wandered aimlessly along the rocky shore and apart from the rather emphatic laughing and talking of the others.

"Would you not like to sit down and rest?" said General Neville, presently. His voice was very tender, almost paternal. "You look very tired this morning," he added; "are you not well?"

"I did not sleep very well last night," said she, briefly.

She sat down upon the flat surface of rock that overlooked the little bay. There were two or three fishing-boats a short distance from the shore; the occupants were fishing diligently, but without much apparent luck. Still neither the General nor the young widow spoke, and little Madeline played in her quiet, quaint, old-fashioned manner around the rocks that at this place rose abruptly twelve or fourteen feet from the stony, shingled beach. The child persistently wandered close to the edge of this bluff. Her mother sat absent, almost moody, and paid no attention to her whatever. Twice General Neville called to the little girl—"Madeline, don't go so close to the edge of the rock, you'll fall over if you're not careful." But Mrs. Hurlbutt did not move or turn her head. She seemed lost in the singular silence that had held her all the day.

Neither spoke for some time, until at last General Neville broke the silence. "Mrs. Hurlbutt," said he, "you spoke to me last night about troubles and misfortunes in your life. I think it was almost upon your mind to tell me what they were. I don't want to invite your confidence." [He spoke very quietly.] But if I can be of aid to you—if I can help you in any way, it would make me very happy."

He had been looking rather studiously away as he spoke, now he looked at her with a swift glance of his keen black eyes. She evidently felt a return of that agitation that had swept through her the night before. Her bosom was rising and falling as it had then done—tumultuously, agitatedly, but she did not speak.

"Do you know that I—I love you?" said General Neville at last.

Would she have spoken? Perhaps not. Who is there that has had experiences would dare to strip the soul naked at such a time? She sat with her face turned away; her color came and went; she did not withdraw the hand he had taken. For the moment of tense and breathless silence that followed, the noise of distant voices, the sharp rattle

of an oar, the whispering rush of the soft wind through the flickering leaves, sounded singularly loud and distinct.

Suddenly, at a little distance there was a rattle of loose earth and stones. General Neville turned his head sharply just in time to see the glint of a white dress. There was a sharp piping cry and then instantly the dull, soft thud of a falling body.

General Neville sprang to his feet. Had he seen it, or was it by a terrible intuition that he knew what had happened? "My God!" he cried. "That was Madeline, she must have fallen!"

He ran to the edge of the rocks and looked over; a little white figure was lying upon its side on the rocks below like a broken mass—perfectly still, perfectly motionless. In a moment he was over the edge of the little cliff, hanging, dropping to the rocks beneath, stumbling, falling, rolling over. He was up in a moment, scrambling over the rocks, and then he bent over the child. She was lying between two of the rocks upon a mass of broken cobbles. "Madeline!" he cried, breathless and panting—"Madeline, are you hurt?" But there was no reply. Her eyes were opened and upturned, her lips were parted, and even as he looked he saw a red stain between them. He could not see that she was breathing. A terrible piercing pang shot through him. "My God! is she dead?" he whispered to himself. He lifted the little figure in his arms—was there a dent in the side of the head?

The time between the picnic grounds and reaching the hotel seemed to be both very long and very short. The child lay perfectly still, only just breathing. The mother's grief was dreadful. General Neville did not go near the little group in the stern where the child lay; he stood holding tight to the stanchion and looking out ahead, silent and grim.

All that day the tragedy of the accident hung over the hotel like a cloud. The guests talked in whispers, and there was no music played that evening.

General Neville stood at the end of the hotel porch looking out across the mysterious stretch of waters, and into the hollow vault of night beyond, sparkling with its dust of stars. He was living over for the fiftieth time all that had happened that morning. Suddenly there was a swift movement, and when he looked he saw that Mrs. Hurlbutt stood beside him. "General Neville," said she, and she spoke with a voice so breathless and agitated, so hoarse and so dry, that even in the silence he could hardly hear it. In those strained and husky tones there was an echo of the blast that must have swept through her that day—terror, grief, and an agony of despairing hope. At such times the world and all that belongs to it is nothing, and the travail of the straining, suffering soul is everything. "General Neville, I can't cheat you," she said; "I've tried to cheat you, but God Almighty has punished me and I can't do it. Look here!" She seized her blond hair convulsively as she spoke, and in the night he saw her lift it a little distance from her head. It was a wig. "I'm not Mrs. Hurlbutt," said the poor woman, hoarsely; "my name is Louise Carpentier, and I am the variety actress that they call Sylvia Nottingham."

There was a time of dead and perfect silence. Suddenly General Neville gave a short and helpless laugh, but there was not anything of lightness in it. "Your face was familiar to me," he said, "but I could not place it. I know you very well now. I wonder that you don't know me, too. I'm Steve Carroll the gambler. I've shaved my mustache and cut my hair, and let them grow again without dyeing them. That's all."

There was another time of silence. They stood close to one another, their faces glimmered pallidly in the star-lit night.

"The fact is," said Carroll, "we've both of us made a mistake. I wanted to get an heiress if I could—to marry her if she'd have me, and then to be respectable again. I suppose you've been trying to play something of the same sort of game. We've both of us played it close enough, but neither of us held the hand to win against our own luck."

Again there was a long time of silence. "After all," said the actress, after a while of thinking—"why shouldn't we"—then she stopped short. Then she began again, "Why shouldn't we?" Then

stopped short again. She could not form her words.

"Why shouldn't we marry one another after all?" said Carroll. "Is that what you are trying to say?" He could see in the darkness that she nodded her head. He gave a short laugh. "Well, that would hardly pay," said he; "we're neither of us exactly what we hoped to get when we set out to look for a wife and a husband. You're still thinking of General Neville, and not of Steve Carroll."

Then the actress asked: "But that battle you told about, that was real, wasn't it?"

Carroll laughed.

"No," said he, "that was a story of my friend, General Lucey's."

"What," said she, "old Jimmy Lucey, Violet Ellsworth's husband?"

Carroll nodded, and for the third time there was a space of silence. In the sharp turn of their emotions they had almost forgotten the terrible tragedy that loomed big and black in the background. Suddenly Carroll asked, "How's Madeline?"

"She's pretty bad," said the actress, in a quavering voice. "Oh! I'm afraid, I'm afraid,"—she could say no more.

Carroll took her by the arm very kindly. "There — there!" said he, "never mind," and it was all the word of comfort he could find to speak.

The next day General Neville left the hotel. Important letters, he said, had called him to New York.

Madeline died. Her mother wrote to Carroll telling him of it. "After all," said the soubrette, at the end of her letter, "it is better for her and all of us."

A SONG.

WITH A RED ROSE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

By Robert Bridges.

What the Rose thought:

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
But I am a rose that must bloom for a day,
My life is like color and perfume in May;
To-night I shall fade in her beautiful hair,
And touch with my petals her proud neck and fair.
Oh, to be one-and-twenty!

What She sang, exultingly:

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
To feel that the glorious days of my youth
Are only the promise of hope, love, and truth—
That all joyful things in my bright future gleam,
And I am to *live* them and find out my dream.
Oh, to be one-and-twenty!

What He wrote, sadly:

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
To dream that the great world is still all my own,
And cherish again the ideals that have flown;
To follow them, hiding with cunning and art,
And find them all sleeping within her warm heart,
Her heart that is one-and-twenty!

TIEMANN'S TO TUBBY HOOK.

By H. C. Bunner.

IF you ever were a decent, healthy boy, or if you can make believe that you once were such a boy, you must remember that you were once in love with a girl a great deal older than yourself. I am not speaking of the big school-girl with whom you thought you were in love, for one little while—just because she wouldn't look at you, and treated you like a little boy. *She* had, after all, but a tuppenny temporary superiority to you; and, after all, in the bottom of your irritated little soul, you knew it. You knew that, proud beauty that she was, she might have to lower her colors to her little sister before that young minx got into the first class and —comparatively—long dresses.

No, I am talking of the girl you loved who was not only really grown up and too old for you, but grown up almost into old-maidhood, and too old perhaps for anyone. She was not, of course, quite an old maid, but she was so nearly an old maid as to be out of all active competition with her juniors—which permitted her to be her natural, simple self, and to show you the real charm of her womanhood. Neglected by the men, not yet old enough to take to coddling young girls after the manner of motherly old maids, she found a hearty and genuine pleasure in your boyish friendship, and you—you adored her. You saw, of course, as others saw, the faded dulness of her complexion; you saw the wee crow's-feet that gathered in the corners of her eyes when she laughed; you saw the faint touches of white among the crisp little curls over her temples; you saw that the keenest wind of Fall brought the red to her cheeks only in two bright spots, and that no soft Spring air would ever bring her back the rosy, pink flush of girlhood: you saw these things as others saw them—no, indeed, you did not; you saw them as others could not, and they only made her the more dear to you. And you were having one of the best and most valuable experiences of your boyhood, to which you may look back now, whatever life has brought you, with a smile that has in it nothing of regret, of derision, or of bitterness.

Suppose that this all happened long ago—that you had left a couple of quarter-posts of your course of three-score-years-and-ten between that young lover and your present self; and suppose that the idea came to you to seek out and revisit this dear faded memory. And suppose that you were foolish enough to act upon the idea, and went in search of her and found her—not the wholesome, autumn-nipped comrade that you remembered, a shade or two most frostily touched by the winter of old age—but a berouged, beraddled, bedizened old make-believe, with wrinkles plastered thick, and skinny shoulders dusted white with powder—ah me, how you would wish you had not gone!

And just so I wished that I had not gone, when, the other day, I was tempted back to revisit the best beloved of all the homes of my nomadic boyhood.

I remembered four pleasant years of early youth when my lot was cast in a region that was singularly delightful and grateful and lovable, although the finger of death had already touched its prosperity and beauty beyond all re-quickening.

It was a fair countryside of upland and plateau, lying between a majestic hill-bordered river and an idle, wandering, marshy, salt creek that flowed almost side by side with its nobler companion for several miles before they came together at the base of a steep,

rocky height, crowned with thick woods. This whole country was my playground, a strip some four or five miles long, and for the most of the way a mile wide between the two rivers, with the rocky, wooded eminence for its northern boundary.

In the days when the broad road that led from the great city was a famous highway, it had run through a country of comfortable farm-houses and substantial old-fashioned mansions standing in spacious grounds of woodland and meadow. These latter occupied the heights along the great river, like a lofty breastwork of aristocracy, guarding the humbler tillers of the soil in the more sheltered plains and hollows behind them. The extreme north of my playground had been, within my father's easy remembering, a woodland wild enough to shelter deer; and even in my boyhood there remained patches of forest where once in a while the sharp-eyed picked up gun-flints and brass buttons that had been dropped among those very trees by the marauding soldiery of King George III. of tyrannical memory. There were no deer there when I was a boy. Deer go naturally with a hardy peasantry, and not naturally, perhaps, but artificially, with the rich and great. But deer cannot coexist with a popula-

tion composed of what we call "People of Moderate Means." It is not in the eternal fitness of things that they should.

For, as I first knew our neighborhood, it was a suburb as a physical fact only. As a body politic, we were a part of the great city, and those twin demons of encroachment, Taxes and Assessments, had definitively won in their battle with both the farmers and the country-house gentry. To the south, the farms had been wholly routed out of existence. A few of the old family estates were kept up after a fashion, but it was only as the officers of a defeated garrison are allowed to take their own time about leaving their quarters. Along the broad highway some of them lingered, keeping up a poor pretence of disregarding new grades and levels, and of not seeing the little shanties that squatted under their very windows, or the more offensive habitations of a more pretentious poverty that began to range themselves here and there in serried blocks.

Poor people of moderate means! Nobody wants you, except the real estate speculator, and he wants you only to empty your light pockets for you, and to leave you to die of cheap plumbing in the poor little sham of a house that he builds to suit your moderate means and his immoderate greed. Nowhere are you welcome, except where contractors are digging new roads and blasting rocks and filling sunken lots with ashes and tin cans. The random goat of poverty browses on the very confines of the scanty, small settlement of cheap gentility where you and your neighbors—people of moderate means like yourself—huddle together in your endless, unceasing struggle for a home and self-respect. You know that your smug, mean little house, tricked out with machine-made scroll-work, and insufficiently clad in two coats of ready-mixed paint, is an eyesore to the poor old gentleman who has sold you a corner of his father's estate to build it on. But there it is—the whole hard business of life for the poor—for the big poor and the little poor, and the unhappiest of all, the moderately poor. *He* must sell strip after strip of the grounds his father laid out with such loving and far-looking pride. *You* must buy your narrow strip from him, and raise thereon your tawdry little house, calculating the cost of every inch of construction in hungry anxiety of mind. And then you must sit down in your narrow front-room to stare at the squalid shanty of the poor man who has squatted right in your sight, on the land condemned for the new avenue; to wish that the street might be cut through and the unsightly hovel taken away—and then to groan

in sprit as you think of the assessment you must pay when the street *is* cut through.

And yet you must live, oh, people of moderate means! You have your loves and your cares, your tastes and your ambitions, your hopes and your fears, your griefs and your joys, just like the people whom you envy and the people who envy you. As much as any of them, you have the capacity for pain and for pleasure, for loving and for being loved, that gives human beings a right to turn the leaves of the book of life and spell out its lesson for themselves. I know this; I know it well; I was beginning to find it out when I first came to that outpost suburb of New York, in the trail of your weary army.

But I was a boy then, and no moderateness of earthly means could rob me of my inheritance in the sky and the woods and the fields, in the sun and the snow and the rain and the wind, and in every day's weather, of which there never was any kind made that has not some delight in it to a healthful body and heart. And on this inheritance I drew such great, big, liberal, whacking drafts that, I declare, to this very day, some odd silver pieces of the resultant spending-money keep turning up, now and then, in forgotten pockets of my mind.

The field of my boyish activity was practically limited by the existing conditions of the city's growth. With each year there was less and less temptation to extend that field southward. The Bloomingdale Road, with its great arching willows, its hospitable old road-houses withdrawn from the street and hidden far down shady lanes that led riverward—the splendid old highway retained something of its charm; but day by day the gridiron system of streets encroached upon it, and day by day the shanties and the cheap villas crowded in along its sides, between the old farmsteads and the country-places. And then it led only to the raw and unfinished Central Park, and to the bare waste and dreary fag-end of a New York that still looked upon Union Square as an uptown quarter. Besides that, the lone scion of respectability who wandered too freely about the region just below Manhattanville, was apt to get his head most beautifully punched at the hands of some predatory gang of embryonic toughs from the shanties on the line of the aqueduct.

That is how our range—mine and the

other boys'—was from Tiemann's to Tubby Hook; that is, from where ex-Mayor Tiemann's fine old house, with its long conservatories, sat on the edge of the Manhattanville bluff and looked down into the black mouths of the chimneys of the paint-works that had paid for its building, up to the little inn near the junction of Spuyten Duyvil Creek and the Hudson River. Occasionally, of course, the delight of the river front tempted us farther down. There was an iron-mill down there (if that is the proper name for a place where they make pig-iron), whose operations were a perpetual joy to boyhood's heart. The benevolent lovers of the picturesque who owned this mill had a most entrancing way of making their castings late in the afternoon, so as to give a boy a chance to coast or skate, an hour after school closed, before it was time to slip down to the grimy building on the river's bank, and peer through the arched doorway into the great, dark, mysterious cavern with its floor of sand marked out in a pattern of trenches that looked as if they had been made by some gigantic double-toothed comb—a sort of right-angled herring-bone pattern. The darkness gathered outside, and deepened still faster within

that gloomy, smoke-blackened hollow. The workmen, with long iron rods in their hands, moved about with the cautious, expectant manner of men whose duty brings them in contact with a daily danger. They stepped carefully about, fearful of injuring the regular impressions in the smooth sand, and their looks turned ever with a certain anxiety to the great black furnace at the northern end of the room, where every now and then, at the foreman's order, a fiery eye would open itself for inspection and close sullenly, making everything seem more dark than it was

before. At last—sometimes it was long to wait—the eye would open, and the foreman, looking into it, would nod; and then a thrill of excitement ran through the workmen at their stations and the boys in the big doorway; and suddenly a huge red mouth opened beneath the eye, and out poured the mighty flood of molten iron, glowing with a terrible, wonderful, dazzling color that was neither white nor red, nor rose nor yellow, but that seemed to partake of them all, and yet to be strangely different from any hue that men can classify or name. Down it flowed upon the sanded floor, first into the broad trench in front of the furnace, then down the long dorsals of the rectangular herring-bones, spreading out as it went into the depressions to right and left, until the mighty pattern of fire shone in its full length and breadth on the floor of sand; and the workmen, who had been coaxing the sluggish, lava-like flood along with their iron rods, rested from their labors and wiped their hot brows, while a thin cloud of steamy vapor floated up to the begrimed rafters. Standing in the doorway we could watch the familiar pattern—the sow and pigs, it was called—die down to a dull rose red, and then we would hurry away before blackness came upon it and wiped it clean out of memory and imagination.

Below the foundry, too, there was a point of land whereon were certain elevations and depressions of turf-covered earth that were by many, and most certainly by me, supposed to be the ruins of a Revolutionary fort. I have heard long and warm discussions of the nature and history of these mounds and trenches, and I believe the weight of authority was against the theory that they were earthworks thrown up to oppose the passage of a British fleet. But they were good enough earthworks for a boy.

Just above Tiemann's, on the lofty, protrudent corner made by the dropping of the high-road into the curious transverse valley, or swale, which at 125th Street crosses Manhattan Island from east to west, stood, at the top of a steep lawn, a mansion imposing still in spite of age, decay, and sorry days. The great Ionic columns of the portico, which stood the whole height and breadth of the front, were cracked in their length, and rotten in base and capital. The white and yellow paint was faded and blistered. Below the broad flight of crazy front-steps the grass grew rank in the gravel walk, and died out in brown, withered patches on the lawn, where only plantain and sorrel throve. It was a sad and shabby old house enough, but even the patches of newspaper here and there on its broken window-panes could not take away a certain simple, old-fashioned dignity from its weather-beaten face.

Here, the boys used to say, the Crazy Woman lived; but she was not crazy. I knew the old lady well, and at one time we were very good friends. She was the last daughter of an old, once prosperous family; a woman of bright, even brilliant mind, unhinged by misfortune, disappointment, loneliness, and the horrible fascination which an inherited load of litigation exercised upon her. The one diversion of her declining years was

to let various parts and portions of her premises, on any ridiculous terms that might suggest themselves, to any tenants that might offer; and then to eject the lessee, either on a nice point of law or on general principles, precisely as she saw fit. She was almost invariably successful in this curious game, and when she was not, she promptly made friends with her victorious tenant, and he usually ended by liking her very much.

Her family, if I remember rightly, had distinguished itself in public service. It was one of those good old American houses where the men-children are born with politics in their veins—that is, with an inherited sense of citizenship, and a conscious pride in bearing their share in the civic burden. The young man just out of college, who has got a job at writing editorials on the Purification of Politics, is very fond of alluding to such men as "indurated professional office-holders." But the good old gentleman who pays the young ex-collegian's bills sometimes takes a great deal of pleasure—in his stupid, old-fashioned way—in uniting with his fellow-merchants of the Swamp or Hanover Square, to subscribe to a testimonial to some one of the best abused of these "indurated" sinners, in honor of his distinguished services in lowering some tax-rate, in suppressing some nuisance, in establishing some new municipal safeguard to life or property. This blood in her may, in some measure, account for the vigor and enthusiasm with which this old lady expressed her sense of the loss the community had sustained in the death of President Lincoln, in April of 1865.

Summoning two or three of us youngsters, and a dazed Irish maid fresh from Castle Garden and a three weeks' voyage in the steerage of an ocean steamer, she led us up to the top of the house, to one of those vast old-time garrets that might have been—and in country inns occasionally were—turned into ball-rooms, with the aid of a few lights and sconces. Here was stored the accumulated garmenture of the household for generation upon generation; and as far as I could discover, every member of that family had been born into a profound mourning that had continued unto his or her latest day, unmitigated save for white shirts and petticoats. These we bore down by great armfuls to the front portico, and I remember that the operation took nearly an hour. When at length we had covered the shaky warped floor of the long porch with the strange heaps of black and white—linens, cottons, silks, bombazines, alpacas, ginghams, every conceivable fabric, in fashion or out of fashion, that could be bleached white or dyed black, the old lady arranged us in working order, and, acting at once as directress and chief worker, with incredible quickness and dexterity she rent these varied and multiform pieces of raiment into broad strips, which she ingeniously twisted, two or three together, stitching them at the ends to

other sets of strips, until she had formed immensely long rolls of black and white. Mounting a tall ladder, with the help of the strongest and oldest of her assistants, she wound the great tall white columns with these strips, fastening them in huge spirals from top to bottom, black and white entwined. Then she hung ample festoons between the pillars, and contrived something painfully ambitious in the

way of rosettes for the cornice and frieze.

Then we all went out in the street and gazed at the work of our hands. The rosettes were a failure, and the old lady admitted it. I have forgotten whether she said they looked "mangy," or "measly," or "peaky;" but she conveyed her idea in some such graphic

phrase. But I must ask you to believe me when I tell you that, from the distant street, that poor, weather-worn old front seemed to have taken on the very grandeur of mourning, with its great, clean, strong columns simply wreathed in black and snowy white, that sparkled a little here and there in the fitful, cold, spring sunlight. Of course, when you drew near to it, it resolved itself into a bewildering and somewhat indecent confusion of black petticoats, and starched shirts, and drawers, and skirts, and baby-clothes, and chemises, and dickies, and neck-cloths, and handkerchiefs, all twisted up into the most fantastic trappings of woe that ever decked a genuine and patriotic grief. But I am glad, for myself, that I can look at it all now from even a greater distance than the highway at the foot of the lawn.

I must admit that, even in my day, the shops and houses of the Moderate Means colony had so fringed the broad highway with their trivial, commonplace, weakly pretentious architecture, that very little of the distinctive character of the old road was left. Certainly, from Tiemann's to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum—about two miles of straight road—there was little that had any saving grace of honorable age, except here and there where some pioneer shanty had squatted itself long enough ago to have acquired a pleasant look of faded shabbiness. The tavern and the stage-office, it is true, kept enough of their old appearance to make a link between those days and the days when swarms of red-faced drovers, with big woollen comfortables about their big necks, and with fat, greasy, leather wallets stuffed full of bank-notes, gathered noisily there, as it was their wont to gather at all the "Bull's Head Taverns" in and around New York. The omnibuses that crawled out from New York were comparatively modern — that is, a Broadway 'bus rarely got more than ten or fifteen years beyond the period of positive decrepitude without being shifted to the Washington Heights line. But under the big shed around the corner still stood the great old George-Washington coach—a structure about the size and shape of a small canal-boat, with the most beautiful patriotic pictures all over it, of which I only remember Lord Cornwallis surrendering his sword in the politest and most theatrical manner imaginable, although the poignancy of his feelings had apparently turned his scarlet uniform to a pale orange. This magnificent equipage was a trifle rheumaticky about its underpinning, but, drawn by four, six, or eight horses, it still took the road on holidays; and in winter, when the sleighing was unusually fine, with its wheels transformed into sectional runners like a gigantic bob-sled, it swept majestically out upon the road, where it towered above the flock of flying cutters whose bells set the air a-jingle from Bloomingdale to King's Bridge.

But if the beauty of Broadway as a country high-road had been marred by its adaptation to the exigencies of a suburb of moderate means, we boys felt the deprivation but little. To right and to left, as we wandered northward, five minutes' walk would take us into a country of green lanes and meadows and marshland and woodland; where houses and streets were as yet too few to frighten away that kindly old Dame Nature who was always so glad to see us. If you turned to the right—to the east, that is — you found the laurel-bordered fields where we played base-ball—I don't mean that the fields sprouted with laurels for us boys in those old days of 29 to 34 scores, but that the *Kalmia latifolia* crowned the gray rocks that cropped out all around. Farther up was the wonderful and mysterious old house of Madame Jumel—Aaron Burr's Madame Jumel—set apart from all other houses by its associations with the fierce vindictive passions of that strange old woman, whom, it seems to me, I can still vaguely remember, seated very stiff and upright in her great old family carriage. At the foot of the heights, on this side, the Harlem River flowed between its marshy margins to join Spuyten Duyvil Creek—the Harlem with its floats and boats and bridges and ramshackle docks, and all the countless delights of a boating river. Here also was a certain dell, half-way up the heights overlooking McComb's Dam Bridge, where countless violets grew around a little spring, and where there was a real cave, in which, if real pirates had not left their treasure, at least real tramps had slept and left a real smell. And on top of the cave there was a stone which was supposed to retain the footprint of a pre-historic Indian. From what I remember of that footprint I am inclined to think that it must have been made by the foot of a derrick, and not by that of an Indian.

But it was on the other side of the Island, between the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and Tubby Hook, and between the Ridge and the River, that I most loved to ramble. Here was the slope of a woodland height running down to a broad low strip, whose westernmost boundary was the railroad embankment, beyond which lay the broad blue Hudson, with Fort Lee and the first upspringing of the Palisades, to be seen by glimpses through the tree-trunks. This was, I think, the prettiest piece of flower-spangled wildwood that I have ever seen. For centuries it had drained the richness of that long and lofty ridge. The life of lawns and gardens had gone into it; the dark wood-soil had been washed

from out the rocks on the brow of the hill; and down below there, where a vagrom brooklet chirped its way be-

tween green stones, the wholesome soil bloomed forth in grateful luxuriance. From the first coming of the anemone

and the hepatica, to the time of the asters, there was always something growing there to delight the scent or the sight; and most of all do I remember the huge clumps of Dutchman's-breeches—the purple and the waxy white as well as the honey-tipped scarlet.

There were little sunlit clearings here, and I well recall the day when, looking across one of these, I saw something that stood awkwardly and conspicuously out of the young wood-grass—a raw stake of pine wood, and beyond that, another stake, and another; and parallel with these another row, marking out two straight lines, until the bushes hid them. The surveyors had begun to lay out the line of the new Boulevard, on which you may now roll in your carriage to Inwood, through the wreck of the woods where I used to scramble over rock and tree-trunk, going toward Tubby Hook.

It was on the grayest of gray November days last year that I had the unhappy thought of revisiting this love of my youth. I followed familiar trails, guided by landmarks I could not forget — although they had somehow grown incredibly poor and mean and shabby, and had entirely lost a certain dignity that they had until then kept quite clearly in my remembrance. And behold, they were no longer landmarks except to me. A change had come over the face of this old playground of mine. It had forgotten the withered, modest grace of the time when it was middle-aged, and when I was a boy. It was checkered and grid-ironed with pavements and electric lights. The Elevated Railroad roared at its doors behind clouds of smoke and steam. Great, cheerless, hideously ornate flat buildings reared their zinc-tipped fronts toward the gray heaven, to show the highest aspirations of that demoralized suburb in the way of domestic architecture. To right, to left, every way I turned, I saw a cheap, tawdry, slipshod imitation of the real city—or perhaps I should say, of all that is ugliest and vulgarest, least desirable, and least calculated to endure, in the troubled face of city life. I was glad to get away; glad that the gray mist that rolled up from the Hudson River hid from my sight within its fleecy bosom some details of that vulgar and pitiful degradation. One place alone I found as I had hoped to find it. Ex-Mayor Tiemann's house was gone, his conservatory was a crumbling ruin; the house we decked for Lincoln's death was a filthy tenement with a tumble-down gallery where the old portico had stood, and I found very little on my upward pilgrimage that had

not experienced some change—for the worse, as it seemed to me. The very

cemetery that belongs to old Trinity had dandified itself with a wonderful wall and a still more wonderful bridge to its annex—or appendix, or extension, or whatever you call it. But just above it is a little enclosure that is called a park—a place where a few people of modest, old-fashioned, domestic tastes had built their houses together to join in a common resistance against the encroachments of the speculator and the nomad house-hunter. I found this little settlement undisturbed, uninvaded, save by a sort of gentle decay that did it no ill-service, in my eyes. The pale dust was a little deeper in the roadways that had once been paved with limestone, a few more brown autumn leaves had fallen in the corners of the fences, the clustered wooden houses all looked a little more rustily respectable in their reserved and sleepy silence—a little bit more, I thought, as if they sheltered a colony of old maids. Otherwise it looked pretty much as it did when I first saw it, well nigh thirty years ago.

To see if there were anything alive in that misty, dusty, faded little abode of respectability, I rang at the door of one house, and found some inquiries to make concerning another one that seemed to be untenanted.

It was a very pretty young lady who opened the door for me, with such shining dark eyes and with so bright a red in her cheeks, that you felt she could not have been long in that dull, old-time spot, where life seemed to be all one neutral color. She answered my questions kindly, and then, with something in her manner which told me that strangers did not often wander in there, she said that it was a very nice place to live in. I told her that I knew it *had* been a very nice place to live in.

TYPES AND PEOPLE AT THE FAIR.

By J. A. Mitchell.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON.

IT is no reflection on the Columbian show to confess that perhaps the pleasantest moments are those spent in resting one's rebellious limbs upon a bench and in watching the crowd. It may be less novel and possibly less instructive than some other exhibits, but it is often more amusing. One realizes in studying this infinite stream of humanity how little he really knows, personally, of his own countrymen. New types seem to have sprung into existence for the sole purpose of appearing at this fair. It gives one a startling realization of the varying effects of climate, food, and mode of life upon our brothers and sisters. Voice, manner, color, size, shape, and mental fittings are so widely different as to suggest varieties in race. But we are all Americans, and those from the interior are more American than the others.

If the native Indian were of a reflective turn of mind, all this might awaken unpleasant thoughts. Judging from outside appearance, however, he has no thoughts whatever. He stalks solemnly about the grounds with a face as impassive as his wooden counterparts on Sixth Avenue. And yet *he* is the American. He is the only one among us who had ancestors to be discovered. He is the aboriginal; the first occupant and owner; the only one here with an hereditary right to the country we are celebrating. Perhaps the native realizes this in his own stolid fashion. As he stalks about among the dazzling structures of the Fair, and tries, or more likely, does not try, to grasp the innumerable wonders of art and science that only annoy and confuse him, it may require a too exhausting mental effort to recall the fact that his own grandfather very likely pursued the bounding buffalo over the waste of prairie now covered by the city of Chicago. He, at least, if his education permitted it, could claim historic connection with the country when Columbus came so near discovering it; whereas our own connection with the discoverer is certainly remote, and sometimes suggests (with the fact that he from whom we have named the Fair never actually saw this particular country) that we are taking liberties with his name.

The unconquerable American desire to do things on a bigger scale than anybody else, which often results in our "biting off more than we can chew," has again run away with us. There are many illustrations of this gnawing hunger at the World's Fair. In fact the Fair itself, as a whole, comes painfully near being an illustration in point. A

colossal enterprise too vast and complex to permit of its attaining a perfect finish in the time allowed, seems to give more joy to our occidental spirits than any possible perfection on a smaller scale. Crudity has little terror for us. The whole scheme is so vast and comprehensive, and the scale so hopelessly magnificent that the visitor finds he has neither the spirit, spine, nor legs to even partially take it in. In fact the farther he goes the more he realizes the futility of the undertaking. And the hapless enthusiast who proposes to see, even superficially, the more important exhibits, should be fitted with a wrought-iron spine, nerves of catgut, and one goes there with intent to thoroughly "do it" is laying up for himself anguish of mind and the complete annihilation of his muscular and nervous force. It is far too big for any question of conscience to be allowed to enter in. Its bigness is beyond description. No words or pictures can tell the story of its size. Experience alone can teach it. You must go there day after day, to return at night with tired eyes and aching limbs, and with the bitter and ever increasing knowledge that as an exhibition you can never grasp it. Where other exhibitions have been satisfied with a display of an hundred cubic feet of any special article, Chicago must have

Trying to Get the Better of the Native.

more summer. In all the departments, from the fine arts to canned tomatoes, there is more than enough in numbers and in area to wear out the energy and paralyze the brain. To visit the Fair with profit or comfort you must leave your sense of duty behind. Whoever at least an acre. Of whatever the world has seen before this time it now sees larger specimens and more of them. This means for the visitor more steps, more fatigue, more confusion, more time, and more money.

But there is a good side to all this, if

one can forget his physical fatigue. Few of us fully realize what the fair is doing for this country æsthetically. Not so much by its art collections, for the average American sees, or can see, enough good paintings in the course of a year to bring up his standard to a respectable level if he so elects, but by the architecture of the buildings themselves. Unless the aforementioned "Average American" is an undeserving barbarian who has made up his mind to prefer the wrong thing, these impressive monuments cannot fail to do him good. The honest beauty of their design ought to stamp itself with sufficient force upon his dawning reason to make him see the crudity of the United States architecture in which he has wallowed up to date. No praise is too high for what Chicago has achieved in this direction. There are, of course, at the Fair some painful examples of what the untamed American architect loves to do, but he is fortunately in the minority. And the very contrast he offers works for progress in the cause of good art and a higher standard. The United States Building, designed by a Government architect, is a melancholy warning.

The more intimate one becomes with this particular fair, the more forcibly he realizes the fact that we are, above all else, a practical people. After being duly impressed by the gigantic proportions and artistic excellence of the buildings, for which no praise is too high, we come gradually to learn, as we meander among the exhibits, that those things which excite our surprise and curiosity are generally the results of ingenuity and manual skill. In those departments, for instance, relating to art, literature, and history, there is little to startle the traveller who is at all familiar with previous international shows. The best in the art galleries is, as usual, from Europe. There is no dodging the fact that the average American is not overladen with the artistic sense. His enthusiasm runs in other directions. When it comes to the outward manifestations of human ingenuity, he is "on deck;" he is "in it" and "with you." The application of electricity to filling teeth, or converting sawdust into table butter, kindles in his bosom an excitement he never experienced in the art department. It certainly seems, after a visit to the electricity and machinery, that human hands can do nothing that is not more quickly accomplished by some machine. Not only this, but time and distance count for nothing, and, if we keep on as we have started, the day will soon be here when the man in Maine can shake hands with his friend in Arizona. Already the sun is a hard-working slave. Light, air, water, and in fact all nature seems cruelly overworked.

Fakirs.

If she ever strikes, it will be an awkward period for us. These mechanical and scientific surprises make it interesting to speculate as to possible sights at our next grand exhibition, say twenty years hence. The man in China, for instance, need not go to the future fair at all. He will probably be able to see and hear it all at home. If he does go he can return to Shanghai for his lunch.

But the American as seen at this fair, although first of all practical, is not, from another point of view, so far behind in his artistic sense as we are in the habit of considering him. In the first place, he is found, as a rule, standing before the best paintings and passing by the poorer ones. Those galleries containing the finest works are invariably the most crowded. And this is the greatest compliment we can pay ourselves. If, on the other hand, enthusiastic groups collected about the impressionists, and took pleasure in the purple and yellow "effects," that are sprinkled about the French and American sections there would be cause for anxiety. But such is not the case. That the impressionists still count their warmest admirers among themselves, their wives, sisters, and aunts, is a hopeful sign. As a people, we take many things less seriously than some of our contemporaries, but in matters of art we like it with a purpose. Too little clothing still strikes us as frivolous and improper. Blood, violence, and all unpleasantness are sometimes historically instructive, but, as a rule, we are fond of comfortable subjects. We still like a taste of sugar in our art.

The East and the West.

But the brightest sign of all is the universal and hearty appreciation by the multitude of the buildings themselves. The expressions of delight by those who see for the first time these marvels of architectural beauty, indicate at least a capacity for artistic enjoyment. In fact the American who steps for the first time upon the borders of the Grand Basin, and looks upon the scene before him without a tingle of pride and pleasure is not of the stuff he should be. No words can give a just idea of the magnificence and restful beauty of this gigantic achievement. Rome and Greece were of marble and built for a more serious purpose. This is a city for a single summer. As such it is a complete and glorious triumph.

There is nothing like a colossal exhibition to emphasize the disastrous effects of wealth upon the human spirit. Your friend with plenty of money goes to the Fair because others do and because he hates to be "out of it." He reaches Chicago in a palace car, occupies luxurious rooms at a comfortable and expensive hotel, takes a carriage when others walk, and at the exhibition itself derives pleasure only from those things that are unexpectedly novel. And to him such sights are few and such sensations rare. What he does realize, however, continually and with force, is the enormity of the crowd with its thoughtless persistence in holding the best places in front of those exhibits he wishes to see himself. Moreover, there is an ever-increasing sense of physical discomfort, and that is something your moneyed friend is slow to

forgive. But he does his duty, and he is glad above all to get home again.

But how different with your less prosperous friend, who has been economizing for months in order to get there! It being an expensive business, his time is

A Bride and Groom.

limited, and he drinks it in through all his senses, excitedly and with large gulps. It is hard work, but how interesting! That dull pain which overtakes the great majority of sightseers soon catches him in the back of his neck, but as long as he can see, hear, and walk, he profits by his opportunities. And he goes to his home mentally refreshed, a broader and a wiser man. He has gained an experience he would not exchange for many dollars.

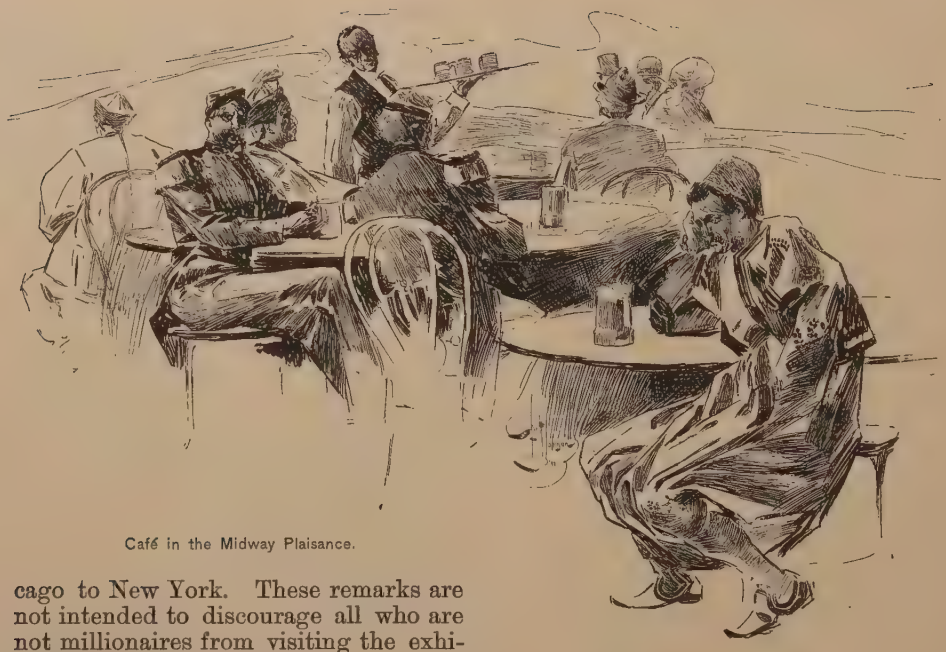
An unlooked-for feature of the exhibition is the profusion of newly married couples. Whether all this individual ecstasy adds gayety or mournfulness to the Fair depends, of course, entirely upon the point of view from which the victims are regarded. It is evident that many happy grooms have considered this a chance to kill two birds with one stone, and, as far as one can judge results from outward appearances, there is no question as to the practical working of the scheme. The happy couple find themselves in a sort of fairy land, wandering about among countless strangers, whose very numbers seem to lend security and to harden the over-sensitive soul. The crowd also seems to create a feeling of isolation which the innermost recesses of a

virgin forest could never supply. Moreover, there is here so much else to occupy the attention of the usually obnoxious public that the bride and groom can hold hands with absolute security and be as bold or blushing as their temperaments may demand.

The rolling-chairs that run about the grounds and through the buildings are the salvation of many a fainting spirit. To thousands of human beings with nothing but a human back and human legs the fair would be a failure without them. They are support for the weary, strength for the weak, and hope and a new life for the despairing. The guides who navigate them are, as a rule, college students, profiting by this opportunity to see the fair and to secure additional dollars toward completing their studies. The result is, for the occupant of the chair, an intelligent and agreeable companion, who is ready and willing to give any information he may possess. And besides, they are neither sharks nor liars, but fair and honorable respecters of truth. There is sometimes a contrast in manners and education between the occupant of the chair and the man behind that is not in favor of the former. When one sees what is evidently a citizen with far more money than brains, and without the faintest appreciation of the beauties that encompass him, wheeled about at seventy-five cents an hour by a youth so far his superior that any comparison is impossible, it causes one to realize that Fortune is indeed an irresponsible flirt, who is never so happy as when doing the wrong thing.

A not uncommon sight, and one of the countless illustrations of what an excellent husband the American becomes when properly trained, is that of the weary, uninterested man, lingering patiently among laces, china, and views of Switzerland. His heart all the while is off with the machinery, possibly with that more than human little machine that winds the cotton on the spools. Such cases are, of course, offset by the devoted women who wear themselves out in tramping through soulless acres of agricultural products, locomotives, wagons, models of ships, and all the other follies that appeal to man.

The burning question of the hour for the visitor from another city is the question of finance. He who is worth his million and intends spending a fortnight in Chicago, will do well to take his million with him. He may bring some of it away, but that will depend entirely upon his own capacity for economy. Before registering at the hotel let him be sure to secure his return ticket, for it is a long walk from Chi-



Café in the Midway Plaisance.

cago to New York. These remarks are not intended to discourage all who are not millionaires from visiting the exhibition. It can be done with less money. The writer has himself accomplished it. In fact, it is only fair to say that many of the stories of extortion which have come from the White City are much exaggerated. The most successful brigands are in the city of Chicago, and not at the Fair.

The writer can testify, from his own personal experience, that a very good lunch can be procured in the State of Illinois for less than one hundred dollars. Thirty dollars is more than enough for a sandwich, and a glass of water can be purchased anywhere for less than ninety cents. While to walk by the *cafés* and restaurants and look upon others who are eating, costs the promenader nothing whatever. But these moderate prices do not obtain at your hotel. The object of keeping a hotel is, like some other occupations, partly to make money. The Chicago hotel-keeper does not ignore this fact. His ideas of the relation of profit to expenditure are well calculated to startle the guest of reasonable expectations. If the guest is not overweeningly ambitious and is satisfied to sleep in a closet or hang from the stairs his expenses need be no greater than if he occupied a handsome suite of rooms at any first-class New York hotel. But if he insists on having a real chamber, larger even than his own bath-room at home, and with a real window in it, then he must pay. And it is then that he begins to discover why his landlord keeps a hotel. Any previous extravagances in the way of horses, real estate, or precious stones are as nothing to the present outlay. He finds that the rate per diem is, as far as he can judge, based upon the supposition that the hotel is to be closed to-morrow and must be paid for to-day. And real estate is high, even in Chicago. In matters of nourishment, the wealth of Ormus is of no avail, unless the waiter receives a tip exceeding in value the handsomest Christmas present ever given to a dearest friend.

Within the grounds there is little extortion, thanks to the firmness of the ruling powers.

But let not the Chicagoan whose eye may fall upon these lines suppose for an instant that they are intended as reflections on his character. The city that secured the prize is simply fulfilling its inevitable destiny. Had New York drawn the plum we should have witnessed a worse extortion with the added mortification of a much inferior ex-

hibition. Moreover, there is no public spirit in New York, and there is a great deal of it in Chicago. This sentiment alone is more than enough to make the difference between success and failure. The woods are full of citizens willing to begin at sunrise and discourse to you until midnight of the wonders of Chicago. In ordinary times this burning desire to impart just that kind of information is not always appreciated by the outside world; but in times of fairs the spirit that prompts it becomes a mighty engine. It was soon demonstrated that these citizens could work as well as talk, and as a result the White City has risen as from a fairy's wand.

The important question for the individual citizen is whether it is worth his while to go to this fair. And this of course depends altogether upon his purse, his stomach, his back, his legs, nerves, wife, children, and business. He may never have another such opportunity for mental expansion and physical discomfort. It is a marvel of architectural beauty. It is days of instruction, of fatigue, of art and science, of surprise and exasperation, of mental development, fatigue, and financial ruin. In the end his personal preferences, however, will probably have little to do with it. All the world are going and he must go too.

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

III.

ONCE, in the duck-season, as I lay hidden among the marsh-reeds with an older boy, a crow passed over us, flying low. Looking up at him, I realized for the first time how beautiful a creature was this common black thief of ours—how splendid his strength and the sheen of his coat, how proudly graceful the sweep and curves of his great slow wings. The boy beside me fired, and in a flash what I had been admiring changed—even as it stopped headlong in mid-air—into a hideous thing, an evil confusion of jumbled feathers. The awful swiftness of that transition from beauty and power to hateful carrion haunted me for a long time.

I half expected that Abner Beech would crumple up in some such distressing way, all of a sudden, when I told him that his son Jeff was in open rebellion, and intended to go off and enlist. It was incredible to the senses that any member of the household should set at defiance the patriarchal will of its head. But that the offence should come from placid, slow-witted, good-natured Jeff, and that it should involve the appearance of a Beech in a blue uniform—these things staggered the imagination. It was clear that something prodigious must happen.

As it turned out, nothing happened at all. The farmer and his wife sat out on the veranda, as was their wont of a summer evening, rarely exchanging a word, but getting a restful sort of satisfaction in together surveying their barns and haystacks and the yellow-brown stretch of fields beyond.

"Jeff says he's goin' to-night to Tecumseh, an' he's goin' to enlist, an' if you want him to run over to say good-by you're to let him know there."

I leant upon my newly-acquired fish-pole for support, as I unburdened myself of these sinister tidings. The old pair looked at me in calm-eyed silence, as if I had related the most trivial of village occurrences. Neither moved a muscle nor uttered a sound, but just gazed, till it felt as if their eyes were burning holes into me.

"That's what he said," I repeated, after a pause, to mitigate the embarrassment of that dumb steadfast stare.

The mother it was who spoke at last. "You'd better go round and get your supper," she said, quietly.

The table was spread, as usual, in the big, low-ceilinged room which during the winter was used as a kitchen. What was unusual was to discover a strange man seated alone in his shirt-sleeves at this table, eating his supper. As I took my chair, however, I saw that he was not altogether a stranger. I recognized in him the little old Irishman who had farmed Ezra Tracy's beaver-meadow the previous year on shares, and done badly, and had since been hiring out for odd jobs at hoeing and haying. He had lately lost his wife, I recalled now, and lived alone in a tumble-down old shanty beyond Parker's saw-mill. He had come to us in the spring, I remembered, when the brindled calf was born, to beg a pail of what he called "basteings," and I speculated in my mind whether it was this repellent mess that had killed his wife. Above all these thoughts rose the impression that Abner must have decided to do a heap of ditching and wall-building, to have hired a new hand in this otherwise slack season—and at this my back began to ache prophetically.

"How are yeh!" the new-comer remarked, affably, as I sat down and reached for the bread. "An' did yeh see the boys march away? An' had they a drum wid 'em?"

"What boys?" I asked, in blank ignorance as to what he was at.

"I'm told there's a baker's dozen of 'em gone, more or less," he replied.

"Well, glory be to the Lord, 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good. Here am I aitin' butter on my bread, an' cheese on top o' that."

I should still have been in the dark, had not one of the hired girls, Janey Wilcox, come in from the butter-room, to ask me in turn much the same thing, and to add the explanation that a whole lot of the young men of the neighborhood had privately arranged among themselves to enlist together as soon as the harvesting was over, and had this day gone off in a body. Among them, I learned now, were our two hired men, Warner Pitts and Ray Watkins. This, then, accounted for the presence of the Irishman.

As a matter of fact, there had been no secrecy about the thing save with the contingent which our household furnished, and that was only because of the fear which Abner Beech inspired. His son and his servants alike preferred to hook it, rather than explain their patriotic impulses to him. But naturally enough, our farm-girls took it for granted that all the others had gone in the same surreptitious fashion, and this threw an air of fascinating mystery about the whole occurrence. They were deeply surprised that I should have been down past the Corners, and even beyond the cheese-factory, and seen nothing of these extraordinary martial preparations; and I myself was ashamed of it.

Opinions differed, I remember, as to the behavior of our two hired men. "Till" Babcock and the Underwood girl defended them, but Janey took the other side, not without various unpleasant personal insinuations, and the Irishman and I were outspoken in their condemnation. But nobody said a word about Jeff, though it was plain enough that everyone knew.

Dusk fell while we still talked of these astounding events—my thoughts meantime dividing themselves between efforts to realize these neighbors of ours as soldiers on the tented field, and uneasy speculation as to whether I should at last get a bed to myself or be expected to sleep with the Irishman.

Janey Wilcox had taken the lamp into the living-room. She returned now, with an uplifted hand and a face covered over with lines of surprise.

"You're to all of you come in," she whispered, impressively. "Abner's got the Bible down. We're goin' to have fam'ly prayers, or somethin'."

With one accord we looked at the Irishman. The question had never before arisen on our farm, but we all knew about other cases, in which Catholic hands held aloof from the household's devotions. There were even stories of their refusal to eat meat on some one day of the week, but this we hardly brought ourselves to credit. Our surprise at the fact that domestic religious observances were to be resumed under the Beech roof-tree—where they had completely lapsed ever since the trouble at the church—was as nothing compared with our curiosity to see what the newcomer would do.

What he did was to get up and come along with the rest of us, quite as a matter of course. I felt sure that he could not have understood what was going on.

We filed into the living-room. The Beeches had come in and shut the veranda door, and "M'rye" was seated in her rocking-chair, in the darkness beyond the book-case. Her husband had the big book open before him on the table; the lamp-light threw the shadow of his long nose down into the gray of his beard with a strange effect of fierceness. His lips were tight-set and his shaggy brows drawn into a commanding frown, as he bent over the pages.

Abner did not look up till we had taken our seats. Then he raised his eyes toward the Irishman.

"I don't know, Hurley," he said, in a grave, deep-booming voice, "whether you feel it right for you to join us—we bein' Protestants——"

"Ah, it's all right, sir," replied Hurley, reassuringly, "I'll take no harm by it."

A minute's silence followed upon this magnanimous declaration. Then Abner, clearing his throat, began solemnly to read the story of Absalom's revolt. He had the knack, not uncommon in those primitive class-meeting days, of making his strong, low-pitched voice quaver and wail in the most tear-com-

pelling fashion when he read from the Old Testament. You could hardly listen to him going through even the genealogical tables of Chronicles dry-eyed. His Jeremiah and Ezekiel were equal to the funeral of a well-beloved relation.

This night he read as I had never heard him read before. The whole grim story of the son's treason and final misadventure, of the ferocious battle in the wood of Ephraim, of Joab's savagery, and of the rival runners, made the air vibrate about us, and took possession of our minds and kneaded them like dough, as we sat in the mute circle in the old living-room. From my chair I could see Hurley without turning my head, and the spectacle of excitement he presented—bending forward with dropped jaw and wild, glistening gray eyes, a hand behind his ear to miss no syllable of this strange new tale—only added to the effect it produced on me.

Then there came the terrible picture of the King's despair. I had trembled as we neared this part, foreseeing what heart-wringing anguish Abner, in his present mood, would give to that cry of the stricken father—"O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" To my great surprise, he made very little of it. The words came coldly, almost contemptuously, so that the listener could not but feel that David's lamentations were out of place, and might better have been left unuttered.

But now the farmer, leaping over into the next chapter, brought swart, stalwart, blood-stained Joab on the scene before us, and in an instant we saw why the King's outburst of mourning had fallen so flat upon our ears. Abner Beech's voice rose and filled the room with its passionate fervor as he read out Joab's speech—wherein the King is roundly told that his son was a worthless fellow, and was killed not a bit too soon, and that for the father to thus publicly lament him is to put to shame all his household and his loyal friends and servants.

While these sonorous words of protest against paternal weakness still rang in the air, Abner abruptly closed the book with a snap. We looked at him and at one another for a bewildered moment, and then "Till" Babcock stooped as if to kneel by her chair, but Janey nudged her, and we all rose and made our way silently out again into the kitchen. It had been apparent enough that no spirit of prayer abode in the farmer's breast.

"'Twas a fine bold sinsible man, that Job!" remarked Hurley to me, when the door was closed behind us, and the women had gone off to talk the scene over among themselves in the butter-room. "Would it be him that had thim lean turkeys?"

With some difficulty I made out his meaning. "Oh, no!" I explained, "the man Abner read about was Jo-ab, not Job. They were quite different people."

"I thought as much," replied the Irishman. "'Twould not be in so grand a man's nature to let his fowls go hungry. And do we be hearing such tales every night?"

"Maybe Abner 'll keep on, now he's started again," I said. "We ain't had any Bible-reading before since he had his row down at the church, and we left off going."

Hurley displayed such a lively interest in this matter that I went over it pretty fully, setting forth Abner's position and the intolerable provocations which had been forced upon him. It took him a long time to grasp the idea that in Protestant gatherings not only the pastor spoke, but the class-leaders and all others who were conscious of a call might have their word as well, and that in this way even the lowliest and meanest of the farmer's neighbors had been able to affront him in the church itself.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," was his comment upon this. "'Tis far better to hearken to one man only. If he's right, you're right. If he's wrong, why, thin, there ye have him in front of ye for protection."

Bed-time came soon after, and Mrs. Beech appeared in her nightly round of the house to see that the doors were all fastened. The candle she bore threw up a flaring yellow light upon her chin, but made the face above it by contrast still darker and more saturnine. She moved about in erect impassiveness, trying the bolts and the window catches,

and went away again, having said never a word. I had planned to ask her if I might now have a bed to myself, but somehow my courage failed me, so stern and majestic was her aspect.

I took the desired boon without asking, and dreamed of her as a darkling and relentless Joab in petticoats, slaying her own son Jeff as he hung by his hay-colored hair in one of the apple-trees of our orchard.

IV.

On all the other farms roundabout, this mid-August was a slack season. The hired men and boys did a little early fruit-picking, a little berrying, a little stone-drawing, but for the most part they could be seen idling about the woods or along the river down below Juno Mills, with gun or fish-pole. Only upon the one farm whose turn it was that week to be visited by the itinerant threshing-machine, was any special activity visible.

It was well known, however, that we were not to get the threshing machine at all. How it was managed, I never understood. Perhaps the other farmers combined in some way to over-awe or persuade the owners of the machine into refusing it to Abner Beech. More likely he scented the chance of a refusal and was too proud to put himself in its way by asking. At all events, we three —Abner, Hurley, and I—had to manage the threshing ourselves, on the matched wood floor of the carriage barn. All the fishing I did that year was in the prolific but unsubstantial waters of dreamland.

I did not work much, it is true, with the flail, but I lived all day in an atmosphere choked with dust and chaff, my ears deafened with the ceaseless whack! whack! of the hard wood clubs, bringing on fresh shocks of grain, and acting as general helper.

By toiling late and early we got this task out of the way just when the corn was ready to cut. This great job taxed all the energies of the two men, the one cutting, the other stacking, as they went. My own share of the labor was to dig the potatoes and pick the eating-apples —a quite portentous enough undertaking for a lad of twelve. All this kept me very much to myself. There was no chance to talk during the day, and at night I was glad to drag my tired limbs off to bed before the girls had fairly cleared the supper things away. A weekly newspaper — *The World* — came regularly to the post-office at the Corners for us, but we were so over-worked that often it lay there for weeks at a time, and even when someone went after it, nobody but Abner cared to read it.

So far as I know, no word ever came from Jeff. His name was never mentioned among us.

It was now past the middle of September. Except for the fall ploughing on fields that were to be put to grass under the grain in the spring—which would come much later—the getting in of the root crops, and the husking, our season's labors were pretty well behind us. The women folk had toiled like slaves as well, taking almost all the chores about the cattle-barns off our shoulders, and carrying on the butter-making without bothering us. Now that a good many cows were drying up, it was their turn to take things easy, too. But the girls, instead of being glad at this, began to borrow unhappiness over the certainty that there would be no husking-bees on the Beech farm.

One heard no other subject discussed now, as we sat of a night in the kitchen. Even when we foregathered in the living-room instead, the Babcock and the Underwood girl talked in ostentatiously low tones of the hardship of missing such opportunities for getting beaux, and having fun. They recalled to each other, with tones of longing, this and that husking-bee of other years — now one held of a moonlight night in the field itself, where the young men pulled the stacks down and dragged them to where the girls sat in a ring on big pumpkins, and merriment, songs, and chorused laughter chased the happy hours along; now of a bee held in the late wintry weather, where the men went off to the barn by themselves and husked till they were tired, and then with warning whoops came back to where the girls were waiting for them in the warm, hospitable farm-house, and

the frolic began, with cider and apples and pumpkin-pies, and old Lem Hornbeck's fiddle to lead the dancing.

Alas! they shook their empty heads and mourned, there would be no more of these delightful times! Nothing definite was ever said as to the reason for our ostracism from the sports and social enjoyments of the season. There was no need for that. We all knew too well that it was Abner Beech's politics which made us outcasts, but even these two complaining girls did not venture to say so in his hearing. Their talk, however, grew at last so persistently querulous that "M'rye" bluntly told them one night to "shut up about husking bees," following them out into the kitchen for that purpose, and speaking with unaccustomed acerbity. Thereafter we heard no more of their grumbling, but in a week or two "Till" Babcock left for her home over on the Dutch Road, and began circulating the report that we prayed every night for the success of Jeff Davis.

It was on a day in the latter half of September, perhaps the 20th or 21st—as nearly as I am able to make out from the records now—that Hurley and I started off with a double team and our big box-wagon, just after breakfast, on a long day's journey. We were taking a heavy load of potatoes in to market at Octavius, twelve miles distant; thence we were to drive out an additional three miles to a cooper-shop and bring back as many butter-firkins as we could stack up behind us, not to mention a lot of groceries of which "M'rye" gave me a list.

It was a warm, sweet aired, hazy autumn day, with a dusky red sun sauntering idly about in the sky, too indolent to cast more than the dimmest and most casual suggestion of a shadow for anything or anybody. The Irishman sat round-backed and contented on the very high seat overhanging the horses, his elbows on his knees, and a little black pipe turned upside down in his mouth. He would suck satisfiedly at this for hours after the fire had gone out, until, my patience exhausted, I begged him to light it again. He seemed almost never to put any new tobacco into this pipe, and to this day it remains a twin-mystery to me why its contents neither burned themselves to nothing nor fell out.

We talked a good deal, in a desultory fashion, as the team plodded their slow way into Octavius. Hurley told me, in answer to the questions of a curious boy, many interesting and remarkable things about the old country, as he always called it, and more particularly about his native part of it, which was on the sea-shore within sight of Skibbereen. He professed always to be filled with longing to go back, but at the same time guarded his tiny personal expenditure with the greatest solicitude, in order to save money to help one of his relations to get away. Once, when I taxed him with this inconsistency, he explained that life in Ireland was the most delicious thing on earth, but you had to get off at a distance of some thousands of miles to really appreciate it.

Naturally there was considerable talk between us, as well, about Abner Beech and his troubles. I don't know where I could have heard it, but when Hurley first came to us I at once took it for granted that the fact of his nationality made him a sympathizer with the views of our household. Perhaps I only jumped at this conclusion from the general ground that the few Irish who in those days found their way into the farm-country were held rather at arms-length by the community, and must in the nature of things feel drawn to other outcasts. At all events, I made no mistake. Hurley could not have well been more vehemently embittered against abolitionism and the war than Abner was, but he expressed his feelings with much greater vivacity and fluency of speech. It was surprising to see how much he knew about the politics and political institutions of a strange country, and how excited he grew about them when anyone would listen to him. But as he was a small man, getting on in years, he did not dare air these views down at the Corners. The result was that he and Abner were driven to commune together, and mutually inflamed each other's passionate prejudices—which was not at all needful.

When at last, shortly before noon, we

drove into Octavius, I jumped off to fill one portion of the grocery errands, leaving Hurley to drive on with the potatoes. We were to meet at the little village tavern for dinner.

He was feeding the horses in the hotel shed when I rejoined him an hour or so later. I came in, bursting with the importance of the news I had picked up—scattered, incomplete, and even incoherent news, but of a most exciting sort. The awful battle of Antietam had happened two or three days before, and nobody in all Octavius was talking or thinking of anything else. Both the Dearborn County regiments had been in the thick of the fight, and I could see from afar, as I stood on the outskirts of the throng in front of the post-office, some long strips of paper posted up beside the door, which men said contained a list of our local dead and wounded. It was hopeless, however, to attempt to get anywhere near this list, and nobody whom I questioned, knew anything about the names of those young men who had marched away from our Four Corners. Someone did call out, though, that the telegraph had broken down, or gone wrong, and that not half the news had come in as yet. But they were all so deeply stirred up, so fiercely pushing and hauling to get toward the door, that I could learn little else.

This was what I began to tell Hurley, with eager volubility, as soon as I got in under the shed. He went on with his back to me, impassively measuring out the oats from the bag, and clearing aside the stale hay in the manger, the impatient horses rubbing at his shoulders with their noses the while. Then, as I was nearly done, he turned and came out to me, slapping the fodder-mess off his hands.

He had a big, fresh cut running transversely across his nose and cheek, and there were stains of blood in the gray stubble of beard on his chin. I saw too that his clothes looked as if he had been rolled on the dusty road outside.

"Sure, then, I'm after hearin' the news myself," was all he said.

He drew out from beneath the wagon seat a bag of crackers and a hunk of cheese, and, seating himself on an overturned barrel, began to eat. By a gesture I was invited to share this meal, and did so, sitting beside him. Something had happened, apparently, to prevent our having dinner in the tavern.

I fairly yearned to ask him what this something was, and what was the matter with his face, but it did not seem quite the right thing to do, and presently he began mumbling, as much to himself as to me, a long and broken discourse, from which I picked out that he had mingled with a group of lusty young farmers in the market-place, asking for the latest intelligence, and that while they were conversing in a wholly amiable manner, one of them had suddenly knocked him down and kicked him, and that thereafter they had pursued him with curses and loud threats half-way to the tavern. This and much more he proclaimed between mouthfuls, speaking with great rapidity and in so much more marked a brogue than usual, that I understood only a fraction of what he said.

He professed entire innocence of offence in the affair, and either could not or would not tell what it was he had said to invite the blow. I dare say he did in truth richly provoke the violence he encountered, but at the time I regarded him as a martyr, and swelled with indignation every time I looked at his nose.

I remained angry, indeed, long after he himself had altogether recovered his equanimity and whimsical good spirits. He waited outside on the seat while I went in to pay for the baiting of the horses, and it was as well that he did, I fancy, because there were half a dozen brawny farm-hands and villagers standing about the bar, who were laughing in a stormy way over the episode of the "Copperhead Paddy" in the market.

We drove away, however, without incident of any sort—sagaciously turning off the main street before we reached the post-office block, where the congregated crowd seemed larger than ever. There seemed to be some fresh tidings, for several scattering outbursts of cheering reached our ears after we could no longer see the throng; but, so far from stopping to inquire what it was, Hurley put whip to the horses, and we rattled

smartly along out of the excited village into the tranquil, scythe-shorn country.

The cooper to whom we now went for our butter-firkins was a long-nosed, lean, and taciturn man, whom I think of always as with his apron tucked up at the corner, and his spectacles on his forehead, close under the edge of his square brown-paper cap. He had had word that we were coming, and the firkins were ready for us. He helped us load them in dead silence, and with a gloomy air.

Hurley desired the sound of his own voice. "Well, then, sir," he said, as our task neared completion, "'tis worth coming out of our way these fifteen miles to lay eyes on such fine, grand firkins as these same—such an elegant shape on 'em, an' put together wid such nateness!"

"You could git 'em just as good at Hagadorn's," said the cooper, curtly, "within a mile of your place."

"Huh!" cried Hurley, with contempt, "Haggydorn is it? Faith, we'll not touch him or his firkins ayether! Why, man, they're not fit to mention the same day wid yours. Ah, just look at the darlins, will ye, that nate an' clane a Christian could ate from 'em!"

The cooper was blarney-proof. "Hagadorn's are every smitch as good!" he repeated, ungraciously.

The Irishman looked at him perplexedly, then shook his head as if the problem were too much for him, and slowly clambered up to the seat. He had gathered up the lines, and we were ready to start, before any suitable words came to his tongue.

"Well, then, sir," he said, "anything to be agreeable. If I hear a man speaking a good word for your firkins, I'll dispute him."

"The firkins are well enough," growled the cooper at us, "an' they're made to sell, but I ain't so almighty tickled about takin' Copperhead money for 'em that I want to clap my wings an' crow over it."

He turned scornfully on his heel at this, and we drove away. The new revelation of our friendlessness depressed me, but Hurley did not seem to mind it at all. After a philosophic comparative remark about the manners of pigs run wild in a bog, he dismissed the affair from his thoughts altogether, and hummed cheerful words to melancholy tunes half the way home, what time he was not talking to the horses or tossing stray conversational fragments at me.

My own mind soon enough surrendered itself to harrowing speculations about the battle we had heard of. The war had been going on now, for over a year, but most of the fighting had been away off in Missouri and Tennessee, or on the lower Mississippi, and the reports had not possessed for me any keen direct interest. The idea of men from our own district—young men whom I had seen, perhaps fooled with, in the hayfield only ten weeks before—being in an actual storm of shot and shell, produced a faintness at the pit of my stomach. Both Dearborn County regiments were in it, the crowd said. Then of course our men must have been there—our hired men, and the Phillips boys, and Byron Truax, and his cousin Alonzo, and our Jeff! And if so many others had been killed, why not they as well?

"Antietam" still has a power to arrest my eyes on the printed page, and disturb my ears in the hearing, possessed by no other battle name. It seems now as if the very word itself had a terrible meaning of its own to me, when I first heard it that September afternoon—as if I recognized it to be the label of some awful novelty, before I knew anything else. It had its fascination for Hurley, too, for presently I heard him crooning to himself, to one of his queer old Irish tunes, some doggerel lines which he had made up to rhyme with it—three lines with "cheat 'em," "beat 'em," and "Antietam," and then his pet refrain, "Says the Shan van Vocht."

This levity jarred unpleasantly upon the mood into which I had worked myself, and I turned to speak of it, but the sight of his bruised nose and cheek restrained me. He had suffered too much for the faith that was in him to be lightly questioned now. So I returned to my grisly thoughts, which now all at once resolved themselves into a conviction that Jeff had been killed outright. My fancy darted to meet this notion, and straightway pictured for me a fantastic battle-field by moonlight, such as

was depicted in Lossing's books, with overturned cannon-wheels and dead horses in the foreground, and in the centre, conspicuous above all else, the inanimate form of Jeff Beech, with its face coldly radiant in the moonshine.

"I guess I'll hop off and walk a spell," I said, under the sudden impulse of this distressing visitation.

It was only when I was on the ground, trudging along by the side of the wagon, that I knew why I had got down. We were within a few rods of the Corners, where one road turned off to go to the post-office. "Perhaps it'd be a good idea for me to find out if they've heard anything more—I mean—anything about Jeff," I suggested. "I'll just look in and see, and then I can cut home cross lots."

The Irishman nodded and drove on.

I hung behind, at the Corners, till the wagon had begun the ascent of the hill, and the looming bulk of the firkins made it impossible that Hurley could see which way I went. Then, without hesitation, I turned instead down the other road which led to "Jee" Hagadorn's.

V.

Time was when I had known the Hagadorn house, from the outside at least, as well as any other in the whole township. But I had avoided that road so long now, that when I came up to the place it seemed quite strange to my eyes.

For one thing, the flower garden was much bigger than it had formerly been. To state it differently, Miss Esther's marigolds and columbines, hollyhocks and peonies, had been allowed to usurp a lot of space where sweet-corn, potatoes and other table-truck used to be raised. This not only greatly altered the aspect of the place, but it lowered my idea of the practical good-sense of its owners.

What was more striking still, was the general air of decrepitude and decay about the house itself. An eaves-trough had fallen down; half the cellar door was off its hinges, standing up against the wall; the chimney was ragged and broken at the top; the clap-boards had never been painted, and now were almost black with weather-stain and dry rot. It positively appeared to me as if the house was tipping sideways, over against the little cooper-shop adjoining it—but perhaps that was a trick of the waning evening light. I said to myself that if we were not prospering on the Beech farm, at least our foe "Jee" Hagadorn did not seem to be doing much better himself.

In truth, Hagadorn, had always been among the poorest members of our community, though this by no means involves what people in cities think of as poverty. He had a little place of nearly two acres, and then he had his coopering business; with the two he ought to have got on comfortably enough. But a certain contrariness in his nature seemed to be continually interfering with this.

This strain of conscientious perversity ran through all we knew of his life before he came to us, just as it dominated the remainder of his career. He had been a well-to-do man some ten years before, in a city in the western part of the State, with a big cooper-shop, and a lot of men under him, making the barrels for a large brewery. (It was in these days, I fancy, that Esther took on that urban polish which the younger Benaiah missed.) Then he got the notion in his head that it was wrong to make barrels for beer, and threw the whole thing up. He moved into our neighborhood with only money enough to buy the old Andrews place, and build a little shop.

It was a good opening for a cooper, and Hagadorn might have flourished if he had been able to mind his own business. The very first thing he did was to offend a number of our biggest butter-makers by taxing them with sinfulness in also raising hops, which went to make beer. For a long time they would buy no firkins of him. Then, too, he made an unpleasant impression at church. As has been said, our meeting-house was a union affair; that is to say, no one denomination being numerous enough to have an edifice of its own, all the farmers roundabout—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and so on—joined in paying the expenses. The travelling preachers who came to us

represented these great sects, with lots of minute shadings off into Hard-shell, Soft-shell, Freewill, and other subdivided mysteries which I never understood. Hagadorn had a denomination all to himself, as might have been expected from the man. What the name of it was I seem never to have heard; perhaps it had no name at all. People used to say, though, that he behaved like a Shouting Methodist.

This was another way of saying that he made a nuisance of himself in church. At prayer meetings, in the slack seasons of the year, he would pray so long, and with such tremendous shouting and fury of gestures, that he had regularly to be asked to stop, so that those who had taken the trouble to learn and practise new hymns might have a chance to be heard. And then he would out-sing all the others, not knowing the tune in the least, and cause added confusion by yelling out shrill "Amens!" between the bars. At one time quite a number of the leading people ceased attending church at all, on account of his conduct.

He added heavily to his theological unpopularity, too, by his action in another matter. There was a wealthy and important farmer living over on the west side of Agrippa Hill, who was a Universalist. The expenses of our union meeting-house were felt to be a good deal of a burden, and our elders, conferring together, decided that it would be a good thing to waive ordinary prejudices, and let the Universalists come in, and have their share of the preaching. It would be more neighborly, they felt, and they would get a subscription from the Agrippa Hill farmer. He assented to the project, and came over four or five Sundays with his family and hired help, listened unflinchingly to orthodox sermons full of sulphur and blue flames, and put money on the plate every time. Then a Universalist preacher occupied the pulpit one Sunday, and preached a highly inoffensive and noncommittal sermon, and "Jee" Hagadorn stood up in his pew and violently denounced him as an infidel, before he had descended the pulpit steps. This created a painful scandal. The Universalist farmer, of course, never darkened that church door again. Some of our young men went so far as to discuss the ducking of the obnoxious cooper in the duck-pond. But he himself was neither frightened nor ashamed.

At the beginning, too, I suppose that his taking up Abolitionism made him enemies. Dearborn County gave Franklin Pierce a big majority in '52, and the bulk of our farmers, I know, were in that majority. But I have already dwelt upon the way in which all this changed in the years just before the War. Naturally enough, Hagadorn's position also changed. The rejected stone became the head of the corner. The tiresome fanatic of the 'fifties was the inspired prophet of the 'sixties. People still shrank from giving him undue credit for their conversion, but they felt themselves swept along under his influence none the less.

But just as his unpopularity kept him poor in the old days, it seemed that now the reversed condition was making him still poorer. The truth was, he was too excited to pay any attention to his business. He went off to Octavius three or four days a week to hear the news, and when he remained at home, he spent much more time standing out in the road discussing politics and the conduct of the war with passers-by, than he did over his staves and hoops. No wonder his place was run down.

The house was dark and silent, but there was some sort of a light in the cooper-shop beyond. My hope had been to see Esther rather than her wild old father, but there was nothing for it but to go over to the shop. I pushed the loosely fitting door back on its leathern hinges, and stepped over the threshold. The resinous scent of newly cut wood, and the rustle of the shavings under my feet, had the effect, somehow, of filling me with timidity. It required an effort to not turn and go out again.

The darkened and crowded interior of the tiny work-place smelt as well, I noted now, of smoke. On the floor before me was crouched a shapeless figure—bending in front of the little furnace, made of a section of stove-pipe, which the cooper used to dry the insides of newly fashioned barrels. A fire in this—half-blaze, half-smudge—gave

forth the light I had seen from without, and the smoke which was making my nostrils tingle. Then I had to sneeze, and the kneeling figure sprang on the instant from the floor.

It was Esther who stood before me, coughing a little from the smoke, and peering inquiringly at me. "Oh—is that you, Jimmy?" she asked, after a moment of puzzled inspection in the dark.

She went on, before I had time to speak, in a nervous, half-laughing way: "I've been trying to roast an ear of corn here, but it's the worst kind of a failure. I've watched 'Ni' do it a hundred times, but with me it always comes out half-scorched and half-smoked. I guess the corn is too old now, any way. At all events, its tougher than Pharaoh's heart."

She held out to me, in proof of her words, a blackened and unseemly roasting-ear. I took it, and turned it slowly over, looking at it with the grave scrutiny of an expert. Several torn and opened sections showed where she had been testing it with her teeth. In obedience to her "See if you don't think it's too old," I took a diffident bite, at a respectful distance from the marks of her experiments. It was the worst I had ever tasted.

"I came over to see if you'd heard anything—any news," I said, desiring to get away from the corn subject.

"You mean about Tom?" she asked, moving so that she might see me more plainly.

I had stupidly forgotten about that transformation of names. "Our Jeff, I mean," I made answer.

"His name is Thomas Jefferson. *We* call him Tom," she explained; "that other name is too horrid. Did—did his people tell you to come and ask *me?*"

I shook my head. "Oh no!" I replied with emphasis, implying by my tone, I dare say, that they would have had themselves cut up into sausage-meat first.

The girl walked past me to the door, and out to the road-side, looking down toward the bridge with a lingering, anxious gaze. Then she came back, slowly.

"No, we have no news!" she said, with an effort at calmness. "He wasn't an officer, that's why. All we know is that the brigade his regiment is in lost 141 killed, 560 wounded, and 38 missing. That's all!" She stood in the doorway, her hands clasped tight, pressed against her bosom. "*That's all!*" she repeated, with a choking voice.

Suddenly she started forward, almost ran across the few yards of floor, and, throwing herself down in the darkest corner, where only dimly one could see an old buffalo-robe spread over a heap of staves, began sobbing as if her heart must break.

Her dress had brushed over the stove-pipe, and scattered some of the embers beyond the sheet of tin it stood on. I stamped these out, and carried the other remnants of the fire out doors. Then I returned, and stood about in the smoky little shop, quite helplessly listening to the moans and convulsive sobs which rose from the obscure corner. A bit of a candle in a bottle stood on the shelf by the window. I lighted this, but it hardly seemed to improve the situation. I could see her now, as well as hear her—huddled face downward upon the skin, her whole form shaking with the violence of her grief. I had never been so unhappy before in my life.

At last—it may not have been very long, but it seemed hours—there rose the sound of voices outside on the road. A wagon had stopped, and some words were being exchanged. One of the voices grew louder—came nearer; the other died off, ceased altogether, and the wagon could be heard driving away. On the instant the door was pushed sharply open, and "Jee" Hagadorn stood on the threshold, surveying the interior of his cooper-shop with gleaming eyes.

He looked at me; he looked at his daughter lying in the corner; he looked at the charred mess on the floor—yet seemed to see nothing of what he looked at. His face glowed with a strange excitement—which in another man I should have set down to drink.

"Glory be to God! Praise to the Most High! Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!" he called out, stretching forth his hands in a rapturous sort of gesture I remembered from class-meeting days.

Esther had leaped to her feet with squirrel-like swiftness at the sound of his voice, and now stood before him, her hands nervously clutching at each other, her reddened, tear-stained face a-fire with eagerness.

"Has word come?—is he safe?—have you heard?" so her excited questions tumbled over one another, as she grasped "Jee's" sleeve and shook it in feverish impatience.

"The day has come! The year of Jubilee is here!" he cried, brushing her hand aside, and staring with a fixed, ecstatic, open-mouthed smile straight ahead of him. "The words of the Prophet are fulfilled!"

"But Tom!—*Tom!*" pleaded the girl, piteously. "The list has come? You know he is safe?"

"Tom! *Tom!*" old "Jee" repeated after her, but with an emphasis contemptuous, not solicitous. "Perish a hundred Toms—yea—ten thousand! for one such day as this! 'For the Scarlet Woman of Babylon is overthrown, and bound with chains and cast into the lake of fire. Therefore, in one day shall her plagues come, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God which judged her!'"

He declaimed these words in a shrill, high-pitched voice, his face upturned, and his eyes half-closed. Esther plucked despairingly at his sleeve once more. "But have you seen?—is *his* name?—you must have seen!" she moaned, incoherently.

"Jee" descended for the moment from his plane of exaltation. "I *didn't* see!" he said, almost peevishly. "Lincoln has signed a proclamation freeing all the slaves! What do you suppose I care for your Toms and Dicks and Harrys, on such a day as this? 'Woe! woe! the great city Babylon, the strong city! For in one hour is thy judgment come!'"

The girl tottered back to her corner, and threw herself limply down upon the buffalo-robe again, hiding her face in her hands.

I pushed my way past the cooper, and trudged cross-lots home in the dark, tired, disturbed, and very hungry, but thinking most of all that if I had been worth my salt, I would have hit "Jee" Hagadorn with the adze that stood up against the door-still.

(To be continued.)

HER DYING WORDS.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

IT was the good ship Agamenticus, five days out from New York, and bound for Liverpool. There was never a ship in a more pitiful plight.

On the Tuesday morning when she left Sandy Hook behind her, the sea had been nearly as smooth as an inland pond, and the sky one unbroken blue. What wind there was came in fitful puffs, and the captain began to be afraid that it would leave them altogether. Toward sunset, however, the breeze freshened smartly, and the vessel made a phenomenal run. On the following noon there was a falling barometer, the weather thickened, the sun went down in a purple blur, and by midnight the wind was blowing a gale. The next day the Agamenticus found herself rolling and plunging in the midst of one of those summer tempests which frequently can give points to their wintry accomplices. Captain Saltus, who had sailed the ocean for forty years, man and boy, had never experienced anything like that Thursday night, unless it was that Friday night, when nothing but a series of miracles saved the ship from foundering.

On Saturday morning the storm was over. The sun was breaking gorgeously though a narrow bank of fog that stretched from east to west, and the sea was calming itself, sullenly and reluctantly, with occasional moans and

spasms. The storm was over, but it had given the Agamenticus her death-blow. The dripping decks were cluttered with rope-ends, split blocks, broken stanchions, and pine splinters—the débris of the foremast, of which only some ten or twenty feet remained. Such canvas as had not been securely furled hung in shreds from the main and mizzen yards, and at every lurch of the ship the flying cordage aloft lashed the masts. Two life-boats, with the bottoms stove in, swung loosely from the davits on the port side; the starboard boats were gone. The same sea that had wrenched them from their fastenings had also swept away John Sharon, the first mate. But the climax of all these disasters was a dreadful leak, the exact location of which was hidden by the cargo.

Such was the plight of the good ship Agamenticus at sunrise, on that fifth day out from New York.

The Agamenticus was a merchantman of about twelve hundred tons, and had excellent cabin accommodations, though she had been designed especially for freight. On this voyage, however, there happened to be five passengers—Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Tredick, Louise, their daughter, Dr. Newton Downs, and Miss Tredick's maid. The vessel belonged to a line running between Boston and New Orleans, and had been chartered by Mr. Tredick for the present occasion.

Mr. Tredick was a wealthy retired merchant who was intending to pass the summer at the German baths with his wife and daughter, and had followed the advice of his family physican in selecting a sailing-vessel instead of a steamer, in order that Mrs. Tredick, somewhat of an invalid, might get the benefit of a protracted sea-voyage. Louise, the daughter, was a very beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty; and Dr. Downs was a young physician of great promise and few patients, who had willingly consented to be Mr. Tredick's guest as far as Liverpool. The air in which Miss Louise Tredick moved had been for two years or more the only air that this young scientist could breathe without difficulty.

The relations existing between these two persons were of a rather unusual nature, and require a word or so of explanation.

At the time of his father's death, which occurred in 1879, Newton Downs was in his senior year at Bowdoin. The father had been a lawyer with an extensive practice and extravagant tastes, and his large annual income, easily acquired, had always been as easily disposed of. He was still in his prime, and was meditating future economies for the sake of his boy, when death placed an injunction on those plans. Young Downs was left with little more than sufficient means to enable him to finish his college course and pursue his medical studies for a year or two abroad. He then established himself professionally in New York; that is to say, he took a modest suite of rooms on a ground floor in West Eighteenth Street, and ornamented the right-hand side of the doorway with an engraved brass plate——

NEWTON DOWNS, M.D.
AURIST

The small, semi-detached boy, whose duty it was to keep that brass tablet bright, absorbed the whole of the Doctor's fees for the first six months.

It was in the course of this tentative first half-year that Dr. Downs made the acquaintance of the Tredick family, and had definitely surrendered himself to the charm of Miss Tredick, before he discovered the fact—to him, the fatal fact—that she was very wealthy in her own right, and was the daughter of a very wealthy father. In the eyes of most men these offences would not have seemed without mitigating circumstances; but to Dr. Downs, with his peculiar point of view, they were an insurmountable barrier. A young and impoverished gentleman, who had made a specialty of the human ear and could not get any hearing out of the public, was scarcely a brilliant *parti* for Miss Louise Tredick. His pride and his poverty, combined, closed that gate on Dr. Downs. If he could have been

poor and not proud, perhaps it would have greatly simplified the situation.

"Since fate has set me penniless on the threshold of life," reflected the Doctor, one evening shortly after his financial discovery, "why did not fate make a pauper of Miss Tredick? Then I could have asked her to be my wife, and faced the world dauntlessly, like thousands of others who have found love a sufficient capital to start housekeeping on. Miss Tredick's grandfather behaved like an idiot, to go and leave her such a preposterous fortune; and her own father is not behaving himself much better. I wish the pair of them could lose their money. If Tredick only were a Wall Street magnate, there would be some chance of them going to pieces some fine day—then I might pick up one of the pieces!"

Unless he should become abruptly rich, or Mr. Tredick and his daughter abruptly poor, there really seemed no way out of it for the young doctor. As the months went by, neither of those things appeared likely to happen. So Newton Downs kept his love to himself, and looked with despairing eyes upon Miss Tredick as a glittering impossibility. It was the desire of the moth for the star, the longing of the dime to be a dollar.

Dr. Downs's unhappiness did not terminate here. There is no man at once so unselfish and selfish as a man in love. In this instance the moth, without the dimmest perception of its own ungenerosity, wanted the star to be a little unhappy also. There was no sacrifice, excepting that of his pride, which Dr. Downs would not have made for Miss Tredick; yet he found it very hard to have a hopeless passion all to himself, and that, clearly, was what he was having. He had no illusions concerning Miss Tredick's attitude toward him. It was one of intimate indifference. A girl does not treat a possible lover with unvarying simplicity and directness. In all its phases love is complex; friendship is not. With other men Miss Tredick coquetted, or almost coquetted; but with him she never dropped that air of mere *camaraderie* which said as distinctly as such a disagreeable thing ought ever to be said, "Of course, between us *that* is out of the question. You cannot offer me the kind of home you would take me from, and I know you slightly, Dr. Downs, if you would be willing to accept rich surroundings at any woman's hand. I like you very much—in a way; and papa likes you very well, too. He sees that you are not at all sentimental." Times without number had Downs translated Miss Tredick's manner into these or similar phrases. He came at last to find a morbid satisfaction in such literary exercises.

Now, Newton Downs had been undergoing this experience for upward of two years, when Mr. Tredick, who appeared indeed to regard him as an exemplary and harmless young man, invited the doctor to take that trip to Liverpool on board the Agamenticus, and to spend a week in London or Paris, if he were so inclined, while the ship was getting ready for the return voyage.

The proposition nearly blinded Dr. Downs with its brilliancy. The vessel was chartered by Mr. Tredick, and there were to be no other passengers. There were four staterooms opening upon the cabin—the one occupied by the captain was to be given up to Dr. Downs. The tenor of Mr. Tredick's invitation left the young man no scruples about accepting it. Mr. Tredick had said: "On account of my wife and daughter, I shouldn't think of crossing without a medical man on board. I know how valuable a professional man's time is. The favor will be wholly on your side if I can persuade you to go with us." So Dr. Downs agreed to go. To have Miss Tredick all to himself, as it were, for eighteen or twenty days—perhaps twenty-five—was an incredible stroke of fortune. How it would grieve Mr. Cornelius Van Coot, the opulent stock-broker, and that young Delancy Duane, who had caused Newton Downs many an uneasy moment!

"If I am not to have earthly happiness with her," mused Dr. Downs, on his walk home that night from Madison Avenue, "I am to have at least some watery happiness! The dull season is

coming on"—he smiled sarcastically as he thought of that—"and all my patients will have retired to their country seats. Business will not suffer, and I shall escape July and August in town." Then he began making mental vignettes of Miss Tredick in a blue flannel yachting suit, and gave her two small anchors, worked in gold braid, for the standing collar, and chevrons of the same for the left-hand coat-sleeve. "How glorious it will be to promenade the deck in the moonlight after the old folks have turned in! I hope that they will be dreadfully ill, and that we shall keep dreadfully well. The moment we pass Sandy Hook Light, overboard goes Miss Tredick's maid! . . . What pleasure it will be to fetch her wraps, and black Hamburg grapes, and footstools, and iced lemonades—to sit with her under an awning, clear aft, with magazines and illustrated papers"—he instantly resolved to buy out Brentano—"to lean against the taffrail, and watch the long emerald sweep of the waves, and the sweep of Miss Tredick's eyelashes!"

It is to be remarked of Miss Tredick's eyelashes, that they were very long and very dark, and drooped upon a most healthful tint of cheek—neither too rosy nor too pallid—for she belonged to that later type of American girl who rides horseback and is not afraid of a five-mile walk through the woods and fields. There were great dignity, and delicacy, and strength in her tall figure; an innocent fearlessness in her clear, hazel eyes, and, close to, Miss Tredick's eyelashes were worth looking at.

Dr. Downs sat up late that night at the open window of his office—it was in the middle of June—reflecting on the endless pleasant possibilities of the sea voyage. Would he go no further than Liverpool? or would he run up to London, and then over to Paris? In other days he had been very happy in Paris, in the old Latin Quarter! He sat there in the silent room, with no other light than his dreams.

They were not destined to be realized. That first day at sea promised everything; then came the rough weather, and then the terrible storm, which lasted thirty-six hours or more, and all but wrenched the Agamenticus asunder, leaving her on the fifth morning, as has been described, a helpless wreck in the middle of the Atlantic.

During the height of the tempest the passengers were imprisoned in the cabin, for it had been necessary to batten down the hatches. It was so dark below that the lamp suspended over the cabin table was kept constantly burning. The heavy seas on Thursday had put out the fire in the galley, which was afterward demolished, and the cook had retreated to some spot between decks, whence he managed to serve hot coffee and sandwiches to the saloon at mealtimes. Even this became nearly impracticable after Friday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Tredick were permanently confined to their stateroom, and so desperately ill as to be for the most part unconscious of what was taking place. Miss Tredick's maid, who had been brought along chiefly to look after Mrs. Tredick, was in a like condition. Dr. Downs and Miss Tredick were fair sailors in ordinary weather; it was the strain on their nerves that now kept them "dreadfully well."

Neither thought of closing an eye that fearful Friday night. They passed the whole night in the saloon, seated opposite each other, with the narrow stationary table, which served as a support, between them. They exchanged scarcely a word as they sat listening to the thud of the tremendous waves that broke over the vessel. Indeed, most of the time speech would have been inaudible amid the roar of the wind, the shuffling tramp of the sailors on the deck, the creak of the strained timbers, and the hundred mysterious, half articulate cries that are wrung from the agony of a ship in a storm at sea.

Miss Tredick was very quiet and serious, but apparently not terrified. If an expression of anxiety now and then came into her face, it was when she glanced toward the stateroom where her mother and father were. The door stood open, and Miss Tredick, by turning slightly in the chair, could see them in their berths. They were lying in a kind of lethargic sleep. Save for a touch of unwonted paleness, and certain traces of weariness about the eyes,

Miss Tredick looked as she might have looked sitting, in some very serious mood, in her own room at home. This was courage pure and simple; for the girl was imaginative in a high degree, and it is the imagination that conspires to undermine one's firmness in critical moments. An unimaginative person's indifference to danger is not courage, it is obtuseness. Miss Tredick had the fullest realization of the peril they were in.

There was in her countenance this night a kind of spiritual beauty that seemed new to the young man. "I don't think she ever looked so much like herself before!" was Newton Downs's inward comment once, as he met her gaze across the narrow table. He could hardly keep his eyes away from her.

Dr. Downs's self-possession was not so absolute as Miss Tredick's. He was a brave man, as she was a brave girl, and the fears which unnerved him at intervals were not on his own account. To him his life weighed light in the balance against her's. That all this buoyant womanhood and rare loveliness should be even remotely menaced with a cruel death was an intolerable thought. And the menace was not remote. There were moments when he wavered in his faith in the divine goodness. There were moments, too, when he had it on his lips to tell Miss Tredick everything that had been in his mind those last two years. But here the old pride whispered to him. Later on, would it not seem as if he had taken advantage of a fortuitous situation to make avowals to which she could not well avoid listening?

It was some time near midnight that the foremast fell with a great crash. Miss Tredick involuntarily stretched out one of her hands to Downs.

"What was that?"

"A heavy spar, or a topmast, must have fallen," said Downs.

In the lull that followed they could hear what sounded like axe-strokes dealt in quick succession. The ship had heeled over frightfully to port. She held that position for perhaps twenty minutes, then slowly righted.

"It was one of the masts," Downs observed; "they have cut it adrift." And Miss Tredick softly withdrew her hand.

After this the lulls grew more frequent and prolonged, and toward daybreak the storm began rapidly to abate. There was very much less motion, and the noises overhead had subsided. The ship's bell, which had made a muffled, intermittent clamor throughout the night, had now given over its tolling. This comparative stillness, succeeding the tumult, seemed to have a poignant quality in it. It was as if the whole world had suddenly stopped, like a clock. The vessel appeared to be making but slight headway. Presently the dawn whitened the stern ports and the little disks of opaque glass let into the deck, and Dr. Downs heard the men at work on the hatches. The long vigil was ended.

"Now go and lie down for an hour or so," he said, rising from the chair with his limbs cramped. "I'll take a glance at the state of things above. I shall never forget this night, Miss Tredick."

"Nor I," she answered; and she looked so lovely sitting there in the twilight of the cabin, with an illuminated oval port behind her head forming a halo, that the young doctor faltered a second or two on the threshold.

At the top of the companion-way he met Captain Saltus on the point of descending. He was still in his oil-skin reefer and overalls, and presented the appearance of a diver who had just been brought exhausted to the surface.

"Good morning, Captain!" cried Dr. Downs, gayly, exhilarated by a full breath of the fresh sea air and a glimpse of the half-risen sun ploughing up opals and rubies in a low bank of fog stretching to the eastward. "We have weathered it, after all, but by Jove——" Something in the firm-set lines of the Captain's mouth caused the Doctor to leave his sentence unfinished. At the same instant a curious wailing sound reached his ear from the forward part of the ship. "What has happened?" he asked, in a lower voice; for they were close to the companion-way, and the door at the foot of the stairs stood open.

"I was just coming to tell you," re-

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"No, you must listen, for these are my dying words. You were blind—oh, so blind!"—Page 211.

plied the Captain, gravely, "you and Mr. Tredick."

"Is it anything serious?"

"Very serious, as serious as can be."

"They mustn't hear us below. Come over by the rail. What is the matter—has anybody been hurt?"

"We've all been hurt, Dr. Downs," returned the Captain, drawing the back of one hand across his wet brows, "every soul of us! There's an ugly leak somewhere below the water-line, we don't know where, and ain't likely to know, though the men are tearing up the cargo, trying to find out. Perhaps half a dozen seams have started, perhaps a plank. The thing widens. The ship is filling hand over hand, *and the pumps don't work.*"

"But surely the leak will be found!"

"Dr. Downs," said the Captain, "the old Agamenticus has made her last cruise."

He said this very simply. He had faced death on almost every known sea, and from his boyhood had looked upon the ocean as his burial-place. There he was to lie at last, with his ship, or in a shotted hammock, as the case might be. Such end had been his father's, and his grandfather's before him, for he had come of a breed of sea-kings.

"Then we shall have to take to the life-boats!" cried Downs, breaking from the stupor into which the captain's announcement had plunged him.

"Two of them were blown out of the lashings last night; the other two are over yonder."

Dr. Downs's glance followed the pointing of the Captain's finger. Then the young man's chin sank on his breast. "At least we shall die together!" he said softly to himself.

"I don't know where we are," remarked the Captain, casting his eyes over the lonely expanse of sea. "I've not been able to take an observation since Wednesday noon. It's pretty certain that we've been driven out of our course, but how far is guess-work. We're not in the track of vessels, anyhow. I counted on sighting a sail at daybreak. It was our only hope, but it wasn't to be. That's a nasty bit of breeze off there to the east'ard," he added, irrelevantly, following his habit of noting such detail. Then he recollected the business that had brought him to the cabin. "Some of the men for'ard are rigging up a raft; I don't myself set any great value on rafts, as a general thing, but I wish you'd break the matter, kind of incidentally, to Mr. Tredick and the ladies, and tell them to get ready. There isn't too much time to lose, Dr. Downs!"

A figure glided from the companion-hatch and, passing swiftly by Dr. Downs, halted at the Captain's side.

"I have heard what you said, Captain Saltus"—Miss Tredick spoke slowly, but without any tremor in her voice—"and I am not frightened, you see. I want you to answer me one question."

"If I can, Miss Tredick."

"How long will it be before—before the end comes?"

"Well, miss, the wind has died away, and the sea is getting smoother every second. Mr. Bowlsby thinks he will be able to launch the raft within three-quarters of an hour. Then there's the ship-stores——"

"Yes! yes!—but how long?"

"Before we leave the ship, miss?"

"No, before the ship sinks!"

"That I can't say. She may keep afloat two or three hours, if the wind doesn't freshen."

"You are convinced, then, that we are irrevocably lost?"

"Well," returned the Captain, embarrassed by the unexpected composure of the girl, "I would never say that. There's the raft. There is generally a chance of being picked up. Besides, we are always in God's world!"

Miss Tredick bowed her head, and let her hand rest gently for an instant on the Captain's coat-sleeve. In that touch was a furtive and pathetic farewell.

"Miss Tredick," cried the Captain, as he lifted his cap respectfully, "damn me if I'm not proud to sink with so brave a lady, and any man might well be! You're a lesson to those Portuguese, with their leaden images, caterwauling up there in the bows!"

"Now I would like to speak a moment with Dr. Downs," said Miss Tredick, half hesitatingly.

As the Captain slowly walked forward among the crew, there was a dash of salt

spray on his cheek. The girl paused, and looked after him with a quick, indescribable expression of tenderness in her eyes. Two intrepid souls, moving on diverse planes in this lower sphere, had met in one swift instant of recognition!

During the short dialogue between Captain Saltus and Miss Tredick, Newton Downs had stood leaning against the rail, a few feet distant. As he stood there he noticed that the ship was gradually settling. Until the night before, the idea of death—of death close to, immediate—had never come to him; it had been always something vague, a thing possible, perhaps certain, after years and years. It had been a very real thing to him that night in the storm, yet still indistinct so far as touched him personally; for his thoughts had been less of himself than of Miss Tredick. His thought now was wholly of her. What should be done? Would it not be better to go down in the vessel, than to drift about the Atlantic for days and days on a fragile raft, and endure a thousand deaths? When he contemplated the possible horror of such brief reprieve, his heart turned cold. If it was decided to take to the raft, he would pray that another blow, such as the Captain seemed to predict, might speedily come to end their suffering. The Captain himself had plainly resolved to sink with the ship. Would not that be the more merciful fate for all of them? Had not the thought occurred to Miss Tredick, too?

"Dr. Downs."

The young man raised his head, and saw Miss Tredick standing in front of him. There was a noticeable alteration in her manner; it lacked something of the self-possession it had had while she was addressing the Captain, and her lips were nearly colorless. "Is she losing her splendid courage?" Downs asked himself, with a pang.

"There may not be another opportunity for me to speak with you alone," she said hurriedly, "here or on the raft. How cruel it all seems! The world we knew has suddenly and strangely come to an end for us. I could not say to you in that world what I wish to say to you now. You, too, did not speak your thoughts to me there, and the reason of your silence was unworthy of us both——" Dr. Downs gave a little start, and made a motion to interrupt her, but she stopped him with an imploring gesture. "No, you must listen, for these are my dying words. You were blind—oh, so blind! You did not see me as I was, you did not understand, for I think I loved you from that first day"—then, with a piteous quiver of the lip, she added—"and I shall love you all the rest of my life!"

The young man's first impulse was to kneel at her feet, but the tall, slight figure was now drooping before him. He leaned forward, and took the girl in his arms. She rested her cheek on his shoulder, with her eyes closed. So they stood there, silently, in the red sunrise. Whether life lasted a minute or a century was all one to those lovers on the sinking ship.

The hammering of the men at work on the raft had ceased, and the strange silence that fell upon the vessel was emphasized rather than broken by the intermittent lamentations of the Portuguese sailors crowded into the bow of the ship. Captain Saltus, with a curious expression in his face, leaned against the capstan, watching them.

Suddenly there was a rush of feet, followed by confused cries on the forecastle-deck; a man had shouted something, the import of which did not instantly reach the little group aft.

"Where away?" cried the second-officer, leaping into the lower shrouds.

"On the starboard bow, sir! The fog's been hiding her."

"Where's the glass?—can you make her out?"

"I think it's an Inman liner, sir—she is signalling to us!"

"Thank God!"

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"She stepped along, light-footed and eager as a girl."—Page 220.

THE FLIGHT OF BETSEY LANE.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

I.

ONE windy morning in May three old women sat together near an open window in the shed chamber of Byfleet Poor-house. The wind was from the northwest, but their window faced the southeast, and they were only visited by an occasional pleasant waft of fresh air. They were close together, knee to knee, picking over a bushel of beans, and commanding a view of the dandelion-starred, green yard below, and of the winding, sandy road that led to the village, two miles away. Some captive bees were scolding among the cobwebs of the rafters overhead, or thumping against the upper panes of glass; two calves were bawling from the barnyard, where some of the men were at work loading a dump-cart and shouting as if everyone were deaf. There was a cheerful feeling of activity, and even an air of comfort, about the Byfleet Poor-house. Almost everyone was possessed of a most interesting past, though there was less to be said about the future. The inmates were by no means distressed or unhappy; many of them retired to this shelter only for the winter season, and would go out presently, some to begin such work as they could still do, others to live in their own small houses; old age had impoverished most of them by limiting their power of endurance; but far from lamenting the fact that they were town charges, they rather liked the change and excitement of a winter residence on the poor-farm. There was a sharp-faced, hard-worked young widow with seven children, who was an exception to the general level of society, because she deplored the change in her fortunes. The older women regarded her with suspicion, and were apt to talk about her in moments like this, when they happened to sit together at their work.

The three bean-pickers were dressed alike in stout, brown ginghams, checked by a white line, and all wore great faded aprons of blue drilling, with sufficient pockets convenient to the right hand. Miss Peggy Bond was a very small, belligerent-looking person, who wore a huge pair of steel-bowed spectacles, holding her sharp chin well up in air, as if to supplement an inadequate nose. She was more than half blind, but the spectacles seemed to face upward instead of square ahead, as if their wearer were always on the sharp lookout for birds. Miss Bond had suffered much personal damage from time to time, because she never took heed where she planted her feet, and so was always tripping and stubbing her bruised way through the world. She had fallen down hatchways and cellarways, and stepped composedly into deep ditches and pasture brooks; but she was proud of stating that she was upsighted, and so was her father before her. At the poor-house, where an unusual malady was considered a distinction, upsightedness was looked upon as a most honorable infirmity. Plain rheumatism, such as afflicted Aunt Lavina Dow, whose twisted hands found even this light work difficult and tiresome—plain rheumatism was something of every-day occurrence, and nobody cared to hear about it. Poor Peggy was a meek and friendly soul, who never put herself forward; she was just like other folks, as she always loved to say, but Mrs. Lavina Dow was a different sort of person altogether, of great dignity, and, occasionally, almost aggressive behavior. The time had been when she could do a good day's work with anybody, but for many years now she had not left the town-farm, being too badly crippled to work; she had no relations or friends to visit, but from an innate love of authority she could not submit to being

one of those who are forgotten by the world. Mrs. Dow was the hostess and social lawgiver here, where she remembered every inmate and every item of interest for nearly forty years, besides an immense amount of town history and biography for three or four generations back.

She was the dear friend of the third woman, Betsey Lane; together they led thought and opinion, chiefly opinion; and held sway, not only over Byfleet Poor-farm, but also the selectmen and all others in authority. Betsey Lane had spent most of her life as aid-in-general to the respected household of old General Thornton. She had been much trusted and valued, and, at the breaking up of that once large and flourishing family she had been left in good circumstances, what with legacies and her own comfortable savings; but by sad misfortune and lavish generosity everything had been scattered, and after much illness which ended in a stiffened arm and more uncertainty, the good soul had sensibly decided that it was easier for the whole town to support her than for a part of it. She had always hoped to see something of the world before she died; she came of an adventurous, seafaring stock, but had never made a longer journey than to the towns of Danby and Northville, thirty miles away.

They were all old women; but Betsey Lane, who was sixty-nine, and looked much older, was the youngest. Peggy Bond was far on in the seventies, and Mrs. Dow was at least ten years older. She made a great secret of her years, and as she sometimes spoke of events prior to the Revolution, with the assertion of having been an eye-witness, she naturally wore an air of vast antiquity. Her tales were an inexpressible delight to Betsey Lane, who felt younger by twenty years, because her friend and comrade was so unconscious of chronological limitations.

The bushel basket of cranberry beans was within easy reach, and each of the pickers had filled her lap from it again and again. The shed chamber was not an unpleasant place in which to sit at work, with its traces of seed-corn hanging from the brown cross-beams, its spare churns and dusty loom, and rickety wool-wheels, and a few bits of old furniture. In one far corner was a wide board of dismal use and suggestion, and close beside it an old cradle. There was a battered chest of drawers where the keeper of the Poor-house kept his garden-seeds, with the withered remains of three seed cucumbers ornamenting the top. Nothing beautiful could be discovered, nothing interesting; but there was something usable and homely about the place; it was the favorite and untroubled bower of the bean-pickers, to which they might retreat unmolested from the public apartments of this rustic institution.

Betsey Lane blew away the chaff from her handful of beans. The spring breeze blew the chaff back again, and sifted it over her face and shoulders. She rubbed it out of her eyes impatiently, and happened to notice old Peggy holding her own handful high as if it were an oblation, and turning her queer, up-tilted head this way and that, to look at the beans sharply, as if she were first cousin to a hen.

"There, Miss Bond, 'tis kind of botherin' work for you, ain't it?" Betsey inquired compassionately.

"I feel to enjoy it, anything that I can do my own way so," responded Peggy. "I like to do my part. Ain't that old Mis' Fales comin' up the road? It sounds like her step."

The others looked, but they were not far-sighted, and for a moment Peggy had the advantage. Mrs. Fales was not a favorite.

"I hope she ain't comin' here to put up this spring. I guess she won't now, it's gettin' so late," said Betsey Lane. "She likes to go rovin' soon as the roads is settled."

"'Tis Mis' Fales!" said Peggy Bond, listening with solemn anxiety. "There, do let's pray her by!"

"I guess she's headin' for her cousin's folks up Beech Hill way," said Betsey, presently. "If she'd left her daughter's this mornin', she'd have got just about as far as this. I kind o' wish she had stepped in just to pass the time o' day, long's she wa'n't going to make no stop."

There was a silence as to further

speech in the shed chamber; and even the calves were quiet in the barn-yard. The men had all gone away to the field where corn-planting was going on. The beans clicked steadily into the wooden measure at the pickers' feet. Betsey Lane began to sing a hymn, and the others joined in as best they might, like autumnal crickets; their voices were sharp and cracked, with now and then a few low notes of plaintive tone. Betsey herself could sing pretty well, but the others could only make a kind of accompaniment. Their voices ceased altogether at the higher notes.

"Oh, my! I wish I had the means to go to the Centennial," mourned Betsey Lane, stopping so suddenly that the others had to go on croaking and shrilling without her for a moment before they could stop. "It seems to me as if I can't die happy 'less I do," she added; "I ain't never seen nothin' of the world, an' here I be."

"What if you was as old as I be?" suggested Mrs. Dow, pompously. "You've got time enough yet, Betsey; don't you go an' despair. I knowed of a woman that went clean round the world four times when she was past eighty, an' enjoyed herself real well. Her folks followed the sea; she had three sons an' a daughter married—all shipmasters, and she'd been with her own husband when they was young; she was left a widder early, and fetched up her family herself—a real stirrin', smart woman. After they'd got married off, an' settled, an' was doing well, she come to be lonesome; and first she tried to stick it out alone, but she wa'n't one that could; and she got a notion she hadn't nothin' before her but her last sickness, and she wa'n't a person that enjoyed havin' other folks do for her. So one on her boys—I guess 'twas the oldest—said he was going to take her to sea; there was ample room, an' he was sailin' a good time o' year for the Cape o' Good Hope an' way up to some o' them tea-ports in the Chiny seas. She was all high to go, but it made a sight o' talk at her age; an' the minister made it a subject o' prayer the last Sunday, and all the folks took a last leave; but she said to some she'd fetch 'em home something real pritty, and so she did. And then they come home t'other way, round the Horn, an' she done so well, an' was such a sight o' company, the other child'n was jealous, an' she promised she'd go a v'y'ge long o' each on 'em. She was as sprightly a person as ever I see; an' could speak well o' what she'd seen."

"Did she die to sea?" asked Peggy, with interest.

"No, she died to home between v'y'ges, or she'd gone to sea again. I was to her funeral She liked her son George's ship the best; 'twas the one she was going on to Callao. They said the men aboard all called her 'Gran'-ma'am,' an' she kep' em mended up, an' would go below and tend to 'em if they was sick. She might 'a been alive an' enjoyin' of herself a good many years but for the kick of a cow; 'twas a new cow out of a drove, a dreadful unruly beast."

Mrs. Dow stopped for breath, and reached down for a new supply of beans; her empty apron was gray with soft chaff. Betsey Lane, still pondering on the Centennial, began to sing another verse of her hymn, and again the old women joined her. At this moment some strangers came driving round into the yard from the front of the house. The turf was soft, and our friends did not hear the horses' steps. Their voices cracked and quavered; it was a funny little concert, and a lady in an open carriage just below listened with sympathy and amusement.

II.

"Betsey! Betsey! Miss Lane!" a voice called eagerly at the foot of the stairs that led up from the shed. "Betsey! There's a lady here wants to see you right away."

Betsey was dazed with excitement, like a country child who knows the rare pleasure of being called out of school. "Lor', I ain't fit to go down, be I?" she faltered, looking anxiously at her friends; but Peggy was gazing even nearer to the zenith than usual, in her excited effort to see down into the yard, and Mrs. Dow only nodded somewhat jealously and said that she

guessed 'twas nobody would do her any harm. She rose ponderously, while Betsey hesitated, being, as they would have said, all of a twitter. "It is a lady, certain," Mrs. Dow assured her; "'tain't often there's a lady comes here."

"While there was any of Mis' Gen'ral Thornton's folks left, I wa'n't without visits from the gentry," said Betsey Lane, turning back proudly at the head of the stairs, with a touch of old-world pride and sense of high station. Then she disappeared and closed the door behind her at the stair-foot with a decision quite unwelcome to the friends above.

"She needn't 'a' been so dreadful 'fraid anybody was goin' to listen. I guess we've got folks to ride an' see us, or had once, if we hain't now," said Miss Peggy Bond, plaintively.

"I expect 'twas only the wind shoved it to," said Aunt Lavina. "Betsey is one that gits flustered easier than some. I wish 'twas somebody to take her off an' give her a kind of a good time; she's young to settle down 'long of old folks like us. Betsey's got a notion o' rovin' such as ain't my natur', but I should like to see her satisfied. She'd been a very understandin' person, if she had the advantages that some does."

"'Tis so," said Peggy Bond, tilting her chin high. "I suppose you can't hear nothin' they're saying? I feel my hearin' ain't up to what it was. I can hear things close to me well as ever; but there, hearin' ain't everything; 'tain't as if we lived where there was more goin' on to hear. Seems to me them folks is stoppin' a good while."

"They surely be," agreed Lavina Dow. "I expect it's somethin' particular. There ain't none of the Thornton folks left, except one o' the gran'darters, an' I've often heard Betsey remark that she should never see her more, for she lives to London. Strange how folks feels contented in them strayaway places off to the ends of the airth."

The flies and bees were buzzing against the hot window-panes; the handfuls of beans were clicking into the brown wooden measure. A bird came and perched on the window-sill and then flitted away toward the blue sky. Below, in the yard, Betsey Lane stood talking with the lady; she had put her blue drilling apron over her head, and her face was shining with delight.

"Lor, dear," she said, for at least the third time, "I remember ye when I first see ye; an awful pritty baby you was, an' they all said you looked just like the old Gin'ral. Be you goin' back to foreign parts right away?"

"Yes, I'm going back; you know that all my children are there. I wish I could take you with me for a visit," said the charming young guest. "I'm going to carry over some of the pictures and furniture from the old house; I didn't care half so much for them when I was younger, as I do now. Perhaps next summer we shall all come over for awhile. I should like to see my girls and boys playing under the pines."

"I wish you re'lly was livin' to the old place," said Betsey Lane. Her imagination was not swift; she needed time to think over all that was being told her, and she could not fancy the two strange houses across the sea. The old Thornton house was to her mind the most delightful and elegant in the world.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Mrs. Strafford, kindly, "anything that I can do for you myself, before I go away? I shall be writing to you, and sending some pictures of the children, and you must let me know how you are getting on."

"Yes, there is one thing, darlin'. If you could stop in the village an' pick me out a pritty, little, small lookin' glass, that I can keep for my own an' have to remember you by. 'Tain't that I want to set me above the rest o' the folks, but I was always used to havin' my own when I was to your grandma's. There's very nice folks here, some on 'em, and I'm better off than if I was able to keep house; but sence you ask me, that's the only thing I feel cropin' about. What be you goin' right back for? ain't you goin' to see the great fair to Philadelphy, that everybody talks about?"

"No," said Mrs. Strafford, laughing at this eager and almost convicting question. "No, I'm going back next week.

If I were, I believe that I should take you with me. Good-by, dear old Betsey; you make me feel as if I were a little girl again; you look just the same."

For full five minutes the old woman stood out in the sunshine, dazed with delight, and majestic with a sense of her own consequence. She held something tight in her hand, without thinking what it might be; but just as the friendly mistress of the Poor-farm came out to hear the news, she tucked the roll of money into the bosom of her brown gingham dress. "'Twas my dear Mis' Katy Strafford," she turned to say proudly. "She come way over from London; she's been sick; they thought the voyage would do her good. She said most the first thing she had on her mind was to come an' find me, and see how I was, an' if I was comfortable; an' now she's goin' right back. She's got two splendid houses; an' said how she wished I was there to look after things —she remembered I was always her gran'ma's right hand. Oh! it does so carry me back, to see her! Seems if all the rest on 'em must be there together to the old house. There, I must go right up an' tell Mis' Dow an' Peggy."

"Dinner's all ready—I was just goin' to blow the horn for the men-folks," said the keeper's wife. "They'll be right down. I expect you've got along smart with them beans—all three of you together;" but Betsey's mind roved so high and so far at that moment that no achievements of bean-picking could lure it back.

III.

The long table in the great kitchen soon gathered its company of waifs and strays—creatures of improvidence and misfortune, and the irreparable victims of old age. The dinner was satisfactory, and there was not much delay for conversation. Peggy Bond and Mrs. Dow and Betsey Lane always sat together at one end, with an air of putting the rest of the company below the salt. Betsey was still flushed with excitement, in fact she could not eat as much as usual, and she looked up from time to time, expectantly, as if she were likely to be asked to speak of her guest; but everybody was hungry, and even Mrs. Dow broke in upon some attempted confidences, by asking inopportunely for a second potato. There were nearly twenty at the table, counting the keeper and his wife and two children, noisy little persons who had come from school with the small flock belonging to the poor widow, who sat just opposite our friends. She finished her dinner before any one else, and pushed her chair back —she always helped with the housework —a thin, sorry, bad-tempered-looking poor soul, whom grief had sharpened instead of softening. "I expect you feel too fine to set with common folks," she said enviously to Betsey.

"Here I be a settin'," responded Betsey, calmly. "I don' know's I behave more unbecomin' than usual." Betsey prided herself upon her good and proper manners; but the rest of the company who would have liked to hear the bit of morning news were now defrauded of that pleasure. The wrong note had been struck; there was a silence after the clatter of knives and plates, and one by one the cheerful town charges disappeared. The bean-picking had been finished, and there was a call for any of the women who felt like planting corn; so Peggy Bond, who could follow the line of hills pretty fairly, and Betsey herself, who was still equal to anybody at that work, and Mrs. Dow, all went out to the field together. Aunt Lavina labored slowly up the yard, carrying a light splint-bottomed kitchen chair and her knitting-work, and sat near the stone wall on a gentle rise where she could see the pond and the green country, and exchange a word with her friends as they came and went up and down the rows. Betsey vouchsafed a word now and then about Mrs. Strafford, but you would have thought that she had been suddenly elevated to Mrs. Strafford's own cares and the responsibilities attending them, and had little in common with her old associates. Mrs. Dow and Peggy knew well that these high-feeling times never lasted long, and so they waited with as much patience as they could muster. They were by no means without that true tact which is only another word for unselfish sympathy.

The strip of corn land ran along the side of a great field; at the upper end of it was a field-corner thicket of young maples and walnut saplings, the children of a great nut-tree that marked the boundary. Once, when Betsey Lane found herself alone near this shelter at the end of her row, the other planters having lagged behind beyond the rising ground, she looked stealthily about and then put her hand inside her gown and for the first time took out the money that Mrs. Strafford had given her. She turned it over and over with an astonished look; there were new bank-bills for a hundred dollars. Betsey gave a funny little shrug of her shoulders, came out of the bushes and took a step or two on the narrow edge of turf, as if she were going to dance; then she hastily tucked away her treasure, and stepped discreetly down into the soft harrowed and hoed land, and began to drop corn again, five kernels to a hill. She had seen the top of Peggy Bond's head over the knoll, and now Peggy herself came entirely into view, gazing upward to the skies, and stumbling more or less, but counting the corn by touch and twisting her head about anxiously to gain advantage over her uncertain vision. Betsey made a friendly, inarticulate little sound as they passed; she was thinking that somebody said once that Peggy's eyesight might be remedied if she could go to Boston to the hospital; but that was so remote and impossible an undertaking that no one had ever taken the first step. Betsey Lane's brown old face suddenly worked with excitement, but in a moment more she regained her usual firm expression, and spoke carelessly to Peggy as she turned and came alongside.

The high spring wind of the morning had quite fallen; it was a lovely May afternoon. The woods about the field to the northward were full of birds, and the young leaves scarcely hid the solemn shapes of a company of crows that patiently attended the corn-planting. Two of the men had finished their hoeing, and were busy with the construction of a scarecrow; they knelt in the furrows, chuckling and looking over some forlorn, discarded garments. It was a time-honored custom to make the scarecrow resemble one of the Poor-house family; and this year they intended to have Mrs. Lavina Dow protect the field in effigy; last year it was the counterfeit of Betsey Lane who stood on guard with an easily recognized quilted hood and the remains of a valued shawl that one of the calves had found airing on a fence and chewed to pieces. Behind the men was the foundation for this rustic attempt at statuary—an upright stake and bar in the form of a cross. This stood on the highest part of the field, and as the men knelt near it and the quaint figures of the corn-planters went and came, the scene gave a curious suggestion of foreign life. It was not like New England; the presence of the rude cross appealed strangely to the imagination.

IV.

Life flowed so smoothly, for the most part, at the Byfleet Poor-farm, that nobody knew what to make, later in the summer, of a strange disappearance. All the elder inmates were familiar with illness and death, and the poor pomp of a town-pauper's funeral. The comings and goings and the various misfortunes of those who composed this strange family related only through its disasters, hardly served for the excitement and talk of a single day. Now that the June days were at their longest, the old people were sure to wake earlier than ever; but one morning, to the astonishment of everyone, Betsey Lane's bed was empty; the sheets and blankets, which were her own, and guarded with jealous care, were carefully folded and placed on a chair not too near the window, and Betsey had flown. Nobody had heard her go down the creaking stairs. The kitchen door was unlocked, and the old watch-dog lay on the step outside in the early sunshine, wagging his tail and looking wise, as if he were left on guard and meant to keep the fugitive's secret.

"Never knowed her to do nothin' afore, 'thout talking it over a fortnight and paradin' off when we could all see her," ventured a spiteful voice. "Guess we can wait till night to hear 'bout it."

Mrs. Dow looked sorrowful and shook her head. "Betsey had an aunt on her

mother's side, that went and drownded of herself; she was a pritty-appearing woman as ever you see."

"Perhaps she's gone to spend the day with Decker's folks," suggested Peggy Bond. "She always takes an extra early start; she was speakin' lately o' going up their way;" but Mrs. Dow shook her head with a most melancholy look. "I'm impressed that something's befell her," she insisted. "I heard her a groanin' in her sleep. I was wakeful the forepart o' the night—'tis very unusual with me, too."

"'Twa'n't like Betsey not to leave us any word," said the other old friend with more resentment than melancholy. They sat together almost in silence that morning in the shed-chamber. Mrs. Dow was sorting and cutting rags, and Peggy braided them into long ropes to be made into mats at a later date. If they had only known where Betsey Lane had gone, they might have talked about it until dinner-time at noon; but failing this new subject they could take no interest in any of their old ones. Out in the field the corn was well up, and the men were hoeing. It was a hot morning in the shed-chamber, and the woollen rags were dusty and hot to handle.

V.

Byfleet people knew each other well, and when this mysteriously absent person did not return to the town-farm at the end of a week, public interest became much excited; and presently it was ascertained that Betsey Lane was neither making a visit to her friends the Deckers on Birch Hill, nor to any nearer acquaintances; in fact she had disappeared altogether from her wonted haunts. Nobody remembered to have seen her pass, hers had been such an early flitting; and when somebody thought of her having gone away by train, he was laughed at for forgetting that the earliest morning train from South Byfleet, the nearest station, did not start until long after eight o'clock; and if Betsey had designed to be one of the passengers, she would have started along the road at seven, and been seen and known of all women. There was not a kitchen in that part of Byfleet that did not have windows toward the road. Conversation rarely left the level of the neighborhood gossip: to see Betsey Lane, in her best clothes, at that hour in the morning, would have been the signal for much exercise of imagination; but as day after day went by without news, the curiosity of those who knew her best turned slowly into fear, and at last Peggy Bond again gave utterance to the belief that Betsey had either gone out in the early morning and put an end to her life, or that she had gone to the Centennial. Some of the people at table were moved to loud laughter—it was at supper-time on a Sunday night—but others listened with great interest.

"She never'd put on her good clothes to drownd herself," said the widow. "She might have thought 'twas good as takin' 'em with her, though. Old folks has wandered off an' got lost in the woods afore now."

Mrs. Dow and Peggy resented this impertinent remark, but deigned to take no notice of the speaker. "She wouldn't have wore her best clothes to the Centennial, would she?" mildly inquired Peggy, bobbing her head toward the ceiling. "'Twould be a shame to spoil your best things in such a place. An' I don't know of her havin' any money; there's the end o' that."

"You're bad as old Mis' Bland that used to live neighbor to our folks," said one of the old men. "She was dreadful precise, an' she so begretched to wear a good alapacca dress that was left to her, that it hung in a press forty year an' baited the moths at last."

"I often seen Mis' Bland a-goin' in to meetin' when I was a young girl," said Peggy Bond, approvingly. "She was a good appearin' woman, an' she left property."

"Wish she'd left it to me, then," said the poor soul opposite, glancing at her pathetic row of children: but it was not good manners at the farm to deplore one's situation, and Mrs. Dow and Peggy only frowned. "Where do you suppose Betsey can be?" said Mrs. Dow, for the twentieth time. "She didn't have no money. I know she ain't gone

far if it's so that she's yet alive. She's b'en real pinched all the spring."

"Perhaps that lady that come one day give her some," the keeper's wife suggested, mildly.

"Then Betsy would have told me," said Mrs. Dow, with injured dignity.

VI.

On the morning of her disappearance, Betsey rose even before the pewee and the English sparrow, and dressed herself quietly, though with trembling hands, and stole out of the kitchen door like a plunderless thief. The old dog licked her hand and looked at her anxiously; the tortoise-shell cat rubbed against her best gown, and trotted away up the yard, then she turned anxiously and came after the old woman, following faithfully until she had to be driven back. Betsey was used to long country excursions afoot; she dearly loved the early morning; and finding that there was no dew to trouble her, she began to follow pasture paths and short cuts across the fields, surprising here and there a flock of sleepy sheep, or a startled calf that rustled out from the bushes. The birds were pecking their breakfast from bush and turf; and hardly any of the wild inhabitants of that rural world were enough alarmed by her presence to do more than flutter away if they chanced to be in her path. She stepped along, light-footed and eager as a girl, dressed in her neat old straw bonnet and black gown, and carrying a few belongings in her best bundle handkerchief, one that her only brother had brought home from the East Indies fifty years before. There was an old crow perched as sentinel on a small, dead pine-tree where he could warn friends who were pulling up the sprouted corn in a field close by; but he only gave a contemptuous caw as the adventurer appeared, and she shook her bundle at him in revenge, and laughed to see him so clumsy as he tried to keep his footing on the twigs. "Yes, I be;" she assured him. "I'm a-goin' to Pheladelphy, to the Centennial, same's other folks. I'd jest as soon tell ye's not, old crow;" and Betsey laughed aloud in pleased content with herself and her daring, as she walked along. She had only two miles to go to the station at South Byfleet, and she felt for the money now and then, and found it safe enough. She took great pride in the success of her escape, and especially in the long concealment of her wealth. Not a night had passed since Mrs. Strafford's visit that she had not slept with the roll of money under her pillow by night, and buttoned safe inside her dress by day. She knew that everybody would offer advice and even commands about the spending or saving of it; and she brooked no interference.

The last mile of the foot-path to South Byfleet was along the railway-track; and Betsey began to feel in haste, though it was still nearly two hours to train time. She looked anxiously forward and back along the rails every few minutes, for fear of being run over; and at last she caught sight of an engine that was apparently coming toward her, and took flight into the woods before she could gather courage to follow the path again. The freight train proved to be at a stand-still, waiting at a turn-out; and some of the men were straying about, eating their early breakfast comfortably in this time of leisure. As the old woman came up to them, she stopped too, for a moment of rest and conversation.

"Where be ye goin'?" she asked, pleasantly; and they told her. It was to the town where she had to change cars and take the great through train; a point of geography which she had learned from evening talks between the men at the farm.

"What'll ye carry me there for?"

"We don't run no passenger cars," said one of the young fellows, laughing. "What makes you in such a hurry?"

"I'm startin' for Pheladelphy, an' it's a gre't ways to go."

"So 'tis; but you're consid'able early if you're makin' for the eight-forty train. See here! you haven't got a needle an' thread 'long of you in that bundle, have you? If you'll sew me on a couple o' buttons, I'll give ye a free ride. I'm in a sight o' distress an' none o' the fellows is provided with as much as a bent pin."

"You poor boy! I'll have you seen to, in half a minute. I'm troubled with a stiff arm, but I'll do the best I can."

The obliging Betsey seated herself stiffly on the slope of the embankment and found her thread and needle with utmost haste. Two of the train-men stood by and watched the careful stitches, and even offered her a place as spare brakeman, so that they might keep her near; and Betsey took the offer with considerable seriousness, only thinking it necessary to assure them that she was getting most too old to be out in all weathers. An express went by like an earthquake, and she was presently hoisted on board an empty box-car, by two of her new and flattering acquaintances, and found herself before noon at the end of the first stage of her journey, without having spent a cent, and furnished with any amount of thrifty advice. One of the young men, being compassionate of her unprotected state as a traveller, advised her to find out the widow of an uncle of his in Philadelphia, saying despairingly that he couldn't tell her just how to find the house; but Miss Betsey Lane said that she had an English tongue in her head, and should be sure to find whatever she was looking for. This unexpected incident of the freight-train was the reason why everybody about the South Byfleet station insisted that no such person had taken passage by the regular train that same morning, and why there were those who persuaded themselves that Miss Betsey Lane was probably lying at the bottom of the poor-farm pond.

VII.

Nobody in these United States has ever felt half grateful enough to the promoters of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It was the first great national occasion of general interest and opportunity for cultivation; as a people we were untravelled and unconvinced of many things until we were given this glimpse of the treasures and customs of the world. Without it we should never have been ready for the more advanced lessons of the great Columbian Fair at Chicago.

"Land sakes!" said Miss Betsey Lane, as she watched a Turkish person parading by in his red fez, "I call it somethin' like the day o' judgment! I wish I was goin' to stop a month, but I daresay 'twould be the death o' my poor old bones."

She was leaning against the barrier of a patent-pop-corn establishment which had given her a sudden reminder of home and the winter nights when the sharp-kerneled little red and yellow ears were brought out, and old Uncle Eph Flanders sat by the kitchen stove, and solemnly filled a great wooden chopping tray for the refreshment of the company. She had wandered and loitered and looked until her eyes and head had grown numb and unreceptive; but it is only unimaginative persons who can be really astonished. The imagination can always outrun the possible and actual sights and sounds of the world; and this plain old body from Byfleet rarely found anything rich and splendid enough to surprise her. She saw the wonders of the West and the splendors of the East with equal calmness and satisfaction; she had always known that there was an amazing world outside the boundaries of Byfleet. There was a piece of paper in her pocket on which was marked, in her clumsy handwriting, "If Betsey Lane should meet with accident, notify the selectmen of Byfleet;" but having made this slight provision for the future, she had thrown herself boldly into the sea of strangers, and then had made the joyful discovery that friends were to be found at every turn.

There was something delightfully companionable about Betsey; she had a way of suddenly looking up over her big spectacles with a reassuring and expectant smile as if you were going to speak to her, and you generally did. She must have found out where hundreds of people came from and whom they had left at home, and what they thought of the great show, as she sat on a bench to rest, or leaned over the railings where free luncheons were afforded by the makers of hot waffles and molasses candy and fried potatoes; and there was not a night when she did not return to her lodgings with a pocket

crammed with samples of spool cotton and nobody knows what. She had already collected small presents for al-

"Then she hastily tucked away her treasure."—Page 218.

most everybody she knew at home, and she was such a pleasant, beaming old country body, so unmistakably appreciative and interested, that nobody ever thought of wishing that she would move on. Nearly all the busy people of the Exhibition called her either Aunty or Grandma at once, and made little pleasures for her as best they could. She was a delightful contrast to the indifferent, stupid crowd that drifted along, with eyes fixed at the same level, and seeing, even on that level, nothing for fifty feet at a time. "What be you making here, dear?" Betsey Lane would ask joyfully, and the most perfunctory guardian hastened to explain. She squandered money as she had never had the pleasure of doing before; and this hastened the day when she must return to Byfleet. She was always inquiring if there were any spectacle-sellers at hand, and received occasional directions; but it was a difficult place for her to find her way about in, and the very last day of her stay arrived before she found an exhibitor of the desired sort, an oculist and instrument maker.

"I called to get some specs for a friend that's up-sighted," she gravely informed the salesman, to his extreme amusement. "She's dreadful troubled, and jerks her head up like a hen a-drinkin'. She's got a blur a-growin' an' spreadin', an' sometimes she can see out to one side on't, and more times she can't."

"Cataracts," said a middle-aged gentleman at her side; and Betsey Lane turned to regard him with approval and curiosity.

"'Tis Peggy Bond I was mentioning, of Byfleet Poor-farm," she explained. "I count on gettin' some glasses to relieve her trouble, if there's any to be found."

"Glasses won't do her any good," said the stranger. "Suppose you come and sit down on this bench, and tell me all about it. First, where is Byfleet?" and Betsey gave the directions at length.

"I thought so," said the surgeon. "How old is this friend of yours?"

Betsey cleared her throat decisively and smoothed her gown over her knees as if it were an apron; then she turned to take a good look at her new acquaintance as they sat on the rustic bench together. "Who be you, sir, I should like to know?" she asked, in a friendly tone.

"My name's Dunster."

"I take it you're a doctor," continued Betsey, as if they had overtaken each other walking from Byfleet to South Byfleet on a summer morning.

"I'm a doctor; part of one at least," said he. "I know more or less about eyes; and I spend my summers down on the shore at the mouth of your river; some day I'll come up and look at this person. How old is she?"

"Peggy Bond is one that never tells her age; 'tain't come quite up to where she'll begin to brag of it, you see," explained Betsey, reluctantly; "but I know her to be nigh to seventy-six, one way or t'other. Her an' Mrs. Mary Ann Chick was same year's child'n, and Peggy knows I know it, an' two or three times when we've be'n in the buryin'-ground where Mary Ann lays an' has

her dates right on her headstone, I couldn't bring Peggy to take no sort o' notice. I will say she makes, at times, a convenience of being up-sighted. But there, I feel for her, everybody does; it keeps her stubbin' an' trippin' against everything—beakin' an' gazin' up the way she has to."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, whose eyes were twinkling, "I'll come and look after her, with your town doctor, this summer—some time in the last of July or first of August."

"You'll find occupation," said Betsey, not without an air of patronage. "Most of us to the Byfleet farm has got our ails, now I tell ye. You ain't got no bitters that'll take a dozen years right off an ol' lady's shoulders?"

The busy man smiled pleasantly, and shook his head as he went away "Dunster," said Betsey to herself, soberly committing the new name to her sound memory. "Yes, I mustn't forgit to speak of him to the doctor, as he directed. I do' know now as Peggy would vally herself quite so much accordin' to, if she had her eyes fixed same as other folks. I expect there wouldn't been a smarter woman in town, though, if she'd had proper chance. Now I've done what I

"It was not like New England; the presence of the rude cross appealed strangely to the imagination."—Page 218.

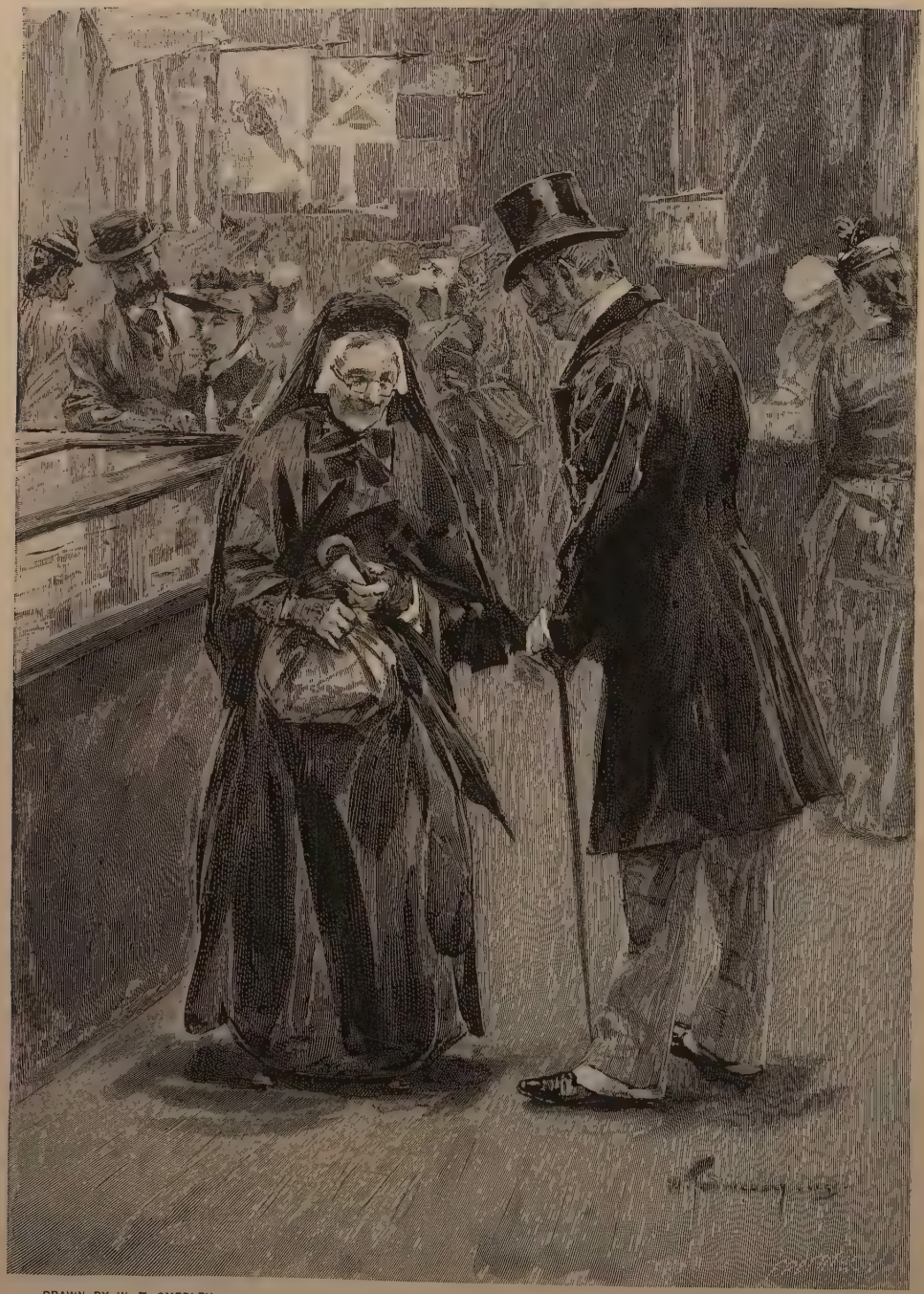
set to do for her, I do believe, an' 'twan't glasses, neither I'll git her a pritty little shawl with that money I laid aside. Peggy Bond ain't got a pritty shawl. I always wanted to have a real good time an' now I'm havin' it."

VIII.

Two or three days later, two pathetic figures might have been seen crossing the slopes of the poor-farm field, toward the low shores of Byfleet pond. It was early in the morning, and the stubble of the lately mown grass was wet with rain and hindering to old feet. Peggy Bond was more blundering and liable to stray in the wrong direction than usual; it was one of the days when she could hardly see at all. Aunt Lavina Dow was unusually clumsy of movement, and stiff in the joints; she had not been so far from the house for three years. The morning breeze filled the gathers of her wide gingham skirt and aggravated the size of her unwieldy figure. She supported herself with a stick, and trusted beside to the fragile support of Peggy's arm. They were talking together in whispers.

"Oh, my sakes!" exclaimed Peggy, moving her small head from side to side. "Hear you wheeze, Mis' Dow! This may be the death o' you; there, do go slow! You set here on the side hill, an' le' me go try if I can see."

"It needs more eyesight than you've got," said Mrs. Dow, panting between the words. "Oh! to think how spry I was in my young days, an' here I be now, the full of a door, an' all my complaints so aggravated by my size. 'Tis hard! 'tis hard! but I'm a doin' of all this for pore Betsey's sake. I know they've all laughed, but I look to see her ris' to the top o' the pond this day, 'tis just nine days since she departed; an' say what they may, I know she hove herself in. It run in her family; Betsey had an aunt that done just so, an' she ain't be'n like herself, a broodin' an' hivin' away alone, an' nothin' to say to you an' me that was always sich good company all together. Somethin' sprung her mind, now I tell ye, Mis' Bond."



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

"Betsey Lane turned to regard him with approval and curiosity."—Page 222.

"I feel to hope we shan't find her, I must say," faltered Peggy. It was plain that Mrs. Dow was the captain of this doleful expedition. "I guess she ain't never thought o' drowndin' of herself, Mis' Dow; she's gone off a visitin' way over to the other side o' South Byfleet, some thinks she's gone to the Centennial even now!"

"She hadn't no proper means, I tell ye," wheezed Mrs. Dow, indignantly; "an' if you prefer that others should find her floatin' to the top this day, instid of us that's her best friends, you can step back to the house."

They walked on in aggrieved silence. Peggy Bond trembled with excitement, but her companion's firm grasp never wavered, and so they came to the narrow, gravelly margin and stood still. Peggy tried in vain to see the glittering water and the pond-lilies that starred it; she knew that they must be there; once, years ago, she had caught fleeting glimpses of them, and she never forgot what she had once seen. The clear, blue sky overhead, the dark pine-woods beyond the pond, were all clearly pictured in her mind. "Can't you see nothin'?" she faltered; "I believe I'm wuss'n up-sighted this day. I'm going to be blind."

"No," said Lavina Dow, solemnly; "no, there ain't nothin' whatever, Peggy. I hope to mercy she ain't——"

"Why, whoever'd expected to find you 'way out here!" exclaimed a brisk and cheerful voice. There stood Betsey Lane herself, close behind them, having just emerged from a thicket of alders that grew close by. She was following the short way homeward from the railroad.

"Why, what's the matter, Mis' Dow? You ain't overdoin', be ye? an' Peggy's all of a flutter. What in the name o' natur' ails ye?"

"There ain't nothin' the matter, as I knows on," responded the leader of this fruitless expedition. "We only thought we'd take a stroll this pleasant mornin'," she added, with sublime self-possession. "Where've you be'n, Betsey Lane?"

"To Pheladelphy, ma'am," said Betsey, looking quite young and gay, and wearing a townish and unfamiliar air that upheld her words. "All ought to go that can; why, you feel's if you'd be'n all round the world. I guess I've got enough to think of and tell ye for the rest o' my days. I've always wanted to go somewheres. I wish you'd be'n there, I do so. I've talked with folks from Chiny an' the back o' Pennsylvany, and I see folks way from Australy that 'peared as well as anybody; an' I see how they made spool cotton; an' sights o' other things, an' I spoke with a doctor that lives down to the beach in the summer, an' he offered to come up 'long in the first of August, an' see what he can do for Peggy's eyesight. There was di'monds there as big as pigeon's eggs; an' I met with Mis' Abby Fletcher from South Byfleet depot—an' there was hogs there that weighed risin' thirteen hunderd——"

"I want to know," said Mrs. Lavina Dow and Peggy Bond, together.

"Well, 'twas a great exper'ence for a person," added Lavina, turning ponderously, in spite of herself, to give a last wistful look at the smiling waters of the pond.

"I don't know how soon I be goin' to settle down," proclaimed the rustic sister of Sindbad. "What's for the good o' one's for the good of all. You just wait till we're setting together up in the old shed chamber! You know, my dear Miss Katy Strafford give me a han'some present o' money that day she come to see me; and I'd be'n a dreamin' by night an' day o' seein' that Centennial, and when I come to think on't I felt sure somebody ought to go from this neighborhood, if 'twas only for the good o' the rest; and I thought I'd better be the one. I wa'n't goin' to ask the selec'men neither. I've come back with one-thirty-five in money, and I see everything there, an' I fetched ye all a little somethin'; but I'm full o' dust now, an' pretty nigh beat out. I never see a place more friendly than Pheladelphy; but 'tain't natural to a Byfleet person to be always walkin' on a level. There, now, Peggy, you take my bundle handkercher and the basket, and let Mis' Dow sag on to me. I'll git her along twice as easy."

With this the small elderly company set forth triumphant toward the Poorhouse, across the wide green field.

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART.

VI.

LITTLE FRED has been graduated from college without the loss of his front teeth or an eye. He has a few scars which will not permanently disfigure him, and though he halts slightly as the result of a strained tendon in the calf of one of his legs, Dr. Meredith assures us that this is chiefly a nervous symptom which will pass off presently. He says Fred is a little run down, and he advises raw eggs and milk between meals. I assume that the doctor is right, but it seems strange to me that a boy should get run down through foot-ball exercise. However, he is to go abroad for six months, which ought to mend matters, and then buckle down to work with Leggatt & Paine. He is an honest, manly fellow who will make friends, and, provided he does not break his neck in following the hounds or playing polo, is likely to do well.

David, my second boy, is a born chemist and a genuine book-lover besides. He is at the School of Science, to which we decided to send him instead of to college, in view of the fact that his proclivities were in the line of gases and forces rather than Greek roots and history. He is doing famously, I believe; and though I am a profound ignoramus on such matters, I should not be at all surprised if he were to make a name for himself early in life by some valuable discovery in the electrical or bacillic line. He has lately made a test of all the wall-papers and upholstery in our house, and discovered, to our dismay, that there is arsenic in pretty nearly everything, including some of the bed-sheets, which, strange to state, in spite of their innocent appearance, proved to be particularly full of the deleterious poison. We have had to overhaul everything in consequence, and Josephine firmly believes that Fred's nervous halt is due to the presence of arsenic in his system, for the bed-sheets in his college room belonged to the condemned batch. Seeing that the rest of us are perfectly well, I secretly suspect that late hours and tobacco are more to blame than arsenic for my athletic son's condition; but in the teeth of scientific warning I have not ventured to run the risk of continued exposure, and have consented to the purchase of new carpets, curtains, window-shades, and other household apparel.

I am much more concerned, to tell the truth, lest some of the germs which David is cosseting in his bed-chamber may get loose and ravage the community. He has a bacillus farm, where, according to his account, the cholera germ, the germ of tuberculosis, the typhoid-fever germ and the diphtheria germ are growing side by side for his private edification. As Josephine says, there are certain risks which a brave man has to take, but I am not sure that this is one of them. Even my darling is a little anxious on the score of contamination, in spite of her scientific son's assurance that his pets are thoroughly harmless.

I do not really know whether Josephine is prouder of Fred or of David. Certainly her mind is comparatively at rest regarding them both, notwithstanding my second boy is not quite like other people. I do not mean that he is boorish or eccentric, merely that he is bookish and self-absorbed. He takes no interest in his personal appearance, and he avoids every young woman except his sisters. Fred is dandified, keenly fond of the social interests of the day and of the other sex. I foresee that he bids fair to be a leading man of affairs, and to figure

prominently in society, and later on to become a member of Congress or to be sent abroad as a foreign minister. But he is just like everybody else, so to

"She was surrounded by young men from the moment she entered the room."

speak; or rather he accepts the world as he finds it and accommodates himself to it. Now David is cast in a different mould. He is essentially unconventional. And yet, though his mother sighs now and then over his repugnance to young ladies, and tries to badger him into looking a little more spruce, I can perceive that she is thoroughly proud of his originality and independence, and believes that he is even more likely than his conventional brother to distinguish himself and immortalize the family name. Josephine used to say when the boys were little that she hoped one of them would be a clergyman, and I know that she has more sympathy than I—and I have considerable—with a scheme of life which entertains starving in a garret for the sake of art or science as a meritorious contingency. She has held up before her boys since their earliest childhood the perils of idle and purely worldly living, and spurred them to make the most of themselves.

Curiously enough our two girls are just as dissimilar to each other as Fred and David. Josie, the elder, who, as I have already specified, is, according to the world at large, the image of her mother at the same age, will not be troublesome in the least degree, so my wife tells me. She has taken to society as a duck takes to water. She has a natural aptitude for pleasing and being pleased, consequently she has plenty of partners. My wife says that, considering the dear child was all legs and arms three years ago, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that she has turned out such a pleasant-looking girl, and that her red hair is decidedly ornamental. I call her handsome, but Josephine declares that I make myself ridiculous by the assertion, and that it is very rare that a girl who has not really a ray of beauty to commend her becomes such a thorough-going favorite in her first season.

"She constantly reminds me of you, and that is enough for me," I remarked, tenderly, on one occasion.

"You make me boil when you say that, Fred. I was really a very pretty girl, if I do say it, whereas Josie, the sweet soul, only just escapes being homely. Her smile and her hair save her, so that she passes. But it is a libel to compare her with what I was at her age. We must look facts in the face, dear."

"People tell me every day that she is the living image of her mother," I answered, humbly.

"People are idiots. They know you will believe it because you are a man. They don't dare tell me anything of the sort. No, Fred, we must build all our hopes of beauty on Winona."

"Ah!" I remarked, with an intonation of pride, "even her mother will not be able to pick a flaw in *her*."

"She is a very handsome girl, but—"

Josephine stopped short, and I could see that her lip was trembling with emotion.

"There is no 'but,'" I protested. "Whatever Josie may be, Winona is a raving beauty."

"Oh, yes, Fred, I am perfectly satisfied with her looks. That makes it all the harder. I'm on tenterhooks lest she is going to be queer."

"Queer?" I inquired, with agitation, dreading some disclosure of mental derangement.

"Odd—not like other people. It would break my heart, Fred. She is seventeen, and she doesn't take the slightest interest in coming out. You remember I had her appear for an hour at Josie's party, and that she was surrounded by young men from the moment she entered the room until I sent her to bed? Most girls would have been in danger of having their heads turned. Winona was bored."

"She will get over that as soon as she is a year older. She is shy."

"She is not shy. If she were shy I should think nothing of it. She declares that society is all nonsense, and that she wishes never to come out at all."

"What an egregiously sensible girl," I murmured.

"I hope you will not encourage her, Fred," pleaded my darling. "I have counted so much on her. If Josie had taken it into her head to be queer, I shouldn't have said a word, for I think myself that it is often for a plain girl's happiness not to have to undergo the ordeal of being neglected; but in the case of a beauty like Winona it would be such a waste! There is not a girl of her age who compares with her in beauty."

"What is it she wishes to do?" I asked, with a knitted brow. A man is apt to leave the management of his own daughters to his wife, even though he is a philosopher and prolific in theories. I had rather taken it for granted that certain advanced notions of mine regarding the conduct of women's lives would be allowed to lie dormant in my brain for lack of an animating cause, or, more accurately speaking, for lack of moral courage on my part to exploit them for the benefit of my own flesh and blood. It is more satisfactory to try experiments in the line of education on some one else's children. Besides, I had argued that Josephine was the proper person to propose a departure from the established method, in conformity with which conclusion I had paid out a handsome round sum

"She is daft on the subject of books and education."

for a coming-out party and a social wardrobe for my eldest girl. But now I felt in conscience bound to prick up my ears.

"She doesn't know herself what she wishes to do," said my wife, dejectedly. "She is daft on the subject of books and education."

"Is not that rather to her credit?" I ventured to inquire.

Josephine gazed at me as though my words had stung her.

"Of course it is to her credit," she replied, almost fiercely. "You know perfectly well, Fred, I have encouraged the girls to study and cultivate their minds in every conceivable manner, and that I have always said they should have equal advantages in the way of education with their brothers so far as it was possible to procure them. I have just told you that if Josie had wished to be a student and to go in for a career of some kind, I should have been perfectly willing; yes, I should have been glad. But it does seem hard that they should change places, and the one who is a radiant beauty, and sure to be universally admired, should take it into her head to cut loose from society. I remember saying when she was christened that we were gambling with Divine Providence in giving her such an individualizing name, for fear she would grow up a fright. I little thought I was running the risk of such a contingency as this."

"It *is* hard, Josephine," I murmured, wishing to be sympathetic. "I think, though, you are a little premature in taking it for granted that Winona will not come round all right in the end."

My darling shook her head. "She may consent to go about in order to please me, but her heart will never be in it. Oh, I know!" she added, with another outburst, as though she were arguing with an accusing spirit, "that society is all very frivolous in theory and a waste of time, and that the moralists and people who never had the chance to go anywhere would tell me I ought to be thankful to have a daughter who cares for something besides going to balls and dinner-parties and flirting with young men. That's the way they would look at it; but they might argue until they were black in the face and they couldn't make me feel otherwise than disappointed. And what is more, I believe that Winona will be very sorry herself ten years hence if she perseveres in her present determination."

These last words were spoken by my wife almost tragically, and it was evident to me that they proceeded from the heart. I am free to confess that when Josephine gives utterance to opinions with so much earnestness as this I cannot help feeling that there must be more or less truth in them. She may be no philosopher, but she is a sensible woman. And especially in a matter where another woman, and one of her own flesh and blood, besides, is concerned, it would certainly seem as though she would be apt to be right. This whole business of the emancipation of woman is one well adapted to drive a philosopher, to say nothing of the father of a family, crazy. Naturally I wish my daughters to become all that they ought to be. On the other hand, if a paterfamilias cannot trust his better half on this particular subject, he may as well imitate the example of certain savage tribes, and make mince-meat of the girls. Perhaps I seem to be worked up on the subject? Well, I am. The din of the moralists, and of the people who have never had a chance to go anywhere, is in my ears, and I cannot get altogether rid of it. Let us start afresh and attack the question from another point of view.

There is no doubt, even to the average masculine mind, although the possessor of the mind may not publish the fact on the housetops, that the most interesting product of this enlightened century is emancipated woman. There are certain enthusiasts, though principally of the emancipated sex, who are already so confident as to the rapid future progress and ultimate glorious evolution of womankind that they are ready to venture the prediction to people whom they think they can trust, that sooner or later there will be no more men. Whether this desirable result is to be brought about by the gradual extinction or snuffing out of the hitherto sterner sex by a process of killing kindness, or by the discovery of a system of generation whereby women only will be procreated, is not

foretold by these seers of the future; accordingly, while one might not be warranted in dismissing the theory as untenable, its fulfilment may fairly be regarded as a remote expectancy, and consigned to the consideration of real philosophers.

There is no doubt, though, that woman has been kept down for generations, and, has only just begun to bob up serenely, to hazard a colloquial metaphor. The eyes of civilization are upon her, and there is legitimate curiosity from Christiana to Yokohama to discover what she is going to do. To me as a philosopher, and taking into account one consideration with another, including Josephine's plaint, it seems as though woman would have much plainer sailing in her progress toward reconstruction if it were not that she is so exceedingly good-looking in spots and bunches. Let her distinction as an ornamental factor be totally negatived and overcome, and there is no telling how rapidly she might progress. By ornament, I mean, of course, not merely beauty of face and form, but sweetness of speech, delicacy of physique and sentiment, captivating clothes, and all those distinguishing characteristics which have tended to fasten upon the female sex the epithet of gentle. It will generally be admitted that women of homely presence, clumsy in their gait, dowdy in their dress, and raucous in their intonation, are much safer from the infliction of gallantries at the hands or lips of mortal men than those whose attributes are more pleasing; and it is safe to assert that many a male monster has been rooted to his seat in street-cars by the coldly intellectual eye of some not altogether able-bodied feminine person. The recent victories all along the line of women over men in examination-rooms, and their more or less successful ventures in the fields of law, medicine, and newspaper enterprise, would be more appalling to man and encouraging to the progressionists, but for the obstinate though obvious adhesion of the great mass of womankind to the trick bequeathed to them by their great-great-grandmothers of trying to look as well as they can. And the terrible part of it is they succeed so wonderfully that philosophers like myself are apt to find our ratiocinations wofully mixed when we try to reason about the matter.

You remember, perhaps, that Josephine induced me earlier in our wedded life to give a large party for her sister Julia? Within a year I have submitted to a similar domestic upheaval on account of my elder daughter, and I do not think that it can be said that I acquitted myself in either case malignantly, or even morosely. Indeed, though this is not strictly relevant to the discussion, my wife informed me after Josie's party was over that I had behaved like an angel. Now, my sister-in-law, Julia, is still unmarried, and she cannot be far from thirty. As I reflected at the time she came out, she is less comely than my wife and not so sagacious, but she is decidedly an attractive girl. She has had every advantage in the line of social entertainments, and every opportunity to meet available young men. She has waltzed all winter and been successively to Bar Harbor and Newport in summer. She has been to Europe so as to let people forget her and to reappear as a novelty, and she has altered the shape of her hair twice to my individual observation. Yet somehow she hangs fire. I am informed by Josephine, in strict confidence, that she has had offers and might have been married to at least one eminently desirable man before this had she seen fit to accept him; but I tell my darling that though the consciousness of what might have been may be a legitimate consolation to her and to her sister, it does not controvert the bald fact that Julia is still unmarried at the end of ten years of social divagations.

I do not mean that Julia may not marry. Very likely she will. She certainly ought to if she has the desire; and she has time enough yet if the right man only thinks so. It is rather on the system I am pondering than on the individual, though the vision of Josie at thirty unwedded, and a little hard and worn, haunts my retina and makes me feel philosophical. Away down in the bottom of my boots or my soul, or wherever a man can most safely

harbor a secret reflection, has long lain a feeling of wonder that the world continues to put its daintiest, most cherished, and most carefully tended daughters through the peculiar social programme in vogue. Is it not bewilderingly true that every young woman of position and manners in Christendom, be her father a Knight of the Garter or a Congressman, her mother an azure-blooded countess or the ambitious better half of a retired grocer, finds on the threshold of life only one course open to her if she desires to be conventional, and to do what is naturally expected of her? From twelve to eighteen instruction—and in these latter days exemplary instruction—Latin, Greek, if there is a craving for it, history, psychology, chemistry, political economy, to say nothing of the modern languages and special courses in summer in botany, conchology, and physiology. And then, dating from a long anticipated day, or rather night, a metamorphosis startling as the transition of the cocoon; a formal letting loose of the finished maiden on the polished parquet floor of the social arena. Tra-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la! Off she whirls to the rhythm of a Strauss waltz or a blood-stirring polka, and for the next four years, on an average, she never stops, metaphorically speaking. She may not always be waltzing or polkaing, but if she is conventionally sound she is sure to be in a whirl. She exchanges daylight for gaslight; her daily sustenance is stewed mushrooms with a rich gray gravy, beef-tea, and ice cream, varied by an occasional mouthful of fillet as a conscience composer. All winter she participates in a feverish round of balls, receptions, luncheons, dinners, teas, theatre parties, with every now and then a wedding. All summer she sails, floats, glides, sits, perches, sprawls, walks, meanders, talks, climbs, rides, saunters, or dances madly as her mood or circumstances suggest. There is her life, varying a little according to clime and disposition, according to whether she is daughter of a duke or of a successful grocer. It is what every one expects of her, so no one is surprised; and she is expected also to keep up the pace until she is married, which is likely to come to pass any day, but which, as in the case of poor Julia, may not be until she is thirty. Fancy living on mushrooms with a rich gray gravy and successively waltzing, meandering, or floating with the Tom, Dick, and Harry of the workaday social world from eighteen to thirty! And yet we fathers and philosophers ask ourselves why in thunder (or even more vehemently) our daughters have nervous prostration. Why should they? And yet I hear Josephine ask, for the discussion is uppermost in our thoughts at the moment:

"Do you wish Winona to become a second Miss Jacket?"

Let me explain that Miss Jacket, Miss Cora Jacket, M.D., lives opposite to us, and has for some months been a serious menace to the happiness of Josephine, in that my wife declares that the wretch is poisoning our Winona's mind. The charge startled me seriously when it was broached, but I have been trying to consider dispassionately whether the injury likely to be worked will be greater than that consequent upon a continuous fare of mushrooms with rich gray gravy and flirtation. Winona and Miss Cora Jacket, M.D., are certainly thicker than thieves; hence a pardonable lurking suspicion in Josephine's mind that the older woman is seeking to induce the beauty of our family to study medicine. Dr. Jacket must be thirty—just about the age of my sister-in-law. To me she appears to be a trig, energetic little woman, rather pretty and rather well dressed, and though she seems intelligent there is nothing especially frigid or forbidding in her eye. Its intellectuality is not forced upon one. I have found her so attractive that I ventured to insinuate, by way of answer to my wife's expostulation, that Winona might do much worse than model herself on Miss Cora Jacket, M.D. This drew upon my head the vial of Josephine's righteous wrath.

"Now, Fred, just stop and think for one moment," she said. "I have not a word to say against Miss Jacket. I have no doubt she is a most worthy young woman and an excellent physician, though I should never care to

consult her myself. But that is neither here nor there. Do you happen to know what Miss Jacket's antecedents were, and what her life has been?"

I shook my head droopingly.

"She was born in Ohio, and was left an orphan, and practically unprovided for, at an early age. She was helped by kind friends—all this is from her own lips—until she was old enough to help herself by teaching, and then, by some means or other, she came East and studied medicine, and made the start for herself that you see. All of which, I beg to anticipate you in saying, is marvellously to her credit. She is plainly a brilliant and capable young woman of whom any mother might be proud, provided she had to be. But because it was creditable and sensible in Miss Jacket to make the most of herself in that particular way, you surely would not advocate that the daughters of the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Germany should do the same."

"I should certainly advocate their doing something useful," I said in my dogged fashion. "Besides, Winona is the daughter neither of the Princess of Wales nor the Empress of Germany."

"No, she is not," said Josephine, in a tone which seemed to imply that she was grateful for the escape. After all, who of us to-day would give a rush to be a king or queen? What successful business or professional man would exchange the exquisite comfort of the domestic hearth and all the magazines for the prerogatives of royalty? I understood perfectly what Josephine wished to express, and agreed with her on the point. Her daughters, save for a little pomp and circumstance, were practically the peers of any and all princesses.

"Just consider, for a moment, Winona and Miss Jacket side by side," Josephine continued. "Don't you see any difference between them?"

"Well, of course Winona is an unusually handsome girl," I murmured. "Besides, she is younger."

"Younger!" groaned Josephine, evidently believing me hopeless. "Do you really, seriously think, Fred, that they are to be mentioned in the same breath as ladies?"

I rather think I looked foolish and twiddled my fingers.

"If," said Josephine, with an emphasis on the conjunction, and repeating it still more emphatically, "if it were necessary I would not say a word. If Winona were one of seven girls, I should be sorry, but I would not say a word. If it had been Josie, I should have been rather pleased — which shows, Fred, that I am not altogether hostile to the spirit of the age. But I am not prepared as yet to see my only really handsome daughter—and such a handsome one, Fred—fly in the face of convention and custom merely—merely to please Miss Jacket and the people who never have a chance to go anywhere."

All Josephine's combativeness and pride of opinion seemed to ooze suddenly away, and she buried her face on my shoulder, murmuring—

"Oh, yes, the whole system of society for girls is ridiculous and degenerating. I know it, I know it perfectly well. I don't approve of it, I never have approved of it. I wonder that so many come out of it as well as they do. And they are not content as in my day to be merely giddy; they go in now for smoking cigarettes and drinking liqueurs after dinner, and some of them paint their faces. Not all of them, of course, not one-tenth of them; Josie will never do anything of the kind. I ought, though, to be thankful, heartily thankful, if Winona prefers to stay away from all this and to develop worthy tastes of her own. She shall do what she pleases, Fred, only——"

My darling stopped short as though she had concluded not to complete her sentence. She gulped bravely and lifted her eyes to mine.

"Kiss me, dear," she whispered. "I am not really so worldly as you think."

"You are an angel, and will never be anything else to me," I responded, stroking her hair.

She lay still for a moment, happy but pensive. "She shall do whatever she pleases; only it is a very much easier matter for you to be virtuous and to say, 'Let her study medicine,' than for me."

"I have not said so, dearest."

"You have thought so, though. You

do not need to speak to have me know when you are thinking things. No man can possibly conceive what it means to a mother to have a daughter a radiant beauty and peculiar."

"I dare say not," I murmured, humbly.

"Especially," she continued, reflectively, "when you consider that, though society is foolish, there is really nothing else at present to take its place to give a girl what nothing else is likely to give her—I do not say nothing else can give it to her, but nothing else is in the least likely to; and when you consider the vast number of wives and mothers who have been through it all when they were young, and are charming and—yes, Fred, sensible, intelligent women to-day. I don't pretend that I myself am half what I might have been, but I went through it all as a girl without becoming absolutely vapid and volatile. Didn't I, dear?"

"You certainly did, Josephine. If Winona turns out your equal I shall be more than satisfied."

"Thank you, dear, but you mustn't say it. I do wish her to have more mind. My mind was more or less neglected; but, on the other hand, Fred, I never had the opportunity to be peculiar, for there was no chance to be in those days. Now the disease is liable to break out in any family. All we can do, Fred, is to remember that we are growing old, and to trust that the world of to-day is wiser than we."

"Amen!" I murmured.

And yet the consciousness that Josephine passed through it all and is what she is, makes me feel a little doubtful still on the score of the new dispensation, in spite of the mushrooms with rich gray gravy.

VII.

My daughter Winona has become a Christian Scientist, and Josephine says I have only myself to blame in that I encouraged her to model herself upon Miss Jacket. This strikes me as a little harsh, seeing that Miss Jacket, M.D., is a regular practitioner in the allopathic line, whereas Winona declares that the science of medicine is all nonsense, for the excellent reason that there is no such thing as disease. When I used this argument as a defence, Josephine regarded me scornfully, and remarked that the pair were practically one in ideas, and that it was futile of me to split straws on such a point. Ye gods and little fishes! Is it, forsooth, splitting straws to maintain that there can be no sympathy of soul between a woman doctor who takes you at your word and administers castor-oil to cure your stomach-ache and one who elevates her nose and vows that you haven't one?"

"You can't make fish of one and flesh of another," continued my wife, majestically. "The mischief was done when they walked arm-in-arm for weeks together while they were becoming intimate. It makes little difference, it seems to me, as to the precise nature of the development. If Winona hadn't embraced (as she calls it) Christian Science, she would in all probability have worn bloomers, in which case I should not have held Dr. Cora Jacket guiltless merely because that young woman continued to wear petticoats. Neither do I in the present emergency. Who was it introduced Winona to Mrs. Titus, I should like to know?"

"Was Miss Jacket responsible for that?" I inquired, respectfully, not venturing to contest further the soundness of my wife's logic in her present excited frame of mind.

"She was indeed, and it is very little consolation to me that she professes to be sorry for it now." Josephine tapped her foot with a worried air, which found voice presently in a laugh born of sheer desperation. "Isn't it perfectly ludicrous, Fred? Do you realize what the child wishes to do?"

"I understood you to state that she wishes to enter upon a crusade to show that all our aches and pains are hallucinations. There ought to be a fortune in that, my dear, compared with which the profits from David's electrical discovery will pale into insignificance."

"This is no laughing matter, Fred. She is intensely in earnest; her heart is set upon the plan, and there is no use in arguing with her. She simply looks calm and tells you that you don't know."

I scratched my head and pondered. My younger daughter's plan, as it had been unfolded to me, was this: She proposed to set up as a practitioner of Christian Science in partnership with another young woman of the same faith. They were to cure disease apparently by dint of assuring their patients that because there is no such thing as matter, nothing could be the matter with anyone. Their instructress, Mrs. Titus, had demonstrated the truth of this theory by a varied line of cures, and they had been encouraged by her to go on with the good work. Had I any objection to the scheme?

"Perhaps I had better talk the matter over with her and try to bring her to her senses," I remarked.

"I wish you joy of the experience," said my wife, with a wry smile. "She is like a seraph in her serenity, and I might just as well have been talking to a stone wall for all the effect my words seemed to have. Of course you can prevent her; she understands that; but I should like to see you alter her opinion."

I concluded to try. Accordingly, I summoned Winona to the library that evening, and we were closeted with folded doors, as the phrase is, for an hour and a half. Being a father I was desirous naturally to be judicious and yet sympathetic; being a philosopher I was willing to be enlightened if I was ignorant. My son David had demonstrated to me that a young germ of tuberculosis has all the engaging attractiveness of a six-months' old baby; perhaps it had been reserved for my daughter to prove to me that I had never had constitutional headaches. If so, what an amount of unnecessary misery I had undergone from sheer lack of knowledge!

Conventional conceptions are slow to relax their grip even when one's reason is prepared to discard them as outworn. I am not giving utterance in this sententious fashion to distrust in allopathy; I simply am thinking of the qualms which persisted in harrowing my soul as I gazed upon my very beautiful daughter, and tried to feel proud that she was endeavoring to do something useful. My associations with lovely women are so intimately associated with the ball-room floor and the purlieus of polite society, that, in spite of my secret sympathy with the progress of the sex, I could not completely school my mental machinery so as to exclude a lurking regret that such arrant good looks were to be wasted upon people who had nothing the matter with them, and who would, perhaps, be slow in recognizing the fact. I was even weak enough to remark:

"Winona, my dear, you look this evening handsome enough to eat."

As Christian Scientists are said to harbor the belief that, owing to the non-existence of matter, looks of any kind are a delusion and snare, for the reason that individuals do not really exist, but are merely so many reflections of the one eternal and immutable existence, just as the various reflections in a stream are often but the continuous duplication of some single incandescent jet, it was scarcely to be expected that my darling daughter would fall a victim to the lure which I held out to her. She had the goodness to smile a ghost of a smile, but it was evident that the speech interested her very little. Before settling down to the business in hand I could not help, however, saying to myself that, if I were a young man, I should fall down and worship before this particular shrine, Christian Science and delusion to the contrary notwithstanding. Then I said, with as much cheer as I could muster:

"And so you wish to practise medicine, Winona?"

"Not medicine, father. It is Christian Science."

"Excuse me. But are not Christian Scientists doctors?"

"We do not give medicine."

"But you cure sick people?"

Winona shook her head and smiled sweetly. "There are no sick people," she said, with quiet decision.

"Then why are there so many physicians?"

"If people had the requisite faith, there would be no more physicians."

"Only Christian Scientists."

My daughter looked at me no less sweetly because of my taunt, and responded:

"In time we shall all be able to heal ourselves. It is simply a question of strength and degree. Some of us have more power than others at present, but as the world grows the number of those sufficient unto themselves will increase."

"What makes you think so?"

"I know it, father."

"From Mrs. Titus?"

"Mrs. Titus knows it too; but I know it not merely because she knows it, but because I can feel that it is so."

"But, my dear child, surely you do not mean to tell me that if I were to have typhoid fever, I shouldn't have it."

"I know that you would think you had it."

"Well, supposing I died, wouldn't I be dead?"

Winona hesitated for an instant, but it was only in order to avoid committing herself to one heresy while seeking to avoid another. "You would be dead, though perhaps not as we now understand being dead. You would not have died of typhoid fever, but of the belief that you were suffering from typhoid fever induced by the hallucination of error."

"I see," I answered, though to tell the truth I did not, and it was very evident to me that Winona thought so too, for her serene smile revealed just a tinge of amusement. Even a real philosopher would be apt to feel nettled were he to suspect that he was making himself ridiculous in the eyes of his most beautiful daughter. I said a little sternly:

"I wish you would explain to me in the first place what you mean by saying that I might not be dead as we now understand being dead."

Winona folded her hands. "I said that, father, because we Christian Scientists are not yet certain as to what is the precise nature of death. There are some who deem death also an hallucination, and the apparent annihilation of matter consequent upon it merely a reflex confirmation of the truth that there is no matter, only spirit; and it may well be that as the world grows in faith, death will disappear in that we shall cease to think we see matter. Mrs. Titus holds this view, but I am not yet sufficiently free from error to be sure that I believe it."

"And so you wish to practise medicine, Winona?"

"But you are sure you believe that I should not have typhoid fever?"

"Perfectly."

"But what if the doctors said I had?"

"They would be mistaken, father."

I stroked my chin in order to bridle my tongue. "How old are you, Winona?" I asked.

"Just eighteen, father."

"You have never studied medicine, I believe?"

"No."

"Nor had any special advantages or opportunities to investigate the nature of disease?"

"Only through Mrs. Titus."

"Precisely. And yet you are willing to call yourself wiser than the men who have devoted their lives to its study—the physicians of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, to say nothing of those of New York and Boston."

A faint flush overspread Winona's face. "The doctors have been mistaken many times before, father. You remember Harvey and the circulation

of the blood. The doctors laughed at him at first."

"But Harvey was a trained student of medicine; you are a school-girl."

"Mrs. Titus is not a school-girl."

"Has she ever studied medicine?"

"I think not. But as disease is simply human error, we consider the study of medicine a waste of time. Our faith teaches us that everything which doctors call illness is merely a clouding of truth in the soul by error."

"And how do you cure your patients who suffer from the error of typhoid fever?"

"By the restoration of truth and their faith in truth."

"By what active means? What do you do?"

"We think of them. We bring our minds to bear upon the error in their minds."

"Is that all?"

"It is sufficient, father. Mrs. Titus has effected wonderful cures by this means only."

"Does she cure all her patients?"

"When she does not cure them, it is because error has blinded them to the perception of truth. If all could perceive truth, there would be no more error; and, as it is, there are many who cannot perceive as yet even faintly."

"And this is all?"

"Yes, provided you understand."

"I understand the fundamental truth to be that matter does not exist."

"It does not."

"So that even our bodies are a sham."

"We believe that our bodies exist, but they do not really."

"Then why do you believe it?"

"I do not believe it, but I am not yet conscious that my body does not exist. I hope to be some day, yet very likely I shall never be. Mrs. Titus is conscious of the truth at times."

"Why do you say 'at times?'"

"Because she is still somewhat sensitive to the error of heat and cold. She considers this a weakness, and she is willing to admit that she is not wholly free from error. You see Mrs. Titus is a perfectly reasonable woman, father. I am sure you would think so, if you could hear her talk. I heard her questioned the other day on that very point of susceptibility to cold. Some one asked—and asked in a scoffing spirit, father—'Supposing you were to go out-doors, Mrs. Titus, with nothing on, when the thermometer was below zero, should you feel cold?' Her answer was: 'I fear I should, though I ought not to. It is possible that after a while I might be proof against the weakness, but in all probability I should never be able to overcome it. It is simply a question of time though, when Christian Science is able to subdue this error.' Was that not unassumingly and beautifully put, father?"

"Quite unlike the brutal dogmatism of the regular practitioner, who would be apt to recommend a strait-jacket for the individual who should venture to brave the rigor of our New England climate without a stitch of clothing."

Although I spoke with a sober and sympathetic mien, my beautiful daughter plainly distrusted the sincerity of my words. Her great brown eyes regarded me mournfully, and it seemed to me there was pity in them—pity for her poor benighted parent. She said, sweetly and softly:

"You must not make sport of Christian Science, father. It has done a great deal of good already. Besides, Mrs. Titus did not do anything of the kind. There is nothing in the least sensational about her."

"And you wish to follow in her footsteps, my dear?"

"I should like to try to."

"And what if I should forbid you to do anything of the sort?"

Winona's cheek flushed and her eyes dropped a little in the face of my appearance of sternness, but she answered with the same ineffable sweetness, as though she were seeking to impress upon me that persecution could not ruffle the temper of one of her faith. "I should have to give up the plan, of course. But," she murmured, "I should still be a Christian Scientist. I could not help being one, you know."

If you ask me why I did not remand her to afternoon teas and the mantua-makers, or advise her to allay her skipping spirit with some cold drops of philanthropy, I fear that I could not give

a very satisfactory explanation. I am not, and I never shall be, a Christian Scientist, notwithstanding my beauty of a daughter declares that she can cure the proletariat of coughs, colics, and fevers simply by thinking about them. It was Josephine, not I, who remarked, after the matter was settled, and Winona had begun to keep office hours, that on the whole it was less dreadful than if she had become an actress or joined a settlement of the Toynbee Hall variety, for the reason that she still remained at home, and we had not wholly lost our hold upon her. Evidently Josephine regards her behavior as a passing phase which will sooner or later wear off and leave her more like other people, and she considers the actual practice of Christian Science rather less demoralizing from a conventional point of view than some other forms of revolt. I can see what she means. However honorable her intentions, a woman who has knocked about on the stage for half a dozen years is likely to have her perspective of life enlarged to such an extent that she can behold without winking many things which are carefully hidden from the general run of the sex, and the consequence is that she is apt to refuse to wear blinders for the rest of her existence. So too, it can be safely predicated that continuous exalted fellowship with the dregs of the population on the part of women weaned from the lap of luxury, and a consequent sacrifice of almost every form of creature comfort barring a tooth-brush, a small piano, a few books, and an etching or two, will be likely to create a sterner and sterner disrelish for the ice-cream and mushrooms vista of life at the end of which stands a husband with a newly furnished house and an ample income. My wife is ready to admit that purely from the point of view of common sense she would have preferred to have the child do almost anything peculiar rather than engage in her present mummery, because some people will consider her crazy; but, on the other hand, she maintains that the chances of losing her altogether are much less serious than if she had become a Toynbee Haller, for instance. "Mind you," said Josephine, "however much I might have fumed, I should really have been very, very proud if she had gone in for that. I can imagine, if you once got used to the idea, feeling quite as happy over it as if one's son had become a clergyman, which of course," she added, meditatively, "is a peculiar kind of happiness not just like any other. But it would have meant separation forever, to all intents and purposes, for I am too old to change my interests now, however much I may disapprove of them in theory, and though I should very likely go in for something of the same kind in case I were to begin life over again. But I don't feel as though this Christian Science were more than a temporary craze; and being just the ordinary everyday woman I am, I cannot help welcoming the possibility that Winona in course of time will come to her senses. It may be selfish of me, but I can't help it."

Now I do not regard the matter from quite such a personal point of view as Josephine, though I agree with her that I should not have picked out Christian Science as the most desirable loop-hole of escape from the trammels of convention. To be sure, as Josephine says, it is her loss rather than mine, for a father is much less completely estranged from a daughter who is peculiar than is a mother, in that the bond of clothes and parties and all the hitherto traditional tastes of woman does not exist between a father and daughter. Hence it is probably much easier for me to look at the matter philosophically than it is for Josephine. Accordingly, though I laugh in my sleeve at the solemn pretensions of my dear deluded daughter, and am more or less uncomfortable in consequence of my consciousness that all the sensible people of my acquaintance are laughing at her also, I am inclined to watch her progress with a sympathy which includes the hope that she will work out of her present state of lunacy into a more practical field, rather than that she will relapse into the stereotyped woman whom we all know. When, however, Josephine asked me the other day to specify the field, I was obliged to admit that my ideas were a trifle hazy. My state of mind doubt-

less proceeds from a rooted conviction that the emancipation of woman has only just begun, and a certain sympathetic curiosity with her each and every effort to advance. To realize her progress I have only to glance up at my ancestor with the mended eye and consider what a doll and a toy she was to him. Then I look at my wife, who was brought up on the old system, and say to myself that, unless, indeed, man is to be utterly snuffed out and extinguished, there are certain feminine characteristics in the preservation of which he is deeply interested, even when, like myself, he is at heart an aider and abettor of emancipation. No more gingerbread education, no more treatment as dolls and nincompoops, no more discrimination between one sex and the other as to knowledge of this world's wickedness, no more curtailment of personal liberty on the score of that bugaboo, propriety—all these if you like, ladies; but we men, we fathers and philosophers, ask that you retain, for our sakes, beauty of face and form, beauty of raiment, low, modulated voices, and a graceful carriage, faith, hope, and charity, even though you continue to reveal these last-named as at present with sweet, illogical inconsequence. More than this, we cannot do without the tender devotion, the unselfish forethought, the aspiring faith, which, even though we seem to mock and to be blind, saves us from the world and from ourselves. If you are to become merely men in petticoats, what will become of us? We shall go down, down, down, like the leaden plummet cast into the depths of the sea. We shall be snuffed out and extinguished in sober truth. Hence, certain that the work of emancipation is to continue, my philosophical glance follows fondly and almost proudly the course of my second daughter, who is making a fool of herself at the moment by practising Christian Science, because she has beauty and grace and a knowledge of the value of colors, purity and tenderness and aspiring faith, as her mother had before her, while at the same time she has forsaken the beaten path of convention and turned her brow to the morning. All of which Josephine informs me is charming reasoning provided Winona does not fall in love with somebody. I do not understand the precise logic of this criticism, but, on the other hand, Josephine is very apt to know what she is talking about.

VIII.

I CAME home one afternoon with a puckered brow.

"Has the Supreme Court decided another case against you?" asked Josephine, with solicitude.

I shook my head and answered, wearily: "Worse than that."

My wife regarded me in anxious silence, while manifestly she was cudgelling her brains to divine what could have happened. As she told me afterward, she imagined from my doleful air that I must at least have a seed in my little sac.

"They have asked me to run for Congress in this district," I finally vouchsafed to state.

Josephine dropped her fancy-work and sat upright with an air of satisfaction which was wholly out of keeping with my own dejected mien.

"Really, Fred! Who has asked you? The governor?"

"The governor does not usually go round on his bended knees asking candidates to run for Congress," I answered, with mild sarcasm.

"Well, the mayor then?"

I have labored for years to make plain to Josephine the ramifications of our National, State, and Municipal Government, but just as I am beginning to think that she understands the matter tolerably well, she is sure to break out in some such hopeless fashion as this, which shows that her conceptions are still crookeder than a ram's horn. And the strangest part is, that she can tell you all about the English Parliament and Home Rule, and whether any given Statesman is a Liberal or a Liberal Unionist, and about M. Clemenceau and the relative strength of the Bonapartists and Orleans factions. But when it comes to distinguishing clearly between an Alderman

and a State Senator, or a Member of Congress and a Member of the Legislature she is apt to get exasperatingly muddled. I asked her once in my most impressive manner why it was that she did not take a more vital interest in the politics of her native country, and after reflecting a moment she told me that she thought it must be because they were so stupid. On the other hand, with apparent inconsistency she has many times expressed the hope that I would some day be conspicuously connected with them. I have been conscious for some time that it would suit her admirably to have me round off my professional career as Speaker of the National House of Representatives or Minister to the Court of St. James.

"Josephine," I said, in a tone of despair, "have I not explained to you time and time again that Members of Congress are the Representatives from the several States who are sent to Washington? How could the governor, who is a State officer, or the mayor, who is a municipal officer, have anything to do with the nomination of a Member of the National House of Representatives? Only think, dear, what you are saying."

Probably Josephine would have evinced more contrition in tribute to this harangue had not her ears been fascinated by my reference to the Capital of our country.

"It *was* stupid of me, Fred. Do you mean to tell me, dear, they are going to send you to Washington? That would be perfectly delightful."

"I merely have been asked to accept the nomination for Congress in the Fourth District," I answered, dryly.

"And what did you tell them?"

"I said I would think it over."

"You must accept. Of course you will accept? It would be splendid, Fred. I would a great deal rather have you in Congress than go on our trip to Japan. I have often thought I should like to pass a winter in Washington."

By dint of economy and some shrewd investments I had managed to save up a vacation fund of more than normal size, by means of which Josephine and I were proposing to enjoy a jaunt to Japan. We had been looking forward to this excursion, which I felt that we had fairly earned by strict devotion to home and business ties for a long period of years.

"The District is hopelessly Republican in the first place, my dear, and I, as you know, am a Democrat."

Josephine looked grave for a moment. "But a great many Republicans would vote for you, Fred. Oh, I am sure they would!" she added, eagerly, impressed by the plausibility of the idea. "Harry Bolles is a Republican, and I am certain he would vote for you; so would Dr. Meredith and Sam Bangs."

"They are three out of several thousand voters in the district, Josephine. You argue like the committee which waited upon me."

"They said a great many Republicans would vote for you, didn't they? And they thought you would be elected?"

"They were kind enough to state that I had a good fighting chance, which means, my dear, that I haven't the ghost of a show."

Josephine regarded me a moment distrustfully. "It doesn't seem to me there is any use in being too modest about such a matter as this, Fred. Somebody has to be elected, and it might as well be you as anybody. I have always hoped you would go into politics, you know. If they hadn't wanted you they wouldn't have asked you."

"The only certain thing about it is, that if they had supposed I could possibly be elected, they wouldn't have offered me the nomination."

"What do you mean, Fred? I call that mock modesty, darling."

I did not consider that I was called upon to unfold more particularly to my wife the cynical estimate of the case which I entertained in my secret soul, especially in view of the fact that the committee which had waited upon me comprised not merely politicians but some of our best citizens. Although a man who is invited to run for Congress in a district hopelessly hostile is likely to cherish secret suspicions as to the

sincerity of those who offer him the nomination, the bait of self-sacrifice for the public good has lured many a cleverer man than I to his destruction. Besides, a fighting chance invariably seems more prodigious to the one who is said to have it, than to anyone else. There were certainly weak joints in the armor (an analogy supplied me by the committee) of my opponent, who was a dyed-in-the-wool politician, and indisputably I had a great many friends. Could I afford to disregard the piteous, eloquent argument of the spokesman, Honorable David Flint, that the sacred cause of Reform demanded me as its champion, and that victory was possible only under my banner? I had promised to think it over, which was a coy way of stating that I would accept. Having made up my mind to run, I was obliged to tell Josephine that this would mean good-by for many a long and weary month to our jaunt.

"If you're elected, Fred, I shall be only too glad to postpone it. And if by any chance you don't get in, we'll forget all about it in dear Japan."

"You do not quite understand the situation, pet. We stay at home in any case, election or no election. The expenses will eat up my savings for a rainy day in Japan. I shall have to contribute handsomely to everybody and everything. It's an outrage, but one of the painful results of having greatness thrust upon one."

Thereupon Josephine flung her arms around my neck and informed me that I was not only a dear, noble hero, but that Japan or no Japan she would not begrudge one copper of any sum I might be obliged to spend in order to defeat that odious wretch, Mr. Daniel Spinney. A few days later, after my letter of acceptance was published, she said that she did not see how anyone who had the least respect for the sacred right of suffrage could hesitate between us.

"Spinney is not such a bad fellow at bottom," I replied, albeit touched by the warm partisanship of my wife.

"Didn't I read in the newspaper this morning, that he is a notorious spoilsman?"

"Very likely, dear. Spinney has always called Civil Service Reform a humbug."

"And he is all wrong on the tariff."

"We think so."

"Well, then, how can you say that he isn't a bad fellow at bottom?"

"I mean, Josephine, that apart from politics he is a very decent sort of person. I couldn't help thinking while I was chatting with him yesterday that there was something quite attractive about him. He isn't exactly the kind of man I should hold up as a model to my sons, but, as I said before, he is by no means a bad fellow."

Josephine had been looking at me aghast ever since the opening sentence of this speech. "You don't mean to tell me, Fred, that you stopped and chatted with that wretch?"

"Indeed I do. We happened to meet, and so we hobnobbed for five minutes on the street corner and drew each other out in the friendliest sort of fashion as to our mutual prospects. He says he has a walk-over, and I told him that he isn't in it."

"I'm glad you showed a little spirit, anyhow."

"What would you have had me do? Make a fell assault upon his hair and eyeballs? As it was, I perpetrated a deliberate falsehood in the good cause. He knows that I know I am beaten from the start."

"Nonsense," said Josephine. "You provoke me, Fred, when you talk in that fashion. What was the use of accepting if you didn't intend to win if you could?"

"So I do intend, but I can't."

"You can't certainly if you hobnob with the rival candidate and call him a good fellow."

"You ought to have been a politician, Josephine."

"No, I'm only crazy to have you win, Fred, and I'm convinced you can win if you only think so yourself and pitch in as if you thought so. I daresay Mr. Spinney may be well enough apart from politics, but it is politics we are interested in at present, and it seems to me it is your duty to hate him—until the election is over anyway. If you defeat him, you may ask him to dinner if you like."

Her eyes sparkled like diamonds, and there was a dangerous look in them which would have boded ill for Mr. Spinney or any other Republican had he happened to thrust his head inside our doors just then. As for me, I felt a little sheepish at my lack of courage, I must confess, and I cried with genuine ardor: "Hurrah for Reform! You're right, my dear," I added, "I must pitch in. I haven't been quite so pusillanimous, however, as it would seem, for I have got Nick Long to superintend my campaign."

You may remember that Nicholas Long, or Nick Long, as we always speak of him, has never stood high in Josephine's good graces on account of his unorthodox habits regarding church-going. He has an unpleasant way of encountering us on our way to the sanctuary in the toggery of a man who is going to take a day off in the country. He has, however, a cool, analytical mind, and his name has been associated for some years with reform politics. In obtaining his services as a manager I felt that I had done well and wisely. Josephine looked a little sober, as though she was not altogether gratified at my selection, but realizing, very likely on second thought, that the children's habits were formed, she contented herself by remarking:

"I shall keep my eye upon him and make sure that he doesn't get you into any mischief."

"You seem to forget," I said, "that he is a leading reformer."

Josephine smiled incredulously. "Fred," she continued presently with a pensive air, "I wish it were the custom here, as it is in England, for a candidate's wife to go about and buttonhole people and beg votes and kiss babies for him, and all that sort of thing. I'm not so young as I was, I know, but I daresay I should appear quite as well as Mrs. Daniel Spinney, whoever she may be. I really think I could make a fairly respectable speech just on the strength of my conjugal devotion and righteous indignation against that villain of a man. 'Ahem: Fellow Democrats, I beseech you in the name of common sense and decency, in the name of the Goddess of Liberty, and of good government and order, and as you love your cradles and your firesides, not to vote for that dyed-in-the-wool Republican and spoilsman, Daniel Spinney, but to vote early and often for that talented, noble, self-sacrificing, upright citizen and Democrat, Frederick——'"

"*E pluribus unum!* Let her go Gallagher! Erin go bragh! rah! rah! rah! Harvard!" I cried, as I seized the lovely orator in my arms and hugged her to my breast, thereby, to adopt her own words, squeezing out of her the little breath which she had left. "Bravo, Josephine! If you were to take the stump it would be I and not Mr. Spinney who would have a walk-over."

"At any rate, Fred," she continued, after she had regained her breath and recomposed her ruffled hair, "I can put in a word to help you here and there among our friends. It was on the tip of my tongue yesterday to call Rev. Bradley Mason's attention to the fact that you were a candidate in the hope that he might make just a slight allusion to it from the pulpit. Not directly by name, of course; he couldn't do that very well; but he might speak of the importance of aiding those who were battling for the noble cause of pure government, so that people could guess what he meant. I didn't do it," she added, a little ruefully, "because I was afraid you might possibly not like it, and there was plenty of time in which to give him the hint."

"Thank goodness you didn't say a word on the subject," I answered. "It wouldn't have done at all."

For the next six weeks our house was a veritable bureau of political activity. Although Josephine lived up to her threat of keeping an eye on Nicholas Long, she admitted before many days had passed that he was what my boys call a thorough-going hustler, and that he was determined to leave no portion of my Congressional acreage unsown with Democratic seed. This farming metaphor was borrowed from Nick, who had many others at his command suited to the various classes of constituents he wished to reach. His brain fairly buzzed with fertile expedients devised to catch this and that portion of the popular vote. He was a

great believer in documents. As he expressed it, the territory must be plastered with statistics and other printed matter, which were much more serviceable nowadays than in the past. He said that formerly the average voter flung everything into the waste-basket and went to the polls simply on the strength of party prejudice fortified by the glamour of a torchlight procession, but that now he read and thought, and refused to support the party candidate merely because he was the party candidate. He deluged the community with

I appeared on the door-steps and delivered a few halting sentences.

copies of my letter of acceptance, and three days later overwhelmed the postal service with a batch of circulars embodying a short, pithy description of my personal virtues and talents, interwoven with sound doctrine. Although he confided to me that torchlight organizations were moribund factors in political warfare, he advised me to supply uniforms and torches, and a promise of abundant cigars, ice-cream and ginger-beer for the cementation of a band of youthful warriors eager to call themselves the "Fourth District Reform Cadets." "There is not more than one voter in twenty among them," said Nick, "but it will please their fathers, and do no harm in any event, especially as your wife and I have devised a costume for them that will drive the Spinney Guards under cover with jealousy."

The costume in question was a pattern of garish ingenuity: white bearskin caps with red, white, and blue pompons; bright blue blouses dashed with white, and white leather belts, and red zouave knickerbockers. Their torches were encased in fantastic glass lanterns alternately red, white, and blue. On the occasion of their first parade, when they drew up before the house to receive their transparency adorned on one side with a villainous portrait of myself superscribed by the motto, "Our Fathers Fought For Freedom, We Are Fighting For The Right," and on the other a cut depicting the rival candidate up to his armpits in the bog of Civil Service Reform, described as "Spinney's Walk-Over" (a happy blending, as Nick called it, of serious principle and humorous suggestion), I appeared on the door-steps and delivered a few halting sentences of gratitude and augury for success, which were received with loud plaudits and the rattle of the drum corps. Thereupon I invited the battalion to enter and partake of a little simple hospitality, which they hastened to do to the number of two hundred, including a dozen ward heelers in citizens' raiment, and three or four nondescripts whom nobody knew, but whom Nick said it would be impolitic to offend by exclusion. A hearty supper was ready for them in the dining-room, presided over by Josephine and her daughters, whose presence seemed at first to abash my warriors of the torch. But only for a few moments. Realizing presently that these Goddesses had apparently but one aim in life, to wit, to help them to salad, oysters, and ice-cream, diffidence disappeared like fog before the morning sun, and with it the viands down the throats of my red, white, and blue supporters. In the liquid line Josephine gave a choice of hot coffee and chocolate, thereby joining issue for the first time with my manager on the subject of methods. Nick was in favor of champagne, on the score that the Spinney Guards had

been regaled with beer and sherry, but my darling declared that even if it were the turning-point of the election, she would not consent to win votes by playing Hebe to beardless youths. A political aspirant who is forced to decide between his manager and his wife has need of all the philosophy at his command.

To atone for this obduracy, Josephine had a pleasant little surprise ready in the shape of a basket of silken badges emblematic chiefly of myself, and more remotely of the Presidential candidate and our party principles. She and her daughters, despite my blushes, fastened these one by one to the blue blouses of the members of the Fourth District Reform Cadets after everything to eat and drink in the house had vanished. Not only then, but henceforth until the end of the campaign, it was embarrassing to me to note how subordinate a position every other candidate held in Josephine's regard. One would have supposed that I was the party nominee for the chief magistracy of the nation, instead of the leader of a forlorn contest for a congressional seat in a hopelessly Republican district. On the occasion of the torchlight parade two miles long, whereby the enemy sought to carry the city by storm, and which passed close to our front door, our house was as dark as Erebus. Josephine insisted even that the lights in the front hall and in the basement should be extinguished, and she drew the drawing-room curtains over the window-shades so that we need not seem to furnish our foes with one pale ray of comfort. Induced by curiosity to peep out at the passing show, she limited her strictures to scornful but tranquil denunciation of the campaign rhetoric blazoned on the transparencies, until the Spinney Guards arrived, headed by a magnificent mulatto bearing a delineation of the Reform Candidate submerged in a huge soup-tureen with an appropriate tag beneath. For an instant she stared, then she gasped as though some one had struck her, and she fiercely started to raise the window.

"What are you trying to do, Josephine?"

"Let me go, Fred. I will, I will. How dare they?"

"Pooh, dear! All is fair in politics. It's no worse than the Swamp of Civil Service Reform," I said, as I tore away her vindictive grasp from the window which she had succeeded in opening a foot or two, and shut it hastily.

"How dare they? You had no right to prevent me from hissing, Fred. I should like to fling something at them too. It's an outrage making you look like that, and—and in the soup, too."

Not all the enthusiasm generated by our rival procession, which took place forty-eight hours later, nor indeed the long flattering list of my supporters published by Nick Long in the newspapers for two days prior to election day, sufficed entirely to obliterate from Josephine's soul the bitterness of this insult. As she expressed it, was it not cruel to flaunt such a thing in the faces of children who had been used to think of their father as the most dignified of men, one with whose personality no one would dare to tamper or trifle? It nerved her, however, to more desperate efforts in my behalf. She ventured even on holding up our beloved pastor, the Rev. Bradley Mason, in the street, and capturing his signature to the list of leading citizens who supported me. This ought, she declared, to outweigh sixty soup-tureens.

The Reform Candidate submerged in a huge soup-tureen.

Before the votes were counted I knew

well enough that I had been defeated, but for Josephine's dear sake I allowed her to prepare a victor's banquet on the assumption that my friends would be pouring in upon me with congratulations. It was she who drove me from my evening paper, to which I was settling down like a philosopher after dinner, to go to my headquarters and ascertain the result. She was sure I was elected. If not (and here her voice melted) the people were not fit to have such a pearl offered to them. I went, and it was half-past ten when I returned. She heard my step, and rushed down to meet me at the front door. I was calm and smiling.

"Defeated by one hundred and fourteen votes, dear. A close fight, wasn't it?"

"Ah, Fred, defeated! You poor, poor boy."

"I can stand it if you can, Josephine," I answered, as with my arm wound around her waist I led her into the dining-room, where the stalled ox and truffled turkey and a glittering array of glass confronted us.

"It was that horrid soup-tureen did it, I am convinced," she murmured, sitting down beside me on the sofa.

"Nonsense, dear. Everyone says I got a wonderful vote against such odds. They are talking about it downtown as though I had won a victory. Nick is called a great manager."

"But that Spinney is elected all the same," she said, dejectedly.

"Yes he is, Josephine. We can't escape from that. I tell you what, I'm going to have a glass of champagne," I said, entering the china closet and taking possession of one of the bottles which had been packed in ice for the refreshment of my friends. I filled a glass for each of us and drained mine to the philosophical toast, "Here's to peace and a quiet life, my dear."

"It would have been very nice to have gone to Washington," said Josephine between her sips. "It might have been a stepping-stone to higher things. You know you would have been pleased to be sent abroad as a foreign minister. It would have just suited you, Fred."

"It may be that the President, when he hears of the gallant fight I made, will reward me with something in that line," I answered, with a twinkle in my eye. "By the way, what egotists we are! I did not tell you, and you did not inquire, who had been elected President. We have won a glorious victory."

"I'm very glad, I'm sure," said Josephine, in a tone which was scandalously absent-minded considering the importance of the information. After a moment she remarked, coyly: "I should really think, Fred, there might be a chance of his giving you something when he hears."

"Not the slightest, you dear woman. I was only teasing you. I am a very humble figure in the politics of the country, I assure you, and even if the President is aware of my existence when he enters office, it will never occur to him to pick me out for preferment. Besides, I don't wish anything. I am perfectly content to sink back into the obscurity from which I was lured by the call of duty. It would have tickled my pride a little to have defeated Spinney, but I am inclined to think I should have found it rather a bore to have been only one Congressman among so many."

"Just think of it, one hundred and fifteen more votes would have given you the election. It seems hard to have missed it by so little. You mustn't think me a goose about you, Fred," she added, after a thoughtful pause. "I don't usually praise you to your face and make an undue fuss about you, do I, dear? I think I am disposed to be critical of you rather than otherwise. But you are so much superior to the men they generally put up, that I'm unable to reconcile myself to the idea that you're not to be anything distinguished after all. Of course I didn't really expect that you were going to be very great; and yet in politics one cannot always tell. Men no more remarkable than you have been elected President; though I'm not at all sure that I should have cared to have you in the White House."

"Yet you will not cease to love me now that I am doomed to be only a poor private citizen for the rest of my days?" I asked, fondly, as my arm stole around her waist, which, though no longer wisp-like as of yore, is shapely

still. "Poor, too, in every sense," I added, unpleasantly reminded by the pressure of the check-book in my coat-pocket of my sadly diminished bank account.

"I am afraid I should continue to love you, Fred, even if you were bad—a Daniel Spinney or a Nicholas Long, for example," she answered, imprinting a kiss upon my cheek. "But you are an angel, dear."

It was worth being defeated for Congress in order to learn how much my wife appreciated me, and also to learn to appreciate her more thoroughly, philosophical deductions which I whispered in her ear with appropriate circumlocution. "But, Josephine," I added, "why do you include Spinney and Nick Long in the same category of wickedness."

"Because they are both wicked."

"But Nick is a reformer, my dear."

"Hasn't he nearly ruined you?"

"I had to hand over a great deal of money to him, certainly," I answered, ruefully.

"What did he spend it for?"

"I didn't ask him for the details, but he always said he needed it for printing, dear. You know there was a great deal of printing done," I hastened to add, feeling a little nervous under the stress of cross-examination. "Then there were the uniforms and the torches and the supper for the cadets."

"I know what they cost exactly. Fred, what do you suppose he could have used all that money for?"

"Printing, I have told you, Josephine. There are all sorts of expenses in a campaign of this sort, the details of which one has to leave to one's manager. I have implicit confidence in Nick's good judgment," I continued, a trifle austerely. To tell the truth I had been wondering myself where all the money had gone to. Josephine was thoughtful for several minutes, then she said: "Do you know, Fred, I have a feeling that if you had managed your own campaign without the aid of a reformer you would have got just as many votes—and—and we should have had money enough left to go to Japan."

If a woman has a prejudice against a man he might be spotless as the Archangel Gabriel and she would be able to pick a flaw in him.

(To be continued.)

"Here's to peace and a quiet life, my dear."

SILENT AMYCLÆ.

(Virgil, Æneid 10, v. 564.)

By Edith M. Thomas.

I.

In Silent Amyclæ
They fear not the foray invading by night,
The lance flashing challenge afar on the height,
The vessels of war swift-cleaving the foam,
The spy from without, nor the traitor at home;
They fear but false rumor and panic alarms,
When the fool and the craven would rally to arms,
In silent Amyclæ.

II.

In Silent Amyclæ
They have sworn by the Gods and the Brothers divine
Who white through the dust of the battle shine—
By the Brothers they swear, that who raiseth the cry,
"Arm! for the foe is upon us!" shall die—
Be he priest of the temple, or bondsman, or lord,
He dies if he utters the warning abhorred
In silent Amyclæ!

III.

In Silent Amyclæ
Now Fear is afraid and the voices of Fear
Are quiet this many and many a year;
No oracle threats, no presage is heard,
They scan not the victim nor flight of the bird;
No pilgrim may enter with tidings of ill;
At the gate the voice of the warder is still
In silent Amyclæ.

IV.

In Silent Amyclæ
One midnight the sound of a legion tread!
All hear, but they speak not nor whisper their dread,
Alike do they tremble—dastard and brave,
From the sword and the torch swift runs the red wave—
By mornlight a city all voiceless and drear!
How art thou undone through thy scorn of all fear,
Ah, silent Amyclæ!

THE WEDDING JOURNEY OF MRS. ZAINTREE (BORN GREENLEAF).

By William Henry Shelton.

QUITE the greatest surprise that had ever been meted out to the fastidious members of the Peter Stuyvesant Club (limited) befell when the news came of the marriage of Colonel Zaintree to a lady of suitable age and accomplishments, whom, rumor said, he had met in Norway, where both parties to the inevitable had been engaged in the innocent pursuit of the midnight sun. That so eccentric a member of a close corporation of bachelors should do such a commonplace thing, under the vulgar cloak of secrecy, which involved a hasty return across the Atlantic and the successful avoidance of his friends, was regarded by Major Cavendish and his right and left hand adversaries of the Colonel's particular table as nothing less than a tricky finesse.

In addition to the concise and correct announcement of the names of the two high contracting parties in an evening journal, there followed the surprising statement that :

" The groom wore a ten-button frock coat of American broadcloth, with a boutonnière of golden nasturtiums on the left lapel ; a turn-down linen collar, silver-gray trousers, creased, with gloves to match, and carried in his hand a stick of Irish blackthorn, the gift of the bride."

Both the Colonel and Mrs. Zaintree had spent many summers in Europe, during which sojourns (in severalty) they had explored that eminently respectable continent both along and beyond the ordinary itinerancy. Both had listened to the thunder of Niagara ; the lady had visited the wonders of the Yosemite and the old Spanish Missions of Southern California, and the Colonel harbored some unpleasant recollections of the Great Geyser basin in the Yellowstone National Park. He had, in fact, cut his name in the soft clay of one of the minor basins, contrary to the Government keep-off-the-grass regulations ; and to make a salutary example of him, the officer in charge had telegraphed the fact to the captain of cavalry at the entrance, and the colonel had been obliged to travel one hundred and sixty miles by stage to erase his signature.

Barring these points, and the railways necessary to reach them, and not taking into account some geographical knowledge the colonel had picked up with the Army of the Potomac, their own country, outside of a tiny circle which should include Newport and Tuxedo, was a wide terra incognita.

If the Colonel was bent on anything it was on making a unique wedding journey in the byways of travel, by unaccustomed means of transportation, leading to nowhere in particular, with necessarily no feverish anxiety on the part of the travellers to get there. With money in his purse and a check-

book in his breast-pocket, and the hearty approval of the angel at his side, they were off for a romp in the dark, and about the whole strange business there was a delightful uncertainty, which was in itself a pretty satire on the element of uncertainty connected with the longer journey upon which they were making simultaneous entry with such light hearts and high hopes.

Of course they had to get out of town in an ordinary vestibule train, with its dreary, glittering vista of polished mahogany fittings, broken by staring silver-plated ornaments, monogram glass, nice-enough china dinner-service, ebony waiters in spotless linen, and the endless procession of respectables and fashionables, coming and going, reading papers, cutting the leaves of new books, and travelling-caps talking offensive politics with mysterious double eye-glasses. The Colonel tweaked his gray mustache and swore inwardly there should be an end of it, and madam composed her gloved hands and just perceptibly shrugged her well-bred shoulders that there should be so many observers of her happiness and withal such a wilderness of respectable indifference to it.

After a dainty breakfast of golden melon with water-cress, the freshest of rolls, and the most fragrant of coffee, served on a little table between the high-backed seats in their own particular domain, the Colonel tore himself away from his domestic happiness and walked forward to enjoy his cigar and his morning paper. Instead of stopping in the first smoking-compartment, he strolled on through car after car until he found a seat to his liking, and settling himself comfortably before a window, he was straightway lost in contemplation of the running landscape flooded with the sunlight of his own happiness. He forgot his morning paper, and even the small brown Habana hung unlighted between his listless fingers. His misspent life was before him, and the bachelor friends of his club, in their unsuspected misery, were jumbled with the fences and the trees, and the clouds were taking the shape of some of the girls he remembered. He was as far from them all and pitied them as much as if he had suddenly become the emperor of a continent in Mars.

Presently he bethought himself of his cigar, without forgetting his happiness, and struck a match on the iron fire-dogs in the hall of the Peter Stuyvesant.

"Hello, Zaintree, going to Chicago?"

The Colonel fell out of the clouds like a collapsed balloon, with an indistinct feeling that he had been engaged in something reprehensible.

"Nothing gone wrong, I hope," said the other—"drop in exchange or slump in cotton?"

"Not a bit of it, Ketcham," cried the Colonel, shaking his friend warmly by the hand. "Something has gone overwhelmingly right, and, to tell you an open secret, I have been getting married."

"Well, you're old enough. I congratulate you. Tickets for Sitka?"

"Not quite so bad as that," said the Colonel. "The tickets are nominally for Buffalo, but I can't promise you we shall not get off before we reach there and take a wagon across country. I beg you will be seated," continued the Colonel, laying open his cigar-case, "and after we have talked the matter over let me have the pleasure of presenting an old friend to Mrs. Zaintree. Certainly, Ketcham, you are about the last man I expected to find ashore in these sweltering days."

"If its yachting you mean, Colonel, I have given it up for family reasons," said the gentleman of the name of Ketcham, who was of about the Colonel's age, having a smooth-shaven face, large hearty Western ways, and something indescribable in his manner that hinted of soft winds blowing over many lands. "Wives have their limitations, Colonel," continued Commodore Ketcham. "Mine was launched without sea-legs and when a captain's first mate spends the best part of the cruise in the seclusion of the cabin, it's time to go ashore and stay there."

"Naturally," mused the Colonel.

"So the Happy Thought is dismantled and laid up indefinitely. I'm sorry for it too, Colonel; if she was in commission this minute I would put her at your disposal for a honeymoon cruise," and the ex-Commodore of the Buffalo

Yacht Club laid one hand regretfully on the Colonel's knee and snapped the fingers of the other in vexation at his sheer inability to do the handsome thing.

The Colonel, who understood his friend thoroughly, expressed his regrets briefly and feelingly, knowing that the situation annoyed the Commodore like a belated thought haunting the memory of an after-dinner speech.

The two gentlemen now cast aside their cigars and took their way down the train, the Colonel with a comfortable pride in a new and inestimable possession, and the Commodore conscious of an agreeable curiosity and a personal solicitude concerning first impressions.

An hour later the train was running smoothly over the rails among the scattered homes of the laborers and market-gardeners on the outskirts of Rochester, the Commodore seated opposite to the bride with a comfortable feeling that he had known and admired her indefinitely, and a keen regret that circumstances over which he had no control were about to separate old friends and new.

Mrs. Zaintree was saying the thousand and one cordial things which a well-bred and kind-hearted lady knows so well how to say: "The Colonel's friends were her friends. The Commodore must certainly dine with them on his very earliest visit to New York, and she should take good care to find out his favorite dish before he came. She looked forward to the pleasure of knowing his wife, who was no sailor, and it was so sweet of him to give up the water for her sake."

"My dear Mrs. Zaintree," said the Commodore, "to be exact, I have given it up with a reservation. That is to say, the down-town house of Self & Co. has fitted up a couple of cabins, fore and aft, on the iron freighter Nautilus, and I go aboard sometimes for a cruise on the lake, with a friend or two. A basket of wine and a few brace of ducks in the larder, and a quiet rubber in the cabin. You understand, Colonel?"

"Why, look here," cried the Colonel, "that eclipses the idea of the yacht."

"It's ever so much jollier," exclaimed Mrs. Zaintree. "Do you know, I sailed on a Dutch lugger with fins, like a great fish, from Rotterdam to Ymuiden in the North Sea, with a little party of English and Americans last year, and it was the nicest trip of the whole summer."

"But my vessel is loaded with coal."

"And the Dutch fin-boat carried fish."

"Where is the Nautilus bound?" asked the colonel.

"There it is again," said the commodore; "unfortunately I haven't the remotest idea. She may be booked for Cleveland, or she may be for Three Mile Harbor, or any other port on the Lakes. The deck-hands swear all day and play the accordion all night. Cook cuts the beef in cubes——"

"Just like the Rotterdam lugger," broke in the lady, with enthusiasm, "and sailing with sealed orders too. Not another word, Commodore, in disparagement of the Nautilus. Anything that is good enough for Commodore Ketcham and his friends is good enough for us."

"Precisely so," said the Colonel. "Put us on board the Nautilus by all means, if our presence will be no hindrance to the business of the vessel."

"Not an atom," cried the Commodore, whose hand was already on his travelling-bag, with none too much time to make his South-bound train. "I'll telegraph the office to hold her until you come, and you must stop in the waiting-room of the station, like two orphans, until you are called for. I shall write the telegram in the carriage going across town, and Captain Webb and the cook will pipe you over the side in royal style. Tut, tut, not a word, and not an anxious thought for yourselves or your luggage, and good-by, and good-by, and a pleasant cruise," and the Commodore hurried away with the outgoing crowd.

It naturally occurred to Mrs. Zaintree, as the Commodore was disappearing, that it would be as well to conceal the fact of their recent marriage from the profane and musical deck-hands, and with that modest end in view she hurried the Colonel off in pursuit, who was just in time to buttonhole his friend as he was stepping into a carriage.

"You sly dog," laughed the Commodore, squeezing the Colonel's hand, "I was a young man myself once. I'll telegraph the captain that you expect

your eldest son to come on board at Detroit."

The Colonel stood an inch higher in his own estimation as the carriage containing the Commodore rattled off over the stones. Mrs. Zaintree saw something outside the window that claimed her attention for a moment, and then she commended the Commodore's cleverness, and intimated that if they should not pass Detroit it would be a grave disappointment to the supposititious young man.

The July sun, climbing up into a cloudless sky, promised a day of unusual heat, and the long train had become twice as stuffy as before since the cruise on the lake had been decided on.

"It will be just like the Dutch lugger," said the lady, "only a great deal nicer. Instead of fishy planks the cabin-floor will be spread with white sand, and we can walk around the coal, and I am sure there will be no great patches on the Commodore's sails, and the captain will let me take a turn at the wheel, and we will imagine Lake Erie is the North Sea, and only think of it, you darling Colonel, we don't know where we are going."

The hot fragrance of the clover came in at the open window. The cool green of the corn overspread the gently rolling hills, away to the purple woods, and laughed in the face of the shimmering heat. The towns and the orchards slid by, and the long western-bound freight trains seemed to stand still, with a ridiculous make-believe of flurry and steam, for the flying express to pass.

The Colonel felt assured that the will of the Commodore was already working wonders in their behalf in the city by the lake. And so it turned out, for the carriage that picked them up at the station was already half-loaded with wicker-baskets and hampers, and the handsome assistant-engineer on the box knew all about them, and had anticipated all their wants just as if they had been expected for a month.

It was nothing that they had to mount a rickety ladder, and cross the deck of a schooner, whose greasy cook-shop was redolent of onions, and whose seamy sides smelt of tar and bilge-water. Another ladder rose from the offensive deck against a wall of iron, and the bronze smile of Captain Webb of the Nautilus was beaming a welcome from the top.

Madam the cook, in a clean white apron, with her keys in a basket, led them up the long deck to their quarters in the forecastle; and Wilhelm, her husband and first assistant, his bald head sparkling in the sun like the ship's binnacle, brought up the rear, to lend a hand in stowing the luggage, which was neatly piled outside a pretty white door, the formidable pyramid crowned with the Colonel's hat-box.

II.

"The dear old Commodore!" thought Mrs. Zaintree, sweeping the polished decks with the comprehensive eye of an experienced globe-trotter, "it was all a fib about the coal." If the exclusive passengers of the Nautilus were pleased with the external appearance of the craft, its trim smoke-stacks crowned with a billow of scintillating heat from the suppressed energy below, what were their surprise and delight at the revelation of comfort and luxury that lay behind the little white door by the pyramid of luggage.

A darkened vista of cabins, two in number, panelled with sycamore and half-separated with silken draperies, and an opposite door opening on a well-appointed bath-room. A velvet carpet under foot; a white-curtained bed beyond the dividing drapery; great easy-chairs and couches backed with carved dolphins and upholstered in leather; glittering lamps hanging from the ceilings; a dainty writing-table hooked to the wall under the window looking on the deck; two other curtained windows overlooking the tarry bowsprit of the schooner alongside, and a little shelf of new novels with uncut leaves. A winding staircase led up to the captain's quarters above, and so out onto the short upper deck where the watch alternated before the glazed wheel-house.

"It's not a bit like the Dutch lugger with red fins," said the bride, out of a nest of cushions, "any more than little Holland is like big America, thanks to the charming taste of the Commodore."

There was a gentle throb in the tim-

bers of the Nautilus, the tarry ropes had disappeared from the open windows, and a little stir of fresher air fluttered the curtains; a deluge of cool water from some mysterious source streamed over the cabins and presently spluttered and dashed against the door and window inboard, and when the forward cabins had received a satisfactory cleansing externally, the man with the hose turned his attention to the main-deck, and Colonel and Mrs. Zaintree, bound nowhere in particular, so far as they yet knew, were well out on the blue waters of Lake Erie, the black smoke billowing and tumbling from the twin stacks away aft with something mysterious about it, like the far-reaching hospitality of the Commodore.

It was quite a wonderful ship, the Nautilus, for a carrier of freight, and the coal was really battened down under the hatches, a full cargo of it. More than half of her length was clean unencumbered deck, stretching between the cabins fore and aft, protected by low bulwarks and dominated by two tall masts without a thread of canvas; and this timber paddock lay in front of the Colonel's door, so that once out of sight of land, where the cool winds tempered the warmth of the sun, the fortunate couple found it a delightful promenade whereon to saunter up and down, encased in warm flannels.

Indeed it was quite a respectable walk to and from the dining-cabin, where the cook's green-and-gold parrot chose the nick of time in which to scream, "Make way for the captain." In the little state cabin aft, alongside the main dining-room, a round table was laid with two covers for the Commodore's guests, and with a third, by request of the Colonel, for the use of the captain whenever he was at liberty to join them. The Nautilus's monogram silver came out of its glass-case, and the private lockers yielded of their store of dainty linen and china to grace this extra board.

At supper, on the very first day out, Captain Webb, who had gone to the extra length of putting on his coat for the occasion, which staggered the parrot, eying him through the open door, into utter silence, announced that the steamer would pass up the Detroit River the next evening, where young Mr. Zaintree would come out in the reporter's boat.

"Long since you have seen your son, ma'am?" asked the captain.

Mrs. Zaintree said it was a long time, and the Colonel hastened to add that Jack was not very reliable, and he shouldn't be surprised to see the boat come alongside without him.

"Never fear, ma'am," said the captain, with an effort at gallantry, which had about it a flavor of the Commodore's wine, "if your son esteems his charming mother as she deserves, and he wouldn't be the Colonel's boy if he didn't, we shall hook him up with the evening papers. Dear me, no," continued the captain, "the boat never stops, she just slows down a bit and we lower a ladder. Of course, ma'am, he will sleep in this cabin, it is all we have to offer him; but the more the merrier, Colonel, and it's all in the family. If you should conclude, ma'am, that you would rather have him on one of the sofas in your quarters, the cook will fix him comfortable. If you don't own the boat this trip I don't know who does," and the captain closed the outer door behind him and went whistling away to his watch.

The Colonel and his bride laughed merrily at the huge success of the Commodore's telegram. They looked down at the grimy stokers, feeding the furnaces, and made a descent into the moist, warm atmosphere of the engine-room, where the great oily giant of propulsion was doing its mysterious, noiseless work, with a ceaseless gliding of steel bars, flecked with little heart-beats of thin steam from the joints of the monster's glittering brass-mounted harness.

The engineer was so polite to the Commodore's guests and so proud of his machinery, and the atmosphere of the ship-wide room was so balmy, with its pretty writing-desk in the corner, and the green water rushing by the open ports, and the curious dial on the engine, that dropped an additional black figure for every revolution of the shaft (and had been dropping figures ceaselessly from the very start up into the hundred thousands)—these things were all so interesting and so marvellous that the oleaginous odor of the place became a rather pleasant perfume, so that when

they went out the chill of the evening on deck was sharpened by comparison.

The steam was turned on in the radiators in the forward cabins, and the lamps alight, but the night was so fine outside that our travellers went up to join the captain's watch in front of the wheel-house.

. . . . . .

It was perhaps four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day of the cruise when the Nautilus was steaming up past the forts and the big straw-colored Exhibition building, relieved against the canopy of smoke which overhung the city of Detroit, spreading back from the flat level of the river.

The Colonel was eager to get the papers, and Mrs. Zaintree was plying the captain with questions about every prominent object on either shore, going from side to side of the bow, coming into collision with the capstan on the way to Canada, and running against the binnacle on the Michigan side, and manifesting less interest in her offspring, the captain thought, than a she-bear would show for her cub. It rather annoyed the captain to think so. In many respects Mrs. Zaintree was the most accomplished woman Captain Webb had ever come in contact with. In his private log he had entered her as "a thoroughbred." Her perfect self-possession seemed to him like an invisible armor through which her frank, cordial manner and engaging womanly ways shone like a soft, warm light. Her low modulated voice struck on his ear like music. In every other respect the Colonel's wife was altogether lovely, but her conduct as a mother completely staggered his reckoning.

If the lady divined, to some extent, what was passing in the captain's mind, she was too honest to dissemble unnecessarily, and a few unavoidable expressions of regret for the non-appearance of the mythical Jack, after Detroit should be left behind, would make it all right. When she restored him his glass, with a pretty speech of thanks for his kindness, and disappeared down the companion-way, and that just before he got the first view of the reporter's boat pushing out from the shore, the captain shook his head and pondered on the mysterious ways of womankind.

At the same moment that these perplexing thoughts were vexing the captain's brain, Mr. Jack Dorr, of Toledo, O., seated in the stern of the newsman's boat, had his eye on the Nautilus steaming up the river. He was speculating as to how his four dogs and all his hunting traps and personal luggage could be safely got over the side of the steamer, which was totally oblivious of his existence and wouldn't have stopped for the Commodore himself. But Mr. Jack Dorr had an authorization from the Toledo office, duly signed and sealed, to board the Nautilus as she passed Detroit, and his serenity was not in the least disturbed by the difficulty the officers would encounter in making the transfer of himself and his effects. That was their business he flattered himself, and he was only conscious of an amused curiosity as to how they would acquit themselves in the emergency he was about to thrust upon them.

"The Nautilus is a slowin' up for somethin'," the boatman observed, as he stuffed a bundle of newspapers into a tin pail, with a line attached to the bail. Mr. Jack Dorr observed for himself that a ladder was already over the side, and instead of holding up the potent document as he had fully intended to do, he threw away his cigar, and administered a corrective cuff apiece to two restive young hounds who showed signs of disturbing the dignity of his establishment with their uncalled-for music. "That must be the skipper," he thought, as he complacently took in the authoritative figure of Captain Webb, making the boat's line fast to a thole-pin.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Zaintree," shouted the authoritative figure at the rail, "until we get the dogs on board."

Mr. Jack Dorr had not the slightest intention of disturbing himself. It was not his way. He had been agreeably surprised by the abundant evidence that he, or somebody else, was expected to board the vessel at this particular point, and the captain, himself, addressing him by the unheard-of name of Zain-

tree, gave a fresh and pleasing interest to the mystery.

"Look here, John," said Mr. Jack Dorr, from his seat in the stern, naming the newsman at random, "take that liver-and-white setter under your arm, and drop her on board; see? Don't be afraid of her, man. It's all right, skipper, my dogs are up to this sort o' thing."

When the boatman came down for the last dog he brought the surprising information that his passenger's father and mother were on board.

"The devil you say," said Mr. Jack Dorr. "I'm glad to know it."

"Old folks all right, skipper?" cried Jack, at last, with a hearty grasp of the captain's hand that won the sailor's heart by storm. "They don't appear to be dying to see their son."

"Your reckoning is about right," said Captain Webb, taking no care to conceal the double meaning of his words. "There comes the *Colonel* now."

Mr. Jack Dorr took in his new parent at a glance—a glance of satisfied approval, and hastened across the deck to meet him.

"Glad to see you, governor! Never saw you looking better!" And there was an amused twinkle of inquiry in Jack's eyes as he looked straight across into the Colonel's.

The Colonel was taken altogether by surprise, for he had been reading in the cabin, and came out with the expectation of encountering nothing more personal than the editorial thrusts in the Detroit papers, and when he saw Jack greeting the captain, he suspected that the Commodore had put off a practical joke on him, and he concluded to accept the situation philosophically. The Colonel was a sensitive man, and it was no part of his plan to be made the laughing-stock of the crew, so he returned the strange young man's greeting heartily enough, and the two turned away in the direction of the forecastle.

"You mustn't mind my calling you governor," said Jack. "As the boys say, 'Everything goes when you're away from home.' The captain called me Zaintree, or Braintree, over the rail, and sent me word that my father and mother were on board, and I accepted the situation, pop, just as I found it; see?"

"The captain called you Zaintree, did he?" said the Colonel with a smile. "What does the Commodore call you?"

"If you mean Commodore Ketcham," said Jack, "I don't know him from a side of sole leather, but here is my card. You are Colonel Zaintree, I presume, and as for myself, the surprising events that have occurred since I came alongside this ship leave me in something of a fog as to who I am."

The Colonel put on his gold eyeglasses and read the very correct social statement:

MR. JOHN DORR.

"Hum," mused the colonel, "then you don't know the Commodore, Mr. Dorr?"

"I haven't the pleasure," said Jack. "And by the way, governor, if our relationship is to go on this trip, you had better forget my name altogether and call me plain Jack."

Colonel Zaintree pondered the situation in silence for a moment, during which he ran a quick eye over the irreproachable exterior of the young man who had accosted him so breezily. The disagreeable alternative of renouncing the relationship already publicly assumed, the Colonel wisely decided, had best be submitted to the judgment of the third party interested.

Captain Webb saw the gentlemen disappear through the little white door with regret, for the singular maternal conduct of the otherwise admirable Mrs. Zaintree was still vexing his mind, and he had hoped to be a witness of such a cordial meeting with her son as should triumphantly vindicate her character as a mother.

When, however, a half-hour afterward, he looked down from the bridge and saw the three pacing the deck arm in arm, the lady addressing the greater part of her conversation to Jack, he thought it a very pretty family tableau, and privately voted himself a fool for his suspicions.

If he had seen the meeting in the cabin, without hearing the words that were spoken, he would have been equally satisfied with Mrs. Zaintree's conduct as a high-bred mother and with Jack's behavior as a dutiful son. The set

speech of the Colonel in presenting the young gentleman died on his lips, half uttered, as he saw his wife drop the book she had been reading and advance with both hands extended, her face beaming with a smile of welcome and uttering the one word, "*Jack!*"

As for Mr. Jack Dorr, he came as near being surprised as was consistent with his serene nature.

Having possessed himself of the lady's hands, he paused and counted ten, during which prudent operation he digested some of the toughest features of the situation.

"It is a most unexpected pleasure," he said, "to salute the late Miss Arabella Greenleaf as 'mother,'" and with an air of the most profound respect he bent forward and kissed the lady on the cheek.

"It's all right, governor," cried Mr. Jack Dorr, turning apologetically to the Colonel, and with an all-comprehensive sweep of his long arms, "I congratulate everybody," and Mr. Jack Dorr thereupon threw himself upon the nearest chair and laughed until the tears came into his eyes.

"Edith opened your cards this morning before I left the house. How's Fred? Oh, Fred's all right. And Louise? Louise is a corker, and don't you forget it? Oh, you giddy children!" cried Jack after another burst of laughter, "you are playing the skipper with this story of a son coming on board, and the dear old boy don't tumble."

"It is clear there has been no improvement in you, Jack," said Mrs. Zaintree (born Greenleaf). "You are behaving as badly as when you were horrifying all England on the Rotterdam boat."

When the coincidence of Jack's happening was made plain to the Colonel, and the mystery of the eldest son explained more fully to Jack, it was mutually agreed that the tripartite family relation, offensive and defensive, must be sustained on board the Nautilus.

III.

It was a very pretty family party, the captain thought, grouped outside the cabin-door, after tea. Jack was so devoted to his very youthful-looking mamma, and the handsome hunting dogs were chasing each other about the deck, and coming back at the call of the Colonel.

Jack was telling Mrs. Zaintree that his real parents, whom he knew she ranked among her most valued friends, were on their way to Duluth, where they would all meet.

"It will be no surprise, this wedding business," said Jack, "for Edith telegraphed them to where they were stopping in Canada as soon as she received your cards."

The Nautilus was at that moment steaming across the beautiful St. Clair, the land a faint blue streak on the horizon. Owing to the extreme heat of the day the sky had been rolling with thunder-caps, and as the sun was setting the gorgeous cloud-forms were sobering down into a dome of infinite delicacy of tints, uniting in almost imperceptible lines, through the purple and golden haze, with the transparent surface of the lake. How enchanting and unreal it was! They seemed to be floating in the centre of a vast globe of color, the sunset below as well as above them. Lying low on the horizon, athwart the delicate purple and lavender clouds, a tattered rope of coal smoke completely surrounded them, now shredded into almost imperceptible strands, and again spread out into eccentric zigzag masses throwing deep shadows on the water.

It was all very soothing and tranquillizing, but Jack grew restive, nevertheless, as the music of dancing on an excursion steamer came floating across the water, and with a genius for spreading the contagion of his own high spirits, he broke the spell of the sunset, and led the way up to a more extended outlook over the bow, where it happened that the captain was pacing his solitary watch.

It was beautiful to see Jack seat his handsome mamma where the very best view could be had, and then wrap her up to the throat with his own filial hands, against the chill of the evening air.

"I tell you, ma'am," said Captain

Webb, "I knew your son was the right sort the minute he come over the rail. I reckon, ma'am, it must be a great comfort to you to have him on board."

Mrs. Zaintree smiled and said that Jack was always very good to her.

"It's the way she raised me, skipper," said Jack. "She never laid a hand on me in anger. Taught me love and respect, and that sort o' thing. And the governor here, too, has been quite too indulgent for my good. Makes me too liberal an allowance. Took me to the races before I was out of short clothes and played the winner in my name, and put the stakes in my little bank. Now, I'll leave it to you, captain, as a fair-minded man," and Jack spoke feelingly, "if the governor has any call to kick, as I am grieved to say he does, when I happen to play the wrong horse?"

"Never mind him, captain," said the Colonel, with some austerity; "I have got him now where horses won't trouble him for a few days. What's that double row of peach-trees growing out of the lake just ahead? It looks like a straight-away course for youngsters, Jack."

The captain explained that the curious embankments formed the St. Clair canal, and pointed out the light-houses on either end and the buoys marking the channel of approach. The peach-trees turned out to be brook willows bordering well-worn pathways along either side, and the light-houses looked quite domestic with their vegetable gardens and out-houses. The Colonel inspected the timbered sides, and the steam-dredge moored against the right-hand bank, with the eye of an engineer, and Mrs. Zaintree had the captain's glass levelled on the club-houses and hotels and cottages that stretched away to the left, beyond the farther light-house, and opposite to the swampy Canadian shore.

When his honored parents grew tired of watching the endless line of lights in cottages, and lanterns hung among green trees, marking pre-empted claims on Government sand-banks, Jack remained to share the captain's watch and see the Nautilus "tooled" through the river into Lake Huron.

Mr. Jack Dorr made himself doubly agreeable now that he was relieved of parental restraint. By means of some well-chosen and highly flavored stories, which he told with great cleverness, he drew peals of laughter from the two men at the wheel. It afforded a peculiar satisfaction to Jack to stir up these ghostly listeners in the shadowy wheel-house, who broke the silence at long intervals by a sepulchral echo of the captain's orders. He was glad to know that they were awake, and he would give them something more interesting to repeat in the forecastle than the gossip of a respectable family.

Jack and the captain got on bravely. They talked local geography and navigation until Gratiot light hove in sight, and then they talked dog until the boat was far out in Lake Huron. The captain was up on dogs. In fact he owned the best bred young Irish setter "in the town of Ste. Marie or the State of Michigan," and if things were favorable at the lock they would have time to run over to his house and look at it.

"Dog for sale?" asked Jack. "The deuce you say. Strikes me you want big money. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, skipper. If the governor is as good-natured to-morrow as he has been to-day, and the pup's points please me, I'll take it. Good-night," and Mr. Jack Dorr went away to his cabin aft.

All the next day the Nautilus labored through a choppy sea, under a leaden sky; not a glimpse of land and rarely a ship in sight. The anchors had been dropped overboard during the night, off the entrance to St. Mary's River, whose tortuous channel was not to be navigated in the dark, but with the first rosy streaks of dawn they were again under way.

When Jack awoke in the early morning the sun was just rising—a great golden ball suspended over the Canada woods. The sun having no particular charm for him just then, he saluted it with some rather uncomplimentary remarks and turned his face to the opposite wall. At the same moment a peculiar shock ran through the timbers of the vessel and he tumbled out and thrust his head into the unwelcome sunlight in time to see the water boiling back from the bow yellow with mud.

"That settles it," said Mr. Jack Dorr,

and he turned in again and went to sleep. His repose, however, was short and troubled, for the deck-hands were hammering on iron outside his window. When he dressed himself and came on deck he learned that the rudder-gearing had broken and that the Nautilus was lying helpless across the channel. On the port side a small pine-tree overhung the rail, which, he found on inspection, was attached to the mast of an American tug which had borne down with great promptness on the stranded monster, scenting a job. On the starboard side a Canadian revenue cutter, flying the Union Jack, had already made fast; and by the number of craft in sight he rightly judged that they would soon be the centre of a considerable fleet.

This interesting prospect rather heightened the relish of Jack's breakfast, which he enjoyed with unusual deliberation, and even lingered behind to worry the parrot. As he lighted his morning cigar and returned to the deck, he was peculiarly in a mood to take the world as it came. It was well that it was so, for the full bloom of Mr. Jack Dorr's serenity was presently disturbed by a familiar voice pronouncing his name, and turning about he confronted his real father, standing in an open gangway alongside a large-eyed Jersey cow.

The meeting was altogether a happy one until the elder Dorr expressed his intention to climb over the boards put up to confine the cow, and come on board the Nautilus.

"Don't do it," said Jack. "I've got one governor on board already; in fact I am travelling with my parents, and your presence would compromise the family arrangements."

"Hang the family arrangements," cried Jack's father, "I'm coming on board to look into the family arrangements. Do you want to disgrace your mother, you young vagabond? Do you know she is somewhere on the upper deck of this steamer overlooking your deviltry at this moment?"

"Come now, pop; my mother is all right, Heaven bless her. I am more anxious just now about the charming lady who sustains that relation to me on board this boat. Easy now, governor, easy. You know her already."

The elderly gentleman was fast getting beyond the control of his son's peculiar methods of pacification, and the mild-eyed cow was staring at him through her halter with a dumb look of wonderment. It was fortunate for Jack, at this critical moment, that the Colonel and his bride emerged from the breakfast cabin. It was fortunate that Jack saw them and beckoned them over.

He wisely resigned the task of pacifying his father into the hands of the charming Mrs. Zaintree (born Greenleaf), who had already played the same rôle in his behalf with eminent success. While the explanations and congratulations were going on between his two governors, Jack relighted his cigar, and turned his attention to the pretty Canadian girls, in sailor hats, looking over the rail of the passenger steamer. Sure enough, there was his mother under an awning, but she didn't see him; and cautioning the bride to keep out of sight until he had explained the situation, he clambered through the gangway, leaving his placated father on board the Nautilus.

Jack's mother had it particularly impressed upon her that Arabella Greenleaf was not known to be a bride on board the Nautilus — not by a good many years, Jack said — and then the ladies were allowed to greet each other, at a distance, and throw kisses, and console their warm hearts with the prospect of a completer unburdening in the hotel at Duluth. Jack was so fond of his real mother, and lingered so long in her company, that the passenger steamer came near backing away with him on board. As it was, he slid down a flag-staff and jumped to the deck of the Nautilus, in imminent danger of breaking his bones.

The Canadian boat was well in the offing when Jack walked into his own cabin, and, to his consternation, found his father and the Colonel pledging each other in the Commodore's champagne.

"Well, here is a go," cried Jack. "Mother alone on the other boat, damage repaired, lines cast off, and Heaven help me, with two governors to manage on one ship. Now don't get excited, sir; it's too late for that sort of thing. You

are here to stay, and she won't miss you until we get up to the locks."

Of course there was a little commotion; the gentlemen rushed on deck only to find that the two ships were out of hailing distance. Mr. Dorr the elder consoled himself with the belief that his wife would think he was in the barber's shop, or the wheel-house, or the engine-room, or somewhere else on board, for he had a habit of roaming about the steamer. He would get back where he belonged during the passage of the locks of the Saint Mary's, and his wife wouldn't believe him when he related his adventure.

Jack saw the captain passing, and hailed him. "This gentleman," he said, "is a friend of the governor's; got left by the passenger steamer. Governor Dorr, Captain Webb. Ex-Governor Dorr of Florida, I believe." It had occurred to Jack's fertile brain that he could thus forestall the danger of a slip of the tongue on his part, and for the remainder of the passage jumble his two governors to his heart's content. "He is rather a distinguished stowaway," continued Jack, "but I reckon we can take care of him up to the locks."

At this he left the governors in the company of the captain, and hastened away to apprise the Colonel's bride of the new official dignity he had conferred on his father. It seemed to Jack that his old friend Arabella Greenleaf had never been more charming than he found her at that moment, in the luxurious cabin of the Nautilus, flushed with the excitement of the recent meeting and full of enthusiasm in view of the coming reunion at Duluth.

"And two long days on Lake Superior before we get there," said she, sorrowfully. "I didn't think yesterday that anything could happen to make this delightful voyage too long. What a pity it is, when we are all bound to the same port, we must travel by different ships. Oh! Jack," and the lady's face brightened at the thought, "we must get your mother transferred to the Nautilus while we are passing through the locks, instead of returning your father to the Canadian steamer. Come, come, Jack; I'll appeal to Captain Webb, as a personal favor."

"Well now, my very enthusiastic friend," said Jack, interposing his bulk between the lady and the door, "you want to compose yourself first, and bear in mind that the situation is considerably complicated on this ship already. The arrangement can undoubtedly be effected. I suspect that Captain Webb is rather fond of you—fancy he will grant your request jolly quick. But you must be very cool-headed when you tackle him, and not go blurting out things about my mother, and forgetting that you are a mother yourself."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady, "what a tangled web we weave——"

"That's what it is, my dear mamma. But take a little time to consider. There's lots of time. Two good hours. Let's begin," and in a moment they were walking up and down the deck outside in consultation.

Close off the port rail a herd of American cows was standing in the edge of the river, affording a soothing object-lesson in patience, as they lazily switched the flies from their sides and dozed ruminant in the broad sunlight. The Canadian passenger steamer was threading the channel in the wake of the Nautilus, its high sides and deck-cabins resembling an Atlantic coaster, and its dingy color suggesting an unpainted farm-house.

IV.

As Jack had predicted, Captain Webb graciously granted Mrs. Zaintree's request, gallantly intimating that he would turn the ship into a privateer to oblige her, and the late Arabella Greenleaf made short work of the objections of the paternal Dorr. By the time they sighted the granite portal of Lake Superior, the flashing rapids of the "Soo" tumbling over the rocks, under the airy trestle of the Canadian Pacific on the right, and the white houses and green park of Ste. Marie lying to the left, everything was settled on board the Nautilus. Jack was to take an extra berth in the captain's cabin and resign his own to his parents like a dutiful son. He fully appreciated the advantages of the new arrangement, throwing him, as it would, into extra confidential relations with the navigator

of the Nautilus. It would help him to maintain his grip on the situation. He foresaw that the management of two sets of parents, on the same ship, under the critical eyes of the crew, would require the greatest coolness on his part. Not that he felt any great anxiety, or perplexity, or unusual responsibility. Altogether it was the most delightful and inspiring emergency that Mr. Jack Dorr had ever figured in. He fairly revelled in it. Instead of perplexing him it nerved him and cooled his brain.

While the steamers lay below the lock he found time to go across the park with Captain Webb and look at his Irish setter, and buy it too, at a rather exorbitant figure, not because he wanted it, but because that stroke of liberality on his part would establish him the more firmly in the good graces of the captain.

On their return with the superfluous dog he found his mother on board. The two ladies were so absorbed in each other that while the small fleet of steamers was rising on the boiling surface of the lock they had shut themselves up in the cabin. Jack and his two governors, on the contrary, took a lively interest in the passage through the great granite gateway of the lakes. Nothing escaped them, from the hydraulic working of the lock to the shining soldiers ogling the village girls, and the Chippewa half-breeds hawking fish freshly taken from the rapids. They looked regretfully upon the last barefooted urchin of Ste. Marie watching his bobber in the sunlight as they steamed away through the open draw of the Canadian Pacific, and passed the light-house onto the bosom of the greatest of the lakes.

Fully determined as Jack was to guard the secret of Mrs. Zaintree, he had no idea of neglecting any favorable opportunity to complicate the situation still further. His serenity always increased as he succeeded in multiplying difficulties, and he proposed to give his genius for comedy full play. He saw a rather humorous possibility at hand, but he was never in a hurry, and after looking thoughtfully down at the green water slipping by, he spent a lazy afternoon reading in the warm sunshine on deck.

In the evening he joined the captain's watch. The moonlight silvered the smooth surface of the lake; here and there the lights of a steamer twinkled in the hazy offing; a huge banner of black smoke trailed back against the canopy of countless stars, and so still was it that the ticking of the wood-work could be heard as the great boat warped along. The listening ears in the shadowy wheel-house were not in the least annoying to Jack; he found it perfectly convenient to ignore them.

He yawned and broke the silence:

"Rather agreeable elderly people we took on board to-day?" (Pause and more silence.) "Wouldn't spot the old lady for a bride now, would you, skipper?"

"Go 'way," said the captain, rousing to the occasion.

"Fact," said Jack, "we met her abroad last year. Old maid then. Second matrimonial trip for the governor. Yes, skipper, they are on their wedding-journey now."

"Well," said the captain, after a pause, "we'll have to make it as pleasant for 'em as we can."

That very night as Jack lay on his bed, tossing restlessly about in his new and rather narrow quarters, he heard the music of accordions swelling up from the direction of the after-cabins. The captain was sleeping soundly after his watch, and the see-saw droning of the music was so satisfactory to Jack's mind, and withal so soothing to his spirit, that he fell asleep himself and dreamed that he was leading a serenade.

Anybody could see with half an eye that something had occurred to put new life in the crew of the Nautilus. The stokers sang more lustily at their work. The deck-hands were noisier than ever in the gangway of the forecastle and prolonged their orgies to a later hour. Old Wilhelm's bald head sparkled in the sun like a binnacle that contained a secret. The captain had a provokingly knowing look in his eye, and the ship itself forged ahead as if it were informed through all its timbers with a new life and energy.

For a plain sailor-man Captain Webb was rather profuse in his attention to the elder lady on board. And this extra devotion did not escape the observation of the younger lady.

To Mrs. Zaintree the crew were plain, civil men, while Mrs. Dorr confessed to

her friend that there was an indescribable something in their manner that made her uncomfortable. She might be too sensitive, but she couldn't overcome the feeling. As to that German woman, the cook, her manners were dreadful. When Jack had come into the cabin that morning and kissed her, his own mother (which was very nice of him, it was so very unusual), that creature had sniffed and walked out of the room with the air of a woman insulted. To this Mrs. Zaintree replied by reminding her friend that, so far as Jack was concerned, they had exchanged places for the trip. In the light of this forgotten arrangement Mrs. Dorr could overlook the conduct of the cook, but it was a horrid boat and she should be glad to get ashore; and Mrs. Zaintree, too, began to feel that the situation was anything but a pleasant one.

The captain was conscious that both ladies treated him with a degree of restraint, and held themselves aloof in a rather puzzling way. If there was anything wrong with the ladies, the three gentlemen were doing all they could to make up for it. Three more affable and downright jolly gentlemen, the captain was forced to admit, had never gone up on his boat. As to women, in the abstract, he was driven to the conclusion that it was a mistake to have them on board.

When he confided to Jack that there was a screw loose somewhere, and that his navigation among the women was a failure, that young gentleman entered feelingly into the subject of his perplexity, and suggested that the bride might be offended because he had not sufficiently acknowledged her state on board. Some little complimentary demonstration, he thought, might make it all right. As that night's dinner would be the last on board, Jack proposed to make it an extra festive occasion, and volunteered to stand by his friend to the best of his ability. Old Wilhelm was called up and given the necessary directions. Jack spread the news of the dinner among the guests, and when the ladies encountered the captain on deck they thanked him so graciously that he felt that whatever misunderstanding there might have been, was healed already. Jack was a wonderful manager, and the good feeling on board mounted to enthusiasm. It was a day of days on the great lake. Still water under a cloudless sky. A mirage here and a mirage there, and the ship's glass passing from hand to hand. Steamers in the distance assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, and bore down on them in the form of curious covered barges, and loomed up with as many as four decks, and shifted themselves into Spanish galleons, and then gradually put off all disguise and steamed by, the very counterparts of the Nautilus.

If Mrs. Zaintree composed herself to read in the shade of the bridge, the show began again in the great azure amphitheatre. Some far-away tow of schooners climbed up into a tower of canvas or turned slow somersaults in the hazy distance and then melted away in the act of turning. Jack said that it was a very creditable little circus to usher in the captain's dinner, which differed in this respect from dinners on shore, where the mirage commonly unfolded itself afterward.

It was a long time after the green-and-gold parrot cried: "Make way for the captain," before that promoter of the feast got himself into a sufficiently genial and convivial state of mind to lead off in the speaking. The captain was so long, in fact, in coming to the point that Jack took the floor in his behalf, and made one of his characteristic after-dinner speeches, in which he said, among other things, that his friend, Captain Webb, of the Nautilus, was well aware of the interesting relations sustained by certain parties on board his ship; that there were some things which could not be concealed from so shrewd an observer as the captain; that his friend the captain had sought in every way to serve the Commodore's guests, and that, in tendering this little testimonial dinner to the lady who was the distinguished guest of the occasion, he trusted that the others would join him in congratulations and good wishes; and, finally, he begged to say in behalf of his parents on board, that the courtesy and kindness of the captain and the marked attention of the crew could never be forgotten by him or by them.

As Jack sat down without having drawn out any of the applause which his ingenious speech merited, the captain arose promptly and proposed the health of the bride in a few well-chosen remarks, during which he looked hard across the table at Mr. and Mrs. Dorr, who smiled in return and thought it a very clever nautical way of taking them into his confidence at the expense of the Colonel, and not so trying to the bride as if he had stared directly at her.

Of course the Colonel felt called upon to respond, which he did, after a brief hesitation, by proposing the health of Captain Webb of the Nautilus, which sentiment Mr. and Mrs. Dorr applauded so heartily that the captain was fain to be satisfied with their response by proxy, although he was a good deal surprised that an ex-Governor should not be a fluent after-dinner speaker.

The captain was mightily pleased with the success of his little banquet, and his guests were so surprisingly jolly over it that he felt himself quite a social lion. They were so very merry that they would never desert him until they got the first glimpse of the far-away lights of Duluth. Jack and his two governors, with their cigars, and the ladies in warm wraps, kept the deck far into the night, and made it very lively for the men at the wheel. The long lines of electric lights on the granite hill-side flashed row above row, and shot long lances into the lake, and the great shadowy elevators were piled up against the western sky before ever the captain was left alone to ponder on the wonderful cleverness of Jack's management, and rub his hands in gleeful memory of his own shrewdness and penetration.

"A bridal party go up on my boat and I not know it at sight!" thought the captain. "Not much—not if they were turned of ninety."

"You are a sly one, Governor Dorr," he muttered to himself as he was parting with his guests on the wharf next morning. "Mighty sly, Governor, but you must get the rice out of your hair before you come on board the Nautilus."

And to Mrs. Zaintree, he said:

"You are a pattern mother of a pattern son, ma'am, and if I did think you a bit unfeeling when Jack was coming on board it's because I'm not a society man, ma'am, and didn't know the thoroughbred trick."

THE POINT OF VIEW

At least one New York newspaper kept close track of the sale of the Spitzer collection in Paris, and gave daily reports of the more important articles bought, and the prices paid for them. It might seem as if such reports were of interest only to collectors, and very rich collectors at that, for the total sum realized at the sale ran up into the millions, and the average price of single pieces approached a thousand dollars. Nevertheless, it was an edifying sale for a philosopher of moderate income to follow, because of the important testimony it bore to the vast number of expensive things that people who could not afford to buy them could get along just as comfortably without. The assurance that millions of dollars can easily be spent for things, no one of which is indispensable, or even highly important, to human happiness, is always fit to make the citizen whose circumstances are merely moderate less restless in the circumscribed limits of his earthly lot. To have all the Spitzer treasures sold, and not to have bought even one of them, and still to find life thoroughly remunerative and satisfactory is a gainful experience, and one worth some newspaper reading to acquire.

An experience of the same sort is possible at the Chicago Fair. There one sees thousands of beautiful and costly objects fit to delight the eye and stimulate the imagination. To see all and to buy nothing, and still to come home justified and content, richer for what one's mind can carry away and very little poorer in one's pocket, is a possibility which is within every Fair-goer's reach, and which the great majority will realize. And it is worth realizing, if only for its use in helping them to recognize the agreeable truth that the material things that are essential to satisfactory existence are comparatively few and comparatively cheap. The capacity to recognize that, vividly and practically, is an acquirement fairly comparable in value with accumulations in the bank.

Moreover, it is a feasible acquirement. It can be taught. There is no certain possibility of making a phenomenal money-getter out of even an exceptionally intelligent boy, but it is fairly within the province of education so to train a lad that he can get more pleasure and far more profit out of a little money than another of inferior training can out of much. To be "passing rich on fifty pounds a year" is an accomplishment not readily attainable in the present state of money values; but to be richer on five thousand dollars a year than another man is on fifty thousand may not be as easy as lying, but it is easy enough. The necessaries of life are food, shelter, and raiment; the more important luxuries are cleanliness, books, society, good clothes, and a reasonable amount of leisure. In order to live his best, man wants time to think and plenty to think about. A moderate amount of travel is a luxury that enlivens the intellectual processes and is favorable to health. All the necessaries are easily procurable in these days, and none of the reasonable luxuries is very dear. The

things that cost much money are chiefly those that delight the eye, and gratify not so much by use as by mere possession. To that class of superfluous luxuries belong all the objects in the Spitzer collection and most of the more fascinating things in the Liberal Arts Building at the Fair. One does not have to own rich things to enjoy them. The very best of them are in public collections (where the best of the Spitzer pieces are going), and abundance of others, in private hands, are not hard to get a sight of. It is more or less the same with that other grade of superfluities to which belong horses and yachts, truffles, pâté de foi gras, terrapin, canvas-back ducks, champagne, English grooms, valets, and everything that contributes to make idleness palatable. There is undoubtedly some fun to be had with these objects, which do possess a certain sort of intrinsic value; but it is true of some of them, as it is of vases and pictures, that you can get the usufruct of them without owning them, since if a man drives two grooms and four horses it costs you nothing to see him go by. For the rest it may be said that there is just as much enjoyment of a different sort to be had without these things, and whether the cheaper or the more expensive pleasures are really preferable is simply a matter of education and taste. Consideration of the ease with which the five-thousand-a-year man can go without every one of the luxuries for which his neighbor, who has fifty thousand a year, spends four-fifths of his income, is fit to give the reflecting observer some useful ideas. The life of a family on two hundred dollars a year is immensely superior to existence on one hundred. Life on five hundred is a vast improvement on life on two hundred. Life on a thousand a year is much easier and more satisfactory than life on five hundred. Life on five thousand is still simple enough, and offers more opportunities and better ones than life on one thousand, and brings more leisure and seems more desirable on many grounds. But then the consumption of superfluous luxuries has already begun, and possibly the point has already been passed that was coveted by the ancient who desired neither poverty nor riches. It would be a duller world if no one could spend more than five thousand a year, and far be such a condition from obtaining. Still, having even no more than that, there is no general certainty that increased expenditures will buy the money's worth; that they will make life more wholesome or more satisfying to the expenders; that they will promote health or the development of character, or cause love and peace any more to abound. Enough may not be as good as a feast. Indeed, it isn't. But, even if it consists merely of oatmeal and boiled eggs, it may easily be immensely better than a steady diet of feasting. Somewhere between a hundred dollars a year and unlimited means, money ceases to be a means of buying what is good for you and becomes an opportunity, which grows more and more difficult to improve as its size increases, until, if worse comes to worst, it may assume the proportions of an impossible task.

Since my brother Mundanus has become rich and famous as the author and autocrat of the Boot-Jack Trust, I have been very strongly tempted to stop working for myself and arrange with him for my support. It may be that I shall conclude that the habit of drudgery is too firmly fixed on me to be thrown off with impunity, so that perhaps I shall elect to go on working; but if I do, it will be in the nature of a self-indulgence, maintained for mere personal ease, against my conviction of what is just and right. For my argument is, and it is conceived on general and impersonal grounds, and founded without prejudice on dispassionate observation, that a comfortable maintenance without work is a very moderate set-off to any ordinary man for the inconvenience and detriment of having an immoderately successful brother. The reason lies in the incorrigible tendency of society to measure brothers by the same standard. When they are little, society puts them back to back and observes which is the taller. When they are grown, it piles their achievements or renown or incomes up side by side, and remarks which pile is bigger. Mr. Rockefeller's or Mr. Astor's income may run up into the millions, without making any one think the worse of my capacity; but ever since it became known that Mundanus was getting

fifty thousand a year (largely payable in Boot-Jack stock, as I happen to know, but the public doesn't) it has been imputed to me as a fault, and somewhat of a disgrace, that my in-takings were not so large. It is so well understood as to be beyond argument or dispute, that in children of the same parents quite as much disparity of characteristics and abilities obtains as in persons who are not allied by blood. So also some brothers have a better education, or better opportunities, or better luck than others. Nevertheless, however conscientiously a man may have used the talents given him, and whatever honorable progress he may have made in life, if it be his misfortune to have a meteoric brother, who has sailed conspicuous where *he* has had to plod, and arrived glorious while *he* has sweated in patient aspiration, the slower-gaited man is bound to suffer as I do by disparaging comparison with his ocupod fellow of the same brood.

Lord Nelson had a brother, a clergyman, who might have passed down into a respectable obscurity but for a misfortune of birth which has lugged him into history as a person who, in spite of his breed, had no talent for fighting, and not even a reasonable regard for Lady Hamilton. William Nelson, however, at least inherited his brother Horatio's title and estates, and found in them, it is to be hoped, some compensation for the disparaging comparison from which he suffered. George Washington had a brother; but with the far-seeing consideration characteristic of a patriot-statesman, he buried him long before the Revolution. Lord Tennyson had a brother, who is best known to our time as that brother of the Laureate whose verse was not so good as Alfred's.

Analogous examples abound, some of them are so familiar that it would be indelicate to name them in print. What worthy and delightful men of our own day and nation have been overshadowed by the spreading renown of their brother great poet! What gifted and zealous the preachers are best identified to-day as brothers of some supreme genius of the pulpit! There are some families, to be sure, as the Washburnes, the Adamses, the Shermans, the Fields, or the Potters, in which an inheritance of talent and energy has been so evenly distributed that the whole race seemed to climb abreast out of the ruck of common humanity. Such brothers as these are in a fortunate case, and the credit of each one helps up the others. But far more commonly it happens that when high success visits a family at all it comes in a lump upon a single member. How reasonable it would be in such cases if the less fortunate members should lament the success of the lucky one, and lay his renown up against him! To the credit of human nature be it noted that it seems usually not to happen that way. The remarkable law which decrees that he who has shall have more, usually proves its power, and the successful brother, besides the material advantages that his achievements bring him, commonly enjoys an exaggerated share of the esteem and admiration of his own kin. My brother Mundanus, by his notorious success, has impaired my individuality. However hard I try, I can never hope hereafter to be known of men except as a brother of Mundanus of the Boot-Jack Trust. Yet I feel no resentment toward him. I rejoice in him, I am just as fond of him as ever, and proud of him besides. I make no effort to get out of his shadow. Our families still commune together, and it was only this morning that my eldest son suggested that my project of sending him to college was unwise, and that it would be vastly better for him to shelve his books and go down and strike his Uncle Mundanus for a job. I should prefer that Cato should go on with his studies, and shall so counsel him; but so far as his disposition to get something out of Mundanus is concerned, I am convinced that that is a sound instinct and based on equity.

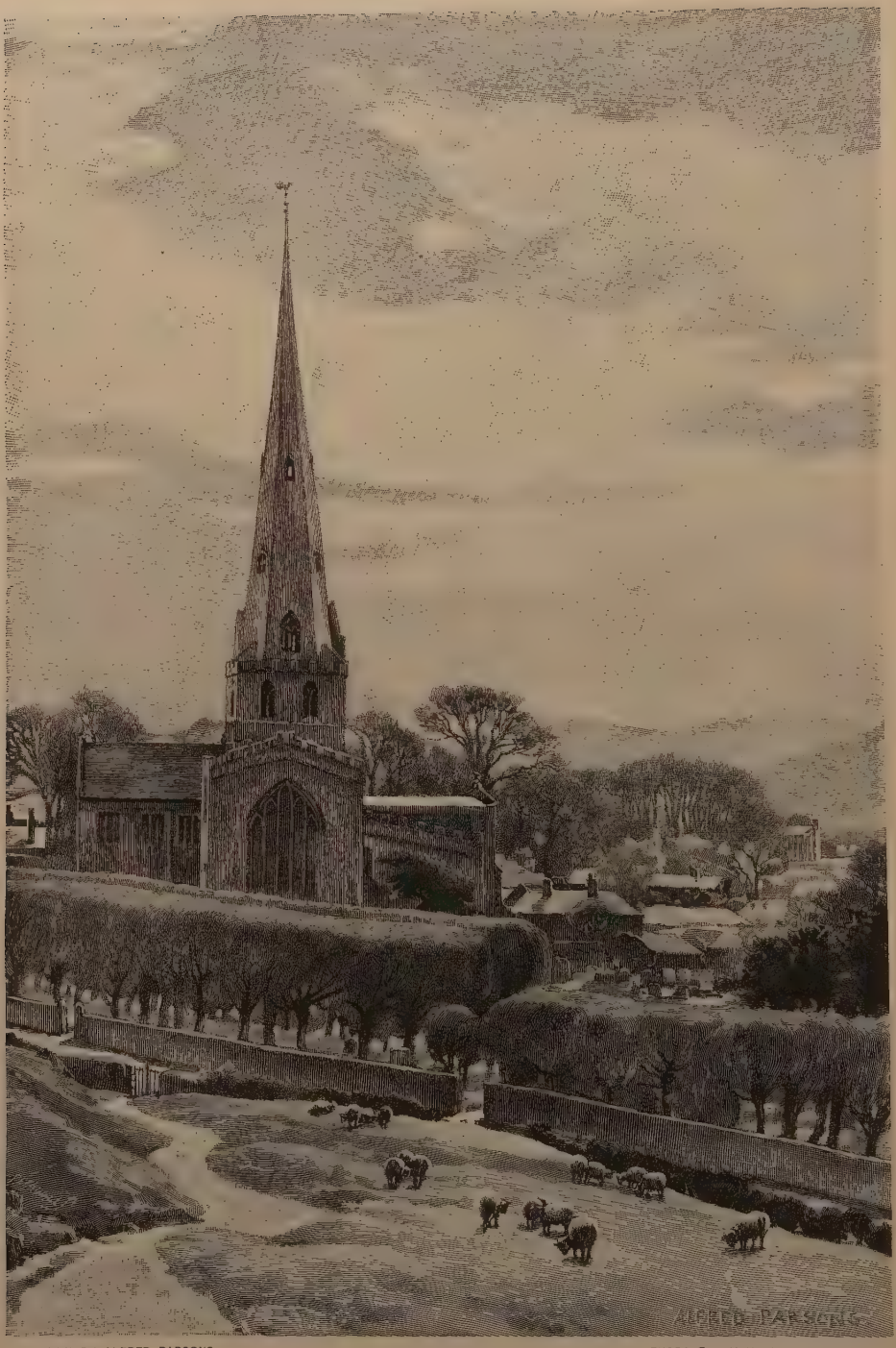
THE lectures on Plato which Mr. Walter Pater, overcoming once again his native shyness toward print, has lately submitted to the public in a book, might have afforded the late M. Taine, had he lived to read them, that most exquisite of the delights of literature, a color or support to the reader's own theories.

Taine, as we know, came in early life under the Hegelian spell; and to realize what this means there is need only to remember that Hegel once said that only one

man besides himself (I am not sure that he added even himself) understood him. For what witchery so potent as that of the philosophy which nobody understands! This Hegelian infatuation combining with a touch of the French pretension, which even Taine could not escape, that Reason finds herself perfectly at home only in Parisian attics and salons, made it easy for Taine to discover in the English a social inaptitude for philosophy. "Practical capacity and speculative incapacity" is his phrase regarding them, repeated under one and another form again and again. The English are "too positive;" in them "metaphysical liberty has perished under utilitarian preoccupation, and pantheistic revery under moral prejudices." Philosophy, and especially metaphysics, is as little indigenous with them as music and painting. They import it indeed; but in importing it "they leave the best part on the road. Carlyle was obliged to transform it into a mystical poetry, humorous and prophetic fancies; Hamilton touched upon it only to declare it chimerical; Stuart Mill, Buckle, only seized the most palpable part — a heavy residuum, positivism."

Of all English critics none has yielded himself more unreservedly to French influences than Mr. Pater. His manner is French decidedly, and his attitude not a little so. He then, if any, could be trusted to push through national limitations and pursue Reason in her utmost purity. But instead we find him apologizing—yes, apologizing!—for general ideas. "Abstruse, or intangible, or dry and seedy and wooden, as we may sometimes think them," they are, he in effect assures us, not so bad. Then, as if this condescension were not offence enough, he dares to speak with open disrespect of "Pure Being," pronouncing it definable only as "Pure Nothing." Moreover, without explicitly adopting it for his own, he notes with such a clear undertone of sympathy as to leave little doubt that it is his own, the objection to Plato, "that by sheer effectiveness of abstract language he gave an illusive air of reality or substance to the mere nonentities of metaphysic hypothesis —of a mind trying to feed itself on its own emptiness." For him, too, the doctrine that thought and being are one is "impossibly abstract;" and he casts contempt on the search—the search pursued "quixotically through what wastes of words!"—for the "true Substance, the One, the Absolute." It is "to the majority of acute minds," he believes, but the pursuit of zero, of "a mere algebraic symbol for nothingness." "An infectious mania, it might seem," he adds, "that strange passion for nonentity, to which the Greek was so oddly liable, to which the human mind generally might be thought to have been constitutionally predisposed."

If one is one's self in the full and free enjoyment of Mr. Pater's own racial deficiencies, one need see in all this no irrefragable proof of speculative incapacity. The refusal to identify thought with being, or to attach great value to Pure Substance, does not, one may then believe, necessarily disclose an irreparable want of metaphysical power. But the Hegelian atmosphere might be described as atmosphere in itself. Looked at through that, Mr. Pater's positivism must inevitably testify to an unspeculative nature. Yet even Taine would have had to concede to Mr. Pater a fine, rare skill in doing his work. Whatever the shortcomings of his metaphysic, Mr. Pater abounds in that "wavering sympathy," that "disinterested art," in which also Taine used to find the English lacking; and by virtue of these qualities in him these very lectures are become a specimen of that high literature incidentally described in them, a literature which "solicits a certain effort from the reader," but which promises "a great expressiveness on the part of the writer," if the reader "for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness." And we may add of the lectures, as Mr. Pater adds of the kind in general, "how satisfying, how reassuring, how flattering to himself after all, such work really is—the work which deals with one as a scholar, formed, mature, manly."



DRAWN BY ALFRED PARSONS. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

ASHBOURNE CHURCH.

(See Walton's "Complete Angler.")

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IZAAK WALTON.

(Born August 9, 1593.)

By Alexander Cargill.

"Sir, when I go a-fishing, an' the Fates decree that I get no fish, then am I still a gainer for, God's body! I get flesh!"

THERE is a peculiar irony in the fact that a man, who himself succeeded in recording, with satisfying amplitude of detail, the lives of no fewer than five of his contemporaries, should have left so little record of his own career that nearly fifty years of it might be adequately epitomized in half as many lines. Yet such is the case with Izaak Walton, who was born into the world just three hundred years ago, whose fame is as fresh as ever, yet of the greater part of whose life we know almost nothing. To most students of literary biography, and especially to the followers of that prince of anglers and good fellows, genuine interest in the man and his deeds only begins with the period of his retirement from active life. Indeed, it is no discourtesy to his memory to go further than this and say (for Walton loved the truth more than sunshine) that, in its permanent value to posterity, the life of the author of the "Complete Angler" began only with his sixtieth year and when that famous work was first sent forth to the world.

The tantalizing paucity of facts as to a character that must have been most interesting is almost as notable as in the case of the greatest life of all, with its quiet beginning at Stratford-on-Avon, not a hundred miles from Stafford, where Walton was born. Stratford and Stafford! great indeed is the glory that belongs to these two fair midland towns. If one is the birthplace of the king of English poets and dramatists, in the other the patron-saint of all true anglers first beheld the light of day stream down from the many-tinted, ever-changing English sky, under whose canopy he, as boy, youth, and man, delighted so much to wander at his own sweet will, in all seasons, with his honest heart as full of love to God and man as was the old-fashioned pannier on his back brimful of trouts from the Lea or Dove!

As with Shakespeare, so with Walton; tradition has ventured to fill up the spaces which an unregarding destiny had left void. Her finger has pointed to the house and street—even to the very room—in Stafford town where Walton was born, and we can only believe or discredit according to our measure of faith. Happily, there is no doubt whatever respecting that event itself, which took place somewhere within the Parish of St. Mary's on August 9, 1593. The register of the church of that name bears:

> "September 1593: Baptiz fuit Isaac Filius Jervis Walton, XX° die mensis et anni prædict."

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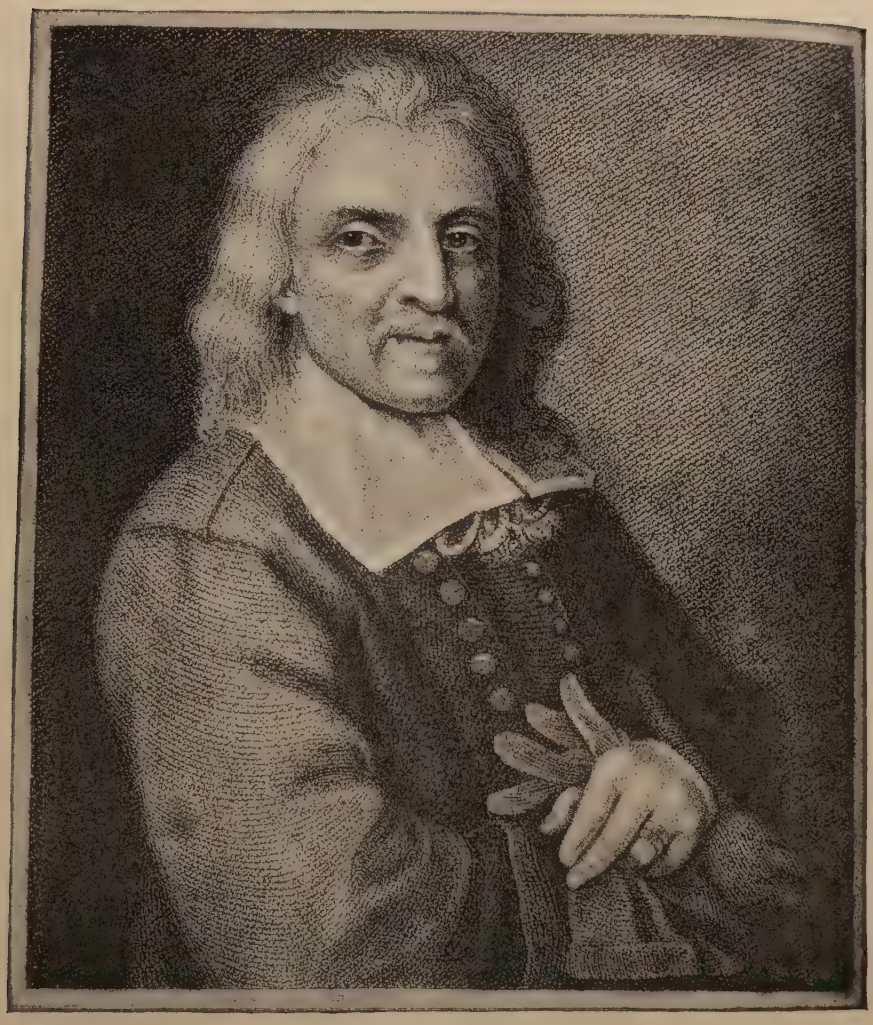
Very little is known respecting his parents. What profession or status his father, the aforesaid Jervis, or Jervaise Walton, held, no record exists to show. From the fact, however, that he "took to wife" a lady who was a near relation to Archbishop Cranmer, of Reformation fame, it is believed that he belonged to a goodly English stock and occupied a good social position; so that in respect to his parentage, at all events, Izaak Walton may be held to have been fortunate. "Not a vestige of the place or manner of his education has been discovered." Walton senior died when Izaak was but two years old. From his mother Walton probably inherited his strong attachment to the Church of England and his Royalist predilections; and it is only gallant to suppose that he derived from her also that gentleness of disposition which, as his writings abundantly testify, formed so pronounced a trait in his character. To his father he may have been indebted for the foundation of that physical strength and endurance by which his life was prolonged to its ninetieth year. Walton's own temperate living, and his long-continued open-air habits, no doubt helped very materially to his attaining such an old age. But what he owed to his parents for his moral and physical endowments he has himself acknowledged, though perhaps indirectly, in more than one reference in his works.

Engraved by J.T.Smith, from a Drawing taken by him in May 1794.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN FLEET STREET.
Including
THE RESIDENCE OF IZAAC WALTON, 1624.

Whatever the unrecorded story of Walton's boyhood and youth (imagination might freely and delightedly fill in the details!), it is quite certain that he was in London seeking fame and fortune some time about his thirtieth year. There he established himself in business as a linen-draper, or sempster, a lucrative business even in these days. His "establishment" at first was situated in the upper story of the Royal Exchange, or Bourse, on Cornhill, erected by Sir Thomas Gresham, and consisted of a small compartment "seven feet and a half long and five wide; an economy," according to Sir John Hawkins, one of Walton's earliest biographers, "that would scarcely allow him to have elbow room. Yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624, when he dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane. It further appears that the place was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton and John Mason, hosier, from whence we may conclude that half-a-shop was sufficient for the business of Walton." This conclusion has, however, been dissented from by later biographers, who incline to the



Portrait of Izaak Walton.
(From a photograph of the painting by Hausman in possession of Mrs. Hawes at Salisbury.)

opinion that the "half-shop" was merely an office, while the business itself was carried on elsewhere.

In 1626, when in his thirty-third year, Walton married his first wife, a Miss Rachel Floud or Flood, or Floyd, by whom he had seven children. No incident of his married life with this lady is anywhere recorded; but that he had much sorrow to put to the test his natural sweetness and cheerfulness, may be gathered from the fact that he not only lost all the offspring of this marriage, but at the end of sixteen years had likewise to mourn her death. Childless and a widower, Walton was now in his forty-seventh year, and it was probably to direct his mind away from his domestic afflictions that he essayed to publish the first of his famous lives, viz., that of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, along with a collection of the sermons of that well-known divine and poet. Three years later, though only arrived at what many regard as the meridian of life and effort, Walton relinquished business and, with a fair competency acquired, we may rest assured, honestly and diligently, left London to reside near Stafford, his native place.

Entrance to Dovedale, Looking up the Valley.

During the period of his London life, Walton must have fore-gathered with not a few notable and worthy men. He appears to have had a special genius for forming friendships with men of really high and representative character. The attraction was perhaps as much on his side, and indeed, we are told by one chronicler (Dr. Zouche) that "such were his manners and deportment that he classed among his friends the first and most illustrious of his contemporaries." Nor was Walton less fortunate in his social connections. The times in which he lived were times of gloomy suspicion, of danger and distress, when a severe scrutiny into the public and private behavior of men established a rigid discrimination of character. He must therefore be allowed to have possessed a peculiar excellency of disposition; and the singular circumspection which he observed in the choice of his acquaintances has not escaped the notice of Mr. Cotton, who says: 'My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing that I have not yet found him weary of me;'" a testimony otherwise amply confirmed and referred to later on.

While, on the one hand, there are these credible data respecting Walton's successful career in London, to the angler, who is eager to know something, outside of tradition and beyond mere surmise, of the master's doings by his beloved Lea, whither he often repaired in the intervals of business, history is most illiberal. We can only believe that he pursued his favorite pastime with all diligence, for he acquired that expertness in it which subsequently made him so famous. His proximity to the Thames and its upper waters afforded to a man with such ardor for fishing all the opportunities essential for becoming a successful sportsman and reliable guide. In those days, as indeed to some extent even yet, the higher Thames and the many feeders of that royal river—notably the Lea at Wareham, some twenty miles from Lon-

don, which claimed the particular patronage of Walton—formed the chief resort of anglers from the metropolis. And when we reflect on the fact that most of the wayfaring then had to be done on foot, the knights of the gentle art, with their varied and oftentimes burdensome paraphernalia, must have been, to tramp that distance, liberally endowed with patience and endurance. These qualities at least were conspicuous in Walton, and, in all probability, more highly developed in him during his meanderings between Fleet Street and the Lea, than at any other time. The growing inspiration of the "Complete Angler" was, no doubt, often present within him on those days of travel, but it was only after the close of his London career and his retiring from active life, that we may suppose its idea actually to have developed.

The neighborhood of his native town was admirably adapted for stimulating it. Within a limit of twenty-five or thirty miles of Stafford, he had the choice of at least half a dozen first-rate streams in which to practise. There were, for instance, the Soar, the Tame, the Sow, the Idle, the Derwent, and last, but not least, the ever-glorious Dove. It was a fortunate matter for posterity that the buying and selling of his linen stuffs on Cornhill did not by one jot abate his youthful enthusiasm nurtured amid such opportunities.

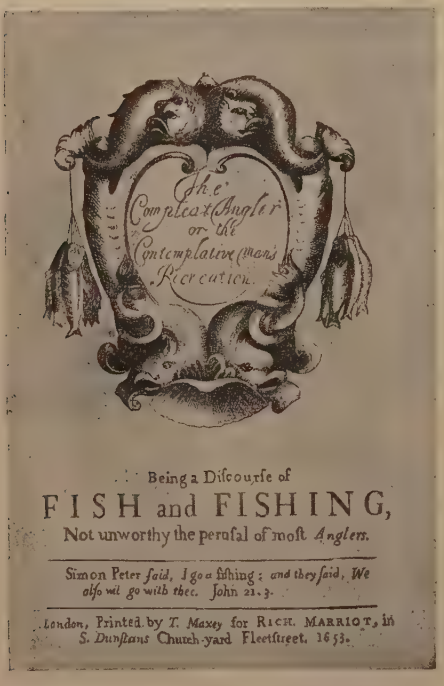
But when or where the "Complete Angler" was actually conceived, planned, and written can only be surmised. Possibly the work had been taking shape in his fancy for many years, to be saved for his leisure on the small estate which he bought near Stafford on his retirement in 1643, where we are told "his companions were some friends, a book, a cheerful heart, and an innocent conscience." What a change from London to a man of his temperament! That city he declared, after he left it, however, to be "a place dangerous for honest men," and no doubt he was glad to turn his back upon it since, according to a biographer, "his loyalty had made him obnoxious to the ruling powers." Whatever the circumstances of the actual writing of the "Complete Angler," that occupation did not prevent Walton's marrying for the second time. This happy event took place about 1646, the lady he then wedded being Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.*

The Old Mill at Dovedale.

In 1653 the work was published in London and, as shown on the title-page,

* Two children only were the issue of this union—a son and a daughter.

a fac-simile of which is here produced, was printed by "T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot." No doubt this was the event of Walton's life, and, along with the publication of Hobbe's "Leviathan," was probably the literary event of that year. In what a quarrelling and fighting time was this most peaceful book brought forth! What a noise and tumult then filled all England! Four years previously, King Charles I. had been executed, a tragedy which, in the words of John Richard Green, "sent a thrill of horror throughout Europe." Then followed the proclamation of the Commonwealth and Cromwell's invasion of Scotland. The battles of Dunbar and Worcester, in 1650 and 1651 respectively, and the outbreak of the Dutch war in the following year, were events enough to turn the minds of men from contemplative themes and peaceful recreations. Strange, therefore, that this quaint book, with its suggestive sub-title, should have been hatched and given to the world in such a time of clangor and clashing of swords!


The Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Mans Recreation.

Being a Discourse of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.

Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also wil go with thee. John 21. 3.

London, Printed by T. Maxey for RICH. MARRIOT, in S. Dunstans Church-yard Fleetstreet. 1653.

Fac-simile of the Title-page of the First Edition.

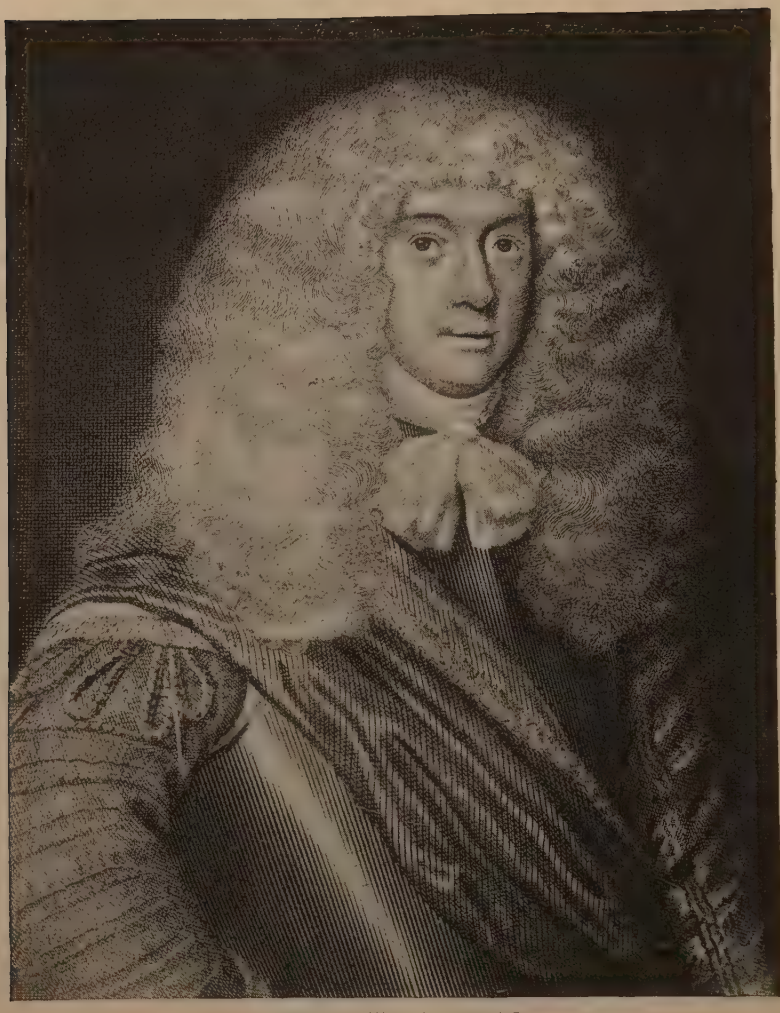
Stranger still, that it should at once have found such general favor as to make necessary the publication of a second edition two years later. Yet such was the fact, testifying surely to the immediate recognition of its rare literary worth, its sterling descriptive beauty, and its fascination.

A part of the immediate popularity of the "Complete Angler," was, of course, its subject, apart from its intrinsic qualities. It was the first really serviceable work on angling ever published in England. Not, indeed, the first "practical" treatise, not even the first "contemplative" book on the subject of angling, for the honor of the authorship of that unique literary curiosity belongs—hear it, ye gallant knights of the angle!—to a lady! This personage was none other than the Dame Juliana Bernars, or Berners, the austere Prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans. This doughty dame flourished more than a century before Walton's time, and from all accounts was as celebrated for her delight in all true English sport as for her learning and piety—a female Admirable Crichton in many respects. Of this singular production, called "The Treatise of Fysshing with an Angle," or, as it came to be more popularly known afterward, "The Book of St. Albans," space will not permit more than a brief extract as a taste of its quality, and as a sample of her ladyship's kindly views on the subject of the gentle art. In a chapter dealing with the many excellencies of fishing as compared with other popular sports of the time, our noble authoress saith: "If in fysshing his sport fail him, the angler atte the leest hath his holsom walke and is mery atte his ease, a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures that maketh him hungry: he heareth the melodyous armony of fowles: he seeth the young swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other foules with theyr brodes: whych me seemeth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blasts of hornes and the scrytt of foules that hunters, fawkeners and fowlers doe make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely, thenne, is there noo man merrier than he is in his apytyte." How much Walton was indebted

DRAWN BY ALFRED PARSONS.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Pike's Pool, Beresford Dale.



Charles Cotton, Walton's Adopted Son.
(Author of a second part of the "Complete Angler," published with the fifth edition, 1676.)

to Dame Berners's "Treatise," it is impossible to say, but from one or two correspondences between the two writers, it is obvious that Walton must have been familiar with the book.

Up to the time, therefore, of the publication of the "Complete Angler," there was really no work in existence to serve as a vade-mecum for those whose favorite sport was "to take fysshe," and for whom "the blastes of hornes and the scrytt of foules" were but

> "As sounds that sting the tender sense
> With their discordant revel,
> That bid no pain or passion hence,
> But only raise the devil!"

There is no wonder that the book was so quickly resorted to on its publication. As originally issued in 1653, the "Complete Angler" was wholly the work of Izaak Walton, while the next three editions of it, which were published respectively in 1655, 1661, and 1668 (so rapidly did it find favor) received additional chapters from the same pen. "Auceps," one of the brotherhood of the Conference, was not in the first, but was admitted to the second edition. To the fifth edition (1676) a second part was added, the writer of which was Walton's adopted son and brother angler, Charles Cotton, whose personal worth to Walton, on his

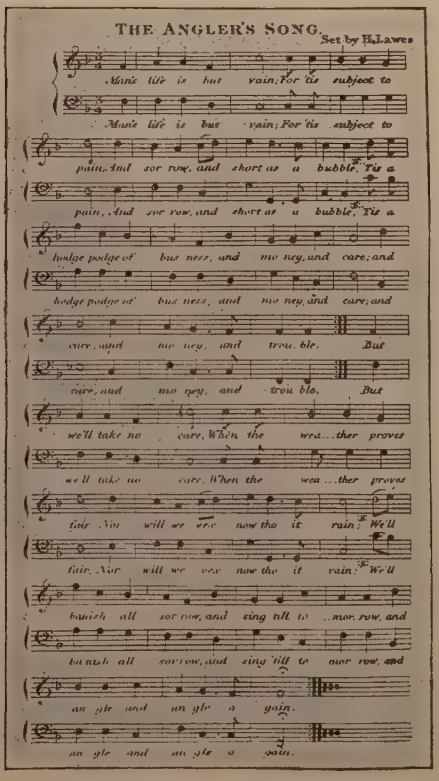
own testimony, at least, has been referred to. Cotton's addition to the "Complete Angler" added very considerably to the value of the work, especially because in its "Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," much practical tuition in the art of fly-fishing is given to the reader. Walton himself, it is said, had but little proficiency in that branch of the art. As an imitation of his "most worthy father and friend's" literary accomplishment, Cotton's contribution left nothing to be desired; and so the two friends became closely linked together in a renown that will last while rivers run. How suggestive of this is the simple memorial of their friendship, in the quaint interlocking, lover-like, of the initials of their names! Their book was now "complete" in the most literal sense, and no further changes were made upon it by either Walton or Cotton, the former being then in his eighty-third year.

Izaak Walton's title to an honorable seat among the immortals of English literature was long ago recognized as clear and undisputable. Lord Byron, it is true, sought in his own cavalier fashion to oust the kindly old man from this dignity; and even the redoubtable "great Cham" took the pains to grunt a dissent to the claims of "the gentle art" as being adapted for only "gentle" folks. Doctor Johnson's bark was, however, often more to be feared than his bite, and one edition, at least, of the Complete Angler, that published in 1750, was due to his sympathy with the book. But what have the Byrons and Johnsons *et hoc genus omne* to do in an appreciation of this kind? Both were inherently deficient in more than one important quality necessary to make a true angler, and so they discredited a pastime for which the one man had no patience, and the other not over-much of that true Waltonian gentleness that ever shrinks from the jostle of Fleet Street. Unquestionably, "Old Izaak," as his followers delight to call him, has won the regard and reverence of many generations of anglers throughout the world, not so much because of the literary merit of his book, though that is great, as because of the influence of that rare, restful, humanizing spirit which so largely pervades it. It is for this that

Cotton's Fishing Cottage—Beresford Dale.

the "Complete Angler" occupies, and will, in all likelihood, continue to do so for many and many a day to come, a unique place among the best of our English literature. To all lovers of angling, at any rate, it will never cease to be a classic or to body forth the delightfully unalloyed personality of the writer. Of course, few learners have consulted the

book for practical guidance. Compared with a really modern handbook of angling, like Stewart's or Pennell's, or that of Francis, the Complete Angler is, perhaps, to the followers of that art what, say, the Book of Tobit might be, in these days, to evangelical "fishers of men" of the school of Wesley or of Spurgeon. "A quaint and curious volume," in all truth, to be read rather at the fireside than on the road to Loch-Leven or to the Tay. Just imagine a New Brunswick angler harking away over the hills to the Restigouche, expecting, by the help


THE ANGLER'S SONG.
Set by H. Lawes
Man's life is but vain; For 'tis subject to
Man's life is but vain; For 'tis subject to
pain, And sor row, and short as a bubble, 'Tis a
pain, And sor row, and short as a bubble, 'Tis a
hodge podge of bus ness, and mo ney, and care; and
hodge podge of bus ness, and mo ney, and care; and
care, and mo ney, and trou ble. But
care, and mo ney, and trou ble. But
we'll take no care, When the wea ther proves
we'll take no care, When the wea ther proves
fair. Nor will we vex now tho it rain: We'll
fair. Nor will we vex now tho it rain: We'll
banish all sor row, and sing till to mor row, and
banish all sor row, and sing till to mor row, and
an gle and an gle a gain.
an gle and an gle a gain.

The Angler's Song with the Original Music.

of its lore, to tackle and extract from that prime river a beauty of thirty pounds! Few anglers with these ambitions filling their breasts would ever dream of consulting that venerable volume, with all its kindliness, to know how to fulfil them. New editions of it, some of them *de luxe*, are nevertheless called for from time to time, and as a matter of fact, from Walton's day till now over a hundred have been issued.

The quaint dialogue-form of the "Complete Angler," by means of which the student is admitted to the secrets of that art was, perhaps, the best that Walton could have chosen for the exposition of his theme. But, to present-day readers at all events, the Conferences between "Piscator," "Venator," "Auceps" and the interesting country-folk they encounter, are at times just a trifle prolonged and tedious, and rather over-weighted with philosophic and sentimental "saws." Moreover, they oftentimes lack that "spirit" or "go" which so distinguishes that capital companion-work to the Complete Angler, viz., the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Christopher North, our Scottish Walton, one of the keenest and most daring anglers that ever "footed it" over mead or heather, and as ardent a lover of mountain air and the glorious license thereof as ever breathed.

Yet there is a quality in Walton's writing that overcomes all drawbacks; a quality to which surely no better testimony could be offered than that of Washington Irving in the "Sketch Book:" "For my part I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that 'angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair and passed the day under trees reading Old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. . . . But, above all, I recollect the 'good, honest, wholesome, hungry' repast which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the Milk-maid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds until I fell asleep."

The Izaak Walton Inn at the Entrance to Dovedale.

As the more lasting value of Walton's literary achievements belongs to the "Complete Angler," so, in all probability, will the great mass of his admirers prefer to associate his angling exploits with the Dove rather than with the Lea, or with any other stream which he has made classic. Yet it is both true and strange that in his own part of the pastoral he refers but twice to the Dove, and that quite incidentally. The reason for this is apparently (first), that the *locale* of the pastoral was away in another part of England, and (secondly), that up to the time of the actual writing of the "Complete Angler," Walton's familiarity with the famous Derbyshire stream was but little to what it became on the commencement of the friendship between himself and Charles Cotton. It was reserved for Cotton, the writer of the second part of the book, to introduce the unrivalled beauties of the Dove to the notice of the reader, and for him to whet the appetites of generations of anglers for a taste of its pleasures.

Cotton was born in 1630, and was thus just forty-three years the junior of Walton. His father was a man of estate and uncommon mental accomplishments. His mother belonged to a well-known Derbyshire family, which included among its possessions the estates of Beresford and Euson in that county, the former being in close proximity to the quaint old town of Ashbourne (Dr. Johnson, it is said, wrote his "Rasselas" here), and near to the river Dove. Young Cotton was sent to Cambridge about the usual age, where, we are told, "he did not betake himself to any lucrative profession," and, on returning home, "addicted himself to the lighter kind of study and the improvement of a talent in poetry of which he found himself possessed."

To a youth thus precariously equipped in the matter of profession, and with a love for the muse, it might readily be imagined how strong were the allurements of such a romantic stream as the Dove, with its manifold and varied windings and picturesque pauses, that added such a charm to the family acres. Here, surely, was ample enough inducement to encourage his "talent." Whatever his actual accomplishment in that line up to the time of his twenty-sixth year, viz., in 1656, there can be no doubt of the fact that in that

year he believed himself to be fully able to maintain a wife, for he then married, albeit "he had neither patrimony nor visible means of subsisting." The lady he espoused was Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchison, of Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham. The death of his father, which occurred about two years afterward, put him in possession of the family estate. From this time forth, Cotton appears to have followed a literary vein, the product being chiefly pamphlets, translations, poems on sundry topics, and last, though by no means least, his famous contribution to the "Complete Angler." But for this last-named accomplishment, the other writings of Cotton must have been long ago forgotten, except, haply, by the antiquarian or relique-hunter.

When and how Cotton and Walton first became acquainted is only a matter for conjecture, but it was most likely after the publication of the first edition of the "Complete Angler." The fame of that book had, we may be sure, spread quickly to Derbyshire, and the Beresford family would be among its first readers and warmest admirers. Perhaps the author himself was already known to the elder Cotton, who was then still living; or perhaps an invitation to partake of the Beresford hospitalities—including, of course, a trial of skill on the Dove—had already been proffered and accepted. Be that as it may, Walton's peregrinations to and from this unrivalled angling resort continued at least up till his eighty-third year. Admitted to the full liberty and privacy of that superb stream (a fishing house was built on its banks expressly to commemorate the friendship of the brother anglers), as it coursed its way through the extensive Beresford demesnes, we can well imagine Walton's thankfulness and delight. Here, mile on mile he might wander, taking as he goes on

> "Here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling,"

his eyes every now and again lighting upon some new bit of scenery such as have made the Peak and its surroundings so famous. At "Pike Pool," for instance, a favorite haunt, we can fancy how young Cotton would venture (a day in April) to give Master Walton a wrinkle or two in the art of fly-fishing, which the latter would receive with all meekness and gratitude. But an imaginary following in the wake of the two worthies of the rod and reel would require an entire idle midsummer day.

The high praise that is the due of the "Complete Angler" cannot be extended to Walton's other writings, though his "Lives" of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson are, as might be expected from this generous-minded man, models of their kind in point of tenderness of regard and intensity of admiration for their respective subjects. It is only fair to say, however, that this biographical undertaking was in no way the deliberate design of Izaak Walton, but was thrust upon him by a mere accident, which, according to Major, happened thus:

"Walton became an author by chance. Sir Henry Wotton had undertaken to write the life of Dr. Donne, and had requested Walton to assist him in collecting materials for that purpose; but Sir Henry dying before it was completed, Walton undertook it himself."

Indeed, it appears, according to the authority of Izaak Walton himself, that Wotton also may have been connected with the suggestion of the "Complete Angler." "Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this Art, has told me that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in praise of angling. And doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry: for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler had seen some better Treatise of his Art, a Treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal; which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English." Such is the modest confession of our author as contained in his dedication of the "Complete Angler" "To The Right Worshipful John Offley, Esq., of Madely Manor, in the County of Stafford, *My Most Honoured Friend.*"

The claims on the regard of posterity of such men as Dr. Donne, Richard

Hooker, and George Herbert will, no doubt, always be held in remembrance; but with respect to men like Sir Henry Wotton or Bishop Sanderson, however highly esteemed these were by their contemporaries, even Walton's pleading can do no more than make us admit all that has been placed on record both as to their learning and personal worthiness. With Dr. Donne, and when that divine was Dean of Saint Paul's, Walton was on terms of close friendship, and it was possibly on that account that Sir Henry Wotton bequeathed to Walton the unaccomplished task of writing his life. Besides having been a prolific sermon-writer (many of whose "discourses," it may be supposed, were heard by Walton when resident in London), Dr. Donne was the author of a "Discourse on Suicide," a volume of verse distinguished more for the author's piety and erudition than for poetical force and originality, etc. His merits were such as to have called forth the high encomiums of George Herbert, between whom and Dr. Donne a long-abiding friendship existed. But with all his accomplishments and opportunities, Donne nevertheless contracted an unhappy marriage which broke his spirit and brought his career all too soon to an end; for he was only fifty-eight when he died, when Walton was in his London hey-day.

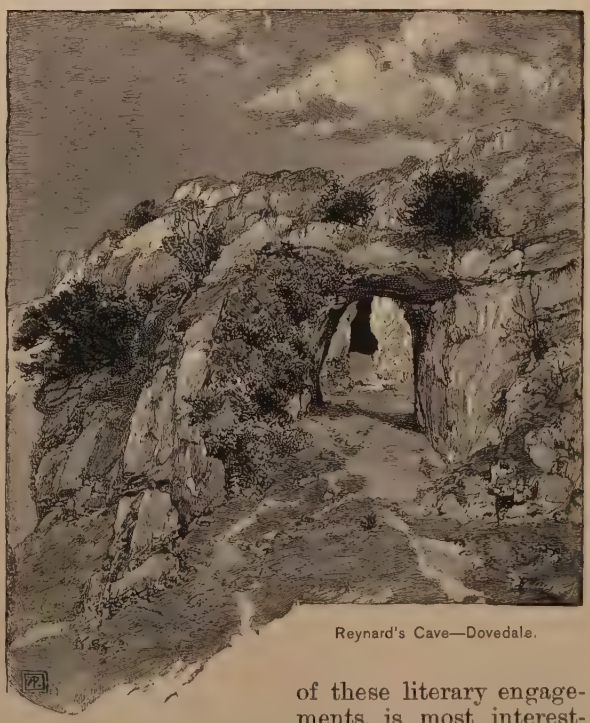
The name of George Herbert needs no recall to all lovers of true religious poetry. The possibility of an association of the writer of

> "Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky!"

with the devout and contemplative author of the "Complete Angler," is strikingly suggestive. And yet, in his introduction to his "Life of Herbert," Walton admits that he never knew that "saintly writer" personally, and indeed "only saw him once."

For his being included in this remarkable biographical quintette of English worthies, Richard Hooker, the author of the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," is indebted entirely to Walton's admiration for that powerful work, and not, as in the other cases, to any regard for or personal friendship with the subject of the "Life." Hooker died in the year 1600, when only in his forty-seventh year, and when Walton was but a boy of seven.

Taking these "Lives" together, they form a worthy monument of Walton's untiring industry and patient diligence, even in a department of mental activity to which he was but accidentally introduced. The picture of the hale old man, with the more active period of his life left far behind him, yet still finding a zest for existence in the undertaking



Reynard's Cave—Dovedale.

of these literary engagements, is most interesting. One needs to follow his career but a little further, and note—in his Last Will and Testament—that he has at length (August 9, 1683) arrived at his ninetieth milestone on Life's

highway, fast nearing his journey's end, but still blest with "perfect memory, for which God be praised." A few months later, his steps falter and fail altogether.

His death took place at Winchester, on the 15th day of December in the same year, while he was staying with Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of the Cathedral, within the precincts of which his remains were buried.

The following is the inscription, on a large black, flat marble stone to his memory:

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER
1683.

ALAS! HE'S GONE BEFORE
GONE TO RETURN NO MORE
OUR PANTING BREASTS ASPIRE
AFTER THEIR AGED SIRE,
WHOSE WELL-SPENT LIFE DID LAST
FULL NINETY YEARS AND PAST
BUT NOW HE HATH BEGUN
THAT WHICH WILL NE'ER BE DONE
CROWNED WITH ETERNAL BLISS
WE WISH OUR SOULS WITH HIS.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI!

MOONRISE.

By J. Russell Taylor.

I HEAR the wizard frogs chant from the mire,
And all those voices of the night—
The shrill-pulsating insect rhymes,
The ceaseless rhythm of cricket-chimes:
Low in the east a silent light
Grows up the night's thin-ringing noon;
Then on the stream a thousand eyes of fire
Come out to see the moon.

A THACKERAY MANUSCRIPT IN HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

By T. R. Sullivan.

BY gift of Mr. Leslie Stephen the Library of Harvard College acquired, in May, 1892, the original manuscript of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers." Mr. Stephen, it will be remembered, married the novelist's younger daughter, whose death occurred in the year 1875; and desiring that Harvard should possess some memorial of Thackeray, he expressed the kindly wish to his friend, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who, at the same time, was asked to choose between this manuscript and that of "The Orphan of Pimlico." The latter contained a number of the author's drawings (which have been published in facsimile) while the former has but two pencil sketches. Diverting as these illustrations always are, the text was the main point for consideration; and, its text being incontestably the more important and characteristic of the two, Mr. Norton, after taking counsel which confirmed his own judgment, chose the "Roundabout Papers."

The volume is of large quarto size, simply bound in boards which are somewhat worn and battered. The slips of manuscript are chiefly half sheets of note-paper, carefully guarded and mounted upon numbered pages. These numbers, together with a few marginal notes and a table of contents on the fly-leaf, were added in a hand resembling Thackeray's, but certainly not his; and still another hand appears for a page or two in the text itself. A few slips are missing, while seven of the thirty-four papers figure only in the table of contents. But all the rest is here; and, with the trifling exceptions noted above, all is Thackeray's own. Here is the fine, even hand, familiar now to all the world, sometimes perfectly clear and legible, sometimes blurred, blotted, and confused by many corrections; disfigured everywhere by the thumbing of compositors whose names are roughly scrawled in pencil upon it—proof positive, if any were needed, that this is the actual copy which passed through the printer's hands.

The copy of the "Roundabout Papers" varies much, not only in size and shape, but also in the marks and devices which are stamped upon it—sometimes in color, so that they immediately attract the eye. Here, for instance, is paper of the Garrick Club; here, the Minerva head of the *Athenæum*. These sheets are addressed "Palace Green, Kensington, W.," and these "36 Onslow Square." Over and over again recur the wheat-sheaf and crossed sickles of the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which these articles first appeared, many of them under Thackeray's own editorship; and one article begins on the back of that printed slip by which his rejected contributors were notified (most courteously) that their work was found unsuitable. Once or twice the paper bears the author's cipher in brilliant blue under a crest formed by a crown, sceptre, and lance with blood-stained point ingeniously combined. These and other marks of minor interest often follow one another in the course of the same article. and give the clearest evidence that Thackeray had no stated time and place for writing this monthly paper. On the contrary, it is plain that he began his essay wherever his first thought happened to strike him, in the club, at home or at the editor's table, plunging into the opening paragraphs then and there, and leaving their continuation to the next leisure moment. Occasionally, there are traces of the little difficulty in beginning to which all writers are subject. Several titles, too, are changed, some of them more than once. For example, his first paper, "On a Lazy Idle Boy," which opens with a reference to Lucius, patron saint of *Cornhill*, began under this heading: ~~On the statue of~~

~~Saint Lucius and~~; "De Juventute" was first called "On George and the Snap Dragon," then "On George and the Dragon;" and "De Finibus" he transformed for a while into "On a Printer's Boy with Copy," afterward restoring its original title.

The last paragraph of this same "De Finibus" is among the missing slips; that most touching series of reflections "Concerning Endings," written when his own end was very near, here breaks off abruptly without an end. The closing words, as they stand in print, are these:

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun."

The absence of these lines from the manuscript is accounted for in an interesting way. Long ago, the author of "Rab and his Friends," Dr. John Brown, in an article on "Thackeray's Death," called attention to the note of presentiment that pervades "De Finibus," and followed up his comment upon it with a passage that seems most fitting to be quoted now in full:

"He sent the proof of this paper to his 'dear neighbors' in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections, the whole of the last paragraph in MS., and above a first sketch of it also in MS., which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of 'enthusiastic writing' had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:

"'Another Finis, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. ~~Finite is over, and Infinite beginning.~~ Oh the troubles, the cares, disputes the *ennui*, the ~~complications,~~ the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there, and oh the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the forever remembered! ~~And then~~ A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning!"

Nearly thirty years have passed since the Infinite began for Thackeray. And his fame on earth is undiminished, strengthened even by the admiration of younger hosts from year to year enrolled in the great army of his readers. Honored as he was in life, he could never have imagined how the honors would endure and grow; how his letters would be valued, his hasty sketches reproduced; and with what tenderness any lines of his handiwork would come to be regarded. It seems almost unfair to read between such lines too closely. Where the thought itself has undergone no change and its last expression is obviously the best, however curious the process of correction may prove to the professional writer, the reader, naturally, will prefer to keep the phrase in his mind as the author decided that it should stand. But in looking at a manuscript one always has the hope of discovering passages, like that just cited, in which the changes are worthy of note; passages also, there may be, which were omitted merely for want of space; particularly when the space is defined, as in the present case, by the limits of a magazine. Bearing this in mind, let us turn these pages, so familiar and yet so unfamiliar, carefully, reverently, as the good doctor of Edinburgh himself would have turned them.

But here, on the very first page is the first discovery—a delightful one which seems to bring us, all at once, face to face with Thackeray. The slip evidently lay on the top of the pile, and has suffered in consequence much discoloration. Yet under the words a little pencil drawing can still be made out. This is, unquestionably, Saint Lucius, the patron of *Cornhill* whom the paragraph describes. "In the cathedral at Chur, his statue appears surrounded by other sainted persons of his family. With tight red breeches, a Roman habit, a curly, brown beard, and a neat little gilt crown and sceptre, he stands, a very comely and cheerful image." Was the portrait taken on the spot, one wonders, at Chur in the Grisons? or was it made from memory at

the moment of beginning the article in London? The paper, with its floral device of some maker unknown, does not help us to determine this; but the drawing — Thackeray's, of course — is probably a part of his first scheme for the illustrated initial letter of the magazine page. When the title was changed, the Lazy Idle Boy took his place beside the "upright and independent vowel," which oftener than any other begins the Roundabout discourse; and this charming little figure was elbowed out to lie perdu under his own paragraph, unused and, if not forgotten, remembered only in the chronicle of time wasted. Unfortunately the drawing has proved too faint to be reproduced here, even if all our modern processes were brought to bear upon it, unless its delicate outlines should be strengthened; and, even in Saint Lucius's own cause, such an act of irreverence would be inadmissible.

Turning the leaves with one hand and holding the printed book in the other, we find some erased lines which delay us for a moment near the end of "De Juventute." He has been speaking of travel before railways were invented, of coaches and their guards. Then follows this:

"If you young men fancy they were like conductors of omnibuses you are very much mistaken—why I remember a guard . . . but guards and coaches are a part of youth which cannot be dismissed in this flippant, off-hand manner—and I look forward to making some remarks regarding them next month."

He decided not to print this foreshadowing of his next subject, and its unpublished promise was never quite fulfilled. He did not tell the story of the guard. But the subject remained in his mind, nevertheless. And the paper immediately following this one begins with an allusion, half-serious, half-playful, to earlier years. "With my face to the past," he says, "I sit and think in my hobby-coach under Time, the silver-wigged charioteer." So he goes on, pensively turned backward through another page, before proceeding to discuss the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," which were published at this time (1860). Nothing of importance was omitted here; but here, as elsewhere, we cannot help observing the pains he took to find the right word. Adjectives and adverbs enter and depart to disappear absolutely, or to be recalled for service, it may be with a difference. In such matters he is fastidious and willing to make repeated trials for the best. A good illustration of this persistence occurs in the paper, "On Being Found Out," where he tells the amusing anecdote of the Abbé's first penitent. We see here that the clerical incumbent was first called Chatterbox, then Perroquet, then Caquatois, and finally, as he appeared in type, the Abbé Kakatoes. Essays have been written upon the felicitous names which Thackeray bestows upon the minor characters who glide in and out of his work like a chorus; and it is pleasant to come unexpectedly upon this indication of his care in selecting them.

The essay "On Two Roundabout Papers Which I Intended to Write" has three omitted passages, all relating to an attempted crime in one of the narrow, quiet streets leading from the Strand to the river.

"Do the lodgers," he wonders, "fire at each other across the street; crack at each others' heads as they look out of window; wing the baker at the door as he delivers the evening muffin; playfully knock over the tray on which the shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes come home on Sundays; or take 'pot-shots' at the boy of that name as he delivers the daily pewter? The bodies are left to lie about during the day; and at night are taken up and carried out by the water-gate, which I dare say we have admired as we pass along the Thames. Are murders done every day, and do a hundred thousand people every day pass the door while they are done?"

In the preceding paragraph the pen is drawn lightly through another sentence. (He had devoted a former paper to "Ogres," and the possibility of their actual existence again occurs to him.)

"When you left home in the morning you little thought that *domus*, that *placens uxor*, those smiling cherubs were to be seen no more, and that you would end your existence in a pie."

Farther on in the same paragraph there is also an omission:

"Pray what is there impossible in tall cannibals? The six-foot volunteers are all tall, who, I trust, will eat our enemies up if they land. We have some very tall contributors to the magazine, and a print of one photograph caricature of one of them has lately been published, in which he appears in a simious, anthropophagous, and odious attitude and occupation."

That this refers to himself we have already guessed; but the fact is recorded in so many words at the end of the printed paper. All London was then talking of Du Chaillu and his African book, and Thackeray had been caricatured as "A Literary Gorilla."

In "Notes of a Week's Holiday" he lingers long over the Dutch pictures —the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Vander Helst — and alludes to the slender money-return of the painter for works which have become priceless treasures. "If cost price be your criterion of worth," he adds, "what shall we say to that little receipt for 10*l.* for the copyright of 'Paradise Lost,' which used to hang in old Mr. Rogers's room?" Then follows in the manuscript this suggestive passage, unfinished and all erased; no doubt, because the question of length came up, and he felt that he had wandered from the point a little:

"Suppose an author were to go down the Row with proposals for publishing an epic in 12 books? What price would he get for it now? Suppose he were to go to *Macmillan's Magazine*, suppose he were to bring 'Comus' to 65 Cornhill? Ah, if he would try us with 'Lycidas!' If he would show us 'Penseroso' or 'L'Allegro!' You say there is no man alive now who can wield that pen? My dear sir, not in Britain—but in an island adjacent to Britain—"

From "Nil Nisi Bonum" two short sentences are crossed out, and both of them we are glad to read. He has been writing of the honors paid to Washington Irving in England, and continues: "Let the Americans remember well with what an eager magnanimity men of merit are received here." For this strong injunction he substitutes a simple statement of the fact. Then, on the next page, after alluding to Irving's untold love-story, he suppresses this line altogether: "One fancies the kindly, simple, smiling boy advancing and laying a flower or two on a grave."

We come next to the essay "On Half a Loaf," relating to the famous "Trent Affair," which almost brought the United States into war with England in the dark December days of 1861. The wave of feeling between the two countries had not subsided when the "Roundabout Papers" came out in book form; and this paper was accordingly excluded from the first American edition. Since that time we have permitted ourselves to read and re-read it; now, looking at its interlineations, we smile and wonder if the long-forgotten danger ever really threatened us. Here is one fragment of a paragraph that never went to press:

"The captain who took four men from under a British flag in an unarmed ship has done no great feat. A steamer on the Thames might run down a wherry, and there would be no talk amongst us of the steamer's heroism or courage. A President, Council, and Minister of State who have received prisoners unlawfully seized; who have consigned them to gaol; who have kept them there until a powerful remonstrance backed by some threat of a display of ulterior violence, and then have set the prisoners free—I say these men are acting with a courage that creates surprise. I have read of a man capturing—a snuff-box, let us say; pocketing the trifle amidst the applause of surrounding legists, and finally giving——"

And here, on the same page, is an alteration of some significance; in print, he says:

"My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atantlic. *You can't hear gentle voices; very many who could speak are afraid.*"

The words we have marked with italics replace these, which even Americans can bear to read now:

"The gentle people are quiet; some of the wise people are timid and truckle. I saw nothing more painful in America

than the moral timidity of men whom we may call men of station."

There are lovers of Thackeray who hold the Roundabout Paper "On a Peal of Bells" dearer than all the rest. It has no tinge of sadness; and he has put much of himself into this confidential talk about old novels and their heroes and heroines. Its original draft is interlined and corrected throughout, but no sentence was rejected. The verbal changes, however, make us pause a little. "Amo SALADIN," he says, "and the Scotch Knight in the 'Talisman.' The Sultan best." For "Sultan" he wrote "Scotch Knight" first; and, after calling Leather-stocking "better than any one in the whole heroic catalogue," he abbreviated the last four words into "Scott's lot." He left some pages blank for a long scene from "Evelina," which was afterward inserted in his own hand, but apparently not with his own pen. And he introduced the quotation by a fanciful and graceful sketch (given on page 286 in reproduction), of Miss Burney's heroine with Lord Orville at her feet.

The article "On Alexandrines," written in 1863, is a tribute to the Princess of Wales, who was married in March of that year. He describes the ceremony in St. George's chapel; "and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander," who led him into this merry digression, afterward cancelled:

"I promise my little godson, when he is of age to go into philibegs, just such another suit, with a sporran, pibroch's dunniewassel, skean-dhu, etc., complete. Hoot awa, laddie! We have Hieland and Lawland plays at a' the theatres in London the noo, and we talk nae ither langidge."

And now we come to "Strange to Say, on Club Paper," the last essay preserved here, and, in fact, the last of the "Roundabout Papers," for the little sketch of Charlotte Brontë, tucked in, for some unexplained reason, at the end of the volume, was really earlier work. This is what his friend, Anthony Trollope, wrote of the last essay, in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1864:

"It was only in November last, as our readers may remember, that a paper appeared from his hand entitled *Strange to Say, on Club Paper*. In this he ridiculed a silly report as to Lord Clyde, which had spread itself about the town —doing so with that mingled tenderness and sarcasm for which he was noted—the tenderness being ever for those named, and the sarcasm for those unknown. As far as we know, they were the last words he lived to publish. Speaking of the old hero who was just gone he bids us remember, 'that censure and praise are alike to him——'

> 'The music warbling to the deafened ear,
> The incense wasted on the funeral bier!'

How strange and how sad that these his last words, should now come home to us as so fitted for himself!"

The report mentioned above was to the effect that the codicil of Lord Clyde's will, executed at Chatham, had been written on paper of the Athenæum Club.

"What the codicil is, my dear brethren," writes Thackeray, "it is not our business to inquire. . . . The gift may be a lakh of rupees, or it may be a house and its contents—furniture, plate, and wine-cellar. My friends, I know the wine-merchant, and, for the sake of the legatee, hope heartily that the stock is large."

Here, in the original, appears this marginal note, unerased, but not published:

"As I shall be called upon to print this discourse in a separate form, I invite tender and accompanying samples from wine-merchants; when the *Name of the Firm* forwarding the most choice and liberal supply of liquours shall be inserted in the above paragraph."

The manuscript has the following postscript, which was probably stricken out after he received the proof, since, like the note given above, it shows no erasures:

"By the way, is not this posthumous penalty which men of note have had to pay of late a hard one? I do not speak of such admirable notices as those of Lord Clyde which appeared in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review;* here the writer is the historian and biographer, and it is his duty to inform himself on

his subject, and speak to the best of his power and knowledge. But private wills, are these public property because, for the purposes of justice and convenience, an office is established where they are registered and may be inspected? Suppose Lord Clyde alive, and his will at the lawyer's, let us say, and a gentleman from a newspaper getting access to the document, and printing it with a comment upon the codicil that it was written, strange to say, upon paper bearing the stamp of the Athenæum Club. Fancy the wrath of the old Chief when he found his privacy invaded and read that paragraph about the club paper! Because he is dead, who save the friends appointed by himself, has a right to open his desk, and copy its contents. The matter, no doubt, is one of payment, and the paragraph copied at Doctors' Commons by the newspaper purveyor is purchased at the usual tariff. Why, the *menu* of the Prince of Wales's dinner to-day and every day would be eagerly read, were it published in the newspaper; as would an account of the dishes or the gossip at your dinner-table and mine, if we were of note sufficient to awaken public curiosity. Well, well, my dear sir, if the newsmongers *will* read your will and sell an account of its contents, I trust they may have to announce that the property is sworn under (you are at liberty to fill in the handsome figure of thousand pounds), and if the newsmonger goes out of his newsmongering trade to comment upon the strangeness of your club transactions, I hope your gallant and much-grieving son, the heir of your large property, will remonstrate with that newsmonger, and point out to him the propriety of minding his own business."

Facsimile of a sketch by Thackeray in the original manuscript of the Roundabout Paper "On a Peal of Bells."
"Evelina" and "Lord Orville."

Though no record of the change is made, we find, upon turning to the last of his pages which Thackeray lived to see in type, that he substituted for these lines another and a shorter postscript. In it he refers again to the couplet from Tickell previously quoted; and "I perceive," he says, "not without a smile, that one or two of the pages bear, 'strange to say,' the mark of a Club" (the Athenæum it was) "of which I have the honour to be a member." The text shows us that the first lines of the article could not have been written before September 27, 1863. It appeared, as Trollope says, in the November number of the magazine. And here, "the end of life cancels all bands." For, in the night of December 23d, he died.

So, we turn this last page down, and leave him. These lines of his, still fresh, unfaded, have led us into an intimate relationship with the beloved author of which we never dreamed. We have seen him at home, at his office-table, and in that corner of the club still called his corner. For hours we have smiled with him, laughed with him, respected and admired him more and more; all this in fancy only, and yet it seems as if it all were true. Almost we persuade ourselves that he has spoken in the gentle voice we never knew—that voice of wonderful range which those yet living, who did know it, recall fondly as the finest ever heard. So, going out into the gray afternoon, we are thankful for this generous gift to the new world from the old.

CHARTRES.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

Immense, august, like some Titanic bloom,
The mighty choir unfolds its lithic core,
Petalled with panes of azure, gules and or,
Splendidly lambent in the Gothic gloom,
And stamened with keen flamelets that illume
The pale high-altar. On the prayer-worn floor,
By surging worshippers thick-thronged of yore,
A few brown crones, familiars of the tomb,
The stranded driftwood of Faith's ebbing sea—
For these alone the finials fret the skies,
The topmost bosses shake their blossoms free,
While from the triple portals, with grave eyes,
Tranquil, and fixed upon eternity,
The cloud of witnesses still testifies.

II.

The crimson panes like blood-drops stigmatize
The western floor. The aisles are mute and cold.
A rigid fetich in her robe of gold
The Virgin of the Pillar, with blank eyes,
Enthroned beneath her votive canopies,
Gathers a meagre remnant to her fold.
The rest is solitude; the church, grown old,
Stands stark and gray beneath the burning skies.
Wellnigh again its mighty frame-work grows
To be a part of nature's self, withdrawn
From hot humanity's impatient woes;
The floor is ridged like some rude mountain lawn,
And in the east one giant window shows
The roseate coldness of an Alp at dawn.

CLOTHES

HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Edward J. Lowell.

I.

Statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

THE caprice of fashion has long been a favorite subject with the satirist. The clothing worn by civilized people has varied from decade to decade and from year to year. In the early part of the present century ladies wore short waists and scanty skirts; about 1860 they appeared in tremendous hoops, with their hair combed down flat over their ears; later in bustles and great bunching chignons; last year in Psyche knots with dusty trains sweeping the sidewalk. These fashions and a score of others followed each other without apparent reason, and may seem to have well-nigh exhausted the possibilities of costume. And if men have been less extravagant in their vagaries than women, it may be thought that this is only because men's dress is but a colorless and uninteresting affair at best.

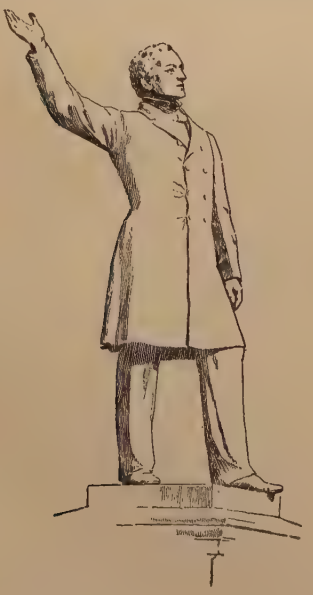
And yet if a group of Europeans, whether dressed in the costume of 1810 or in that of 1890, or arrayed like a series of fashion-plates in all the varieties of clothing that have been worn within the century, were placed beside a group of Asiatics in their shaped but flowing garments, with a group of Greeks and Romans in their drapery, and a group of Polynesians in tattoo and waist-band, it would be seen that, while there were great differences between the members of each party, the differences between the parties were greater yet. The objects sought have varied with various ages and races; and the difference is especially great between the ideals of costume of our own intellectual ancestors, the Greeks and Romans, and of ourselves.

If we compare the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican Museum at Rome with that of Mr. Everett in the Public Garden at Boston, we shall see at a glance that the garments represented differ not only in detail but in general character. For one thing, the Athenian is less thoroughly covered than the American. This is not the result of any less care, nor is it the cause of any less dignity. Demosthenes is prepared to address an audience, and has clothed himself carefully and appropriately. His attitude and his dress are alike impressive and stately. Yet his right arm and the lower part of both legs are bare. Those of the modern orator are carefully covered. But there is something more noticeable about their costume than this. The garment of Demosthenes falls in full, rich folds; it covers but it does not encase him. The clothes of Mr. Everett, on the other hand, surround each one of his limbs. There are separate tubes for his body, his two arms, and his two legs. These tubes encase the limbs and the trunk; there are no large folds about them, only wrinkles, which are themselves not intentional parts of the design of the coat and trousers, but awkward accidents, which the tailor has done his best to make as small and inconspicuous as possible.

In these two statues we have typical examples of the costumes of ancient Greece and of modern America. We may notice that Demosthenes wears but one garment besides his sandals, and that it would be difficult for him to wear any more of the same general character at the same time. This garment, if it could be taken off him, would

be found to be of a simple, rectangular shape, in no way recalling that of the human body. Should we enter his court-yard or his garden and find it hanging out to dry, or bleaching on the grass, we might wonder whether it were intended for upholstery or for clothing, for a blanket for himself or for his horse. Moreover, could we have approached his house, when its painted portico rose bright but stately on the banks of the Ilyssus, and have happened to find the whole wardrobe of his family thus displayed, there would have been many pieces of it, perhaps the larger number, which would have puzzled us in the same manner.

No such doubt could perplex the stranger from another continent or another planet who should approach an



Statue of Edward Everett in the Boston Public Garden.

American city on a Monday. An ancient Greek, awakened from a millennial sleep, would feel but a momentary embarrassment. "These white *chitons*," he would say, "with their long sleeves and their short sleeves, are familiar to me. It is clear that those forked things that flap so absurdly in the wind are worn by these barbarians on their legs; I have heard of such a custom among the Parthians. Those bags of various lengths are evidently intended for the feet. Zeus! are these strangers centipedes?"

II.

Clothing is worn for two purposes, for decency and for protection; it is modified from considerations of taste or fancy. The sense of decency exists in most nations and tribes of mankind, even the most savage, but its manifestations are sometimes curious and eccentric. It extends to words and actions as well as to costume. Certain things are shameful to see, certain words to hear. Whether the first rudiments of clothing were adopted in obedience to feelings of this kind, or for protection from the weather, we shall never know, but it is not a little suggestive that the earliest attempt to account for the existence of garments of which we have any knowledge, attributes their invention to a sense of shame. When Adam and Eve had eaten of the fatal apple "the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons." Nor need we rely on the ancient chronicles alone. The paintings of the early Egyptians agree with the books of modern travellers in showing us many persons of both sexes who wear the apron, or some equally unprotective garment, as their sole raiment.

The motive of decency for wearing clothes early acquired a religious sanction. Religion, morals, custom, and expediency are not clearly distinguished in the minds of primitive nations. It is found, in simple states of civilization at least, that the man who neglects the religious rites is generally negligent of the moral duties, and that this man does not prosper. Clothes, then, are worn in deference to religious and moral feelings, but not the same clothes in all places. Sometimes a greater part of the body and limbs must be covered, sometimes a smaller portion; and the especial garment considered proper for the occasion must also be used. A man who should insist on going to church in a long nightgown, reaching to his heels, would be likely to get into trouble with

the police; and his remonstrances to the effect that he was completely and decently covered, and that it was hard to distinguish him from the choir-leader in his surplice, would be little heeded. The dress of last evening's ball-room would hardly be tolerated this morning on the beach, and the bathing suit which was considered so becoming on the beach would certainly be excluded from the casino. And from these familiar instances we may judge of the feelings of the ancients, who like us had their costumes appropriate to peace and war, the games and the market-place, and who were shocked in town by what seemed but right and natural in the country.

There is probably no part of the human frame which it has not been considered wrong to leave exposed under some circumstances. The Jews, and some other Orientals, will not offer an act of worship bare-headed. Christian women, remembering the injunction of Saint Paul, generally follow the same rule in public churches. The face is thought by some Moslem women the part of the person most important to cover, at least from the eyes of an infidel; and a poor woman near Damascus, wearing but a single garment, has been seen, when suddenly meeting a foreigner, to use it as a veil. The body and limbs, at least those parts of the limbs nearest the body, are generally covered by those nations in which the sense of decency in clothing is strong. The feet and hands come last, but the feeling that it is not proper to be seen barefoot is pretty firmly established in some countries, including our own, although an exception is made in favor of all children, and of the very poor; while the custom of appearing gloved out of doors, or on occasions of ceremony, is very generally followed by the well-to-do classes in Europe; where for a woman to wear gloves in the street is to claim the right to be treated as a lady, and not as a servant.

The second great object in clothing is protection from cold. Over the greater part of Europe and America, during about half the year, few clothes are needed by a man at work in the open air; more by a man at rest. And even in winter there are but few days when one about to take violent exercise will not willingly lay aside some of his outer garments. And if this be true in the cold climates of England and of New England, it is doubly so of such countries as Italy, Greece, or the Carolinas. Where there are no furnaces or stoves, and few appliances of any kind for warming houses, it is often cooler within doors than without. Clothing, then, is especially needed, in the warmer temperate climates, by persons at rest or moving leisurely about. As such clothing is not intended to be shaken by sudden and violent movement, it may be simply laid on the wearer. It can hang in folds from his shoulder and lap as he sits still; it can be gathered loosely in the hands or thrown over the arm as he rises and walks sedately from place to place; it can be quickly thrown off if a cause for sudden exertion should arise. Clothing of this sort is drapery, such as we have seen in the statue of Demosthenes. It was that principally used by the Greeks and Romans in classic ages, in time of peace.

But such clothing as this is not sufficient for all purposes. Both decency and comfort may demand that men at work or at war, in journeys or in games, shall sometimes be fully clothed. In truly cold climates they need to be pretty thoroughly covered at all times. Drapery, under these circumstances, would be in the way, and ever in danger of slipping off. Shaped or fitted garments become therefore a necessity. These follow the form of the body and limbs like an ill-fitting skin; indeed the elephant, an animal whose skin does not look as if it fitted him, often reminds us of a person clothed. Shaped clothes are generally ugly, if compared to the human figure, which is full of grace and character, or to drapery, which has a beauty and character of its own; but they are useful and convenient for a working world, and they have overcome in the race. The history of costume in civilization is the history of the development from drapery to shaped clothing. The change has been far from sudden; it has proceeded slowly and gradually through the ages. It is the result of moral and physical causes, of a change of religion from

pagan to Christian, of a change of social customs from aristocratic to democratic, of a change of the centre of civilization from warmer to colder climates. To-day it is nearly complete, in so far as the clothing of men is concerned, and no great reaction seems probable. The modern man wears drapery only when in bed, in the form of sheets and blankets; and by tucking these in, he makes of them a rudimentary bag, or shaped garment. Women are more conservative in their dress, and there is ground for hope that they will long preserve traces of the older and more graceful type.

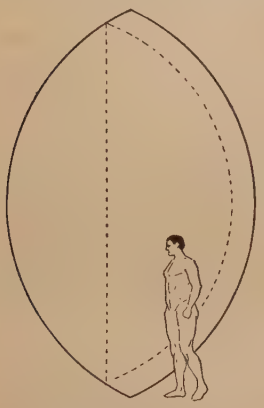


Diagram showing Shape and Relative Size of the Toga.

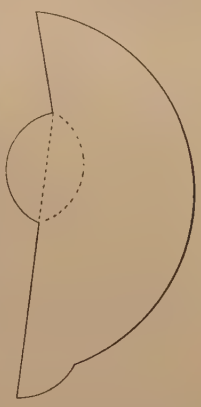
III.

Throughout the period of their greatness, the Greeks are remarkable for the simplicity of their costume. Three principal garments were in common use among them, the *peplos*, the *chiton*, and the *himation*. The first of these, worn chiefly by women, is nothing more than a quadrangular piece of cloth which has never been cut but from the loom. It is simply but carefully draped about the figure, falling in long graceful folds, and held together exclusively by pins or buttons and a belt. The chiton is a shirt or gown, sometimes fitted to the figure and sometimes loosely pinned about it. The himation is nothing more than a large shawl, for which a small shawl (called a *chlamys*) was substituted by young men and travellers. Gentlemen in Athens habitually wore a himation and nothing else.

Thus the costume is very simple, two garments at most are worn by men, and a law of Solon limits the number to be worn by women to three, which would naturally be two shifts, or gowns, and a shawl. But if we think not of the parts, but of the general effect, we find that the costume admits of infinite variety. The peplos may be pinned or buttoned together in a hundred ways; the chiton may be full or scanty, long or short, with tight or flowing sleeves, or none at all; and as for the himation, there is no limit to the number of things that can be done with it.

The costume of Rome in the time of the republic and the early empire was hardly more complex than that of Greece. The toga was the principal garment of the citizen. The Romans honored their fathers and their mothers, and clung to their ancestral fashions, which is perhaps one reason that their days were so long in the land. The toga was considered the national garment as distinguished from all other forms of shawl or mantle, and only citizens were allowed to wear it. The attempts of innovators were frowned on by serious people.

The toga, at least within historic times, was not a rectangular piece of cloth like the peplos and the himation. It was rounded at the corners, and from an early period was nearly elliptical in shape. It was doubled in a direction parallel to its longest axis, but not exactly through the middle. It thus assumed a shape approaching that of a flattened semicircle, the straight side, or fold, being over four yards in length, the width of the garment when folded less than two yards. This enormous shawl was elaborately draped about the person, always covering the left shoulder and sometimes the right, but leaving a certain amount of freedom to the right hand and arm.



Later Form of the Toga.

Thus the clothing of the two most civilized nations of antiquity was simple, and was similar for the sexes. Two sorts of garments were worn, those that fitted the body more or less closely, and those that were wrapped loosely about

it ; chiton and himation, tunic and toga, shirt and shawl. But the fitted garment itself was very simple in cut. It was often made from a rectangular piece of cloth, with no more than one or two straight seams, or without any seams at all. In the places that show most, and especially on the shoulders, pins or buttons very generally took the place of sewing. Grace in the folds was carefully studied, but all elaboration in cutting and putting together was as carefully avoided.

And the striking thing is that this simplicity of attire was not accidental, but sought and studied. To suppose that people as civilized as the Greeks and Romans clothed themselves with square pieces of cloth because they could make nothing more elaborate, would be impossible, even if there were not superabundant proof to the contrary. The Greeks were in constant communication with Asia, the Romans conquered large parts of that continent as well as of Europe. In all directions they came upon people whose clothes were elaborately fitted. We know, from numerous pieces of sculpture and innumerable paintings, that shaped and even tight garments were familiar to their minds. Whenever they have to represent a foreigner, the chances are that they will put him into trousers ; and the Romans at least, when in the country or in the privacy of their own houses, were inclined to adopt foreign forms of clothing. The conclusion is forced on our minds that the Greeks, and their imitators the Romans, often wore shaped clothes for convenience and when in undress, and then used square or elliptical pieces of cloth for occasions of ceremony and display.

A Greek Girl's Costume.
(From an old print.)

We cannot doubt that the ancient artists were like our own in this : that they recognized that the human body is beautiful, and showed as much of it as they could in their works of art ; that they also loved drapery and used it in their statues more freely than it was used in every-day life. But here the parallel ceases ; in classical times the citizen shared the taste of the sculptor. The Greek philosopher prided himself on wearing but one simple square of cloth. The Roman statesman, hard-headed man of business as he was, scorned to be seen in the market-place in the sleeved garment which he might wear for convenience at his villa.

A soldier in the field should think as little as possible about his clothes. They must allow him free and violent motion. If he wears armor it must protect his body without impeding it too much. Thus military garments and defensive armor have always tended to the clinging and fitted type. No one would willingly fight with a shawl flapping about him. Yet the soldier needs protection from the cold of night as well as from the weapons of the enemy. His mantle must often serve as a blanket. The Roman soldier wore a rectangular cloak or *sagum ;* his general had a similar garment, but larger and handsomer, called *paludamentum.* This might be thrown aside or left in camp on the day of battle. Although it was a mark of dignity, it might even be omitted in a military statue, which should express strength and readiness for action. This is well exemplified in the beautiful marble which represents Augustus in his cuirass.

Trousers appear to have been introduced into Rome at a comparatively late period, and as a part of the military uniform. They are worn by the Roman soldiers represented on Trajan's column, as well as by barbarians. The Greeks had never adopted them. With their instinctive sense of beauty they had recognized that these are the only garments that cannot possibly be made graceful. A sleeve may become a part of the drapery of a figure, a trouser-

leg is more obstinate in its ugliness. If tight it bags at the knees on the third wearing. Yet this is perhaps its least objectionable shape. If somewhat loose it takes petty and meaningless folds. Some Oriental nations have tried to disguise it as a skirt, but the result is not entirely satisfactory. If the trousers do not appear to give freedom to the leg they have lost their principal merit. Compromise, which is the life of politics, is the death of art, which should always struggle after an ideal. So thought the Greeks when they entirely renounced for themselves the barbarous pantaloon.

Thus we have in antiquity two types of clothing thoroughly established; and in the classical world activity is ascribed to one, dignity and repose to the other. We see the soldier, the traveller, the workman in shaped clothes; the philosopher, the senator, the citizen in drapery. We see the idea of the dignity of draped clothing firmly fixed in the minds of the most civilized nations.

IV.

The Barbarians in trousers overran the territories of the city of the toga. The new-comers were ugly enough in Roman eyes. Their clothes were as ungainly as their persons, rough and ready; shirts, loose trousers, easy boots, perhaps a scanty mantle on the shoulders. All the tribes were not dressed alike, but the differences among them cannot now be traced minutely; for the Barbarians could not make statues of themselves, and the Romans, who carved the likenesses of their enemies on their triumphal arches, while they could represent them as captives, had no wish to immortalize their conquerors. And the arts by which men and men's clothes are represented gradually disappeared, with the other arts of civilized life. Pictures and statues showing costumes from the fifth to the tenth century are scarce, but sufficient to enable us to follow the general line of development.

The Barbarians scorned the Romans and the Romanized nations of the Empire for their effeminacy, but they admired them for their civilization. The

Monument of Hegeso, Daughter of Praxenos—Athens about 400 B.C.

(Showing a lady in drapery attended by a slave in a shaped garment. From a bas-relief in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.)

educated inhabitant of Italy or of Gaul could not defend himself in his long contest against the Goth, the Vandal, or the Frank, but he knew many things and thus inspired respect. And soon the conquerors adopted the religion of the conquered; the races began to mingle. In the southern countries which we still call Latin—in Italy, Spain, and France—the original inhabitants may almost be said to have absorbed the invaders. In Germany and England the process went less far, but the Roman influence was nevertheless considerable. Literature and art came mostly from Rome in the train of religion; and costume, which is at once a useful art and a fine art, while it became barbarous when intended merely for protection, retained something of its Roman char-

acter when applied to purposes of dignity and adornment.

This was the state of things which lasted through the period of costume which we may call the Mediæval. Soldiers and men of action were arrayed in a shirt or tunic, with trousers more or less tight, and boots or shoes. The tunic was generally short, not falling much below the knee. Often, several tunics were worn together, the long tight sleeves of the shirt showing inside of shorter or looser ones of the outer tunic or blouse. The skirts of the tunic hung outside of the trousers. These varied in tightness, and were sometimes carried down over the feet; oftener they were short and rather full, the feet and lower legs having stockings of their own. Instead of stockings the lower leg was sometimes covered with cloth and wound about with straps. A short cloak, like the Roman soldier's sagum, hung from the shoulders, being fastened by a clasp or a button on the right hand side. Such was the general scheme of the clothing, but it admitted of great variety of detail.

While the soldiers of the age were thus dressed in short tunics and trousers, the people whose business it was to be dignified retained in their costume the flowing lines of an earlier age. Kings and great nobles still wore robes of state reaching their feet, long tunics, longer mantles. They laid these cumbrous robes aside when fighting or travelling, but they resumed them on occasions of ceremony. Active and eager men like the great emperor Charlemagne would not be comfortable except in the lighter clothes of every day; more quiet and ceremonious monarchs rejoiced in their royal trappings.

There was a class of men devoted to religion, and slowly rising to dignity and power. Their warfare was not of this world, their occupations required little violent motion. The costume of the ecclesiastic was in accordance with his claims. Throughout it was loose, flowing, not closely shaped. It did not preserve much of the simplicity of its classical models; but the priest was still, in a way, a citizen of Rome, and if he did not wear the toga of Cicero, he might yet recall a senator of the later Empire. Some scholars have believed that he attempted to copy in a measure the vestments of the Levitical priesthood, but to do that he would have needed models that were not forthcoming. This is not the place to enter into minute controversies concerning ecclesiastical costume, to inquire into the exact relation of the *pœnula*, the *planeta*, and the *casula* to each other, whether they are all the same garment or different ones, and how the modern chasuble is derived from them. It is enough that in the early Middle Ages we find the clergy arrayed in long tunics with cloaks of the poncho type worn over them; cloaks, that is, made of a large piece of cloth with a hole in the middle for the head, the borders falling over the arms and hands. While such garments as these are neither as graceful nor as truly dignified as the simpler himation or toga, they still retain a good deal of stately beauty, especially if they are allowed to fall in natural folds.

Costume of a Priest, 800–860 A.D.

(From an old print.)

As for the women, in the early Middle Ages the general type of their clothing remained that of the Roman period. They covered themselves more carefully than their great-grandmothers, their tunics were fastened well up in the neck, and well down at the wrist, their shawls and mantles were scanter and less graceful than those of the earlier time. But in gown and mantle woman appears very near the dawn of history, and in gown and mantle we may hope that she will still wrap herself as the planet cools off. In spite of many vagaries, mistakes, and extravagancies, in spite of Amazons and dress reformers, one-half of the human race has still maintained a tendency to have its gar-

ments run in flowing lines, and woman has not long neglected "the liquefaction of her clothes."

The tendency on the part of dignified persons to wear long and flowing garments was favored by Oriental influence. Until about the middle of the crusades, the Emperor at Constantinople was the great man, and western kings and nobles copied him. They loved the soft silks of the East, falling in small folds. These stuffs came to Germany over the Alps from Venice, borne by the mules of Jewish peddlers; they reached Marseilles in greater quantities in ships flying the pennon of Saint Mark. The Venetians had bought them of the Eastern Christians, or even of the hated and dreaded Moslem. But toward the end of the twelfth century a reaction was taking place: western Europe was throwing off Byzantine forms and Oriental fashions. In dress, as in architecture, native shapes and home-made materials were gaining ground. The change was coincident with the rise to power and influence of a new branch of the European family.

From the tenth to the twelfth century, the Germans, united under their Saxon and Franconian emperors, set the fashions for western Europe; but their influence died away under the calamities of their empire; for it is a general rule that political and military power carry with them the moral leadership of the race, and that fashions in clothing follow fashions in thought. As the policeman of the New York streets to-day wears a helmet imitated from the German *pickelhaube* in memory of the victories of 1870, so would our State militia presently appear in pigtails, and our fair ladies raise the outer corners of their eyes with black paint, should a Chinese general successfully conduct his yellow countrymen to the invasion of Europe.

By the year 1226, the family of Hugh Capet had enlarged the royal territory of France, the saintly Louis IX. was on the throne, and the fashions of western Europe came from Paris. Thence they continued to come for many centuries, the Parisians, themselves, meanwhile being influenced by many other people. The surrounding nations modified the French fashions in accordance with national characteristics. The English were about twenty years behind the French in the adoption of any new kind of dress, and generally did not push a style to its extreme forms. The Flemings were awkward and ungraceful, with a tendency to exaggeration. Their predominance in costume under the Burgundian princes was a time of excessive deformity. The Dutch were equally stiff, but less extravagant in their forms. The Germans were ungainly in their treatment of French types, but sometimes struck out something interesting in their own way. The Italians were graceful in their dress, at once bold and simple. Their influence on French costume was the best to which it was subjected.

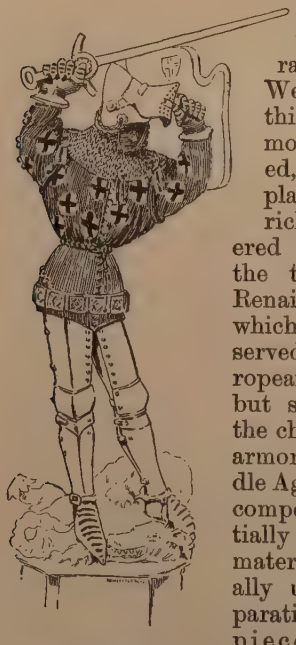
V.

Until about the middle of the fourteenth century the costume of the Middle Ages preserved its simple forms. But at that time a curious accident occurred in the dress of Europe, or a singular malady attacked it. A long era of deformity settled on the race. It has not yet entirely disappeared. Nothing like it had been known in history before. The clothes of pagan antiquity and of the earlier Middle Ages had filled a useful and an æsthetic purpose. They had been draped about the human body and limbs or had encased them, sometimes with the design of displaying them to the best advantage, sometimes with that of keeping them warm, at other times for the purpose of concealing them from the human eye. Occasionally a slight attempt had been made to improve some part of them; hair-dyes and wigs for the head, thick-soled shoes to raise the figure, were not quite unknown expedients. Women had sometimes worn tight belts or rudimentary corsets. But it was reserved for the new civilization to conceive the idea that the whole shape of a human being might be distorted to advantage, and to carry out the notion in an endless series of experiments.

We are now so accustomed to deformity of clothing, both in pictures of the past and in the ample traces of it

which are constantly recurring in our modern fashions, that it neither shocks nor surprises us. Even the writers on costume have little to say about its introduction. Only a reformer or a moralist here and there has uplifted an indignant voice, and the protests of such people have generally been made on mistaken grounds. There is no valid moral reason why men, or women, should not make themselves look deformed if they like; the objections to such a course are purely æsthetic. But both men and women like to look well; to show off such beauty as they may have, and to make as little as possible of such imperfections as nature may have laid upon them. It were well, therefore, to consider whether both these objects will not be best accomplished by preserving as nearly as possible the forms of humanity. But we must return to the history of clothes.

Among the causes of the fashion of deformity were probably the habit of seeing men in armor, and the use of heraldic emblems. We generally think, when armor is mentioned, of the steel plates with which rich soldiers covered themselves in the times of the Renaissance, and which are still preserved in many European museums; but such was not the character of the armor of the Middle Ages. This was composed only partially of iron, which material was generally used in comparatively small pieces, except in the helmet. The body and limbs were covered with mail, or chain-work, eked out with leather and wadded cloth. The result was that a knight was liable to present a very bundled-up appearance. This, and the fact that his face was concealed by his helmet, made him scarcely recognizable by friends or foes. William the Norman, for instance, had to raise his helmet in the middle of the battle of Hastings, so that his soldiers might know him. To obviate this difficulty, each man of sufficient importance took to modifying his outer garments and to making distinctive marks upon them. One gentleman would ornament his head with horns and put a long red gown over all his other clothes; another would wear broom in his cap and have his right side blue and his left yellow. This was the origin of the noble art of heraldry, which grew and flourished. The simple devices were soon exhausted; instead of the cow's horns and deer's horns of which the army was full, and which had therefore ceased to be distinctive, an ingenious young knight would have a wooden mermaid, carefully carved and painted, "with a comb and a glass in her hand," to smile sweetly a couple of feet above his head, and would wear a whole picture on his shield and mantle. When the device had become hereditary, when associations of family pride had gathered about it, there was every temptation to extend its use to times and places for which it had not originally been intended; to use the crest on his portable property, or to carve it over his castle door; to wear the family colors in the garb of peace. Thus people learned to be accustomed to strange and fantastic attire, to associate it with ideas of nobility, daring, and high achievement, and to use color and shape in costume with but slight regard to considerations of taste and comfort.



Knight in Wadding, 1350–1390 A.D.

(From an old print.)

About 1350 the fashion came in of wearing very tight clothes. This habit has a tendency to lead to deformity in dress. Many people are conscious of some defect in their personal appearance, which passes unnoticed under loose garments, at least so they believe. But if these persons are obliged to encase the offending member very tightly and thus to draw attention to it, the sense of their deficiency becomes unbearable. They therefore supply

Head-dresses of the Middle Ages.

the want of what nature has denied them with curled hair or wool wadding. Their shoulders are thus made broad, their chests deep, their calves imposing. They soon come to overpass in these respects the modesty of nature. Then other people, of the usual proportions, enter the race; they feel that they are no longer to be compared to normal standards, but to an *eidolon*, or walking image, which the first users of stuffing have set up, and so they begin to pad in their turn. The earlier improvers follow the later improvements, and thus men grow and swell, surpassing each other in extravagance, until the whole fashion breaks down under the weight of its own absurdity.

Among people whose taste is set to nature and beauty, this process cannot last long nor be carried far. But in the later Middle Ages and the earlier Renaissance the European nations were fond of the strange and the unnatural. The minds and the experience of men were expanding in many directions. New forms of religion, new systems of government, new countries in distant parts of the earth, new systems in the heavens above, were clamoring for attention. People were unsettled and loved the grotesque, what we might call to-day the sensational; they wanted to draw attention by their clothes as well as by their words and ideas. Hence there was a continual variation in costume; there were many successive extravagances, and many different extravagances at the same time. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was hardly a part of men's bodies that was not made to look deformed by their clothing. Now enormous hats covered the head, now high shoulders swelled about the ears, anon chests were large and waists small, the upper half of the sleeve was swollen and the lower half tight, or the upper part was tight and the lower part long and pendent; again the thighs were swollen out of all proportion, the feet were drawn to twice their usual length in pointed boots, or the shoes were made wide enough to hold six or seven toes.

As the tunic came to be worn tight and close-fitting, an important change occurred in its general cut. It is hard to get into a tight tunic, unless it be very elastic, harder yet to struggle out of it. To facilitate these processes it has always been necessary, when the tunic was high in the neck, to cut it open for a little way down the front, and to fasten together the opening thus made with buttons. But when tunics came to be worn very tight, about the time of the Renaissance, the opening was extended to the very bottom of the tunic. After a while it became the fashion to leave the tight outer tunic altogether unbuttoned, except in cold weather. Thus the garment which had

been worn from the very earliest times, and called by a hundred different names, such as chiton, tunica, cotte, without any change of general character, suffered its first essential modification, and became the modern coat. The same garment when short is the jacket, when short and sleeveless the waistcoat. Such garments, but looser, had not been entirely unknown in Europe during the earlier Middle Ages, but they had been very rare, being probably introduced from the East. Since the time of the Renaissance they have gradually assumed the chief importance for the outer layers of men's clothing. Tunics, under the name of shirts, continue to be worn beneath them.

The costume of women followed that of men into deformity, but slowly and tentatively. It may be noticed that the conservative sex is generally several generations behind the bolder one in accepting the larger innovations of costume. The smaller changes of fashion appear to be adopted more quickly by women than by men; but we must not be misled by what we see in our own day. It has now, for several generations, been

German Costume, 1510–1550.

accounted below the dignity of manhood to pay much attention to clothes. This is certainly a modern way of looking at the subject; down to a comparatively recent time, historically speaking—in fact until the middle of the last century—the costume of men was not only as interesting but as elaborate and brilliant as that of women.

German Costume—first half of sixteenth century.

The chief innovations in the dress of ladies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries consisted in the partial adoption of low necks (short sleeves came much later), in the separation of the skirt of the dress from the body or dress-waist, and in various kinds of deformity. Of these last, the most noticeable was the *hennin*, or tall, conical head-dress, introduced into the Burgundian court in the second half of the fifteenth century. This head-dress was perhaps eighteen inches high, the hair was drawn tightly up from the face and concealed under it, a veil floated from the top. Other extravagant structures, not unlike this one in general effect, were raised on the head at about the same period. The Burgundian princes being very powerful at this time and their court very brilliant, the ladies of France and England adopted these absurd and ugly fashions. These head-dresses being fantastic, and therefore striking the attention, are often used by artists ignorant of costume as characteristic of the Middle Ages, whereas they were not invented until the period of the Renaissance.

VI.

The new birth of the human mind in the fifteenth century was followed in the sixteenth by a reawakening of the conscience, and Europe became serious. The followers of Calvin persuaded a great many people that their chances of happiness in another life were few and almost desperate; while all sects and parties concurred in making this world as miserable as possible. It was not the sectaries alone whose views became sombre; the Catholic fanatics differed from the Protestant more in creed than in temper. In Paris, during the rule of the Ligue, people assumed very modest and simple garments, and if a woman ventured to wear too large a collar, the other women would pull it off. We may fairly attribute to the

Costume of German Woman—first half of sixteenth century.

condition of religious thought the fashion for black and white clothing, which arose in the second half of the sixteenth century and has never since entirely disappeared. During the Middle Ages, the use of black, except for mourning, seems to have been exceptional; even the secular clergy wore bright colors. The idea of making all priests appear in black cassocks is said to have originated with Saint Carlo Borromeo, and to have been first introduced in the province of Milan, by an order of 1565. The custom was soon followed throughout Italy, and about twenty years later was extended to France, where it made its way in the face of some resistance. The obligation to wear black did not extend to bishops, and their favorite color was light blue.

German—first half of sixteenth century.

In England the great religious protest against extravagance and against care in dress came half a century later than in France. The quarrels of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers on this subject are well known. For a generation men's clothes became their party badges. The Puritans in New England shared the feelings of their countrymen beyond seas, and brilliant apparel was by some persons held to be displeasing to Him who clothed the oriole. King Charles I. himself had a fancy for black and white, and the very Cavaliers, while they doubtless showed the gayer in order to disgust their opponents, were more simple in dress than the contemporary nobility of France. For that country was now Catholic again, having gained political unity in the struggle, but lost the hope and the desire of religious freedom.

Another evil legacy, besides gloomy colors, did the clothing of mankind receive from the time of the religious contests, and probably from their influence. Strict ideas, stiff manners, hypocrisy, and starch would seem to be naturally connected. It is the proper character of cloth to be soft and yielding, to vary in its folds with every bend of the body. When stiffened it loses at once its beauty and its comfort. The people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, accustomed as they were to gro-

tesque clothing and to plate armor, could not see this. They starched their linen and their foolish descendants have imitated them. The latter have indeed gone beyond their progenitors in one respect: by the invention of bluing they have done away with the beautiful, soft, creamy-white which most textile fabrics will readily assume, and which was so prized in the Middle Ages that saffron was sometimes used to imitate or to heighten it, and they have produced an ugly blue-white, which dazzles the eye instead of caressing it.

German Artist—first half of sixteenth century.

VII.

The era of the reformation in clothing was followed by a time of transition, which corresponded roughly with the supremacy of the Bourbon family in Europe. Deformity of costume had diminished in the time of gloomy clothes. The dress of both sexes in the days of Louis XIII. was simple and natural; it had definitely assumed the modern type. The jacket was worn by men instead of the tunic; the trousers, or rather the breeches, were loose and short, reaching to the knee only, the shirt was tucked inside of them. Women wore a dress-waist and a skirt, generally in separate pieces.

The reign of Louis XIV. saw a return of deformity in ladies' dress—large skirts, large sleeves, puffs here and there. The men took to wearing absurd wigs of monstrous size, either white or brown. This was, however, but a temporary revival of ugliness in so far as the men were concerned. From about 1725 no more serious attempts at deformity were made in masculine costume. Wigs were still worn, but they were but little larger than a natural head of hair; breeches were half tight, coats rather loose, with reasonable sleeves. Waistcoats fell well below the hips, bringing the dividing line between the body and the legs in the natural place. Under Louis XVI. the fashion was still better. Wigs were abandoned, although hair-powder was still worn. Men's clothes were rather tight, showing the outline of the body, but without any appearance of compression. Never since the Middle Ages had men's dress been so simple and so handsome.

While the male half of the race was thus emerging from the pernicious habit of deformity, the women were more deeply sunk in it than ever. A certain jauntiness the clothes of ladies in the eighteenth century certainly had, and the materials used were rich and varied, but for ugliness of shape nothing could surpass the fashion of those days. Waists were generally long and stiff, skirts swollen to enormous size by gigantic hoops. It was in the time of Marie Antoinette, just when men's clothes were most simple and graceful in cut, that those of women were most absurd. Above the gigantic panniers, above the stiff waist and the thin neck, rose a structure full two feet in height, made up of hair, ribands, flowers, and feathers. It was allegorical, political, sentimental, or what not. It might represent the frigate Belle-Poule under full sail, just as she escaped from the English fleet, or, at least, a hair-dresser's conception of a frigate, which is not quite the same thing. Or it might express devoted love, or disappointed friendship, in a language known only to tonsorial adepts. The absurdity of the whole would have been pardonable, had only the result been pretty, but not even Parisian taste was equal to making it so; and when the fashion had pene-

trated to Germany and other outlying countries, even the last suggestion of elegance had departed from it.

VIII.

The dress of men under Louis XVI. was the last and best example of what France could do for male costume. Already before her great Revolution the leadership of masculine fashion was beginning to pass away from her. The Seven Years War ended disastrously for France, and thenceforth her young nobles began to go to London for coats, while her generals sought uniforms in Prussia. Anglomania brought with it an increased love of the horse and of horsey things, and a studied roughness. It was perhaps this tendency already existing in France which facilitated the success of the long, loose trousers, the

Man's Costume—time of Louis XVI.

one kind of garment which no amount of skill in the tailor, or of grace in the wearer, has ever succeeded in making anything but hideous. It was not a newly invented garment, but one which had long been frowned on by fashion, when it became the badge of French democracy. Its revenge was swift and thorough. *Sans culotte* became a name of terror. Pantaloons conquered Europe on the legs of Napoleon's soldiers. Their supremacy was established, even in England, before the clothes of that country gained a decisive victory on the day of Waterloo. In vain did courtiers and reactionaries contend for the return of the aristocratic small-clothes. These may still be seen at royal courts, but hardly elsewhere; for the knickerbockers worn by the participants in some athletic games are but loose and shapeless substitutes.

Woman's Costume of the Time of Marie Antoinette.

A story is told of an incident in the warfare between knee-breeches and pantaloons. In the first quarter of this century the lady-patronesses of the assemblies at Almack's exercised a despotic sway. They were women of rank and fashion, admission to their balls was a coveted honor, they established strict rules and enforced them vigorously. It chanced that a young American, rich, handsome, well connected in his own country, had become a favorite with some of these ladies. He was driving one day with one of them in her carriage. "I must put you down presently," she said, "for I am to go to Lady ——'s house, to a meeting of the patronesses of Almack's. But stay! the meeting is informal and will not last long. You know Lady —— and several of the other ladies. Come up with me, sit quietly in a corner, and when it is over we can go on with our drive."

The meeting, however, turned out not to be a short one; an important and interesting question was brought before the patronesses. It was a well-established rule that gentlemen should appear at Almack's only in small-clothes

and silk stockings; but the rule had caused some grumbling. And now, no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington had declared his intention of coming in trousers. The case was serious; almost any other man in the kingdom could be refused admission at the doors, if not in the proper costume, but you couldn't shut out the Duke. What was to be done? The ladies did not want to change their rule. They debated the question to and fro with much vivacity and excitement. At last one malicious woman noticed our young American in the corner. "I see Mr. P—— is here," she remarked; "perhaps he can give us some advice." "I should not think of advising in so important a matter," he replied, "but I own that as I have heard the discussion an expedient has occurred to me. Might not the lady patronesses issue a card somewhat like this: 'Gentlemen appearing at Almack's are expected to wear short clothes and silk stockings, but any gentleman who is conscious that his figure is not adapted to that costume is permitted to wear pantaloons.'" It is said that the suggestion was unanimously adopted, that the card was issued, and that, at the next assembly, only the Duke of Wellington and one other man had the courage to appear in trousers.

1813.

1828.

IX.

The male half of the civilized world in the nineteenth century is dressed on English models. These are shaped and controlled by a utilitarian spirit; they are seldom deformed, never picturesque, but generally useful. The ladies have by no means recovered from the love of deformity. They are a couple of centuries behind the men in matters of costume. While they have never again quite equalled the extravagance of 1780, they have within the last fifty years distorted their natural shapes in many ways and in many directions. Hoops here and bunches there, swollen heads and high shoulders, short waists and long waists, bustles and chignons, have succeeded each other rapidly and senselessly. It is true that some women have managed to look charming in spite of all these horrors—some women would look charming in anything — but an ugly costume is ugly, for all that.

The Grecian-bend Period.

What is the probable development of dress in the future? There are plenty of signs that the women are following the men into

utilitarianism. Good sensible clothes and no nonsense, heavy cloth, tailor-made and but little trimmed, sailor hats, and pot hats are gaining ground. Silks and laces, bright colors and flowing lines are more and more reserved for the dinner-party and the ball-room. It was bound to be so; women's fashions never

1864.

fail to follow men's fashions in a modified shape. This time we may expect to get rid of the bustle, with all its kindred deformities, and we may surely hope that nothing will be evolved by woman so hopelessly hideous as the trousers.

It is in a new direction that we must seek an escape from ugliness. In our age, as in the past, the chief possible merit of costume is appropriateness. We have seen that in Greece and Rome the citizen was dressed differently from the slave, that in the Middle Ages the king and the priest were not attired like the soldier and the peasant. Now that democracy has turned our Western world into a vast factory filled with working-men, garments that are neither flowing nor tight, colors that will not show dirt, seem to be driving out all that is beautiful and picturesque in costume; but there is a promise of something better. The progress of manufactures has added immensely to the facility and cheapness of making cloth, and of fashioning it into clothing. Less than two hundred years ago the wool from the sheep's back, or the flax of the field, had to be spun by a woman's hand, woven on a hand-loom, cut with scissors on a table, sewed with needle and thread. Now all these processes may be carried on by steam-power. The result is that clothes are far cheaper and are changed far oftener than they used to be. The gain in cleanliness is enormous, the gain in beauty is not yet so apparent. But the speed with which clothing and other things desired by men can now be manufactured has results which reach deep and far. People are beginning to recognize that their lives do not consist exclusively in the multitude of things which they possess. The great cry of our day is for more leisure, for a redistribution of time. In the most civilized countries many people are making up their minds that forty-eight hours a week of toil is enough for full-grown men, while women and children should work much less; and that under such conditions of labor the world can yet be supplied with all the necessary comforts and conveniences.

Fin de Siècle.

Such a scheme of life as this will leave much play-time to the human family; and the cheapness of clothing will enable most people to be differently dressed when at play and when at work. A great difference may also be made for the seasons. The signs of such a change are already apparent. The tennis-suits and the boating-suits, the colored cheviots of summer, hold out a rosy promise. Within the last twenty-five years a relaxation has been observed in the rigidity of the laws of fashion. People of both sexes are less afraid than they formerly were to wear what they please. Let us look forward to a day when variety of personal taste and appropriateness of clothing to occupation shall be the rules of costume.

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"I want to know what you are going to do with me?"—Page 306.

AN I. O. U.

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Dramatis Personæ: Mr. Atwood and Aline, his ward.
Time: A first of April morning.

ACT I.

The curtain rises on a lawyer's office, the walls lined with sad-colored books, the shelves tipped with dark-green leather and brass-headed tacks, once bright, but now succumbing to the prevailing neutral tint. The heavy mahogany chairs are covered with the same dark leather. The green-felt top of the desk at which Mr. Atwood *is discovered sitting is black where the ink-spots are new, rusty where they are old, and half-covered by papers and pamphlets. The April sunshine sifts in through an open window at the left of the desk, and falls on a deep chair placed there. A door at the back of the room opens softly.*

Enter Aline, *dressed as a school-girl. She moves timidly across the floor and pauses before the desk.*

Aline. I knew you would not be very angry with me. Are you?

Mr. Atwood (*looking up with a start and dropping his pen*). Aline!

Aline (*tremulously*). Are you very angry?

Mr. Atwood (*thrusting back his chair and rising*). Angry, my dear child! No. (*He moves to her side, taking her hand in both of his.*) But why did you not send for me to come to you? And we must not leave Madame Armand outside in this fashion. (*He walks toward the door as he speaks.*)

Aline (*hurriedly*). You needn't look for her. She's not there I—I have run away.

Mr. Atwood (*turning sharply, his hand still on the lock*). What!

Aline (*faintly*). I have run away.

Mr. Atwood (*opening the door, throws a hasty direction into the outer room*). Admit no one. Engaged on important business. No one—you understand. (Aline *stands alone by the desk. She shrinks back as* Mr. Atwood *closes the door and approaches her.*)

Mr. Atwood (*reassuringly*). What is it, my child? What has happened?

Aline (*gaspingly*). Nothing.

Mr. Atwood. You must not be afraid to tell me. I am not angry, my dear.

Aline (*raising her hand to her throat and compressing it slightly*). I wouldn't speak to me in that way, if I were you.

Mr. Atwood. I did not mean to be stern.

Aline. I didn't think you were. I meant that if you speak to me so kindly I shall cry, and I don't want to. (Mr. Atwood *draws her hand from her throat and holds it in his, stroking it soothingly.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). Shall I scold you then? If nothing has happened, I am afraid that is your guardian's duty.

Aline (*glancing up quickly*). If you scold me, I shall surely cry.

Mr. Atwood. Then I had better say nothing about it just now. How did you find your way to my office?

Aline. I knew your address, and I came in a cab.

Mr. Atwood. Alone!

Aline. Why not?

Mr. Atwood (*anxiously*). My child, that must not happen again. Send for me and I will come to you at any hour of the day or night. You know that.

Aline. I did not think you would mind the cab. I was not afraid.

Mr. Atwood. But I am. Tell me, what will Madame Armand say when she knows that you have run away from her to your stern guardian?

Aline. You are not stern.

Mr. Atwood. Ah, you do not know me. I am going to be very stern now.

Aline (*with a quick glance*). You couldn't. (*She smiles.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling also and shaking his head*). No, I'm afraid you are right. But you have not yet told me what Madame Armand is going to say to this escapade?

Aline. Nothing—she won't know. I slipped away so cleverly.

Mr. Atwood (*cautiously*). Then you did not mean to run away for good?

Aline (*laughing*). Oh, no; did you think so? I only wanted to see you quite alone. I had something to say to you.

Mr. Atwood (*with a breath of relief*). Ah! Shall you be afraid when you go back to Madame Armand, if she should find you out, Aline?

Aline. No—o. But she won't.

Mr. Atwood. I am afraid we shall have to take her into our confidence, my child.

Aline. You are not going to tell her of me?

Mr. Atwood. I am going to take you back to her myself. But she shall say nothing to you. I promise you that. I will come to the school to-night, and you shall then see me entirely alone, and tell me all you want; but I must take you back to Madame Armand—and at once, Aline!

Aline. You are going to drive me away?

Mr. Atwood. I am going to drive you away in a carriage, with myself on the seat beside you—that's all.

Aline (*passionately withdrawing from him*). If you send me away now, I will never come back to you. I am not a baby. I won't be taken home by my hand, and have my nurse told not to scold me. I am going away alone. (*As she reaches the door* Mr. Atwood *follows and detains her.*)

Mr. Atwood (*gravely*). Stay, Aline. I will listen now, my dear. (*She resists for a moment, but is conquered by a flood of excited tears.* Mr. Atwood *leads her to the arm-chair by the window.*)

Mr. Atwood. Sit here and rest, first.

Aline (*rubbing her eyes with her hands childishly*). May I take off my h-hat?

Mr. Atwood. Of course you may. See, here is my chair close by yours, and here am I in it. Now, what is it? (*He unties her ribbons, lays the hat on the floor, and seats himself in a chair near* Aline.)

Aline (*still brokenly*). I want to know what you are going to do with me?

Mr. Atwood. Do with you?

Aline. Yes; you are not going to do what Madame Armand says, are you?

Mr. Atwood. What does she say?

Aline (*indignantly*). That I am to spend next winter with her, and that she is to take me out into what she calls "de vorld"—and that you said so.

Mr. Atwood (*frowning slightly*). Madame Armand should have let me tell you my plans. Why do you object, Aline?

Aline. Then you did say it.

Mr. Atwood. Madame Armand knows the world and could show it to you very well and pleasantly. She has done so with many other girls. And you like her, do you not? I thought so.

Aline. I have not minded learning from her, but is that to be my home?

Mr. Atwood. It has been your home for many years. You called it that just now yourself.

Aline. She can't even say home in her language. That's not a home. It's only the place where I live.

Mr. Atwood. Doesn't that mean home?

Aline (*reproachfully*). You know it does not.

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). No, not always, I admit. I have no home myself, you know, outside of my club. But I thought you were happy with Madame Armand.

Aline. I was quite willing to go to school to her, but next year will be different. I shall be a woman then, and I did not think I should have to wait longer than that.

Mr. Atwood (*perplexed*). For what?

Aline. To live with you.

Mr. Atwood. With me, my dear!

Aline. If I had known only Madame Armand, it would have satisfied me, I suppose, but I was seeing you always, and always looking forward to our living together. You surely remember our plans?

Mr. Atwood (*after a moment's silence*). Tell me them over again, Aline.

Aline (*surprised*). Why, you used to be saying it over and over again whenever you came to see me. You used to say we should live together in a little house, and that you would never marry, and I should keep the house for you. Surely you have not forgotten!

Mr. Atwood. When and where did we last speak of that, Aline?

Aline. In the garden at Madame's summer home. You were sitting on a bench and you lifted me on your knee, and we even decided on our furniture.

Mr. Atwood (*rising and looking out of the window, his back to* ALINE). And you never remember my saying this after you grew too old to be perched on my knee?

Aline. No, but I never forgot it. That has always been *home* to me. Why don't you speak to me? I believe you don't want me.

Mr. Atwood (*turning quickly*). Dear child, you must never think that. (*He rests his hand on the back of her chair, looking down at her.*) How can I make you understand? You know about as much of the world as the roar of life out there in the street might tell you, and that is all.

Aline (*eagerly*). You could teach it to me—and far better than Madame Armand.

Mr. Atwood. No, here I have only a tiny corner of life to show you, and see how I stammer and stutter over it. (*He seats himself again by* ALINE *and covers her hands, which lie in her lap, with his own.*) Tell me, my dear, did you ever see just such a household as you describe? Did you ever hear or read of one? Run over your schoolmates' lives—what became of them as they went out from the school?

Aline (*sadly*). That is not the same thing. They all had a father or a mother to go to, or at least an uncle or an aunt. I have never had anyone but you, and now I do think you don't want me. (*She tries to withdraw her hands.* MR. ATWOOD *holds them fast.*)

Mr. Atwood (*earnestly*). Aline, I do want you. What could give me greater happiness than to keep you with me always, and have you care for me, and I for you. I have no home either, you know. Do you suppose I am never lonely? Remember all that, and then realize how hard it must be for me to say no.

Aline (*tearfully*). Then what makes you say it?

Mr. Atwood (*very gently*). Think a moment, dear child. I am an old man to you, but the world still calls me young; and you are a child to me, but the world would call you a woman. We are too young and too old, and we cannot possibly stretch out the years between us, try as we might. Do you understand now? Look about your own small world, and you will see that kind of household only belonging to married people.

Aline (*sobbing*). Then why don't you marry me?

Mr. Atwood (*dropping* ALINE'S *hands and rising hastily*). My dear child! (*he stands near her hesitatingly, then continues with effort*) I must have done very wrongly, but it was without intention to deceive or play on your feelings. I drew a pathetic picture of a homeless life which does not exist, and of a loneliness which is not mine. I am neither lonely nor unhappy. I am not even uncomfortable, and you must not feel sorry for me, Aline. (ALINE *sobs on, and* MR. ATWOOD *continues, entreatingly.*) Suppose I were to marry you, my dear. Can't you see that I should be doing a very wicked thing?

Aline (*brushing away her tears*). No, you would not be wicked. If you knew how I hated the thought of being with Madame Armand, you wouldn't say so.

Mr. Atwood (*his expression relaxing suddenly into relief and amusement*). Child, what an unnecessary scare you gave me. Come, dry your eyes, and we will talk it all over. What a watery little woman it is! See how you have tear-stained your white glove. It is quite wet. Let me pull it off for you. (*He sits down again and draws her glove*

from her hand, finger by finger.) Now we will talk this all out comfortably, and leave nothing to think of afterward. Did you suppose I could be tempted into robbing baby carriages? And what a baby you are, Aline!

Aline (*with dignity*). I shall be eighteen next autumn.

Mr. Atwood. And I shall be two score in a few years. How would you like being hampered with a gray-haired husband then?

Aline. I should like it dearly.

Mr. Atwood (*hastily*). You don't know what you would like when you are a woman. Do you know what even my best friends would say? That I had kept a little heiress in a pill-box, and married her before she had a chance to peep out; and it would be quite true.

Aline (*impatiently*). If having money is only to make me unhappy, I shall give it all to Madame Armand the day I come of age.

Mr. Atwood (*gravely*). Even then, my child, it would not be honorable for me to marry you.

Aline (*reproachfully*). And you care more for that than for me.

Mr. Atwood. No, you have been as my own child for so many years that I am afraid, if your happiness and my honor were put in the scales, my honor would kick the beam. But it is your happiness that I am considering now; for I could not make you happy, try as I might.

Aline. Why not?

Mr. Atwood (*decidedly*). Because you do not love me.

Aline. I do love you.

Mr. Atwood. No, you do not, or you would be less sure of it, and you would not tell me so. You are fond of me as I am of you, but you do not love me, my dear.

Aline. What is the difference?

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). You will know some day, and then I will let you marry him.

Aline. How shall I know?

Mr. Atwood. Ah, that was just the order of question I wanted to leave Madame Armand to answer.

Aline. No, tell me yourself.

Mr. Atwood. Well, first of all, you will know without asking, and deny it, even to yourself. You will stand in the shadow of a needle and fancy yourself concealed. You will be troubled when with him, and miserable when away from him. And then I will give you to him, and not before.

Aline. But I am miserable at the thought of being away from you.

Mr. Atwood. You are miserable at the thought of being with Madame Armand. Tell me the truth, Aline, do you ever miss me after I leave you?

Aline. Indeed I do.

Mr. Atwood. How much, and for how long?

Aline (*thoughtfully*). I don't have much time between lessons, but I want you to come back soon, and I always cry until the class-bell rings after you go. (Mr. Atwood *stoops and kisses her hand with exaggerated gallantry.*)

Mr. Atwood. That is good of you, Aline; you miss me more than I thought, my dear. But some day, although your eyes may cry less, your heart will cry more. You won't want him back *soon*, but at once and forever. And no lesson-books or class-bells on earth will be able to make you forget. Then you will remember your old guardian's words, and laugh at the idea of loving me.

Aline. No; for indeed I do love you.

Mr. Atwood (*tenderly*). I know you do, and I love you dearly, my child. We are not ashamed to confess our loves, are we? There lies the defect.

Aline. You don't love me, or you wouldn't let me be so unhappy.

Mr. Atwood. You are not to be unhappy.

Aline. I shall be unhappy with Madame Armand.

Mr. Atwood. You are not to be left with Madame Armand.

Aline (*radiantly*). You mean to keep me yourself, after all.

Mr. Atwood. Practically, since you are foolish enough to want me. I don't see it all quite clearly yet, but do you think you would like to live with my sister?

Aline. With your sister? I thought you said——

Mr. Atwood. I will take a house for you both near my own rooms. She is

"No, we will keep those for the lover to come."—Page 310.

a widow, you know, and, as she is quite as mistaken as yourself regarding me, will do all I wish. You will see me every day, and oftener, perhaps. That will be your own home, and my second home. Will that satisfy you?

Aline (*starting to her feet*). You are in earnest?

Mr. Atwood (*rising also*). In dead earnest.

Aline. I can't—no, I can't believe it.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing*). Shut your eyes and try hard, and whatever you do, don't cry again. You have been a naughty child and gotten all you cried for. Now be good and thank me pret-

tily. (ALINE, *with a cry of delight, clasps her hands on his arm and lifts her face, offering him her lips.* MR. ATWOOD *looks at her and hesitates. He lays his finger lightly on her lips.*) No, we will keep those for the lover to come. You are pleased then? You want nothing more? Think now while I am in the melting mood.

Aline (*knitting her brows with difficulty*). I don't think of anything more that I could want.

Mr. Atwood (*quizzically*). Not even me?

Aline. You said I should see you.

Mr. Atwood. And you don't want to marry me now?

Aline (*shyly*). I do, if you want me to. You have been so good.

Mr. Atwood. Aline, confess the truth. Now that you have escaped Madame Armand, you want to throw me over. You never loved me at all.

Aline. It was you who said that. I told you I did.

Mr. Atwood. In the past tense already, I vow! *Do* you?

Aline (*hanging her head*). If all that you told me just now is true, then perhaps I don't.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing aloud*). Very well, then, I shall never ask you to marry me again. I have been refused by a chit of seventeen, on this first day of April.

Aline (*looking at him thoughtfully*). You have been so good to me. Will you take me home now? (*She moves apart from him and speaks softly, lowering her eyes.*) I shall love you forever for what you did then. But all the same——

Mr. Atwood (*looking at her keenly. Aside*). Have I said too much? (*Aloud.*) Here is your hat, Aline. (*He lifts her hat from the floor and watches her tie it on.* ALINE *avoids his eyes. They move to the door, which* MR. ATWOOD *opens. As he stands aside for her to pass out,* ALINE *glances back over her shoulder.*)

Aline (*mischievously*). You must never tell anyone that I offered myself to you, you know.

Mr. Atwood (*following her*). Aline!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *the Same.*

Time: One year later.

Curtain rises on MR. ATWOOD *seated at his desk, looking at the calendar he holds in his hand. The date marked is April 1st. He lays down the calendar thoughtfully, draws his paper toward him, dips his pen in the ink, and begins to write. The door at the back of the room opens softly.*

Enter ALINE, *dressed in walking costume. She crosses the floor on tiptoe, and stands laughing at the other side of the desk.*

Aline. How angry are you this time? (*As* MR. ATWOOD *looks up and attempts to rise, she motions him back.*) Don't move, I am coming to you. (*She rounds the desk and drops in a chair by his side, still laughing and holding out her hand.*) You have not bade me good-morning yet.

Mr. Atwood (*holding the hand she offers*). Aline, you are incorrigible. How did you get here this time?

Aline. In the same way — a cab. Now, why don't you scold?

Mr. Atwood. Because I cannot, and you know it. This is a flagrant abuse of power. Is my sister in town?

Aline. Oh, no, she is at the seaside, where you left her.

Mr. Atwood (*reproachfully*). And where I left you.

Aline. I know, I have run away again. I took the early train this morning. I wanted to see you.

Mr. Atwood. I should be more than human to scold now. That was cleverly done, Aline. What do you want? Experience, alas, has taught you that you have only to ask.

Aline. I wanted to see you——

Mr. Atwood. You saw me three days ago.

Aline. I wanted to see you again. Are you busy?

Mr. Atwood. No—as usual, I am at your disposal.

Aline. You were writing when I came in.

Mr. Atwood. Did you expect to find me kicking my heels? No, to tell the truth, if a penny postage stamp had been put on my thoughts, I am afraid you would have received them.

Aline (*opening her purse laughingly, selects a coin which she lays on the table*). A penny for your thoughts, then, as you have put your price on them.

Mr. Atwood (*taking possession of the coin and laughing also*). I will give you an I. O. U. See here. (*He takes up his pen and writes rapidly.* ALINE *looks over his shoulder.*)

Mr. Atwood (*reads*). "I. O. U. my thoughts, to be delivered in ripe season." Does that answer? (ALINE *takes the paper, folds it, and lays it away in her reticule with mock carefulness.*)

Mr. Atwood (*watching her*). And now what? I am not vain enough to believe that you only wanted to see me. Let me think. You were afraid I would buy your new dining-room table without you, after all. Is that it?

Aline. I told you I didn't care about selecting it.

Mr. Atwood. And I told you I would not buy it without you. I am a creature of habit. The old table is just right. Suppose your new table proved too wide for you to hand my coffee cup across, yourself. I should never dine with you again if you invited me every night. You must go with me and test it.

Aline. Indeed I shall not. What would the cabinet-maker think?

Mr. Atwood. He would think me an old fool, I imagine, and (*pausing and looking at* ALINE) I fear he would be quite right. I must content myself with taking him the measurement, I suppose. But come, Aline, I want you to sit over there in the arm-chair by the window, where you sat the first time you came here, one year ago to-day. I have held it sacred to you since then. (*He leads* ALINE *to the arm-chair and seats himself near her.*) I sat just here opposite to you, did I not? But then you were my obedient ward—and to-day I am your obedient guardian.

Aline (*lifting her hat from her head and laying it on her knee*). You have not told me that I might take off my hat yet, and you did the time before. (*She passes her hands over her hair.*)

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). Mark the year's difference! Then you humbly asked my permission. To-day you don't wait for it. Time flies, but we fly also. Are you satisfied with the changes of your year, Aline?

Aline (*using the crown of her hat as a cushion for her bonnet-pins, thrusting them in and out as she talks*). Yes, I am satisfied, but your sister is not satisfied for me.

Mr. Atwood. What displeases her?

Aline. That I am not married.

Mr. Atwood (*quickly*). Did she say that to you?

Aline. Not that exactly, but I know how anxious she is to see me settled. She thinks I am in danger of throwing myself away, you know.

Mr. Atwood. Why?

Aline (*indifferently*). Oh, because I am wealthy and because I am pretty.

Mr. Atwood (*laughing*). You know that you are wealthy, because I could not well keep that from you. But how do you know you are pretty?

Aline (*demurely*). I have been told so.

Mr. Atwood. I never told you so.

Aline (*looking up at him and raising her eyebrows*). You are telling me so now.

Mr. Atwood (*drawing back slightly*). What kind of discipline does this show? You ought to stand in awe of me, Aline.

Aline. I do sometimes. I was horribly afraid of you the night before I left home. I was afraid you would be angry as your sister was.

Mr. Atwood. Was she angry with you—and why?

Aline (*thrusting the pins into her hat and looking down*). Because I *couldn't* do what she wanted me to—you remember. I was afraid to tell you I had sent him away, because I knew you wanted it so much too; but indeed I had tried my very best.

Mr. Atwood (*leaning toward her*). And you thought I should be angry! That I wanted you to marry!

Aline. But you did, did you not? You kept asking him here and there, and making me go about with him. I didn't want to.

Mr. Atwood. No, Aline, I did not want you to marry him. When you

told me you could not, I was indecently happy to hear it.

Aline. Then why did you feel one way and act another? Of course I misunderstood you.

Mr. Atwood. Can you see no reason?

Aline. I call it very unreasonable.

Mr. Atwood (*earnestly*). No, he had everything to offer you, strength of body and mind, a real devotion, I think, wealth, position—and youth. I determined that he should have every chance, but as for wishing it—no, Aline. (*He rises and moves to the desk, where he unlocks a drawer and takes from it a long white glove which he hands* Aline.) You left it here on your last visit. Do you remember?

Aline (*puzzled and turning the glove over*). No—why, yes, I do remember. I searched everywhere for it afterward, and finally threw away the mate. Why did you not give me this before?

Mr. Atwood. I have not given it to you now.

Aline (*turning the glove over again, laughs*). It may not be wasted after all, as it happens to be a right-hand glove. It will do for my wedding-day. Keep it for me. When I want it I will ask you for it. (Mr. Atwood *takes the glove from her and puts it in his pocket silently.*)

Aline (*laughing*). How seriously you take it!

Mr. Atwood. I am thinking of a confession I have to make to you. I was going down to the seaside to see you this afternoon.

Aline. But you wrote that you were very busy, and that you couldn't possibly come!

Mr. Atwood. And it was quite true.

Aline. Then how could you?

Mr. Atwood. I can't from that point of view, but I was coming. I wanted to see you.

Aline (*mischievously*). You saw me three days ago. That was your reply to me.

Mr. Atwood. I wanted to see you again. That was your answer.

Aline. Then you do miss me a little?

Mr. Atwood (*smiling*). A little.

Aline. Only a little?

Mr. Atwood (*taking her two hands in his and raising them to his lips*). I have not paid you that homage since the day when you last sat in this chair. You say that you have wanted me, Aline. Multiply that tenfold, and you will know how I was wanting you. I told you I was a creature of habit. Three days ago, when you left town, I turned back again to my old lines of life and it was as if they had never fitted me. I had drifted from them and in revenge they would not have me again. My old haunts were but places revisited. Do you know what I mean? What am I to do? I was coming to ask you.

Aline (*touching the reticule at her side*). Was that the thought you sold me?

Mr. Atwood. That and something further. Will you present your paper now, Aline? I am more than ready to tell my thought.

Aline. Let *me* tell something first. I was not quite honest when I said I came for nothing. (*She turns her face from him as she continues, speaking softly.*) Last year when I sat in this chair, you told me that if I really cared, I would be so unhappy in a separation that nothing could make me forget——

Mr. Atwood (*eagerly*). Yes!

Aline (*her face still averted*). And that I would then learn the difference between—just being fond of someone—and something else.

Mr. Atwood (*bending nearer and half circling her with his arm*). Go on, Aline!

Aline. And that when my eyes cried less than my heart, I would understand.

Mr. Atwood. And now, dear?

Aline (*turning to him suddenly and hiding her face against his arm*). You told me then that if I cared really, I couldn't say it, and I don't think I can say it at all.

Mr. Atwood. Let me say it for you, Aline.

Aline. That was what I came for. When we were separated, then I knew, as you said I would—Will you bring him back to me? (Mr. Atwood *bends over her in silence. As* Aline *attempts to rise he gently prevents her by laying his hand on her head. Once his lips touch her hair, and then he releases her and stands beside her.* Aline *rising also, glances up at him eagerly. As she clasps*

her hands appealingly on his arm, he looks down at her.)

Mr. Atwood (*slowly*). Yes, I will bring him back to you.

Aline (*anxiously*). You are not vexed with me?

Mr. Atwood. No, my child.

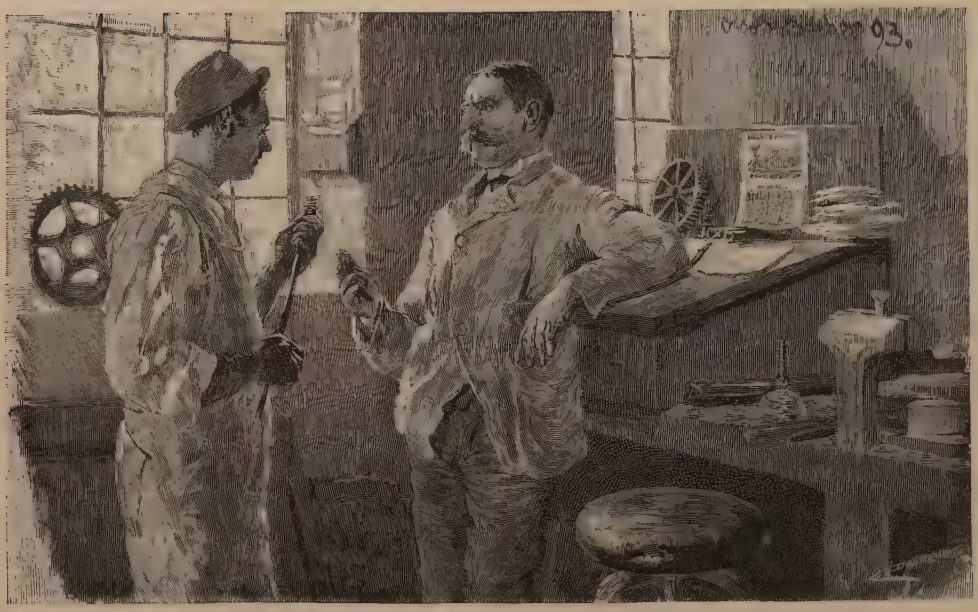
Aline. And you will still love me?

Mr. Atwood. Always, Aline. (*As she still clings to him he rouses with effort.*) All is as it should be. I shall do my part. I will give you to him as I promised, and dance at your wedding, dear. Are you satisfied?

Aline. How good you are to me! (*She lifts her face, offering him her lips.*)

Mr. Atwood (*framing her face in his hands*). No, those are not for me, Aline. (*As he releases her and turns away, a rap at the door calls him.* Mr. Atwood *crosses the room and opens the door to receive a card which is handed in to him. He reads it and then looks at* Aline. *Returning to* Aline's *side he speaks steadily.*) Aline, someone is waiting to see me in the outer office, someone who can offer you a great deal, my dear—an honorable name, an eager devotion, and the pride of strength and youth. He asks me if I can spare him a few moments. What shall I tell him, dear? Shall I say that I will spare him far more than that—and that it is waiting for him here? (*He takes her glove from his pocket and holds it toward her.*) Take your glove if that is to be my answer. (*As* Aline, *with bowed head, holds out her hand,* Mr. Atwood *lays the white glove across her palm, and gently opening her reticule, draws out the written form. As he passes the open window on his way from the room he pauses to tear the paper into fragments, fluttering the white scraps out into the air.*)

Curtain.



A Foreman Explaining a Detail to a Workman.

THE MACHINIST.

By Fred J. Miller.

The Illustrations by Otto H. Bacher.

IN former times, when the waging of battle, offensive or defensive, seemed to be the principal, or, at least, the most important occupation of men, the soldier was naturally the most honored among them. History is largely made up of the exploits of soldiers ; not only because the successful soldier has been regarded as the highest and noblest type of man, but chiefly because upon the arbitrament of war largely depended mental, moral, and social development.

In these days the changes going on in the condition of man depend much more upon machinery and machinists ; even our wars being now largely contests of machines against machines, as anyone may see who visits a modern naval vessel, for instance, and notes the fact that it is literally a monster fighting machine of the most complex character—the turning of a small crank, the movement of a lever, or the touching of a button, causing this machine to perform its appointed tasks.

Turning from war to more peaceful pursuits, we find the handiwork of the machinist occupying an equally prominent position, it being now the fact, not so generally recognized as it should be, perhaps, that our magnificent and world-feeding crops of corn and wheat, are largely machine products so far as man's agency in their production is concerned ; nearly everything necessary to their production, from the preparation of the ground to the seeding, cultivating, harvesting, transporting, and final preparation for food being done by machinery ; much of it driven by steam-engines, and a very large proportion of it entirely automatic in its action.

There are sufficient reasons, probably, why the machinist will never be so highly regarded, relatively, as the soldier has been, even though his work

becomes far more important; but it is quite certain that his importance and usefulness are being better understood as the world's work and our modern civilization depend more and more upon him. And this ought to be especially true in America, where machinery is more generally used than in any other land, and where the first thought, upon the introduction of any new industry or any new and desirable article, is not, Can we find men, women, and children to do the work at a profit-permitting cost, but, Can our machinists build for us machines for doing the work?

Hand-rolled cigarettes were smoked by Spaniards and Cubans for many years before the custom began to prevail in this country; but when the demand arose for them here, machines for making them were almost immediately devised, and in a Waterbury machine shop about one hundred and fifty of such machines have been built; most of them capable of making two hundred and ten cigarettes per minute, though others make but sixty — perhaps because they are employed upon a "strictly hand-made" brand; the machine, however, closely imitates hand work, and thus, I suppose, satisfies the youths who imagine that the portrait of the maker is enclosed in every package.

This is not mentioned as an especially or particularly glorious triumph of the American machinist, but as being one of the latest, and perhaps also one of the most difficult, problems solved by him in his never-ceasing effort to do by machinery what others have been apparently satisfied to do by hand.

No matter what we may wish to accomplish within the limits fixed by nature's laws, the machinist stands ready to lend his mighty aid. To the humblest and to the noblest service of man, his work is alike applicable. A product of the machinist's art pares apples for a farmer's wife, another propels a mighty ship around the world, while still another, placed at the top of Mount Hamilton and used to control the motions of a lens, strengthens and extends our vision more than thirty-thousand-fold into the mysteries of space.

But it is to be observed that while all these are machines for the construction of which the machinist is alike, primarily, to be credited, there is this difference between them, that while such machines as the marine engine or the Lick telescope, requiring a high grade of workmanship and made in limited numbers, are constructed by the machinist himself, the apple-parer and other machines made in very large numbers, are not made directly by the machinist, who only constructs the first or the first few machines of the desired pattern, which, in shop parlance, are called the model machines; he then further constructs the special tools, appliances, and machinery by which the model machine can be duplicated in infinite numbers; after which his work in such manufacturing operations is that of supervision, inspection, renewal, and repairs of tools and special machinery; such men, though pri-

In Line at the Tool-room.

marily machinists, being known in the factories as "tool-makers," while the men who do the direct work upon the machines are, for the most part, those who have learned to do only one, or, at most, a few operations, many of which, when combined, produce the completed machine, be it an apple-parer, a reaper, a rifle, a sewing-machine, or a watch; one of the curiosities of our modern industrial system being that a watch is no longer the product of a watchmaker, but of the machinist, who designs and constructs the special machinery for producing watches, and directs its operation. As will be readily surmised, the very highest grade of skill is required for such work as this, the chief requirements for its accomplishment, besides this skill, being patience and that degree of conscientiousness which will not allow a man to permit a piece of work to leave his hands until he can no further improve it. For it is to be remembered that, notwithstanding all we hear of the vast superiority of machine over hand work, this machinery must itself possess as great, if not greater, accuracy and refinement than the product manufactured by it. No machine can, in this respect, be superior to its maker; it can only produce sufficiently accurate and good work at a lower cost than if made by him. The first sewing-machine of a kind, built by skilled machinists or tool-makers, is at least as good and as accurately made as any subsequently manufactured by machinery, and the same men can duplicate it more exactly than can any machinery; but machines built thus would cost far more than people could afford to pay for them; and that is all there is to the talk of the substitution of the "certainty and accuracy of machinery for the uncertainty and inaccuracy of hand-work."

A Workman's Device for a Hot Luncheon—Heating Coffee on Red-hot Steel.

But your genuine skilled machinist would not care to work at manufacturing sewing-machines for the market, even if people could afford to pay for sewing-machines thus produced, for he abhors work that is drudgery, and that involves repetition of the same operation over and over again. Unskilled men can be trained to do such work well enough, while he prefers to work at something not manufactured in large numbers, something which calls for the exercise of his judgment, skill, and ingenuity at every step of its progress; the making of a complicated and novel machine presenting new problems to be solved in its construction; work, in short, that requires the application of brains and discriminating skill; something that machines can never be

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

At the Furnace in the Blacksmith Shop of Locomotive Works.

endowed with, and the lack of which prevents them, for instance, from being able to produce so apparently simple a matter as a perfectly plane surface; the best they can do being an approximation to this which, when necessary, is brought to perfection by the highly skilled hand labor of the machinist, applying the principle by virtue of which no three surfaces can each fit both the others accurately, unless all are perfect planes.

Machines, however, usually improve on such hand-work, as is done in large quantities by comparatively unskilled labor, and by doing this perform a great service in relieving men from monotonous and non-brain-using occupations. A recent instance of this is seen in the matter of the cancellation of postage-stamps upon letters. Nothing can well be imagined as an occupation for sentient beings, more laborious, monotonous, and uninteresting. The machinist has recently developed and is now perfecting a machine which cancels more than ten stamps to the man's one, and does it so that the stamp showing the time and place of mailing can actually be read; thus accomplishing the purpose for which the work is done; which, for the hand stamper, is only an occasional or very rare attainment.

In a strict sense, a machinist is one who is skilled in the art of building machinery, one who is capable of taking a drawing of a machine, correctly interpreting it, and, from the raw materials, *i.e.*, forgings and castings—the machinist's raw materials—making a complete and finished machine, ready to do its ap-

Casting.

Measuring and Gauging Fine Work.

pointed work. If he be also capable of making the drawing, he is so much the better machinist; and, in fact, a very large proportion of the best machinists are in these days also draughtsmen—not the sort of draughtsmen whose work the general public is familiar with, but makers of drawings composed of conventional arrangements of lines, which to the initiated tell everything, but to the uninitiated mean nothing whatever; such a drawing—an excellent one, of a steam-boiler—having been actually interpreted by a young lady as a plan of a freight-yard, showing the location of the tracks and switches.

The larger cities have, for a long time, offered to young and ambitious machinists, and machinists' apprentices desiring to learn drawing and mathematics, superior advantages in their night schools and special evening classes; but this is an advantage which is fast disappearing by the establishment of similar institutions in the smaller places, these being taken advantage of by machinists' apprentices and young machinists more than by any other trades, for the reason that the importance of a knowledge of such things is more plainly seen in that trade than in any other, with one or two possible exceptions.

With the knowledge of drawing goes also the importance of some knowledge of mathematics, and the machinist who would attain the highest success must, whether a developed mathematician or not, be possessed of a mathematical mind; for machinery is the embodiment of mathematics, every movement of every machine being a demonstration of mathematical laws. It is not meant to say that the machinist must necessarily understand or even be aware of the existence of all of these, or that he must be acquainted with differential and integral calculus; but he must at least have the mathematical faculty to enable him to readily grasp and understand the principles and method of operation of an intricate machine, even before the machine is constructed; and merely by an inspection of the combination of geometrical figures known as a mechanical drawing.

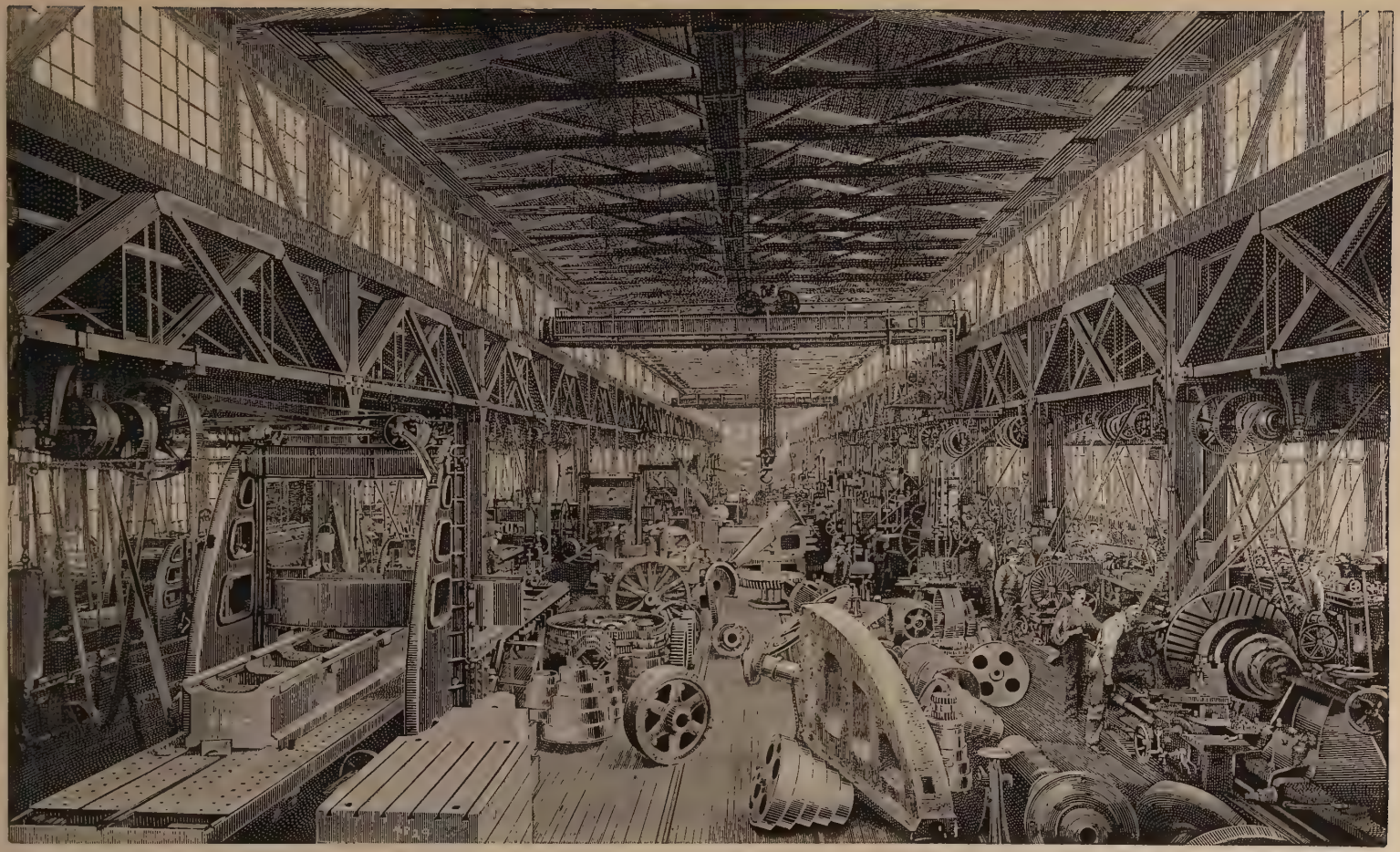
A large proportion of machinists are

developed from boys who conceive in early life more or less of a passion for machinery. They are the boys who are always sure to be present, to their own imminent peril, where pile-drivers, excavators, dredges, and other heavy and powerful machines are being used. They envy the locomotive engineer; imagine him a hero, and necessarily an altogether superior being, unhampered by the ordinary weaknesses of poor humanity; an opinion which is somewhat modified when, in after-years, the boy, now grown, has learned to construct locomotives; when former wonders and mysteries of the machine have become every-day and familiar companions, and he sees how great a proportion of the necessary repairs upon locomotives are occasioned by the very human limitations and fallibility of the men who manage them.

The machinist's work, unlike that of the carpenter, the mason, and others, is not done where its doing can be much seen by the public, and for this reason, as much perhaps as on account of its complexity and extremely technical character, is but little understood or appreciated by the great body of the people. They comprehend the processes of wood turning and planing, because they see them done and perceive their utility. It is not so easy for them to understand that iron, steel, and other metals must be worked by similar or analogous processes, while cold, in order to remove the unavoidable imperfections of the forgings and castings, and fit them to become parts of intricate yet smooth-working mechanisms. But machinists in doing this work must use tools adapted to the more refractory materials; and instead of their lathe tools, for instance, being wooden-handled chisels held easily in the hand of the operator, as in wood-turning, they must be heavy and strong bars of the best and hardest steel, supported entirely by the machine itself, yet in such manner as to permit adjustment and control by the workman, and, in the heavier machines, capable of withstanding a strain of tons. The speed, too, must be much slower than allowed by the less refractory materials; twenty feet of cutting speed per minute being seldom exceeded.

What these machines lack in speed, however, they make up in strength and power, their movements being so regular, so quiet, so apparently deliberate, yet irresistible, as to be very impressive to one who beholds them for the first time. And they probably have their influence upon the men who guide and control them; for it is noticeable that the men who manage such machinery are, as a rule, quiet, contemplative, methodical, systematic, and almost entirely free from every trace of nervousness or impulsiveness. The operation of the law of natural selection and survival of the fittest may have something to do with this, however, for there is probably no place where a man who has not absolute control of his nerves is more completely out of place than in a machine shop, where the movements of men, to be effective, must be, in a sense, rhythmic with those of machines, moving with the regularity and precision of clockwork; with neither hurry when entirely relieved of load, nor hesitation when meeting tons of resistance.

The machinist's work is rarely laborious, and much of it the opposite; many of the tools he uses having been developed by members of the craft into machines which are mainly or quite automatic in action, and are in fact called "machine tools" to distinguish them from the simpler tools used in the hand. Though the self-acting features of these tools have for their main object greater steadiness and smoothness of operation than would be possible without them, they have resulted in other benefits; not the least of these being the relief afforded from tedious and tiresome tasks which would, by inducing fatigue, in a measure unfit the workman for those delicate manipulations which are necessary in measuring and gauging fine work, and in which a steady nerve and a uniformly sensitive touch are vitally important. This will be the more readily understood when it is considered that many, and perhaps most, of the measurements made in machine shops are those known as "contact measurements," *i.e.*, measurements in which a caliper or gauge is set to the desired size and then the sense of touch depended upon to



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Typical Machine-shop Interior.
(Showing electric cranes.)

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

determine when the work has been, by the cutting tool, the grinding operation, or the file, reduced to the proper fit within the caliper. There are plenty of men who will thus, by the impression carried through a pair of calipers and the fingers' ends, determine, within a very small percentage, the amount of pressure which shall be required to be exerted by a hydraulic press in order to force onto its shaft an engine crank or a locomotive driving-wheel; a measurement in which a thousandth part of an inch variation in diameter causes much more variation in pressure than is permissible. Indeed, on some kinds of work done in machine shops, a thousandth of an inch has now become the most commonly employed unit of measurement; a unit which is divided and subdivided into at least ten parts in order to express the degree of refinement arrived at. This, of course, far surpasses the frequently mentioned but supposedly superfluous hair-splitting operation, since an ordinary human hair is about two and a half thousandths of an inch in diameter. The paper upon which this page is printed is about three thousandths of an inch thick, and one ten-thousandth part of an inch is therefore one-thirtieth the thickness of this sheet. Considerably smaller variations of size can be detected by the trained sense of touch, or rather by the variation in resistance of a pair of calipers passed over the work, and it is even possible for the sense of magnitude and the sensitiveness of the finger ends in relation to it, to be so highly developed as to detect, unaided, and by merely rolling a small steel ball between the thumb and finger, a variation from true sphericity amounting to $\frac{1}{12500}$ of an inch, or about one thirty-seventh part of the thickness of the paper of this page; Ambrose Webster, a machinist of Waltham, whose business is the making of machinery and tools for watch manufacture, having demonstrated his ability to do this.

From this it will be inferred that, in machine shops, skill, accuracy, and delicacy of manipulation are highly esteemed, while mere brute force is at a discount. Machinists have been accused of being lazy because they usually much prefer to devise some easy way of doing a thing, or some way of applying steam-power to it, rather than to do it themselves by the application of muscular force. But the fact is, that to this disposition, which has become one of the traditions of the craft, the world owes much of its progress, and it is far better for a machinist to be opposed to hard work than to be opposed to hard thinking in order to get around the necessity for hard work. Pride of skill permeates the shop and reaches even those whose calling in life is a very humble one. A son of Erin—professional wielder of the broom—who had been given to assist him a younger, less experienced, but far more energetic "understudy," was warned by a suspiciously solicitous machinist around whose bench he was operating, that the new man was trying to supplant him. But the Irishman had confidence in his superior skill, and showed no alarm; he merely suspended operations a moment to observe that the new man "moight do well enough for plain shwapin', but wait till he comes to shwapin' aroond the leg of a lathe; that's phwat gits him."

The typical machine-shop foreman, trained as he is to regard skill far higher than brute force, makes use of it in directing the work of those under him, and the really successful, the highest type of such a man is one about whom there appear none of the attributes or characteristics of the "boss." He seems rather the natural leader and adviser of the men, letting them very much alone, except for the making of a suggestion here and there, until some difficult problem presents itself, or a question of method arises which both the journeyman and himself recognize as his province to decide.

The leisure which results from the self-acting operation of many of the machinists' tools has resulted in very many useful and important devices and inventions, though not all of this leisure time is so seriously employed, some of it being very naturally devoted to pranks of various kinds, especially if the work is being done at night, when men somehow feel as though the hardship of being called upon to work when they

Twelve o'clock.

should be asleep, gives them the right to a little diversion. It is then that the tired machinist, who for perhaps half an hour has been adjusting a piece of work and has started a cut upon it, finds upon sitting down to take what he considers a "much-needed rest," that most of the nails which should hold his stool together have been withdrawn, and it collapses under him, every man in the shop being singularly solemn and innocent, as well as uncommonly interested in his work, when the victim, after picking himself up, looks about and questions faces. Or, upon quitting work for the night, he may reach for his coat, hung upon a near-by post, and see it quietly and very mysteriously glide out of his reach and hang next the ceiling, as though in defiance of all of Newton's laws; the string which he finally finds attached to it, passed over a nail at the top of the post, and tied in a distant part of the shop, giving no hint of the identity of the practical illustrator of the "Tale of Negative Gravity."

At such a time, too, the innocent apprentice is sent out to the tool-smith with a cold chisel to be tempered, said cold chisel, when it is withdrawn from the fire, being found to be composed of lead instead of steel, and to have melted off and mostly disappeared in the fire; about which time the apprentice is much better off if well out of reach of the outraged smith, for in such a case virtue is not its own reward, nor is he "armed without that's innocent within."

Your genuine machinist has a genuine admiration and even affection for well-designed and well-constructed machinery, for its own sake and independent of the money to be made by its use. While others would value a machine solely in proportion to the number of dollars per day it is capable of earning, the machinist has a pride and an interest in it far beyond this—a pride and interest born of a knowledge and understanding of the difficult problems encountered and solved in its construction. He regards a fine machine in much the same light as an artist regards a fine painting or a statue. To

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Forging a Locomotive Frame under a Steam Hammer.

him the machine is a real work of art, though one which only he fully understands and appreciates. To such an extent is this feeling of devotion to his art for its own sake sometimes developed, that the machinist has been known to despise the production of what in paintings are mere "pot boilers;" and a famous machinist, in response to a friendly inquiry as to how matters were progressing in his shop, said: "Well, for some time past we have been so busy that we have accomplished nothing worth speaking of; we have been just building engines and making money, and I am tired of it;" a complaint utterly unintelligible to the purely commercial mind, but delightfully expressive to him who has much genuine appreciation of the peculiar charms of mechanical science.

Machinery constantly teaches and impresses the fact that there is a cause for every effect, and that desired effects are best secured by those who most clearly comprehend underlying principles. The machinist who should attempt to correct or perfect the operation of a complicated machine by mere guess work alone, might easily try a thousand adjustments or modifications without hitting upon the right one. He knows this, and when in doubt as to what to do, thinks about it until he feels reasonably certain that he *knows* what to do. The mechanical mind is naturally, or by training and necessity, a reasoning mind. The machinist has a most clear and comprehensive grasp of the truth that "there is no effect without a cause;" it is a necessary part of his work to reason from one to the other, the fact that much valuable property, many precious lives, and, what is often a still more potent stimulus, his reputation as a mechanic, may depend upon his correct reasoning, teaching him caution and to be sure of his ground. The wonder of the lay mind is often excited by a published interview with a locomotive engineer, in which he declares that locomotives are subject to fits of sulkiness, during which they refuse to respond to ordinary methods of management, and must be humored in various ways; sometimes even going so far in their perverseness as to refuse utterly to pull trains until they have been laid aside for a while and have recovered their normal condition; which they do by themselves as though by sentient volition. Newspaper reporters, and even the less skilled and more imaginative locomotive engineers, may believe this, or the equally nonsensical theory that two locomotives built in every respect precisely alike may not behave alike, and that while one may be a good machine, satisfactory in every respect, the other may never work properly. But no machinist ever believes such stories, for it is of the essence of his vocation that identical combinations of identical pieces of metal, will, with the same management, uniformly produce identical results, and when they apparently do not, that there is a good and sufficient cause for it — a cause which it often becomes his duty to discover and remove.

In the smaller country towns the machinist is almost unknown and, indeed, usually entirely so, except through such specimens of his handiwork as may occasionally be brought into them. The millwright builds and repairs the gristmill, which is driven by a water-wheel, and the small boy with wheels and cranks in his head must satisfy himself with such providential periods of worship at this shrine as the exigencies of school holidays, the family wood-pile, and the good-natured tolerance or temporary relaxation of vigilance on the part of the miller will permit. He watches the miller, envies him, and wonders how he can be interested in such commonplace affairs as the texture and quality of flour or meal, or in the latest gossip from Brown's Corners brought to the door by loquacious farmers; when it is his glorious privilege to spend his entire time, if he chooses, in contemplation of the wondrous beauties of revolving wheels. A memorable occasion is that when the stream, which, by its fortuitous descent from a higher to a lower level, has from time immemorial given motion to the water-wheel, at last begins to show the effect of forest cutting and of ground drainage, and fails, giving way to a steam-

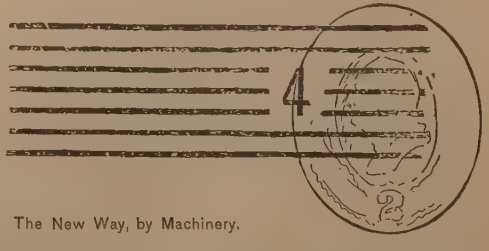
engine which comes from the city to take its place. The miller then sinks into inglorious eclipse, while the machinist who comes from the city machine shop to set up and start the mys-

Postage Stamp Cancelled by Hand.

terious engine, becomes the hero of the town. One such transformation that fortunately took place during the long summer vacation, made a lasting impression upon the mind of one small boy, who, deeply interested, hung upon every word of the wonder-working creator of machinery and fairly worshipped him, until at the last, when, steam being turned on, it was found that, by some miscalculation of the gearing, the mill turned backward, and the ludicrous element in the scene and in the faces of the men who had expected it to turn forward, appealed so strongly to the risibilities of the small boy as to make him suddenly, and I am bound to say discreetly, retire to where he could laugh without danger of being detected. In the excitement which followed, the machinist, changing the eccentric to reverse the direction of motion of the engine, jammed his finger slightly, and, happening to look around, discovered the ghost of a suppressed smile upon the face of the small boy, who was immediately banished from the presence in sorrow and disgrace ; a banishment which, however, was but temporary, and did not prevent his seeing the subsequent starting of the wheels in the good old way in which the water-wheel had been wont to drive them—a thing which the village wiseacres had been quietly assuring each other the new-fangled engine could never be made to do.

Afterward, when the small town has grown somewhat, and the use of the steam-engine has increased, a machine shop is added to its industries, and the natives then begin to understand something of the nature of the difference between castings and forgings, and between these and the finished parts of machines ; to gain some idea of what is meant by truly cylindrical and plane surfaces ; how they are produced in machine construction, and why they are necessary ; though usually such things have not the meaning in the country repair shop that they have in places where the finest machinery is constructed, and where the closest possible approach to mathematical exactness is often not too great a degree of refinement.

To the country shop comes the farmer with his reaper, that is almost invariably shamefully abused, and given no attention whatever until it utterly refuses to work ; this usually occurring in the midst of harvest, when the over-



The New Way, by Machinery.

ripe grain demands that the machine shall resume its clattering march as soon as possible ; and the bill for repairs is probably never quite understood by the farmer, who cannot see why there should be so much difference between the value of such work and that done in building fences, or in breaking colts—which, to his mind, require a far higher grade of skill.

Here, too, comes the engineer of the threshing-machine engine, who doffs his suit of bed-ticking overalls and lays in a supply of country grocery cigars

for the trip to town, to "see if that there machinist can tell what's the matter with this ingyne." But when he gets there the chances are he knows a great deal more about the trouble with the engine, and how to fix it, than the combined wisdom and experience of all the machinists in the universe could tell him; and while this particular machinist goes over the machine with a view to discovering its ailments, he is entertained by a discourse on the design, construction, repair, and management of engines, which, for exhaustiveness, self-complacency, and utter hopeless ignorance, has no parallel except in similar discourses delivered at the doors of other country machine shops by similarly equipped engineers. Such an engineer will complacently and innocently explain how much he has improved the action of the engine by the insertion of a block of wood between the cross-head pin and the connecting-rod strap to "fill up that gap;" all in blissful ignorance of the fact that, by this boast he shows that he is unable to detect the wearing away and actual loss of the rod-brass, an important part of the engine—a part the loss of which would, in fact, wreck almost any engine in which economy of steam-consumption, and about everything else, had not been sacrificed to obtain the one quality of being able to keep in motion under the most adverse conditions of abuse and neglect.

Another one will complain of the piston-rod heating, under the mistaken impression that this is not the proper thing for piston-rods to do. These men are not worse than others who possess that amount of knowledge which, since the days of Pope, has been recognized as a dangerous thing. They are engineers, or rather they occupy the position of engineers, not by natural selection and qualification, but because they own the engine, or at least have an interest in it; and the salesman who sold it to them was their instructor, assuring them that so long as they kept plenty of oil on it, and plenty of water in the boiler, nothing could possibly go wrong; a statement implicitly relied upon until the fatal day when, the safety-valve becoming inoperative for the want of a little intelligent care, or the sheets of the boiler becoming so deteriorated from neglect as to be no longer able to withstand the normal pressure, "let go," and the engine is in an instant placed beyond the skill of the machinist to repair, while the engineer, and perhaps several of his too trustful and always admiring companions, are equally beyond the surgeon's skill. We cannot safely harness, confine, and use the forces of nature unless we inform ourselves and observe the laws in accordance with which it may be done; and this particular form of manslaughter will probably go on until every man in charge of an engine has to show to the satisfaction of a proper authority that he understands these laws so far as they apply to his work, and that he is competent for the responsibility he proposes to assume.

The particular manner of the machinist's life naturally, and as with other people, depends largely upon his environment. The machinist who works for daily wages lives much as other wage-workers do; regards as scarcely attainable luxuries things which many others —not wage-workers—look upon as the common necessaries of life; but nearly always possesses an ambition born of the fact that his employment is one which demands a high order of intelligence in those who follow it with any degree of success, and holds out ample inducement in the way of honors, social position, and competence to those who attain its highest places. It is a vocation which no one need forsake for a wider field in which to exercise superior mental ability. Like all true sciences, the science of machinery is one which seems to broaden the horizon as one rises in it, and no man ever yet could truthfully say that he knew more than a small part of what there is to be known about machinery. No vocation, perhaps, better repays study in connection with it, and few exert the same degree of stimulus to investigation and study. The demand for technical books and journals is an active one among machinists, and their own contributions to that literature are highly creditable to them, showing plainly the evidence of study and logical thought. This natur-

ally results from such facts as that there are machine tools, regularly used by machinists, that have, accompanying each, a book dealing with the deeper problems involved in their operation; a book which necessarily contains a considerable amount of applied mathematics and has very complete tables of tangents, sines, etc., for convenience in solving the problems presented in connection with the work.

This characteristic of his employment is reflected in the man, and its influence is seen in every domestic and social relation. There are numerous communities — usually noted for their production of the finest machinery, or its products—in which the machinist occupies much the same relative social position as that of teachers and professors in a college or university town.

In the ordinary factory village the machinist is very weak numerically, and may number only one to a hundred, or even to a thousand, employees, most of whom are engaged directly upon the factories' products. Here his work usually is supervisory and largely inventive in character. It is his business to see that everyone of the thousand or more intricate and often delicate machines used is kept in proper condition for doing perfect work, and he must so thoroughly understand all these machines and their working, as to be able largely to anticipate defective action and apply the appropriate remedy; which, oftentimes, may be likened to the most heroic surgical operations—remedies which are often designed not merely to restore the machine to its normal condition of efficiency, but to improve it much beyond the standard of its original builder.

The machinist's studio, as he sometimes facetiously styles the workshop set apart for his use, either within the main factory building or near it, is really a hospital for disabled machines, where they are usually to be found in all stages of many ailments, varying from constitutional defects, or general debility caused by long and faithful service, to compound fractures of important members, the result of accident or abuse. Here come the complaints and calls for assistance from every department where machines are used. Something goes wrong with an important machine, and it refuses to do its work; its work is of the greatest importance, and something must be done at once, or the entire factory may be obliged to shut down. Our machinery hospital then receives one of its emergency calls, and the doctor when he arrives must be able to decide at a glance not only what the matter is, but the cure, and how long it will take to bring it about. Sometimes this is the work of but a few moments, while under other circumstances, days and—a more unpleasant feature — nights, perhaps, of hard work, physical and mental, are required before the machine can be again put into service.

Men in such positions have large responsibilities of life as well as property, and must possess qualities that distinguish them somewhat, and that also often enable them to rise to positions of still greater responsibility and trust. There are opportunities for such men to go into business for themselves by setting up machine shops in factory towns, where they may get the work of such factories as, by reason of their comparative smallness, or, for some other cause, do not find it advantageous to maintain machine shops of their own. It is not, however, so easy for the machinist to get started in business for himself as is the case with some other artisans, because the equipment of a shop is necessarily expensive, and when this equipment is in his possession, it cannot be made to pay unless it be kept quite regularly employed; which means that a shop prepared to do almost any kind of work presented, must have enough work to keep several men employed about all the time; machine tools and power plant, both of which are necessities, imposing, when idle, a very serious burden in the form of what are known as "fixed charges," *i.e.*, charges against the profits of a business which must be met in any event, regardless of the amount of work done, and which consist of such items as interest on investment, rent, insurance, maintenance, etc.

In the railroad town the machinist performs much the same office with re-

spect to locomotive and train service; a great deal depending upon his knowing what to do, and how and when to do it. Here the character of his duties usually requires that he be in readiness to be called upon at any time. In the round house there is always employed the regular "night gang," which includes a number of machinists whose duties consist of making such slight repairs as may readily be made during a few hours of darkness, made visible by a brace of kerosene-burning torches, remarkable much more for their smoking than for their illuminating powers. But the other men employed in the round-house and in the "back shops" by day, may be called out in emergencies from bed, from church, or even from a visit to their sweethearts; for railroad trains, like Tennyson's brook, must go on forever, and locomotives must be ever ready to pull them. If a rod-brass heats during a run, or if anything else about the engine goes wrong, the engineer very properly sacrifices every other consideration to making his time, and leaves the defects to be permanently remedied at the end of the run by the machinists. Usually the defects are real enough, but it is a regular article of faith with the machinist to charge that many of the complaints entered against engines by their runners are founded upon imaginary defects, and many of the jobs of repairing are accordingly equally imaginary; experience showing that the imaginary repairs often completely cure the imaginary defects—a simple case of adapting the remedy to the disease—something which all true machinists make a specialty of.

Another effect of the circumstance that the machinist is not so much in evidence as other men, is seen in his connection with railroad work. We see the locomotive engineer, for instance, and understand something of the important duties he has to perform; there is a far less adequate conception of the importance of the work of the machinist in making and keeping in repair the locomotive and its appurtenances. To the travelling public it is as important that the engineer should have an engine ready to respond to his guidance as that the engineer himself should be ready to perform his duty; but the highly skilled and exacting work of the machinist, executed perhaps at night, and often under the most disadvantageous and discouraging conditions, yet necessary to be performed in order that the resplendent machine may be able to take out its early morning express, is little thought of, because unseen.

The captain of an ocean steamer is directly associated with the passengers, and impresses them with his importance. In their eyes the safety of the ship with all it contains, and her safe and speedy arrival in port, depend primarily and almost solely upon him. The fact is that in these days of floating machines the speed and safety of a sea-voyage depend equally, if not more, upon a few highly skilled machinists which every large and important steamship numbers among her complement of officers, and who, under the title of engineers, are responsible for things in the engine- and boiler-rooms. Sometimes, but not often, the passengers are brought to a vivid realization of this truth. A few months since two hemispheres awaited in deepest anxiety tidings from one of the largest and most important trans-Atlantic steamships, days overdue, and with many valuable lives on board. In this case Chief Engineer Tomlinson with his assistants, by their watchfulness, not only detected the fracture of the shaft through its effect upon the running of the engine before it had become totally destructive, but working night and day with insufficient room, materials, and appliances, succeeded, by virtue of skill and ingenuity of a high order, combined with absolute devotion to duty, in repairing the shaft and running the engines until port was reached—winning victory in a contest with the elements where many hundreds of human lives were the prize to be won or lost. It was not the captain who, at the end of the voyage, was embraced by tear-blinded women, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon their deliverer, but it was the machinist, who, bearing the title of Chief Engineer, had done simply what the duties and

responsibilities of his position called upon him to do. And the facts are as this machinist has stated them ; he did nothing more than his duty, nor better than almost any competent machinist and engineer would have done under like circumstances. Such machinists as he, who first gain their experience in building engines for steamships, are employed to run them afterward, for the very reason that it is known that serious and disabling accidents may be avoided by their skilled watchfulness, or that when the well-nigh inevitable emergency arises, a competent, a masterful man may be there to meet it.

How little the skill required for such service and the weight of responsibility borne are sometimes appreciated is shown by the experience of another engineer, this time of a modern freight steamer, whose shaft broke in such a manner as to make its repair considerably more difficult than that of the Umbria, and where twelve days of unremitting labor by the machinists were required before the vessel could proceed. In this case no passengers were aboard to generously award credit where credit was due, and little or no notice was taken of the feat even by the owners and underwriters who were saved many thousands of dollars by it. In another case, where an especially fast trip was made because the engineer stood by his engines almost constantly, day and night, nearly wearing himself out in the effort of seeing to it that every possible revolution was gotten out of them, while the captain valiantly wore his beautiful uniform and did about as usual, the "commander of the vessel" was rewarded by $50 a month increase of pay, while the engineer, to whom the fast trip was almost entirely if not solely due, was presented with a new hat.

Mining being so largely done by machinery, there is, of course, necessity for the machinist's services wherever regular and systematic mining operations are carried on ; and the machinist has played an important part in the development of California, Nevada, and Colorado gold and silver mines, as well as those farther East from which the more prosaic but also more useful coal, iron, and copper are taken. His experience in a Western mining country is, of course, different from that in any other locality, and different also from that of any other men who have to do with mining ; blending, as it does, the rough-and-tumble life of the frontier with the practice of an art not wholly indigenous, but transplanted from entirely different conditions. To hold his own among the miners, the machinist must not only know his own business, but a good deal of mining besides, and must especially be resourceful, self-reliant, and quick in deciding upon a line of action in an emergency.

Most of the work of machinery in connection with mining is in hoisting ore from the mine, freeing the mine of noxious gases, or in pumping from it the water which would otherwise more or less quickly flood it and stop all operations. The same machinery that hoists ore to the surface lets down the supplies and tools, and serves also as a means of bringing up and letting down the men when a change of "shifts" occurs. The operation of a mine and the lives of those who work in it therefore depend largely upon the machinery and its efficient working. For these the machinist must be in a large measure, if not solely, responsible, and many are the occasions when much valuable property and numbers of lives depend upon his correct action, with perhaps but an instant to decide what that action shall be.

Most mines rapidly fill with water when pumping stops, and it is sometimes necessary to so place the plant of pumping machinery that if it fails to work but for a short time, not only the mine but the machinery itself becomes submerged and useless. In such a case pumping must never cease for any considerable period of time, day or night ; and when anything occurs to stop it, the urgency of the call received by the machinist may be measured by the fact that there may be just sufficient time to remove the difficulty before the plant disappears under the rising flood and a supplementary plant, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, becomes necessary to lower the water-level to a point which will enable the original plant to be re-

paired and again put into service. Such a pumping plant must, like the work-refusing convict who is placed in a tank in which the water steadily rises, pump or be overwhelmed.

On a certain bitterly cold day, a pump on one of the lower levels of a Colorado mine refused to work, and the machinist called to diagnose and treat its malady found, after going several hundred feet down the ladder to the shaft, almost in contact with hot steam pipes and in an atmosphere much like that of a Russian bath, that the fast-rising water had already nearly submerged the pump, and there was no time to lose. Standing in water up to his waist, he was forced to adopt the blind man's method of gaining information, and by his sense of touch, working under water, determine the difficulty. Having found it, the remedy, which involved still greater difficulties and several temporary suspensions of respiration, was effected just as the rising water reached the level of his chin; and the pump, being started to work, soon brought itself to view. Then followed a weary climb to the top, burdened with saturated clothes which there had been no time to remove, and a walk of half a mile at the surface, during which the saturated clothing was frozen hard and stiff. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of machinery was saved by this, besides much valuable time during which the mine would have been entirely unproductive.

There is legal warrant for comparing the services of a machinist with those of a physician or surgeon—at least when the machinist is employed in a mining country—as is shown by the fact that such a machinist, being called for jury duty, pleaded the exemption of a physician, and, in answer to the judge's incredulity, stated that he was a doctor of pumps and similar things, inanimate, it is true, but nevertheless in that country and at that time regarded as scarcely if at all inferior in importance to human life. The excuse was accepted, and the medical title duly though informally conferred.

Compensation for this work, though liberal, as became its importance, was based less upon that importance perhaps than upon the fact that the machinist as well as others had the opportunity, now mostly gone, to file claims, and by mining on his own account make money upon nature's terms—terms which here, as elsewhere, are far more liberal than those which must be made with human intermediaries. In case of difficulty in collecting wages or fees, the machinist in a new mining country was usually not lacking in resources, and knew just where to strike at a vital point. One of them who wanted his overdue wages and had failed to secure them by such gentle arts of persuasion as he was master of, unscrewed and took away the safety-valve—a procedure which placed an effectual injunction upon further proceedings until he was paid.

In many trades the skill required of the workman is only that needed to do over and over again certain operations which differ little or not at all from one week's or year's end to another; and, though some operations connected with machine building are of this character, the real machinist's work is of a nature that requires the constant exercise of inventive faculties, and it is quite frequently the fact that the methods adopted and the devices used in building a machine involve more real invention than the machine itself, even though that, when completed, may be looked upon as quite wonderful. Such invention is taken much as a matter of course in machine shops, and there are plenty of men employed in them who possess, and in the course of their every-day work constantly employ, inventive faculties of a high order, yet who never figure as inventors, because their inventions are used mostly for temporary and special purposes, and are seldom or never patented.

Other kinds of inventions of theirs are those made while working as machinists for that class of so-called inventors whose idea of invention is little more than to conceive an idea that a machine is wanted for a certain purpose, and then to leave to the machinist all such apparently trifling matters as the selection and combination of mechanical elements needed to perform the required functions. The general public would

in fact be much surprised were I to name some of the very well-known and very successful machines now on the market, the patentees of which are not their real inventors, but have simply employed machinists in their own or others' shops, who, working as machinists, have done the real inventing, often indeed being under the necessity for so far recognizing the peculiarities of human nature as to make their suggestions in such a roundabout way as to lead the "inventor" to actually suppose himself to be the originator of it all. Indeed, in such work as is done in developing inventions, study of and insight into human nature are by no means the least important of the requirements. An inventor who proposes to go far astray in the employment of utterly impracticable devices, must usually be very gently led within the realms of approved practice, or he will refuse to go there, and attribute the consequent failure of his machine to the machinist's incompetence. For one of the crosses machinists have to bear is the knowledge that many sincere, but mechanically blinded, men, really believe that the only obstacle to the success of their utterly wild and impracticable schemes, lies in the fact that the machinist cannot construct the machine with sufficient accuracy. Even the redoubtable Keeley has as a last, or, at least, the latest, resort, fallen back upon this time-worn excuse for failure, and announced that the complete success of his long-looked-for machine which is to develop prodigious amounts of energy from nothing, through the medium of sympathetic vibrations, is delayed only until the machinist can construct for him a perfect machine; something which no machinist with any clear idea of what perfection really means ever pretended to be able to do, or to have the faintest hope of accomplishing.

Not all mechanical visionaries are equally successful in obtaining financial support, and many of them are forever prevented from showing the world its indebtedness to them by the hard-heartedness of machinists, who demand pay in advance, or as the work progresses; experience having shown that this is the only safe way, and, also, that to spend time in convincing such a man of the error of his way, while it may be beautifully charitable, is too expensive; aside from the fact that the chances of doing it in any other way than by the construction of an experimental machine are very remote. So, when a wild-eyed and long-haired individual comes into the shop and, after enjoining and receiving solemn assurances of profound secrecy, unfolds his plan for enabling farmers to carry on harvesting operations at night by means of an immense mirror supported at a sufficient distance from the earth's surface to receive a portion of the sunlight, which would otherwise wander aimlessly off into space, and reflect it down into the night-shrouded harvest fields, there is usually no attempt at instruction in practical astronomy; but, instead, either a flat refusal to construct the desired model, or a careful investigation to determine the amount of coin of the realm at command of him who, in a new sense, proposes "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

In like manner, when the man who insists that he has solved the problem of perpetual motion wants, first of all, a specially strong and powerful brake constructed to arrest the otherwise irresistible motion of his proposed machine, there is no attempt to convince him that the greater problem of producing the motion had better be attacked first; not only because this would probably be a useless and thankless task, but because the brake may turn out to be useful for some purpose, if not for its intended one. For it is to be noted in passing that, while the chances of a machine being useful for what it is intended for are generally much better than for its being useful for some entirely different purpose, there are exceptions to the rule. A case in point is that of the man (not a machinist) who started to invent an improved churn, and who, after working at it for some time, was asked by a friend how the new churn was coming on. The inventor's reply was: "She ain't worth a cent for a churn, but she's the best water-wheel you ever saw." Though this may have been overstating

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

An Inventor Explaining a Device to a Sceptical Machinist.

the case somewhat, the fact remains that "she" was a good water-wheel, and the business of manufacturing it as such was afterward successfully carried on for many years.

In the machine business, as in other lines of trade, it is important that travelling representatives employed in the commercial department of the business should thoroughly understand the articles in which they deal, and their use; this fact having led to the employment of many machinists as travelling representatives of machinery builders, and of those who make articles used in machine building or manufacturing. Such men are, it is true, usually those who have proved better adapted to commercial affairs than to mechanics; but they usually know sufficient of the latter to avoid making such blunders as would be inevitable with those lacking in practical shop experience, and many of them are well-posted men, who, by looking through a shop, can perceive whether or not the machines or articles sold by them are adapted for use there, and, if so, then under what conditions and with what modifications, if any, to suit special requirements. Such a man becomes, so to speak, a travelling missionary of mechanical enlightenment. He is more than a travelling salesman; he is, besides this, an expert, and, in many cases, a mechanical engineer, whose visits to a shop are suggestive and beneficial, whether sales are made or not. Such a travelling man is seldom looked upon as a bore, but, on the contrary, is welcomed by the relatively limited number of men with whom it is his mission to establish or maintain business relations. Machinists as travelling men form a distinct class, different from any other travellers, because, to begin with, they must be different men, reared in a different school; and their business depends little or not at all upon whims, fashion, personal relations, the ability to tell the latest story in the best manner, or, in short, upon any of the arts of the ordinary drummer. In order to succeed, they must know exactly the limitations, as well as the capacities and adaptations, of the machines they sell. They must also know those of other similar machines built by other establishments. Because they deal mainly with men who are also experts, if for no other reason, they indulge in little extravagance of statement, every claim made being subject to mathematical or similarly exact test and proof. No specious argument or eloquent discourse will explain away the failure of a machine to fulfil the contract or promises made for it; nor have any effect whatever upon the matter-of-fact specialist who has bought, or who may propose to buy, it. The accuracy or inaccuracy of every statement or claim made for or against a machine is usually capable of absolute and exact demonstration, and there is no other way to success for the machinist traveller than by thoroughly knowing his own and his competitors' machines, skilfully selecting the ground on which his own has the advantage, and then confining himself to absolute accuracy of statement.

It is doubtful if any other science has made such rapid strides within the last century, and has produced such profound and far-reaching results affecting our manner of life, as has the science of machine construction. One needs only to make some little study of the state of the art in the days when my grandfather made wooden-framed machinery for use in Rhode Island print-works, comparing it with the wonderfully ingenious and efficient machinery of to-day; noting how few things are done without the aid of machinery, and how many are entirely dependent upon it; to be convinced that Archimedes' dream is almost realized, and that the world is moved, not by a lever alone, it is true, but by other mechanical elements combined with the lever, and called Machines.

THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

By Gustav Kobbé.

"Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy."

ALMOST everybody remembers in his school geography (and wonders, when he thinks of it, why he has seen so little other literature on the subject) the impressive statement as to the great rise and fall of the Fundy tides, which almost in the twinkling of an eye transform muddy flats into rivers, and on the ebb leave them muddy flats once more; and not only change the scenic aspect of the Bay, but also have a decided effect upon the industries carried on along its shores—an effect which is one of the most interesting features of the tidal phenomenon.

The Bay of Fundy is about one hundred and seventy miles long, and from thirty to fifty broad. Its mouth is on a line drawn from Brier Island, off the point of Digby Neck, Nova Scotia, through Gannet Rock and the southwest head of Grand Manan Island, to a point a little east of Cutler, Me. The Bay lies like a trough between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. At Cape Chignecto, a hundred miles from its mouth, the Cumberland peninsula divides it into two branches—to the southeast the Channel and Basin of Minas, on whose shores Longfellow laid the scene of "Evangeline;" to the northwest Chignecto Bay, of which the Petitcodiac River, with Moncton about thirty miles from its mouth, is virtually an estuary. The Maccan, flowing into Chignecto Bay, and the Avon and Cobequid, flowing into Minas Basin, are also mere estuaries. The little bay between the Nova Scotian main and Digby Neck is St. Mary's, which is connected not only at its mouth, but also by a narrow sluice—Petit Passage—through Digby Neck, with the Bay of Fundy. In the mouth of the latter lies the island of Grand Manan, with its beetling cliffs and dangerous ledges. To the west of this the Bay washes the coast of Maine, running through the Lubec Narrows, past Eastport and the Canadian Island of Campo-

Beacon at St. John, N. B., at Low-Water.

St. John River Rapids, after Twenty Minutes of Slack Water on Each Tide.
(Reversible according as it is ebb or flood; here shown on the ebb.)

bello, into Passamaquoddy Bay, which receives the St. Croix River. Here are Calais, Me., and on the New Brunswick side St. Andrew and St. Stephen. On the New Brunswick shore of the Bay, the northwestern, and about halfway from the mouth of the Bay to Chignecto, is the entrance of the River St. John. The harbor formed here mirrors the remains of the fort so valiantly defended in 1645 by Madame La Tour, who, even when the enemy had been treacherously admitted, led her little garrison with such bravery that she was allowed to surrender upon her own terms. On the north side of this harbor is the city of St. John, and opposite it Carleton.

The waters of the Bay of Fundy thus wash the shores of two countries—the United States and Canada. It is perhaps curiously characteristic of these two countries, so near topographically but so widely separated politically, that, where the Bay beats against the shores of the Dominion it should awaken historical echoes, while, where its tide sweeps past the most easterly towns of the United States, it should have been made tributary to a thriving industry—the conversion of herring into sardines at the rate of nearly a billion a year.

Statistics regarding the tides in the Bay of Fundy are so startling as to seem almost incredible. At Grand Manan the fall is from twelve to fifteen feet; at Lubec and Eastport, twenty feet; at St. John, from twenty-four to thirty feet; at Moncton, on the bend of the Petitcodiac, seventy feet; while the distance between high and low water mark on the Cobequid River is twelve miles—the river actually being twelve miles longer at high than at low water. Vessels can be run up so far on the flood, in this river and in the Avon, that the ebb will leave them high and dry for sixteen hours, so that they can be repaired between tides.

I witnessed at Moncton one of the most striking phenomena of the tidal rise—the "bore." This is well worth seeing, but unfortunately the topography prevents the extraordinary rise of tide from becoming impressively manifest. It is as if nature, having bestowed the "bore" upon Moncton, had concluded that it had been lavish enough, and shut up its wonder-box. At low water broad stretches of ooze, known locally as the "flats" or "quicksands," extend on either side of the narrow channel. In places which are not always overflowed, a thin crust forms over which it is pos-

St. John River, Placid for Twenty Minutes at the Turning of the Tide.

sible to drive or walk at a rapid gait. A person standing still, however, begins to sink in less than a minute, and the ooze beneath the crust is so sticky that, if he sinks even only above his ankles, it becomes a matter of great difficulty to extricate him. From these flats the solid land slopes up gradually, and as the wharves are far up on this, it is not necessary to build them very high. Therefore their height conveys no idea of the great rise of tide. Below the bend the river broadens out considerably, and the swiftly flowing tide sweeping out of this basin around the narrower curve, seems to become heaped up and advances in a muddy wave whose yellow crust overhangs but never breaks. As it swept past the wharf on which I stood it seemed at least four feet high, and I understand that on the neap tides it attains a height of six and even eight feet. It is usually followed by muddy undulations known as the "working of the quicksands." After the "bore" and the undulations have passed, the tide runs in smoothly but rapidly, and it is considered great sport along the river to launch a boat upon the wake of the bore and be carried up the river without any expenditure of energy other than for the steering, and then come down on the ebb, which, by the way, is not attended by any extraordinary manifestations. The force of the "bore" may be judged from an occurrence a few years ago. The vessels at the Moncton wharves tie up, so that the wharves protect them from the "bore." The stern of one vessel was, however, through carelessness, allowed to protrude beyond the wharf. The "bore," as it struck the stern, tore the vessel from her moorings, snapped her anchor-cable, smashed her bow out against one of the wharf buildings, and then carried her under the bridge above the town, breaking her masts; and this in a river which, but five minutes before, had been an expanse of mud flats. They tell in Moncton of a French Canadian who, in attempting to launch his boat upon the wake of the "bore," was upset, and who, although he could touch bottom, was carried five miles up the river before he could gain a firm footing. On a quiet moonlight night, especially during the neap tides, the "bore" rushes in with spectacular effect, its roar being heard long before it is sighted, and its crest glittering in the white light as it sweeps up the river.

In the Maccan River, which flows from the east into Chignecto Bay, the tides,

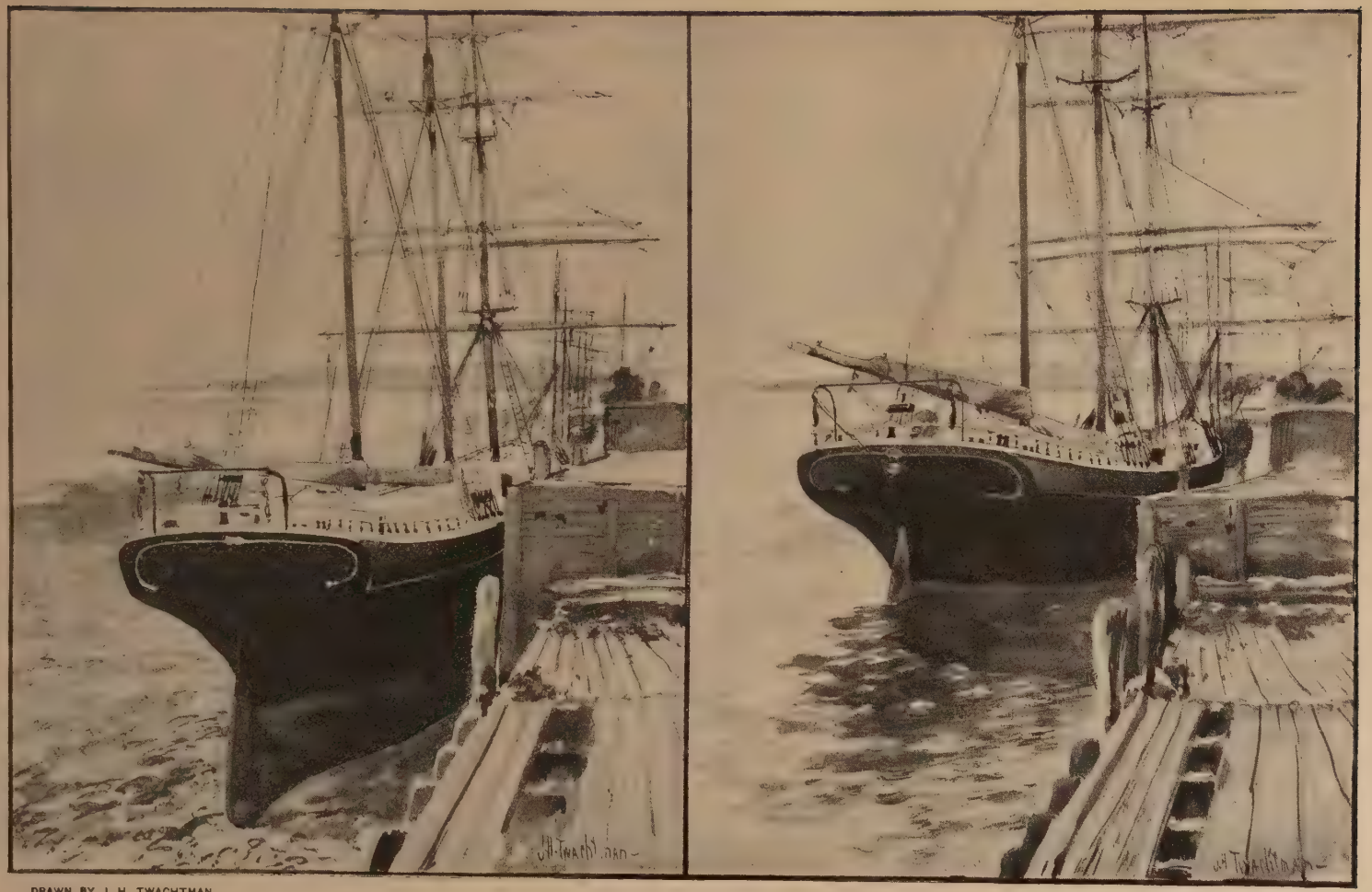
flooding the low shores and depositing upon them, during the slack, matter which they have gathered in their course up the river, gradually form embankments from ten to twenty feet high. The soil on these is very fertile, but unfortunately they are destroyed by the very agency which created them; and this even after they have been cultivated for several years. The tide, changing its course suddenly, will undermine the embankment, and large portions of it will fall into the river with a great noise; and so in a few days a fertile farm will be changed once more into a mud flat. The tide is absolutely lawless, building up and destroying where none may foresee.

But the most picturesque, as well as the most striking, manifestation of the tidal rise and fall is at the mouth of the St. John River, at St. John, New Brunswick. Here may be witnessed on every tide a change of conditions as sudden and as complete as a quick change of scene in a drama; the beauty of the landscape, enhanced by the handiwork of man, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the phenomenon. This is locally known as the "reversible falls," although "reversible rapids" would be more appropriate. In a map of St. John and its environs, drawn in 1784 by an officer of the St. John's Loyalists, the matter is referred to in a marginal note:

"The falls in this river are justly ranked among the curiosities of the world; they are at the mouth of the river, about one mile from the entrance, and are navigable four times in twenty-four hours, which commands great attention, as only a few minutes are required to pass in safety.

"The tide rising from twenty to twenty-four feet at high-water, is six or eight feet higher than the river, which occasions a fall in the river as well as out, the whole water of the country having to pass between two rocks sixty yards distant."

The scene of these rapids is a beautiful gorge, through which, in remote ages, the river appears to have forced its way. For twenty minutes, on each ebb and flood, the river here is as placid as a mountain lake on a tranquil day. Suddenly a streak of white spreads across the gorge, and in a few minutes the calm is succeeded by the turmoil of rushing, whirling waters. The reflections of the rocky shores and of the graceful outlines of the suspension and cantilever bridges which span the mouth of the gorge are obliterated as if a mirror had suddenly been ruthlessly shattered. The spectacle is grander on the ebb than on the flood. A few yards from the northern cliff, at the mouth of the gorge, a large rock juts out of the river, and the outward rushing waters being checked, spread out with a rise that resembles a bevelled cornice — an appearance that perhaps justifies the local appellation of "falls." The twenty minutes of tranquillity which occur two and a half hours before, and the same time after, high-water, are utilized by all shipping that is obliged to go up or down the river, sailing vessels being towed through the gorge by tugs. The velocity of the rapids has been estimated at twenty-five knots. Some years ago the harbor-master of St. John and the captain of a British war-ship ascended the gorge in a row-boat and made soundings. They found twenty-eight feet of water under the bridges and fourteen feet at the pitch at the head of the gorge. On exceptionally high tides the duration of the slack cannot be accurately calculated, and navigation through the gorge is not attempted. Not far below the gorge lies Navy Island, and between this and the gorge the inrushing tide creates a whirlpool into which all the refuse floating matter of the harbor is gathered. The "reversible rapids" are caused by the fact that the natural level of the river above the gorge is some twelve feet lower than that of the harbor. The incoming tide rushes through the gorge until it has filled up the river to a level with the harbor, the flood then, as it were, heaping itself up upon the river waters. After the tide there is another period when river and harbor are on a level, and then, as the tide empties itself out of the harbor the accumulated waters of the river come down through the gorge with a rush. This difference in levels produces a singular freak in the tides of the harbor. For two hours



DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

Low-water. Windsor, Nova Scotia. High-water.

after high-water, and when the tide will have fallen four feet, or even more, in the harbor, it will still be running up into the river, the curious spectacle being presented of the tide simultaneously running up through the main channel and spilling out into the Bay through the channel between Partridge Island and Fort Dufferin on the Carleton side, opposite St. John. The harbor of St. John, although nearly a hundred miles up the Bay, teems with salmon, smaller but more toothsome than those of the rivers, and with a delicious variety of shad known as gaspereau. The extraordinary tides of the harbor make fishing there a simple, safe, and unromantic occupation; although one might suppose the exact contrary to be the case. But for about a mile along the Carleton shore the waters are literally fenced in by high net weirs, into which the fish swim at certain stages of the tide. Once in the weirs, they circle around from side to side without being able to discover the exit, and at low-water the fishermen row into the weirs and catch the fish with dip-nets. On the rocks

High and Low Water at Eastport, Me.

at the mouth of the gorge below the bridges is a small weir, stoutly built and very high. Yet at times the tide heaps itself up to such a height that it was found necessary to stretch a roof of netting over the weir to prevent the fish from being lifted out of the weir by the water. While at St. John, I inquired of the official in charge of the light-houses and buoys in the Bay of Fundy how many fathoms of cable were required to anchor the buoys in the deeper waters of the Bay. He informed me that it is necessary to use from sixty to one hundred fathoms. As a buoy swinging to such a long cable is apt to shift position considerably in the swiftly flowing tides, it is necessary to specify

the length of cable in the notices to mariners. The difference between high and low water mark can be well observed on the quaint little white beacon in St. John Harbor.

On the Nova Scotian shore of the Bay the high tides have been restrained from overflowing the lowlands by light dikes of mud, with *aboideaux*-swinging gates which close on the incoming of the tide but open on the ebb, thus draining the rich alluvial meadows. When long cultivation threatens to exhaust the fertility of these, the *aboideaux* are opened to the flood, and the sediment left by one tide will refresh these lands for years. The usual yield is from one and a half to two tons of fine English hay to the acre. The most noted marshes are the Tantramar and Missiguash, near Amherst, and the Grand Pré, on the Basin of Minas. The two former embrace about fifty thousand acres of rich alluvial intervale — a wavy expanse of green reaching to the blue waters of the bay, to whose tides it owes its creation and continuing fertility. The Tantramar Marsh is nine miles in length and four in width. The Missiguash Marsh is traversed by the river of the same name, on opposite banks of which stood the forts Beau Séjour and Lawrence, whose garrisons courteously exchanged bullets to be returned from the muzzles of their muskets.

The tides of the Bay of Fundy have determined the method of carrying out an important enterprise, now nearing completion at Amherst. Shipping from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the south is now obliged to pass through the Strait of Northumberland and the Strait of Canso before entering the Atlantic. From Amherst across to Tidnish, on the shore of Northumberland Strait, is less than twenty miles, and the plan of building a canal from the Strait into the Bay of Fundy was broached many years ago, as it would save about four hundred miles. When, however, the project was seriously taken up, within recent years, the engineers were forced to the conclusion that the high tides of the Bay would create such a rush of water toward the Strait, where the rise was but a few feet, that the operating of a canal would be utterly impracticable. Therefore a ship-railroad is being constructed for the transportation of vessels up to a thousand tons. The vessel floats on to a cradle, which is then raised, run on to double tracks forty feet apart, and drawn by two locomotives across the isthmus.

From Tidnish to Amherst the distance by water is about six hundred miles. When the ship-railroad is completed it is hoped to make the trip within two hours.

The Basin of Minas lies on the opposite side of the Cumberland Peninsula. The broad marshlands from which Grand Pré derives its name fill the most southerly recess of this inlet. One looks out across this meadow and the sparkling waters of the Basin to the dark-red precipice of Blomidou. The dikes which rescued this "prairie" from the tides of the Bay were built by the Acadians.

"Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows."

Through the passage between Blomidou and Cape Sharp the tide runs at the rate of from eight to ten knots an hour. The Avon River, which may be said to receive its waters from the Basin of Minas rather than to flow into it, is, at low-water, like the Petitcodiac at Moncton, a mere ooze-lined rent in the landscape, filling up suddenly, though without the phenomenon of a "bore," on the flood. It is of the Avon that Charles Dudley Warner remarks:

"I never knew before how much water adds to a river. . . . I should think it would be confusing to dwell by a river that first runs one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether."

A southwesterly gale creates an unusually high flood-tide in the indentations about the head of the bay. The "Saxby" gale, named after the weather prophet who so accurately foretold it, which occurred October 5, 1869, is especially remembered for the destruction it wrought, although the disasters to shipping were few because Saxby's

warning was generally heeded by vessels. Up to four o'clock in the afternoon the weather was calm; but before eight o'clock in the evening, a storm, such as had not raged within the memory of veteran shipmasters, had burst over the Bay of Fundy. A railroad train on the Western Extension (now Canadian Pacific) from St. John, collided with a barn which had been blown across the track; stretches of forest were literally mowed down; and the tide leaping up before the furious blast, burst through the dikes of the marshlands and covered these, carrying a schooner some three miles in upon Tantramar Marsh, and on receding, left it there high and dry. It was calculated that the Saxby tide was from six to ten feet higher than the neap tides.

While the most interesting manifestations of the tidal rise and fall in the Bay of Fundy are at the head of the Bay, and the scenic climax of the range of phenomena connected with the tides is found in the reversible rapids at St. John, a number of features near the mouth are worth observing. Near Dog Island, not far from Eastport, the meeting of the tides from the Bay with Indian River has created a whirlpool which sucks under logs and rowboats, has turned even a small steamboat completely around, and would have drawn it down, had its steam-power not enabled it to escape. The bodies of those who have been lost in this whirlpool have, I am informed, never been recovered, and of the boats only fragments have been found, as if they had been ground to pieces on the rocks at the bottom.

A tidal mill near Lubec affords a very picturesque illustration of the difference between the level of the bay at high and low water—in fact you can see both levels simultaneously. The mill stands on the shore of the Bay, the bed of the mill-pond being about fifteen feet above low-water. When the tide rises, the gates in the dam are opened and the water flows into the pond. At high-water the gates are closed with enough water in the pond to run the mill for about eight hours, the fall at low-water being fifteen feet. The view of this mill from the height behind it is extremely picturesque. A green field slopes down to the edge of the pond, which mirrors the pretty shores and the gray mill buildings, the hills in the background framing in the waters of the Bay. I utilized the opportunity to photograph this scene at low-water, the view showing the difference between the level of the pond and of the Bay. On my way to the mill I crossed a small stream—or rather the bed of one, for the tide had run out. Some farmers were gathering basketfuls of young pollock, which the receding tide had left floundering in the mud.

The wharves at the sardine factories in this vicinity afford excellent object-lessons in the tidal fall. The string-piece of the outer line of piles is about twenty feet above low-water. The tide usually rises to within a few feet of it. But at low-water vessels lie high and dry alongside the wharf, and carts are driven where at high tide the horses would drown. The illustrations showing the conditions at high- and low-water at Windsor, N. S. (p. 339) and at Eastport, Me. (p. 340), are typical scenes. The great fall of the tide makes it necessary for vessels to adopt special devices to land their passengers at low-water. At wharves which are built far out, only steps down the side of the wharf are required. At Lubec the steamboat which plies between that point and Campobello, cannot come up to the wharf at low-tide, and it is necessary to moor at the foot of the steps a floating bridge extending out about thirty feet, the passengers crossing this bridge and then ascending the steps. The herring which form the raw material for the numerous sardine factories about Eastport, are caught in weirs made of poles and brushwood, which they enter on the flood or the beginning of the ebb, and in which they are captured at low-water.

What is the cause of the remarkable tides in the Bay of Fundy? I have not seen a scientific explanation of it attempted. Ask the old sea-captains familiar with the Bay, and they will tell you that its peculiar, trough-like shape, narrowing from the broad reach between Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, and the

coast of Maine, heaps up the waters it receives from this great arm of the ocean and thus produces the extraordinary tidal rise and fall. Certainly it is about the head, or rather heads, of the Bay, where it grows more narrow and trough-like, that the most phenomenal tidal manifestations occur. These head-waters being in themselves miniature bays of Fundy, would seem to bear out this simple theory—too simple perhaps for those who cannot realize that great ends are often the result of simple means. From the mouth of the Bay up there is a constant repetition of the tidal phenomena, but on a steadily growing scale. As we proceed up the Bay the difference between the levels of low and high water increases, until we reach Cobequid Bay, at the head of Minas Basin, with sixty square miles of mud-flats at low-water, and Moncton with a "bore" and a tidal rise and fall of seventy feet.

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

VI.

IT must have been a fortnight before we learned that Jeff Beech and Byron Truax had been reported missing. I say "we," but I do not know when Abner Beech came to hear about it. One of the hired girls had seen the farmer get up from his chair, with the newly arrived weekly *World* in his hand, walk over to where his wife sat, and direct her attention to a line of the print with his finger. Then, still in silence, he had gone over to the bookcase, opened the drawer where he kept his account-books, and locked the journal up therein.

We took it for granted that thus the elderly couple had learned the news about their son. They said so little nowadays, either to each other or to us, that we were driven to speculate upon their dumb-show, and find meanings for ourselves in their glances and actions. No one of us could imagine himself or herself venturing to mention Jeff's name in their hearing.

Down at the Corners, though, and all about our district, people talked of very little else. Antietam had given a bloody welcome to our little group of warriors. Ray Watkins and Lon Truax had been killed outright, and Ed Phillips was in the hospital, with the chances thought to be against him. Warner Pitts, our other hired man, had been wounded in the arm, but not seriously, and thereafter behaved with such conspicuous valor that it was said he was to be promoted from being a sergeant to a lieutenancy. All these things, however, paled in interest after the first few days before the fascinating mystery of what had become of Jeff and Byron. The loungers about the grocery-store evenings took sides as to the definition of "missing." Some said it meant being taken prisoners; but it was known that at Antietam the Rebels made next to no captives. Others held that "missing" soldiers were those who had been shot, and who crawled off somewhere in the woods out of sight to die. A lumberman from Juno Mills, who was up on a horse-trade, went so far as to broach still a third theory, viz., that "missing" soldiers were those who had run away under fire, and were ashamed to show their faces again. But this malicious suggestion could not, of course, be seriously considered.

Meanwhile, what little remained of the fall farm-work went on as if nothing had happened. The root-crops were dug, the fodder got in, and the late apples gathered. Abner had a cider-mill of his own, but we sold a much larger share of our winter apples than usual. Less manure was drawn out onto the fields than in other autumns, and it looked as if there was to be little or no fall ploughing. Abner

went about his tasks in a heavy, spiritless way these days, doggedly enough, but with none of his old-time vim. He no longer had pleasure even in abusing Lincoln and the War with Hurley. Not Antietam itself could have broken his nerve, but at least it silenced his tongue.

Warner Pitts came home on a furlough, with a fine new uniform, shoulder-straps and sword, and his arm in a sling. I say "home," but the only roof he had ever slept under in these parts was ours, and now he stayed as a guest at Squire Avery's house, and never came near our farm. He was a tall, brown-faced, sinewy fellow, with curly hair and a pushing manner. Although he had been only a hired man he now cut a great dash down at the Corners, with his shoulder-straps and his officer's cape. It was said that he had declined several invitations to husking-bees, and that when he left the service, at the end of his time, he had a place ready for him in some city as a clerk in a drygoods store—that is, of course, if he did not get to be colonel or general. From time to time he was seen walking out through the dry, rustling leaves with Squire Avery's oldest daughter.

This important military genius did not seem able, however, to throw much light upon the whereabouts of the two "missing" boys. From what I myself heard him say about the battle, and from what others reported of his talk, it seems that in the very early morning Hooker's line—a part of which consisted of Dearborn County men — moved forward through a big cornfield, the stalks of which were much higher than the soldiers' heads. When they came out, the rebels opened such a hideous fire of cannon and musketry upon them from the woods close by, that those who did not fall were glad to run back again into the corn for shelter. Thus all became confusion, and the men were so mixed up that there was no getting them together again. Some went one way, some another, through the tall corn-rows, and Warner Pitts could not remember having seen either Jeff or Byron at all after the march began. Parts of the regiment formed again out on the road toward the Dunker church, but other parts found themselves half a mile away among the fragments of a Michigan regiment, and a good many more were left lying in the fatal cornfield. Our boys had not been traced among the dead, but that did not prove that they were alive. And so we were no wiser than before.

Warner Pitts only nodded in a distant way to me when he saw me first, with a cool "Hello, youngster!" I expected that he would ask after the folks at the farm which had been so long his home, but he turned to talk with someone else, and said never a word. Once, some days afterward, he called out as I passed him, "How's the old Copperhead?" and the Avery girl who was with him laughed aloud, but I went on without answering. He was already down in my black-books, in company with pretty nearly every other human being roundabout.

This list of enemies was indeed so full that there were times when I felt like crying over my isolation. It may be guessed, then, how rejoiced I was one afternoon to see Ni Hagadorn squeeze his way through our orchard-bars, and saunter across under the trees to where I was at work sorting a heap of apples into barrels. I could have run to meet him, so grateful was the sight of any friendly, boyish face. The thought that perhaps after all he had not come to see me in particular, and that possibly he brought some news about Jeff, only flashed across my mind after I had smiled a broad welcome upon him, and he stood leaning against a barrel munching the biggest russet he had been able to pick out.

"Abner to home?" he asked, after a pause of neighborly silence. He hadn't come to see me after all.

"He's around the barns somewhere," I replied; adding, upon reflection, "Have you heard something fresh?"

Ni shook his sorrel head, and buried his teeth deep into the apple. "No, nothin'," he said, at last, with his mouth full, "only thought I'd come up an' talk it over with Abner."

The calm audacity of the proposition took my breath away. "He'll boot you off'm the place if you try it," I warned him.

But Ni did not scare easily. "Oh, no," he said, with light confidence, "me an' Abner's all right."

As if to put this assurance to the test, the figure of the farmer was at this moment visible, coming toward us down the orchard road. He was in his shirt-sleeves, with the limp, discolored old broad-brimmed felt hat he always wore pulled down over his eyes. Though he no longer held his head so proudly erect as I could remember it, there were still suggestions of great force and mastership in his broad shoulders and big beard, and in the solid, long-gaited manner of his walk. He carried a pitch-fork in his hand.

"Hello, Abner?" said Ni, as the farmer came up and halted, surveying each of us in turn with an impassive scrutiny.

"How 'r' ye!" returned Abner, with cold civility. I fancied he must be surprised to see the son of his enemy here, calmly gnawing his way through one of our apples, and acting as if the place belonged to him. But he gave no signs of astonishment, and after some words of direction to me concerning my work, started to move on again toward the barns.

Ni was not disposed to be thus cheated out of his conversation: "Seen Warner Pitts since he's got back?" he called out, and at this the farmer stopped and turned round. "You'd hardly know him now," the butcher's assistant went on, with cheerful briskness. "Why you'd think he'd never hoofed it over ploughed land in all his life. He's got his boots blacked up every day, an' his hair greased, an' a whole new suit of broadcloth, with shoulder-straps an' brass buttons, an' a sword — he brings it down to the Corners every evening, so't the boy sat the store can heft it—an' he's——"

"What do I care about all this?" broke in Abner. His voice was heavy, with a growling ground-note, and his eyes threw out an angry light under the shading hat-brim. "He can go to the devil, an' take his sword with him, for all o' me!"

Hostile as was his tone, the farmer did not again turn on his heel. Instead, he seemed to suspect that Ni had something more important to say, and looked him steadfastly in the face.

"That's what I say, too," replied Ni, lightly. "What's beat me is how such a fellow as that got to be an officer right from the word 'go!'—an' him the poorest shote in the whole lot. Now if it had a' ben Spencer Phillips I could understand it—or Bi Truax, or—or your Jeff—"

The farmer raised his fork menacingly, with a wrathful gesture. "Shet up!" he shouted; "shet up, I say! or I'll make ye!"

To my great amazement Ni was not at all affected by this demonstration. He leaned smilingly against the barrel, and picked out another apple—a spitzenberg this time.

"Now look-a here, Abner," he said, argumentatively, "what's the good o' gittin' mad? When I've had my say out, why, if you don't like it you needn't, an' nobody's a cent the wuss off. Of course, if you come down to hard-pan, it ain't none o' my business——"

"No," interjected Abner, in grim assent, "it ain't none o' your business!"

"But there is such a thing as being neighborly," Ni went on, undismayed, "an' meanin' things kindly, an' takin' 'em as they're meant."

"Yes, I know them kindly neighbors o' mine!" broke in the farmer with acrid irony, "I've summered 'em an' I've wintered 'em, an' the Lord deliver me from the whole caboodle of 'em! A meaner lot o' cusses never cumbered this footstool!"

"It takes all sorts o' people to make up a world," commented this freckled and sandy-headed young philosopher, testing the crimson skin of his apple with a tentative thumb-nail. "Now you ain't got anything in particular agin me, have you?"

"Nothin' except your breed," the farmer admitted. The frown with which he had been regarding Ni had softened just the least bit in the world.

"That don't count," said Ni, with easy confidence. "Why, what does breed amount to, anyway? You ought to be the last man alive to lug *that* in—you, who've up an' soured on your own breed—your own son Jeff!"

I looked to see Abner lift his fork

again, and perhaps go even further in his rage. Strangely enough, there crept into his sun-burnt, massive face, at the corners of the eyes and mouth, something like the beginnings of a puzzled smile. "You're a cheeky little cuss, anyway!" was his final comment. Then his expression hardened again. "Who put you up to comin' here, an' talkin' like this to me?" he demanded, sternly.

"Nobody—hope to die!" protested Ni. "It's all my own spec. It riled me to see you mopin' round up here all alone by yourself, not knowin' what'd become of Jeff, an' makin' b'lieve to yourself you didn't care, an' so givin' yourself away to the whole neighborhood."

"Damn the neighborhood!" said Abner, fervently.

"Well, they talk about the same of you," Ni proceeded, with an air of impartial candor. "But all that don't do you no good, an' don't do Jeff no good!"

"He made his own bed, and he must lay on it," said the farmer, with dogged firmness.

"I ain't sayin' he mustn't," remonstrated the other. "What I'm gittin' at is that you'd feel easier in your mind if you knew where that bed was—an' so'd M'rye!"

Abner lifted his head. "His mother feels jest as I do," he said. "He sneaked off behind our backs to jine Lincoln's nigger-worshippers, an' levy war on fellow-countrymen o' his'n who'd done him no harm, an' whatever happens to him it serves him right. I ain't much of a hand to lug in Scripter to back up my argyments—like some folks you know of—but my feelin' is: 'Whoso taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword!' An' so says his mother too!"

"Hm-m!" grunted Ni, with ostentatious incredulity. He bit into his apple, and there ensued a momentary silence. Then, as soon as he was able to speak, this astonishing boy said: "Guess I'll have a talk with M'rye about that herself."

The farmer's patience was running emptings. "No!" he said, severely, "I forbid ye! Don't ye dare say a word to her about it. She don't want to listen to ye—an' I don't know what's possessed *me* to stand round an' gab about my private affairs with you like this, either. I don't bear ye no ill-will. If fathers can't help the kind o' sons they bring up, why, still less can ye blame sons on account o' their fathers. But it ain't a thing I want to talk about any more, either now or any other time. That's all."

Abner put the fork over his shoulder, as a sign that he was going, and that the interview was at an end. But the persistent Ni had a last word to offer—and he left his barrel and walked over to the farmer.

"See here," he said, in more urgent tones than he had used before, "I'm goin' South, an' I'm goin' to find Jeff if it takes a leg! I don't know how much it'll cost—I've got a little of my own saved up—an' I thought p'r'aps—p'r'aps you'd like to——"

After a moment's thought the farmer shook his head. "No," he said, gravely, almost reluctantly. "It's agin my principles. You know me—Ni—you know I've never b'en a near man, let alone a mean man. An' ye know, too, that if Je— if that boy had behaved half-way decent, there ain't anything under the sun I wouldn't 'a' done for him. But this thing—I'm obleeged to ye for offrin—but—No! it's agin my principles. Still, I'm obleeged to ye. Fill your pockets with them spitzenbergs, if they taste good to ye."

With this Abner Beech turned and walked resolutely off.

Left alone with me, Ni threw away the half-eaten apple he had held in his hand. "I don't want any of his dummed old spitzenbergs," he said, pushing his foot into the heap of fruit on the ground, in a meditative way.

"Then you ain't agoin' South?" I queried.

"Yes I am!" he replied, with decision. "I can work my way somehow. Only don't you whisper a word about it to any livin' soul, d'ye mind!"

Two or three days after that we heard that Ni Hagadorn had left for unknown parts. Some said he had gone to enlist—it seems that, despite his youth and small stature in my eyes, he would have been acceptable to the enlistment standards of the day—but

the major opinion was that much dime-novel reading had inspired him with the notion of becoming a trapper in the mystic Far West.

I alone possessed the secret of his disappearance—unless, indeed, his sister knew—and no one will ever know what struggles I had to keep from confiding it to Hurley.

VII.

Soon the fine weather was at an end. One day it was soft and warm, with a tender blue haze over the distant woods and a sun like a blood-orange in the tranquil sky, and birds twittering about among the elders and sumac along the rail fences. And the next day everything was gray and lifeless and desolate, with fierce winds sweeping over the bare fields, and driving the cold rain in sheets before them.

Some people—among them Hurley—said it was the equinoctial that was upon us. Abner Beech ridiculed this, and proved by the dictionary that the equinoctial meant September 22d, whereas it was now well-nigh the end of October. The Irishman conceded that in books this might be so, but stuck wilfully to it that in practice the equinoctial came just before winter set in. After so long a period of saddened silence brooding over our household, it was quite a relief to hear the men argue this question of the weather.

Down at the Corners old farmers had wrangled over the identity of the equinoctial ever since I could remember. It was pretty generally agreed that each year along some time during the fall, there came a storm which was properly entitled to that name, but at this point harmony ended. Some insisted that it came before Indian Summer, some that it followed that season, and this was further complicated by the fact that no one was ever quite sure when it *was* Indian Summer. There were all sorts of rules for recognizing this delectable time of year, rules connected, I recall, with the opening of chestnut burrs, the movement of birds, and various other incidents in nature's great processional, but these rules rarely came right in our rough latitude, and sometimes never came at all—at least did not bring with them anything remotely resembling Indian Summer, but made our autumn one prolonged and miserable succession of storms. And then it was an especially trying trick to pick out the equinoctial from the lot—and even harder still to prove to sceptical neighbors that you were right.

Whatever this particular storm may have been it came too soon. Being so short-handed on the farm, we were much behind in the matter of drawing our produce to market. And now, after the first day or two of rain, the roads were things to shudder at. It was not so bad getting to and from the Corners, for Agrippa Hill had a gravel formation, but beyond the Corners, whichever way one went over the bottom lands of the Nedahma Valley, it was a matter of lashing the panting teams through seas of mud punctuated by abyssmal pitch-holes, into which the wheels slumped over their hubs, and quite generally stuck till they were pried out with fence-rails.

Abner Beech was exceptionally tender in his treatment of live-stock. The only occasion I ever heard of on which he was tempted into using his big fists upon a fellow-creature, was once, long before my time, when one of his hired-men struck a refractory cow over its haunches with a shovel. He knocked this man clear through the stanchions. Often Jeff and I used to feel that he carried his solicitude for horse-flesh too far—particularly when we wanted to drive down to the creek for a summer evening swim, and he thought the teams were too tired.

So now he would not let us hitch up and drive into Octavius with even the lightest loads, on account of the horses. It would be better to wait, he said, until there was sledding; then we could slip in in no time. He pretended that all the signs this year pointed to an early winter.

The result was that we were more than ever shut off from news of the outer world. The weekly paper which came to us was full, I remember, of political arguments and speeches—for a

Congress and Governor were to be elected a few weeks hence—but there were next to no tidings from the front. The war, in fact, seemed to have almost stopped altogether, and this paper spoke of it as a confessed failure. Farmer Beech and Hurley, of course, took the same view, and their remarks quite prepared me from day to day to hear that peace had been concluded.

But down at the Corners a strikingly different spirit reigned. It quite surprised me, I know, when I went down on occasion for odds and ends of groceries which the bad roads prevented us from getting in town, to discover that the talk there was all in favor of having a great deal more war than ever.

This store at the Corners was also the post-office, and, more important still, it served as a general rallying place for the men-folks of the neighborhood after supper. Lee Watkins, who kept it, would rather have missed a meal of victuals any day than not to have had the "boys" come in of an evening, and sit or lounge around discussing the situation. Many of them were very old boys now, garrulous seniors who remembered "Matty" Van Buren, as they called him, and told weird stories of the Anti-Masonry days. These had the well-worn arm-chairs nearest the stove, in cold weather, and spat tobacco-juice on its hottest parts with a precision born of long-time experience. The younger fellows accommodated themselves about the outer circle, squatting on boxes, or with one leg over a barrel, sampling the sugar and crackers and raisins in an absent-minded way each evening, till Mrs. Watkins came out and put the covers on. She was a stout, peevish woman in bloomers, and they said that her husband, Lee, couldn't have run the post-office for twenty-four hours if it hadn't been for her. We understood that she was a Woman's Rights' woman, which some held was much the same as believing in Free Love. All that was certain, however, was that she did not believe in free lunches out of her husband's barrels and cases.

The chief flaw in this village parliament was the absence of an opposition. Among all the accustomed assemblage of men who sat about, their hats well back on their heads, their mouths full of strong language and tobacco, there was none to disagree upon any essential feature of the situation with the others. To secure even the merest semblance of variety, those whose instincts were cross-grained had to go out of their way to pick up trifling points of difference, and the arguments over these had to be spun out with the greatest possible care, to be kept going at all. I should fancy, however, that this apparent concord only served to keep before their minds, with added persistency, the fact that there *was* an opposition, nursing its heretical wrath in solitude up on the Beech farm. At all events, I seemed never to go into the grocery of a night without hearing bitter remarks, or even curses, levelled at our household.

It was from these casual visits—standing about on the outskirts of the gathering, beyond the feeble ring of light thrown out by the kerosene lamp on the counter—that I learned how deeply the Corners were opposed to peace. It appeared from the talk here that there was something very like treason at the front. The victory at Antietam—so dearly bought with the blood of our own people—had been, they said, of worse than no use at all. The defeated Rebels had been allowed to take their own time in crossing the Potomac comfortably. They had not been pursued or molested since, and the Corners could only account for this on the theory of treachery at Union head-quarters. Some only hinted guardedly at this. Others declared openly that the North was being sold out by its own generals. As for old "Jee" Hagadorn, who came in almost every night, and monopolized the talking all the while he was present, he made no bones of denouncing McClellan and Porter as traitors who must be hanged.

He comes before me as I write—his thin form quivering with excitement, the red stubbly hair standing up all round his drawn and livid face, his knuckles rapping out one fierce point after another on the candle-box, as he filled the hot little room with angry declamation. "Go it Jee"! "Give 'em Hell"! "Hangin's too good for 'em!"

his auditors used to exclaim in encouragement, whenever he paused for breath, and then he would start off again still more furiously, till he had to gasp after every word, and screamed "Lincoln-ah!" "Lee-ah!" "Antietam-ah!" and so on, into our perturbed ears. Then I would go home, recalling how he had formerly shouted about "Adam-ah!" and "Eve-ah!" in church, and marvelling that he had never worked himself into a fit, or broken a blood-vessel.

So between what Abner and Hurley said on the farm, and what was proclaimed at the Corners, it was pretty hard to figure out whether the war was going to stop, or go on much worse than ever.

Things were still in this doubtful state, when election Tuesday came round. I had not known or thought about it, until, at the breakfast-table Abner said that he guessed he and Hurley would go down and vote before dinner. He had some days before secured a package of ballots from the organization of his party at Octavius, and these he now took from one of the bookcase drawers, and divided between himself and Hurley.

"They won't be much use, I dessay, peddlin' 'em at the polls," he said, with a grim momentary smile, "but, by the Eternal, we'll vote 'em!"

"As many of 'em as they'll be allowin' us," added Hurley, in chuckling qualification.

They were very pretty tickets in those days, with marbled and plaided backs in brilliant colors, and spreading eagles in front, over the printed captions. In other years I had shared with the urchins of the neighborhood the excitement of scrambling for a share of these ballots, after they had been counted, and tossed out of the boxes. The conditions did not seem to be favorable for a repetition of that this year, and apparently this occurred to Abner, for of his own accord he handed me over some dozen of the little packets, each tied with a thread, and labelled, "State," "Congressional," "Judiciary," and the like. He, moreover, consented — the morning chores being out of the way — that I should accompany them to the Corners. The ground had frozen stiff overnight, and the road lay in hard uncompromising ridges between the tracks of yesterday's wheels. The two men swung along down the hill ahead of me, with resolute strides and their heads proudly thrown back, as if they had been going into battle. I shuffled on behind in my new boots, also much excited. The day was cold and raw.

The polls were fixed up in a little building next to the post-office—a one-story frame structure where Lee Watkins kept his bob-sleigh and oil barrels, as a rule. These had been cleared out into the yard, and a table and some chairs put in in their place. A pane of glass had been taken out of the window. Through this aperture the voters, each in his turn, passed their ballots, to be placed by the inspectors in the several boxes ranged along the window-sill inside. A dozen or more men, mainly in army overcoats, stood about on the sidewalk or in the road outside, stamping their feet for warmth, and slapping their shoulders with their hands, between the fingers of which they held little packets of tickets like mine—that is to say, they were like mine in form and brilliancy of color, but I knew well enough that there the resemblance ended abruptly. A yard or so from the window two posts had been driven into the ground, with a board nailed across to prevent undue crowding.

Abner and Hurley marched up to the polls without a word to anyone, or any sign of recognition from the bystanders. Their appearance, however, visibly awakened the interest of the Corners, and several young fellows who were standing on the grocery steps sauntered over in their wake to see what was going on. These, with the ticket-pedlers, crowded up close to the window now, behind our two men.

"Abner Beech!" called the farmer through the open pane, in a defiant voice. Standing on tiptoe, I could just see the heads of some men inside, apparently looking through the election books. No questions were asked, and in a minute or so Abner had voted and stood aside a little, to make room for his companion.

"Timothy Joseph Hurley!" shouted our hired man, standing on his toes to

make himself taller, and squaring his weazened shoulders.

"Got your naturalization papers?" came out a sharp, gruff inquiry through the window-sash.

"That I have!" said the Irishman, wagging his head in satisfaction at having foreseen this trick, and winking blandly into the wall of stolid, hostile faces encircling him. "That I have!"

He drew forth an old and crumpled envelope, from his breast-pocket, and extracted some papers from its ragged folds which he passed through to the inspector. The latter just cast his eye over the documents and handed them back.

"Them ain't no good!" he said, curtly.

"What's that you're saying?" cried the Irishman. "Sure I've voted on thim same papers every year since 1856, an' niver a man gainsaid me. No good, is it? Huh!"

"Why ain't they no good?" boomed in Abner Beech's deep, angry voice. He had moved back to the window.

"Because they ain't, that's enough!" returned the inspector. "Don't block up the window, there! Others want to vote!"

"I'll have the law on yez!" shouted Hurley. "I'll swear me vote in! I'll —I'll——"

"Aw, shut up, you Mick!" someone called out close by, and then there rose another voice farther back in the group: "Don't let him vote! One Copperhead's enough in Agrippa!"

"I'll have the law—" I heard Hurley begin again, at the top of his voice, and Abner roared out something I could not catch. Then as in a flash the whole cluster of men became one confused whirling tangle of arms and legs, sprawling and wrestling on the ground, and from it rising the repellent sound of blows upon flesh, and a discordant chorus of grunts and curses. Big chunks of icy mud flew through the air, kicked up by the boots of the men as they struggled. I saw the two posts with the board weave under the strain, then give way, some of the embattled group tumbling over them as they fell. It was wholly impossible to guess who was who in this writhing and tossing mass of fighters. I danced up and down in a frenzy of excitement, watching this wild spectacle, and, so I was told years afterward, screaming with all my might and main.

Then all at once there was a mighty upheaval, and a big man half-scrambled, half-hurled himself to his feet. It was Abner, who had wrenched one of the posts bodily from under the others, and swung it now high in air. Some one clutched it, and for the moment stayed its descent, yelling, meanwhile, "Look out! Look out!" as though life itself depended on the volume of his voice.

The ground cleared itself as if by magic. On the instant there was only Abner standing there with the post in his hands, and little Hurley beside him, the lower part of his face covered with blood, and his coat torn half from his back. The others had drawn off, and formed a semicircle just out of reach of the stake, like farm-dogs round a wounded bear at bay. Two or three of them had blood about their heads and necks.

There were cries of, "Kill him!" and it was said afterward that Roselle Upman drew a pistol, but if he did others dissuaded him from using it. Abner stood with his back to the building, breathing hard, and a good deal covered with mud, but eying the crowd with a masterful ferocity, and from time to time shifting his hands to get a new grip on that tremendous weapon of his. He said not a word.

The Irishman, after a moment's hesitation, wiped some of the blood from his mouth and jaw, and turned to the window again. "Timothy Joseph Hurley!" he shouted in, defiantly.

This time another inspector came to the front—the owner of the tanyard over on the Dutch road, and a man of importance in the district. Evidently there had been a discussion inside.

"We will take your vote if you want to swear it in," he said, in a pacific tone, and though there were some dissenting cries from the crowd without, he read the oath, and Hurley mumbled it after him.

Then, with some difficulty, he sorted out from his pocket some torn and mud-stained packets of tickets, picked the cleanest out from each, and voted

them — all with a fine air of unconcern.

Abner Beech marched out behind him now with a resolute clutch on the stake. The crowd made reluctant way for them, not without a good many truculent remarks, but with no offer of actual violence. Some of the more boisterous ones, led by Roselle Upman, were for following them, and renewing the encounter beyond the Corners. But this, too, came to nothing, and when I at last ventured to cross the road and join Abner and Hurley, even the cries of "Copperhead" had died away.

The sun had come out, and the frosty ruts had softened to stickiness. The men's heavy boots picked up whole sections of plastic earth as they walked in the middle of the road up the hill.

"What's the matter with your mouth?" asked Abner at last, casting a sidelong glance at his companion. "It's be'n a-bleedin'."

Hurley passed an investigating hand carefully over the lower part of his face, looked at his reddened fingers, and laughed aloud.

"I'd a fine grand bite at the ear of one of them," he said, in explanation. "'Tis no blood o' mine."

Abner knitted his brows. "That ain't the way we fight in this country," he said, in tones of displeasure. "Bitin' men's ears ain't no civilized way of behavin'."

"'Twas not much of a day for civilization," remarked Hurley, lightly; and there was no further conversation on our homeward tramp.

VIII.

The election had been on Tuesday, November 4th. Our paper, containing the news of the result, was to be expected at the Corners on Friday morning. But long before that date we had learned—I think it was Hurley who found it out—that the Abolitionists had actually been beaten in our Congressional district. It was so amazing a thing that Abner could scarcely credit it, but it was apparently beyond dispute. For that matter, one hardly needed further evidence than the dejected way in which Philo Andrews and Myron Pierce and other followers of "Jee" Hagadorn hung their heads as they drove past our place.

Of course it had all been done by the vote in the big town of Tecumseh, way at the other end of the district, and by those towns surrounding it where the Mohawk Dutch were still very numerous. But this did not at all lessen the exhilaration with which the discovery that the Radicals of our own Dearborn County had been snowed under, filled our breasts. Was it not wonderful to think of, that these heroes of remote Adams and Jay Counties should have been at work redeeming the district on the very day when the two votes of our farm marked the almost despairing low-water mark of the cause in Agrippa?

Abner could hardly keep his feet down on the ground or floor when he walked, so powerfully did the tidings of this achievement thrill his veins. He said the springs of his knees kept jerking upward, so that he wanted to kick and dance all the while. Janey Wilcox, who, though a meek and silent girl, was a wildly bitter partisan, was all eagerness to light a bonfire out on the knoll in front of the house Thursday night, so that every mother's son of them down at the Corners might see it, but Abner thought it would be better to wait until we had the printed facts before us.

I could hardly wait to finish breakfast Friday morning, so great was my zeal to be off to the post-office. It was indeed not altogether daylight when I started at quick step down the hill. Yet, early as I was, there were some twenty people inside Lee Watkins's store when I arrived, all standing clustered about the high square row of glass-faced pigeon-holes reared on the farther end of the counter, behind which could be seen Lee and his sour-faced wife sorting over the mail by lamp-light. "Jee" Hagadorn was in this group and Squire Avery, and most of the other prominent citizens of the neighborhood. All were deeply restless.

Every minute or two some one of them would shout: "Come, Lee, give us out one of the papers, anyway!" But for some reason Mrs. Watkins was

inexorable. Her pursed-up lips and resolute expression told us plainly that none would be served till all were sorted. So the impatient waiters bided their time under protest, exchanging splenetic remarks under their breath. We must have stood there three-quarters of an hour.

At last Mrs. Watkins wiped her hands on the apron over her bloomers. Everybody knew the signal, and on the instant a dozen arms were stretched vehemently toward Lee, struggling for precedence. In another moment wrappers had been ripped off and sheets flung open. Then the store was alive with excited voices. "Yes, sir! It's true! The Copperheads have won!" "*Tribune* concedes Seymour's election!" "We're beaten in the district by less'n a hundred!" "Good-by, human liberty!" "Now we know how Lazarus felt when he was licked by the dogs!" and so on—a stormy warfare of wrathful ejaculations.

In my turn I crowded up, and held out my hand for the paper I saw in the box. Lee Watkins recognized me, and took the paper out to deliver to me. But at the same moment his wife, who had been hastily scanning the columns of some other journal, looked up and also saw who I was. With a lightning gesture she threw out her hand, snatched our *World* from her husband's grasp, and threw it spitefully under the counter.

"There ain't nothing for *you!*" she snapped at me. "Pesky Copperhead rag!" she muttered to herself.

Although I had plainly seen the familiar wrapper, and understood her action well enough, it never occurred to me to argue the question with Mrs. Watkins. Her bustling, determined demeanor, perhaps also her bloomers, had always filled me with awe. I hung about for a time, avoiding her range of vision, until she went out into her kitchen. Then I spoke with resolution to Lee:

"If you don't give me that paper," I said, "I'll tell Abner, an' he'll make you sweat for it!"

The postmaster stole a cautious glance kitchenward. Then he made a swift, diving movement under the counter, and furtively thrust the paper out at me.

"Scoot!" he said, briefly, and I obeyed him.

Abner was simply wild with bewildered delight over what this paper had to tell him. Even my narrative about Mrs. Watkins, which ordinarily would have thrown him into transports of rage, provoked only a passing sniff. "They've only got two more years to hold that post-office," was his only remark upon it.

Hurley and Janey Wilcox and even the Underwood girl came in, and listened to Abner reading out the news. He shirked nothing, but waded manfully through long tables of figures and meaningless catalogues of counties in other States, the names of which he scarcely knew how to pronounce: "'Five-hundred and thirty-one townships in Wisconsin give Brown 21,409, Smith 16,329, Ferguson 802, a Republican loss of 26.' Do you see that, Hurley? It's everywhere the same." "'Kalapoosas County elects Republican Sheriff for first time in history of party.' That isn't so good, but it's only one out of ten thousand." "'Four-hundred-and-six townships in New Hampshire show a net Democratic loss of—' pshaw! there ain't nothing in that! Wait till the other towns are heard from!"

So Abner read on and on, slapping his thigh with his free hand whenever anything specially good turned up. And there was a great deal that we felt to be good. The State had been carried. Besides our Congressman, many others had been elected in unlooked-for places—so much so that the paper held out the hope that Congress itself might be ours. Of course Abner at once talked as if it were already ours. Resting between paragraphs, he told Hurley and the others that this settled it. The war must now surely be abandoned, and the seceding States invited to return to the Union on terms honorable to both sides.

Hurley had assented with acquiescent nods to everything else. He seemed to have a reservation on this last point. "An' what if they won't come?" he asked.

"Let 'em stay out, then," replied Abner, dogmatically. "This war—this wicked war between brothers—must stop. That's the meaning of Tuesday's votes. What did you and I go down to the Corners and cast our ballots for?—why, for peace!"

"Well, somebody else got my share of it, then," remarked Hurley, with a rueful chuckle.

Abner was too intent upon his theme to notice. "Yes, peace!" he repeated, in the deep vibrating tones of his class-meeting manner. "Why, just think what's been a-goin' on! Great armies raised, hundreds of thousands of honest men taken from their work an' set to murderin' each other, whole deestricks of country torn up by the roots, homes desolated, the land filled with widows an' orphans, an' every house a house of mournin'."

Mrs. Beech had been sitting, with her mending-basket on her knee, listening to her husband like the rest of us. She shot to her feet now as these last words of his quivered in the air, paying no heed to the basket or its scattered contents on the floor, but putting her apron to her eyes, and making her way thus past us, half-blindly, into her bedroom. I thought I heard the sound of a sob as she closed the door.

That the stately, proud, self-contained mistress of our household should act like this before us all was even more surprising than Seymour's election. We stared at one another in silent astonishment.

"M'rye ain't feelin' over 'n' above well," Abner said at last, apologetically. "You girls ought to spare her all you kin."

One could see, however, that he was as puzzled as the rest of us. He rose to his feet, walked over to the stove, rubbed his boot meditatively against the hearth for a minute or two, then came back again to the table. It was with a visible effort that he finally shook off this mood, and forced a smile to his lips.

"Well, Janey," he said, with an effort at briskness, "ye kin go ahead with your bonfire, now. I guess I've got some old bar'ls for ye over 'n' the cowbarn."

But having said this, he turned abruptly and followed his wife into the little chamber off the living-room.

(To be continued.)

A BIRTHDAY IN AUTUMN.

By Annie Fields.

Sounds from the sands that front the eastern sky
Mingle their voices with the crisping leaves,
And tell me that the happy month is nigh
Where, in the sight of nature, nature grieves;
But for the seeing eye a garland weaves
Twined heavy with gay fruits and flowers, and kissed
By light more purple than fine amethyst
Born of the seas, even while earth's bosom heaves
With sighs at parting summer's loveliness.
In this strange month, of gladness wast thou born,
And ever as 'twere harvest-time dost bless
With thy rich love the needy and forlorn;
Giving thy treasures against winter's stress,
And singing, bird-like, leaning on a thorn.

A LETTER TO SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.

By Andrew Lang.

[For a new Edition of Letters to Dead Authors.*]

Honoured Sir: It was the saying of a wise man, though a young one, that we do all of us travel through life with a donkey. You kept your donkey in a stable very private. The charger dwelt in that noted Diary of yours, a journal written in cipher, which has now for many years been transcribed in plain hand, and given to the world. Mr. Pepys, do not, I pray you, blush so fiery a red; not *all* the Diary hath yet been made public, and the world is still a stranger to many of those most private confidences between your donkey and yourself. Matters there be which I could mention, an' I would, but I write for a generation in which they who read not are very modest, and will raise a cry against you and me, if I keep not a bridle on my pen. The record of a whole day in the sad story of Deb is omitted, concerning Knip and Pierce, and *a certain other lady* (oh fie, Mr. Pepys!) the world knows no more than the worthy minister, your editor, chose to tell it.

You, sir, of all men, have been, thanks to the companion of which I spoke, your own Boswell. You know James well, I make no doubt, and have spoken with him and Dr. Johnson, ere now, concerning the *Deuteroskopia*, or Second Sight of the Highlanders. It was a topic, you remember, whereon my Lord Reay corresponded with you, giving several singular instances, as that, a woman having foretold a certain man would be hanged, hanged he was, though once "enjoying the repute of an honest man." Give me leave to break off in what I had to say of Mr. Boswell of Auchinleck, that I may mention a curious little circumstance. To another I would not speak of this, but Mr. Pepys is curious. Mr. Pepys loves an old book, a rare book, a grave, innocent book, as well as "a roguish French book." Of late I have busied myself to publish again "The Secret Commonwealth" of the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, written by him in 1691. Some other curious person printed one hundred copies of this treatise on "The Second Sight," in 1815; but the learned believed that there was a printed edition of 1691. No copy thereof could be found in any of our libraries, and now I surmise, from my Lord Reay's letter to you, that it never was printed before 1815. For his lordship says, in 1699: "I have got a manuscript, since I last came to Scotland, whose author, though a parson, does, after giving a very full account of the Second Sight, defend there being no sin in it." This is the precise argument of Mr. Kirk, "a parson," whose book, it seems, was still in manuscript. But my lord appears to think that, in 1699, he is yet alive, whereas his neighbors declared that he was carried off by the Daoine Shie, or People of Peace, in 1692. My Lord Clarendon and Dr. Hickes also corresponded with you, but I gather, from your courteous replies, that you thought "the discourse well writ, in good style, but not very convincing," as you say concerning Dr. Glanvil's tale of "The Demon Drummer of Tedworth." But whether my Lord Reay wrote concerning Mr. Kirk, or not, I am not yet confirmed. My Lord promised to send you the manuscript, which I have vainly inquired for among your treasures at Magdalene College. Perchance my Lord Reay had in his mind the treatise of Mr. Frazer, the parson of Coll and Tiree (1707).

Pardon this divagation into affairs which amused both your own curiosity and that of Dr. Johnson, to whom I now return. His friend, Mr. Boswell, as you know, wrote the life of that great and good man; no better life hath ever been penned. But it cannot have escaped

*To a forthcoming new American edition of his well-known "Letters to Dead Authors," Mr. Andrew Lang has added four Letters—to Homer, to John Knox, to the Reverend Increase Mather, and to Samuel Pepys, Esq.,—of which only the last-named (here given) will appear elsewhere than in the book.

your penetration that Mr. Boswell is something of an ass. I speak it lovingly, for, in part by virtue of his asinine qualities, combined with others, he told tales of himself and his friend such as another would not have narrated. You, too, Mr. Pepys, when you ran to your journal, fell into the mood of Mr. Boswell, therefore it is that we know in you two different men, the Mr. Pepys of the Diary; vain, jealous, of a marvellous poor spirit, a pillar of theatres and taverns; and the Mr. Pepys of the Admiralty, a patriot, a great man of affairs, and to a foolish and unhappy king, a servant as loyal as Dundee. The Mr. Pepys who was Evelyn's friend, who was President of the Royal Society, who remade the glorious English navy, and raised it from its shame; the Mr. Pepys whose "greatness in death was answerable to the greatness of his life," is, alas! forgotten by all but the learned. The Mr. Pepys who was affrighted by his young gibcat, which he "took for a sprite;" the Mr. Pepys who joyed in a new coat; who was so proud of being addressed as "Esquire;" who stinted his wife in clothes and pleasure, while he went brave and joyous himself; the Mr. Pepys who courted Knip, and made love to Deb, and took vows and broke them, and had his bellyful of Magdalene beer—that naughty, roguish Mr. Pepys is known, and loved, and read by all men who read at all.

Of bedside books, sir, which may send a man happily to sleep, with a smile on his lips, your egregious Diary is by far the best and dearest. Compared with you, Montaigne is dry, Boswell is too full of matter; but one can take you up anywhere, and anywhere lay you down, certain of being diverted by the picture of that companion with whom you made your journey through life. Unlike to that which St. Francis spoke of himself, thou wert *not* "too hard on thy brother, the Ass," rather treating him as one who loved him. Whether you are digging up your treasure, so openly and palpably buried at midday by Mrs. Pepys, or hunting for that other treasure in the tower which you did not find, or boxing the boy Eliezer's ears for spilling the beer over your papers, or going—yourself a boy—to see your king murdered, or meeting Mr. James Sharpe, later murdered himself as our Archbishop, on the voyage to bring back the second Charles, or "in an ill humour of anger with your wife to bed," you are perpetually the most amusing of gossips, and, of all who have gossiped about themselves, the only one who tells the truth. You have such an appetite for life that to read you almost makes a sated student hungry again. There is absolutely no experience but you get some kind of delight in it, keeping the anniversary of that cruel operation which preserved Mr. Pepys to a grateful country. "A flagon of ale and apples drunk out of a wooden cup," lives forever, and "makes all merry" still, because you tasted it and recorded it.

To see an old play over again delights you, "which is the pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory." That is also the pleasure of not committing your Diary to our memories; your deeds and misdeeds, your dinners and kisses, glide from our recollections, and, being read again, surprise and amuse us afresh. *Decies repetita placebit*, that *fabula, de te*. In church, Mr. Pepys, however dull the Scot's sermon may be, *you* are never dull. There is generally a pretty face to stare at, a pretty hand to squeeze, while you present it with a hymn-book. Only once we read, in church-time, "not a handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse upon our parish, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said." But what a blunder that was when you "took another pretty woman for Betty Michell, and taking her a clap on the"—back, found out your mistake; Mr. Pepys, was this a gallant and ordinary form of salutation, when "good King Charles" (as my Lord Ailesbury lovingly styles him) was our ruler? And with what face can you blame the Court and praise the Puritans, you who are such a runagate and outlier? Why, you were in love with half of King Charles's beauties, though "my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart either, as in this plain, natural dress." Yet to a plain, natural dress, as far as you dared, you restricted your wife, poor

wretch, scolding and bullying her for some tiny female extravaganco in a pair of cheap earrings. This is what we like least in you, sir. You had an open hand for your own pleasures; why so surly, then, with Mrs. Pepys? Your hand was open for presents, too, and in our day, though you were indifferent honest in your own, we think you sailed very near the wind in the matter of bribery. But other times, other manners, you did not buy the King bad bargains, if you took a trifling toll by the way. If you loved pleasure, and a pretty maid, and oysters, and ale, and the play, you loved books, too, and wisely; "they were growing numerous and lying one upon another on my chairs," to which trouble, sir, your humble and obliged servant is also a martyr. Indeed, what did you not like—pictures, scientific instruments, ruling your account books, "a song in the garden with your wife and the girl," "flinging fireworks, and mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot till most of us were like devils." Simple enjoyments were these. A grave official dresses as a maid, his maid as a boy, Mrs. Pepys and Peggy Pen put on periwigs, they all dance a jig; "thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry, and then parted and to bed."

The Plague comes, and you cling to your work like a hero; the Fire comes, the Dutch come, the wild westland Whigs march on Edinburgh; young cornets mimic the Scotch covenanting preachers for the entertainment of the Archbishop of Canterbury; gamblers crowd Whitehall; the Restoration rushes to its ruin; through it all you look on, now with a sigh, now with a laugh; you do your duty manfully, you take your fling like a man; you are wicked, you are found out, you crouch and shiver and repent; you are cowardly, mean, and you know it; generous, daring in your way, all by turns, and every turn you note down as calmly as if you were speaking of a stranger. And it really is of a stranger you speak, of some one who is not the official, sedate Mr. Pepys, but the lively, indiscreet animal, in whose society he marches through revolution, restoration, revolution again, 'and so to bed" at last, full of years and honours.

By you, when you reached the land, the awful land where nothing is forgotten, where all our lives lie open to us like a book, perhaps there was little of lost to be recovered. All was written down too distinctly in these ciphered pages, the only pages among the books of the world which show us a character as it really was. It were unchristian to judge you; priggish and foolish to despise you; to admire you is not very easy; but, dear Mr. Pepys, we all truly love you, and what better price can you be paid for the ciphering that so harmed your eyesight? A sad sorrow to you, sir, but even a greater trouble to ourselves. You should have kept that journal your whole life long, and told us of that shameful Popish Plot, wherein you were so wickedly handled; of lying Shaftesbury, and his tattle about your crucifix; of King Charles's death; of Monmouth's rising; of that ill Revolution where James, who was brave as Duke of York, lost his heart as King, and fled; though "a wave of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee" might have dispelled the traitors and sent Marlborough packing after Sunderland. What a chronicle we have lost, what a veracious recorder was spoiled by that malady of your eyesight; how your penitence, which makes us smile while your wife lived to threaten you with the tongs, would have made us weep when she was no more living to be sinned against!

The pearl necklace which you gave (cost you £64) yet adorns a great-great-great-granddaughter of your plain sister, Pal; and your family treasures the silver-gilt flagon which was presented to Mr. Pepys by King James. How our toys do outlast us, bringing living men close to the famous dead, and the fallen dynasty!

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

IX.

SIX months ago an astonishing piece of news was revealed to me. Astonishing at least to me, though Josephine says that I need not have been astonished had I kept my eyes open, inasmuch as the affair was going on under my very nose, and everybody in town except myself knew how it was likely to end. I refer to my daughter Josie's engagement.

Yesterday I gave her away—a euphemistic way of stating that she was torn from my arms—to a young man of whom I know next to nothing, though I hear on all sides that he is a very nice fellow, which might mean that he is utterly without principle and an easy-going, idle, selfish hound. In appearance he does not seem to me to differ from nine-tenths of the young men who in the course of the last five years have said, "How d'y do?" or "Good-by" to me (rarely more or less) when they have run across me in my own drawing-room. My wife declares that he has a spiritual face, and that he reminds her of me at the same age, which I regard as an ingenious attempt to prepossess me in his favor. She has informed me also that Josie is over head and ears in love with him and he with Josie, a predicament on his part which I am not surprised at; and I suppose that I am bound to admit that my daughter is justified in her infatuation for him, if he resembles me at thirty.

Plainly, I have become an old cynic by reason of the loss of my dear Josie. I realize that I have been like a bear with a sore head ever since the ceremony. As for Josephine she has been mooning about the house all day in a state of chronic tearfulness. The responsibility of the bride's appearance, and of the wedding collation kept her nerved until everything was over. Last evening she collapsed and fell asleep in my arms sobbing like a child.

His name is James Perkins. I have been doing my best for several months to call him "Jim," as everybody else does, instead of "James," or "Perkins," and yesterday I succeeded twice in doing so. I had had three glasses of champagne. He is an architect, and I understand from Josie that he has already made his mark in the erection of a church, two school-houses, and a town-hall in the suburbs, which I have promised her to go and see. It seems that a week before he had the impertinence to offer himself to her he received word that his plans for a vast railroad station in one of the large Western cities had been accepted. But for this untoward circumstance my dear Josie would still be the light of my house, and I should not be gnawing at my mustache in the throes of misanthropy.

"Yesterday I gave her away."

Jim is slight and not very tall, and he does not look especially strong. They tell me that he has worked very hard, and that he has won his way purely by his own energy and talent. He does not smoke, which rather prejudiced me against him, in spite of the fact that I believe we should all be the healthier if we did not use tobacco. This, as Josephine would say, only shows what an inconsistent creature I am. And I a philosopher too! But I said at the outset that I was not a real philosopher. Josie met James—I beg his pardon, Jim—at her coming-out party, and it seems that he fell in love with her at first sight. If, now, somebody had fallen in love at first sight with my sister-in-law, Julia, how much more satisfactory it would have been all round. But that is the way of the world; Julia was overlooked and my girl taken, to my miserable discomfiture. Jim was one of the youths without fathers and mothers whom you see at every large entertainment. That is to say, my wife had never heard of his father and mother at the time she invited him, though they prove to have been very respectable people. Indeed, we were all of us struck by the dignified appearance which his family as a whole presented at the wedding. Alas! I realize already that when I have got used to the idea that anybody is to have her, I shall be thoroughly happy in the thought that I have given her away to such a decent fellow, a man with self-respect and principles, a man of industry and capacity, and one, too, who is ready to drink his glass of champagne like the rest of the world—although he does not smoke. I have let my grudge have free scope, and all I have been able to rake up against him is that he shakes his head when I offer him a pipe or a cigar. In my secret soul I am egregiously proud of him already, and but for my wounded sensibilities I could dance with joy over the reflection that he is likely to make her perfectly happy. And yet all this talk of marrying and giving in marriage has broken my spirit.

"Since it had to be some one," I said by way of consolation to Josephine when we awoke this morning, "it's extremely fortunate that she did not fall in love with a dashing soldier, who would carry her off to a barracks on the frontier of a Sioux reservation, or a swashing sailor, who would leave her at home while he went on long cruises, or a splendid-looking creature, with a sonorous voice, who would drink himself into his grave or else make her miserable by devoting himself to another woman. Some of the nicest fellows I ever knew have made their wives thoroughly wretched. When you think that there really isn't anything very wonderful to look at about—er—Jim, that is, anything to appeal especially to the romantic side of a girl, I think it's very greatly to Josie's credit that she should have chosen him. Many girls might have overlooked his solid attractions and gone in for a Jim dandy of a chap who wasn't worth his salt."

My wife looked a little blank over this philosophic statement, then she glanced up at me with a roguish smile and said: "You seem to forget, dear, that I accepted you."

"True enough," I answered, merrily. "I dare say I wasn't a trifle less common-place looking than son-in-law. Besides, we both have spiritual faces."

"You should give me and Josie credit for being able to see below the surface," said my darling, fondly. "A soldier or a sailor, or a splendid-looking creature such as you describe, is delightful at a party; but gold buttons, or even a very handsome mustache, don't go far nowadays toward blinding a sensible girl to the fact that she will have to pass all her days with the man she chooses. You know, dear, that you and I have never believed that marriage is a lottery. We were sure of each other beforehand. So are Josie and Jim."

"Thank God that it is so; and may he, darling, grant them such happiness as he has given us."

"Amen! And, Fred, he—James" (Josephine prefers to call him James; she thinks Jim undignified) "is not really homely. He isn't an Adonis, of course, and doesn't impress one especially at first glance, but anyone who looks at him twice can see that he is very intelligent, and that he has the ap-

pearance of a gentleman." "Right you are, my dear. Perhaps I was unconsciously comparing him with the young man whom I met strolling with your other daughter not many days ago."

"With Winona? When?" She asked with a start.

"About dusk."

"No, no, on what day?"

"Let me see. It must have been a week ago yesterday."

"Who was he? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"He was tall, handsome, and impressive-looking," I replied, with quiet deliberation.

"What *do* you mean, Fred? How slow you are. Do go on."

"As to telling you before, I thought it best to wait until you had one of your girls off your mind. As to being slow, I have told you all there is to tell already. I met Winona about dusk a week ago yesterday in the company of a tall, handsome, impressive-looking young man whom I had never seen in my life. I don't know where they were going or where they came from or what it meant. I hope to see him again so as to say to him, 'Young man, beware; I have lost one daughter, and I am in no mood to be trifled with.' I dare say," I continued, nonchalantly, "that if you were to keep your eyes open you would be able to see what is evidently going on under your very nose, my dear."

Josephine did not heed this taunt; she was thinking hard.

"I wonder who it could have been," she murmured, presently. "I have noticed lately that Winona has acted as though she had something on her mind; but I had assumed it might be because her patients were falling off, owing to the death of that woman with consumption who could not be persuaded that she had nothing the matter with her. It would be a great relief to my mind to see the dear girl happily married. What did he look like, Fred? Are you certain you have never seen him before? Just think: you're sure it wasn't Mr. Dyer on Mr. Benson? One might call either of them tall, handsome, and impressive-looking."

"I have told you everything I know, Josephine," I retorted, fiercely. "I don't know the man from Adam. I should think," I added with a sepulchral outburst, "that after what happened yesterday, Josephine, you wouldn't be in

"Perhaps I was unconsciously comparing him with the young man whom I met strolling with your other daughter not many days ago."

so much haste to marry the only girl we have left."

"Excuse me, Fred," she said, gently. "It *was* cruel of me to suggest such a thing so soon. And yet I suppose we must be prepared for something of the kind sooner or later. You know you have constantly expressed the hope that neither of them would hang fire like dear Julia."

"Oh, I know it. I'm a selfish brute, Josephine," I answered, beginning to hone my razor with the desperate air of one who would fain cut his own throat as the simplest solution of the problem of living.

And only six months ago the horizon of my domestic happiness looked so clear and comforting. Not even a cloud of the traditional smallness of a man's hand marred its serenity. Little Fred was pegging away at Leggatt & Paine's with commendable steadiness all day, and, though he was apt to dance all night by way of making up for it, I

was comforted in my solicitude regarding his health by the recollection that I used to do the same when I was his age, my spiritual countenance to the contrary notwithstanding. Besides, Leggatt has always a good word to say for him, and evidently still keeps an eye on him, notwithstanding that Fred has ceased to kick foot-ball and limps no longer. To be sure, I have been beguiled once or twice by the dear boy's assurance that I would make my fortune, if I would follow his advice, into buying investment securities the market price of which at present is far less than I paid for them. However, the financial misinformation imparted by one's own flesh and blood is more easily forgiven than that which emanates from one's regular broker. Besides, there is the chance that the stocks will come up again some day or other. Fred says they are sure to. Everything considered he was, and indeed he still is, doing remarkably well, and he is such an honest-looking, manly fellow that Josephine says she wonders all the girls do not fall in love with him. His present safety seems to lie in the fact that he is in love with all the girls and not with any particular one, a condition of affairs which I trust will last until he is properly able to support a wife. I remember that before I fell in love with Josephine—well, no matter. I have almost forgotten their names and should have to ask my darling to tell me who they were, and all about it. I have never really loved anybody but her, God bless her.

Then there was David—again I must admit there still *is* David—whose rapid success in his adopted profession and whose general steadiness of character have been a source of perpetual gladness to us. He still causes his mother some concern by his utter disinclination for the society of young women, but I know of no other fault with which to reproach him. His bacillic pets no longer have a domicile under the paternal roof. He has a laboratory of his own down-town where, doubtless, they thrive and multiply. But his special interest at present is electricity. This has already brought him reputation and money by virtue of an appliance in the storage battery line, the details of which I do not precisely understand. Although Little Fred shook his head gravely at the mention of the word "patent," I was imprudent enough to follow my scientific son's lead to the tune of several thousand dollars, the happy consequence of which seemed to be that Josephine and I would be able to have our jaunt to Japan whenever the spirit moved us. That was before I counted the cost of marrying a daughter.

Thirdly, there was that daughter, a dear, sweet girl, who seemed to me perfectly content in her enjoyment of the social pleasures in which she was so well adapted to shine. I regarded her as still a mere child, and though youths came and went, never for one moment did I suspect that she was meditating the blow which she has since inflicted upon me, until Josephine told me one evening, with a mysterious, agitated air, that Mr. James Perkins wished to see me in the library. He saw me, and all the consolation I derived from our interview was the impression that he considered that he was acting generously in asking my consent to the match, and that custom would have justified him in letting me hear the news of my daughter's engagement elsewhere and in seeing me further, as the phrase is, before he saw me at all. Remembering as I did that I regarded the views of Josephine's father concerning our little matter twenty-five years ago as a matter of mere detail, only think how far I fell short of the temper of a real philosopher in allowing myself to become violently angry, and to pace the library until one o'clock in the morning after my would-be son-in-law had left it! An especially futile proceeding, as Josephine subsequently remarked, inasmuch as, by my own admission, I had behaved like a veritable lamb in his presence and had told him blandly that if he and my daughter were agreed upon the subject I had not a word to say against it.

This was the first break in our peaceful, happy domestic circle. Do you know what the period of an idolized daughter's engagement seems to the disdained and discarded husband

and father? He is too shy and dignified to peep at the billing and cooing through the crack of the drawing-room door like the younger members of the family; consequently, the six months which intervene between the making of the match and its consummation, impress him as a Sahara of tedious confabulation between the pair of turtle doves as to whether they have too many salt-cellars for their marital needs, and whether the exchange of a third set of oyster forks without the knowledge of the donor would be a violation of the highest code of ethics. Presents, presents, nothing but presents, of every kind and degree, from the solid silver tea-set of exquisitely fluted pattern to the excruciatingly ugly bit of *bric-à-brac* which has captivated the undiscerning eye of some dear friend. After every ring at the door-bell appears the maid with a fresh parcel wrapped in snow-white paper fastened with a dainty ribbon, and on each occasion my dear Josie's eyes sparkle more excitedly as she clutches it and frees it from its caparisons. And ever and anon I am struck by the fact that she is growing thin and pale. I mention it to Josephine, but she tells me that girls always get peaked before their weddings, and that she herself was thin as a rail at the time she married me. I get no sympathy anywhere. My sole connection with the matter is that I am to give the bride away.

I did so yesterday in the presence of our entire social acquaintance and their dressmakers, most of whom I subsequently entertained at a mid-day collation, where I shook hands with a vast array of young people whom I did not know, and tried to keep up my spirits by asking my old friends to take wine with me. It was after the third glass that the spirit moved me to address my new son-in-law as "Jim." An hour later I saw the young rascal carry off my Josie in a carriage with an air as though he owned her, and I could have strangled him. At the same moment I was unpleasantly conscious that a quantity of rice hurled by an enthusiastic miss of nineteen was going down my back. I made a mad rush forward like a bull; I don't know exactly what I had in mind to do, but I was bunted aside by a youth who, I am sure, could never have had a father and mother. He held an old shoe in his hand, which he proceeded to cast with such unerring aim that it landed on the top of the bridal coach, to the infinite delight of everybody except myself. I could see no especial humor in it, but Josephine tells me that we underwent precisely the same experience at our own wedding and thought it amusing. I perceive that it makes considerable difference in this world whose ox is gored, or, to put it more accurately, whether one is carrying off some other man's daughter or is being robbed of his own.

And now to crown all, I am haunted by the vision of Winona and that tall, handsome, impressive-looking young man in whose company I met her the other day about dusk. In saying to Josephine that I had told her all, I did not speak the truth in a certain sense. I did tell her all I knew, but I did not

"After every ring at the door-bell appears the maid with a fresh parcel."

confide to her all that I suspected. I did not reveal to her that at the moment my eye fell upon them my only remaining daughter was gazing up into the face of her male companion with that peculiar look of absorbed attention which has so often wrought the ruin of Platonic friendship. It entered like

iron into my parental soul already quivering with its recent wound, and I mur-

"He held an old shoe in his hand."

mured to myself, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my second son-in-law!"

Winona too! Two years have passed since I granted her permission to practise Christian Science, and from that time to this she has gone regularly every day to her office to minister to the patients who have applied to her for treatment. I am unable to state whether these have been many or few; to be frank, I have been amazed that she has had any at all. But I am sure that she has had some, and that she claims to have cured several sufferers from chronic disorders whom the regular practitioners had declared incurable. Or, more accurately, I should say that she has demonstrated that there was nothing the matter with them save a superabundance of error in their souls. I have learned, too, that she has experienced some dismal failures, notably in the case of the woman with consumption, referred to by Josephine, who, as Winona explained to us, would have got well had she only been able to realize that she was getting better. There was also a patient suffering from mental derangement who grew crazier and crazier, until she was finally carried off by her friends, whereas, as Winona sweetly explained to us, if they had only allowed her to remain a little longer she would have been completely cured, because in Christian Science, as in nature, darkness is apt to be most signal just before the dawn. This diagnosis of the case struck me as highly reasonable. Indeed, I have constantly said to myself that, provided the dear child managed to escape indictment, I had every reason to be contented that she was living up to her lights to the top of her bent. So altogether you can see that my home was a happy one, and that I desired no change.

My two sons-in-law! I see them in my mind's eye walking on either side of me, the one short and slim with a spiritual countenance, the other tall, handsome, and impressive-looking. Their main object in life seems to be to help me on with my overcoat, and to guide my senile steps over street crossings, though Dr. Meredith tells me that I am good for twenty years yet, and that I haven't an unsound organ in my body. They disagree with me in politics so politely that I am fool enough to open my best wine when they come to dinner. They dog my footsteps; they silently pass judgment upon me, and I shall never be able to shake them off until I am dead. Why did they come to worry us? We were so happy before we knew of their existence. Out upon them both!

Alas, poor philosopher! Shall I be-

grudge to my darlings the happiness that I have known in the too swiftly fleeting years of our married life? Love has come to claim my flesh and blood even as it claimed me and Josephine a quarter of a century ago never to loose us from his silken chains. Love the immortal, the transfigurer of souls, the unsealer of eyes which in vain have sought the light which streams from eternity, thou hast come to work anew the old, old story, even though thy coming rends my heart-strings. Down selfish, stubborn fumes of senile cynicism! I bow to the law of life. Come to my embrace, O sons-in-law; I love you, I bid you welcome to my hearth, even though you regard me as one for whom the grave is yawning! Listen how bravely I call Jim—Jim—Jim, a thousand times Jim. And you, the other one, whose name I do not know, but whose fell purpose I have detected, when your name is divulged to me I will call that too.

X.

Said Josephine to me some three months ago: "Fred, we shall have been married twenty-five years on the twenty-first of next November. We ought to celebrate it in some way."

"How better than by having a silver wedding?"

"Because so many people would feel obliged to give us silver," she replied. "I am perfectly willing, Fred, that people should send me flowers when I'm dead, but I will not have them send silver to my silver wedding."

"The simplest way then would be to tell them not to. Put in the corner of the invitation the letters A. S. W. B. S. B. 'All silver will be sent back.'"

"This is a serious subject, Fred. I should like very much to have our best friends with us on the anniversary, if I could feel sure that they wouldn't regard it as a tax. We all give willingly when people are married, but it does seem rather a grind, as the children used to say, to have to go out and buy something else a quarter of a century later, when you know that the senile old couple will be able to use whatever you get only a few years at the farthest, and that then it will be snapped up or melted up by their children or grandchildren. Mind you, dear, I should often be glad to give silver myself, if I could afford it; but I am looking at the matter from the point of view of the world at large. Do you know," she added, "that isn't at all a bad idea of yours. We could put on the cards 'No silver,' just as they put 'No flowers.' It was quite a brilliant suggestion, Fred."

"There are always fools, though, who will disregard such a notice just from sheer contrariness."

"Oh, if we once gave them warning, and they chose to send notwithstanding, it would be their own fault," exclaimed Josephine, buoyantly. I should hope there would be a few such people, for I should be very glad to have more silver. It's not that I object to the silver, but because I wish to give a loop-hole of escape to the people who wouldn't send it unless they felt obliged to. I should expect surely to receive quite a lot in one way or another. And it *would* be convenient, love, for Winona did not get any too much when she was married. Everything ran to furniture and books, and out of the little silver she received there were seven large salad forks, all of which had her initials on them, so that she couldn't change them."

There are people who refrain from having their wills drawn on the score that they would be likely to die if they did. While I have no sympathy with this superstition, I must confess that a formal celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your wedding-day has always seemed to me to savor of willingness to have your account with life audited with a view to being able to sink quietly and becomingly into your grave whenever you were called. In view of the fact that, though each of us has trifling ailments, neither of us is seriously disabled, it seemed a little soon to be taking account of stock and talking of putting up the shutters forever. Yet Time's figures are not to be gainsaid, and especially in the Land of Liberty people are not allowed to forget that they are growing old even if they have no tall sons and daughters to at-

test the fact. What boots it to protest that we feel as young as we ever did? We might be allowed to say so unchallenged, provided we did not try to act on the assumption, but the youths without parents and the newly created species would soon bring us to our senses if we were to assert ourselves in society so as to cause them the slightest inconvenience. The middle-aged are allowed to drive and go to the theatre, and are tolerated at weddings on the ground that they may have given a wedding present, and at garden parties where there is no lack of space, but their room is considered better than their company everywhere else in spite of the pretty speeches one sometimes hears as to the charm of entertainments where all ages are gathered together, and the glory of growing old gracefully as they do in England. I am not complaining, for between you and me we wouldn't be hired to go to one-tenth of the places to which we ought to be invited, so far as our physical state is concerned; but it would be soothing to be asked occasionally and not to be treated as though we were moribund, and bidden only to Class Day spreads and to church weddings without a card for the reception. Once in a while lately Josephine and I have taken it into our heads to put in an appearance at the Assemblies, where, though we had been respectfully and cordially received, it has been evident to us that we were regarded as social Rip Van Winkles, and that at least half the company were inquiring who in thunder we were, and the remainder, who did know us, were wondering why in time we came.

A remark of Josephine's served to crystallize these reflections. "Do you know, Fred, that I think on the whole we shall have a happier day if we pass it quietly together, and simply have the children to dine. So many of the people of whom we were fond at the time we were married have passed away, that I am sure we should be appalled by the thinness of the ranks when we began to reckon who are left. Besides, I don't think that a notice not to bring silver would really protect the poor wretches who didn't wish to bring any. It would seem too evidently to mean that they needn't bring any unless they chose to, but that it would be acceptable all the same, which would worry dreadfully those who like to do whatever others do. Don't you think so? You see everybody understands that nobody really objects to receiving silver. Besides, it would involve no end of fuss, and we should be so occupied with the arrangements that we should forget to pay any attention to each other, so that it would be a dreary day to look back upon."

"Indeed, Josephine, I agree with you entirely," said I. "Unless such affairs go off just right they are stiff and ghastly. People who are bent on paying us a compliment will have an opportunity to come to our funerals before very long."

"Not together though. Oh, Fred, wouldn't it be the crowning thing of all, after so much happiness, if we *could* die at the same time and never know what it was to miss each other!"

Although we are jointly and severally aware that the years have been slipping away, and that our turns to bid farewell to this dear earth may come any day now despite the fact that we feel young as ever, we choose still to regard death as a shy visitor which is likely to prefer others to us. I say to myself that people rarely die of rheumatism, which is Josephine's only cross, and though pneumonia is a fell destroyer, I know that Josephine is firmly convinced that the colds to which I am subject never attack my lungs. Some day one of us will wake up and miss the other, unless my darling's prayer that we be taken away together be granted; but until we do, are we not happier for cherishing the delusion that we are to be overlooked indefinitely?

Was it a delusion too, which made my darling, as I helped her into our top buggy on the morning of our twenty-fifth anniversary, seem to me no less beautiful than on the day when we plighted our troth at the altar? Did she not wear the same sweet, trusting smile, the same noble look in her dear eyes? I told her so, and she informed me that I was demented, but I know she knew that I thought she had not

changed, which I am sure was enough for her even if Providence has dimmed my eyes. Yet I maintain that I am right. She is a little stouter of course; I can see a wrinkle and a crow's foot here and there; and her hair is grizzled. But to all intents and purposes she does not look a day older.

It was a glorious morning; one of those mild, mellow days of the late autumn, when unscientific people wag their heads and proclaim that the climate is changing. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the landscape toward which our steady nag trotted sturdily wore a faint atmosphere of saffron haze, as though the sunlight had been steeped in the lees of the yellow foliage. And the day we were married there was a driving snowstorm! Josephine had predicted so confidently that history would repeat itself on our anniversary that I think she was rather disappointed when she awoke to find the sun shining and all the elements at rest.

"The honor of squeezing my hand so hard that it was evidently in mistake for the hand of one of my girls."

Our Pegasus scarcely needed the guidance of the reins. He knew where we were going, and sped along with our comfortable if old-fashioned top buggy at a stylish yet self-respecting gait in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. Our first destination was the attractive home of our daughter Winona, who lives eight miles out of town, on a hundred lordly acres. She has an adoring husband — the tall, handsome, impressive-looking youth of my prophetic soul—and an adored infant six months old. Her husband is a scion of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city, and he has already made his mark in the political field. He has been a Congressman, and his admirers are talking of giving him the next party nomination—not my party (so you see that my partiality does not proceed from political affiliation)—for Governor. He is altogether a delightful young man; and as for the baby—.

Josephine broke in upon my rhapsodies over my grandson to say again for about the fiftieth time during the last year:

"To think, Fred, that though you saw him face to face, you never realized that your magnificent unknown was merely Harold Bruce, whom you had seen and shaken hands with under our roof time and time again. I laugh whenever I think of it. You gave me a fright that day, when you told me that you had run across Winona in the company of a mysterious stranger, which I haven't fully recovered from yet, in spite of the fact that everything has turned out so well. I dreamed that night that she had married a professional gambler, who cut her throat in the course of the first six months because the dear child refused to aid and abet his nefarious schemes."

I replied, meekly, for the fiftieth time, something as to the agonies I had undergone for several years in trying to distinguish one young man from another when they had presented themselves at my house in stereotyped evening dress, and done me the honor of squeezing my hand so hard that it was evidently in mistake for the hand of one of my girls. But though my plea has a sardonic look, the words were spoken on this day of days—even as Josephine's were spoken—with an air of gentle, joyous reminiscence, as though, which was indeed the case, we found delight in reviewing again and again the details of the great happiness which has been granted to us in the marriage of our beautiful daughter to one worthy of her.

We drove up the long avenue of tall, stately pines and found her sitting with

her husband and their little hostage to fortune enjoying the glorious mellow sunshine. The tiny monarch sat in his wagon playing with a handful of autumn leaves which his father, with proud paternal indifference to the immaculate surface of the silken carriage blanket, had bestowed upon him. I now became the rival—the successful rival—of the

"I encouraged him to gnaw my watch and to claw my mustache."

rustling autumn leaves. At my instigation his mother freed him from his equipage and a little anxiously yet resolutely laid him in my arms. I dandled him, I chirruped to him, I hummed to him, I encouraged him to gnaw my watch and to claw my mustache, and presently I began to toss him up in my hands and let him down again.

"Be careful, Fred," said Josephine, warningly; and I saw a shadow of solicitude cross my daughter's face, though she was plainly doing her best to seem unconcerned.

"Pooh," I answered. "I tossed up all my own babies in this way year in and year out, and not one of them ever got a scratch. I'm not going to begin by letting my precious grandson fall. Am I, little lamb?"

Thereupon, by way of showing what an adept I was in the art of baby tossing, I shot him upward with self-confident impetus. To be sure, my hands never really left him; they followed him as he ascended and as he came down. Still, pride, the traditional precursor of falls, stood me in bad stead, as it has stood others before me. Just as my precious grandson was descending for the third time, one of my wrists seemed to turn or give way, destroying thereby the admirable balance maintained by my hands, and, quick as thought, Master Baby slipped from my grasp and tumbled to the ground.

A horrible wail of mingled pain and fright, which wrung my heart-strings, welled from the lips of the little lamb, as mother, father, and grandmother rushed to raise him, knocking their own heads together in the process. Harold, white as a sheet and with a son-in-law's curse, as I imagined, trembling on his lips, succeeded in picking him up. I could discern that my grandson's bald little head was dabbled with blood. His mother evidently perceived the same, for she cried, with the maternal fierceness akin to that which we are taught to associate with a tigress protecting its young:

"Harold, give Baby to me, and run for the doctor."

Why is it that at the most solemn and serious junctures of life thoughts wholly irrelevant to the occasion will arise without our bidding and thrust themselves into disconcerting prominence? I was not positive that I had not maimed my grandson for life, though I agree that his stentorian yell had relieved my solicitude a trifle. Certainly, it was a moment of cruel torture, which should have precluded every other consideration from my brain than concern for the hapless infant and harsh self-reproach. And yet, as Winona finished speaking, I made the imp of a reflection that she was sending for a doctor in spite of Christian Science, and that the scales of hallucination had fallen from her eyes at the wail of her own flesh and blood. I was even tempted for an in-

stant to hazard the suggestion that, as there is no such thing as matter, there could be nothing the matter with baby, but I bit my tongue in the throes of my disgust at my involuntary levity.

Harold had sped down the avenue like an arrow, but scarcely had he disappeared before the gory streak which dabbled my poor little victim's brow, and which had seemed to my heated imagination almost an arterial outburst, yielded to the whisk of a pocket handkerchief. Although he still yelled as if his heart would break, I was beginning to reflect that, barring the very slight scratch on his forehead, he was more frightened than hurt, when Josephine suggested, like a true grandmother, the possibility of internal injuries.

My heart began to throb violently once more, and my mouth to taste dry, but Winona came to my rescue.

"Mother," she exclaimed, in a tone of stern impressiveness, "it is of the utmost importance for baby's sake that you shouldn't think anything of the kind, for by thinking that he has any internal injuries you might, or I might, or father might cause the darling to think the same. We ought all to think that he has nothing the matter with him, and then he will soon cease to cry. Come, let us all think of other things and take our minds off baby. Don't even look at him."

We hastened to do as we were bid. I began to whistle cheerily, and turning my back on my precious grandson called Josephine's attention to the beauties of the landscape in a series of philosophic utterances. As for Winona herself, she was Spartan enough to restore the little lad to his baby-carriage, and to busy herself in reflecting whether the spot of blood on her robin's-egg blue morning wrapper would wash out. Within three minutes more Master Baby had ceased to sob, and was playing contentedly again with the rustling autumn leaves when the regular practitioner who, it seemed, lived close by, arrived with Harold at full trot. Winona rose to receive him with a sweet smile, and said, with her old serenity: "Baby is quite well, Doctor. We all applied Christian Science principles to his condition, and he finds that he was in error to suppose that he was really hurt. Thank you so much for coming."

I was really too much overwhelmed by this speech to think of criticising, but Josephine evidently suspected me of something of the kind, for she pinched unmistakably my arm. As for the poor doctor, he was smiling in a sickly sort of fashion when my son-in-law, who I am glad to see is something of a philosopher himself, broke in with—

"Since there are no bones broken, the least thing you can do for us, Doctor, is to stay to luncheon. I have opened a bottle of Clos Vougeot in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of my wife's father and mother."

"Yes, do stay, Doctor," said Winona. "And I am very anxious that you should come and vaccinate baby next week."

The doctor stayed and drank our health in a bottle of excellent wine, and not a word was said about science of any kind by anyone. As we drove home I remarked to Josephine that I had made two discoveries: first, that I had lost my grip a little, especially in the matter of babies, and secondly, that Christian Science was evidently a convenient doctrine which could be put on or off like a glove as the occasion demanded. Replying thereto my wife said: "Fred, I consider that you had a marvellous escape with that baby, and that Winona bore it splendidly. As for her silly nonsense, she is evidently in the moulting state, and I prophesy that by the time baby has the measles we shall hear no more of it. Harold seems to understand perfectly how to handle her."

That evening we had our four children and our two sons-in-law to dine with us. It was a state occasion. Josephine was in black velvet, and wore the modest diamond star which I presented to her just before we sat down to table. The girls looked superbly in their best plumage, and it seemed to me as I glanced to right and left from my patriarchal position, that I had every reason to be proud of the four young men who will control the destinies of the family when I am under

the sod. Proud not only of my two dear sons, but of my two dear sons-in-law, who, though one is slight and short, and the other impressive-looking and tall, and though both hold absurd political notions with which I have not the slightest sympathy, have so completely won my heart by their devotion to their wives and generally exemplary behavior, that I cannot choose between them. I was in a jovial mood that evening, I can tell you, and there was nothing excellent and rare in my limited but not wholly featureless cellar which my four brave boys did not have an opportunity to sample in honor of Josephine's and my twenty-fifth anniversary.

"If, indeed, there is any good or any virtue in me or mine."

Just after the cigars were finished there was a ring at the front door-bell, and Sam Bangs came into the dining-room, rather to my astonishment, for I knew that he had not been invited. "How d'y do, Cousin Josephine; how d'y do, Cousin Fred. Many happy returns of the day."

I observed that Sam spoke with a sort of mysterious blitheness, as though he were under the influence of a joke, and I noticed that he whispered something to my daughter Josie in answer to an inquiring glance from her. Just then there was another ring at the door-bell, and presently through the half-open dining-room doors I caught sight of a host of people gayly trooping into the front hall.

"The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," exclaimed Sam Bangs, as I started to rise in my astonishment. "Cousin Fred and Cousin Josephine, a select party of your friends have taken the liberty of celebrating your silver wedding, and are on the way to the drawing-room, where you are requested to join them."

I was too dazed to speak; indeed, I was conscious of a lump in my throat quite inconsistent with a philosophic temperament. Glancing at my darling I perceived that she was agitated, and straightway the nightmare, which was at odds with her joy, as to how she was to provide a suitable supper for these delightful visitors, took possession also of my brain.

"Sam," she gasped, "how many are there?"

"All the world and his mother, including the youths without parents," answered her provoking relative with a beaming smile.

But Josie, who it seems was in the secret with Sam, and had managed with him the whole affair, put her arms around her mother's neck and whispered, "Don't believe him. Only people who really care for you are coming. The supper is all provided for, mamma. I entered into a conspiracy with your cook, and you needn't give a thought to anything."

We didn't; and we gave ourselves up to the occasion with a right good will. As our daughter had said, only dear friends whose congratulations were precious to us had been invited, and they to the number of about fifty filled our drawing-room well-nigh to overflowing. Most of them had brought silver—shall I say alas! or happily? Generally some pretty trifle which vouched for the sentiment and taste of the gift horse without seeming to tax

the poor animal's resources. For instance, Mrs. Guy Sloane brought a silver butterfly intended for a pen-wiper, and my old friend Sam Bolles a silver paper-knife. Polly Flinders (I never remember her married name), who has babies of her own, gave Josephine a silver whistle, ostensibly intended for my grandson, and Gillespie Gore handed me, with his best bow, an antique silver decanter label marked "Madeira." To be sure, Mrs. Willoughby Walton did bring a splendid Indian silver necklace of exquisite workmanship, which she hung about Josephine's neck with a grand air, informing her that it had once belonged to a princess. As Josephine said to me later, Mrs. Willoughby can afford to be munificent if she chooses, and the necklace will just suit Winona's style of beauty.

Supper was served at half-past ten, and no one would have guessed that my darling had not ordered it. Our healths were drunk, and the healths of our children and grandchild, and I was badgered finally into rising and making a few scattering remarks by way of grateful acknowledgment. An effort of this kind would be trying to the sensibilities of even a real philosopher, and I will confess that what with stammering and repeating myself, I was uncertain for some moments whether I should be able to make myself intelligible. At last, however, a sudden reflection coming straight from my heart drew me from the slough of renewing thanks and unsealed my lips.

"If," I said, "kind friends, you behold me in my fifty-fifth year a contented man, tolerably well preserved, and with the lustre of true happiness shining from my eyes; if you see around me brave sons and fair daughters, with whose promise of usefulness as men and women you are not ill-pleased; if, indeed, there is any good or any virtue in me or mine, know as the source, the fountain-head, the inspiration of it all, the sweetest woman in the whole wide world, there she stands, my wife Josephine."

As I sat down amid a tumult of approbation, my darling's confused but happy smile shone like a beam from heaven athwart my misty gaze. I see it still as I sit here to-night, with her hand in mine in our silent but joyous home. The mystery of mysteries, life! Why were we born? We do not know. What is to become of us when we go hence? We have no knowledge, but we live in hope. I live in hope. When the last trump sounds, and the graves give up their dead; when the myriads of souls are brought face to face with God to learn the solution of all mysteries, I shall seek only for Josephine. That I may behold her then is all that I ask of eternity. If I do not see her sweet face, it will be not because I am perfect, but because I have sinned too much.

THE END.

THE HARVEST.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Sun on the mountain,
Shade in the valley,
Ripple and lightness
Leaping along the world,
Sun, like a gold sword
Plucked from the scabbard,
Striking the wheat-fields,
Splendid and lusty,
Close-standing, full-headed,
Toppling with plenty;
Shade, like a buckler
Kindly and ample,
Sweeping the wheat-fields
Darkening and tossing;
There on the world-rim
Winds break and gather
Heaping the mist
For the pyre of the sunset;
And still as a shadow,
In the dim westward,
A cloud sloop of amethyst
Moored to the world
With cables of rain.

Acres of gold wheat
Stir in the sunshine,
Rounding the hill-top,
Crested with plenty,
Filling the valley,
Brimmed with abundance;
Wind in the wheat-field
Eddying and settling,
Swaying it, sweeping it,
Lifting the rich heads,
Tossing them soothingly;
Twinkle and shimmer
The lights and the shadowings,
Nimble as moonlight
Astir in the mere.
Laden with odors
Of peace and of plenty,
Soft comes the wind
From the ranks of the wheat-field,
Bearing a promise
Of harvest and sickle-time,
Opulent threshing-floors
Dusty and dim
With the whirl of the flail,
And waggons of bread,
Down-laden and lumbering
Through the gateways of cities.

When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles,
Bending and grasping,
Shearing and spreading;
When will the gleaners
Searching the stubble
Take the last wheat-heads
Home in their arms?

Ask not the question!—
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Hunger and poverty
Heaped like the ocean
Welters and mutters,
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of children
Born to their terrible
Ancestral hunger,
Starved in their mothers' womb,
Starved at the nipple, cry,—
Ours is the harvest!

Millions of women
Learned in the tragical
Secrets of poverty,
Sweated and beaten, cry,—
Hold back the sickles!

Millions of men
With a vestige of manhood,
Wild-eyed and gaunt-throated,
Shout with a leonine
Accent of anger,
Leave us the wheat-fields!

When will the reapers
Strike in their sickles?
Ask not the question;
Something tremendous
Moves to the answer.

Long have they sharpened
Their fiery, impetuous
Sickles of carnage,
Welded them æons
Ago in the mountains
Of suffering and anguish;
Hearts were their hammers,
Blood was their fire,
Sorrow their anvil,
(Trusty the sickles
Tempered with tears);
Time they had plenty—
Harvests and harvests

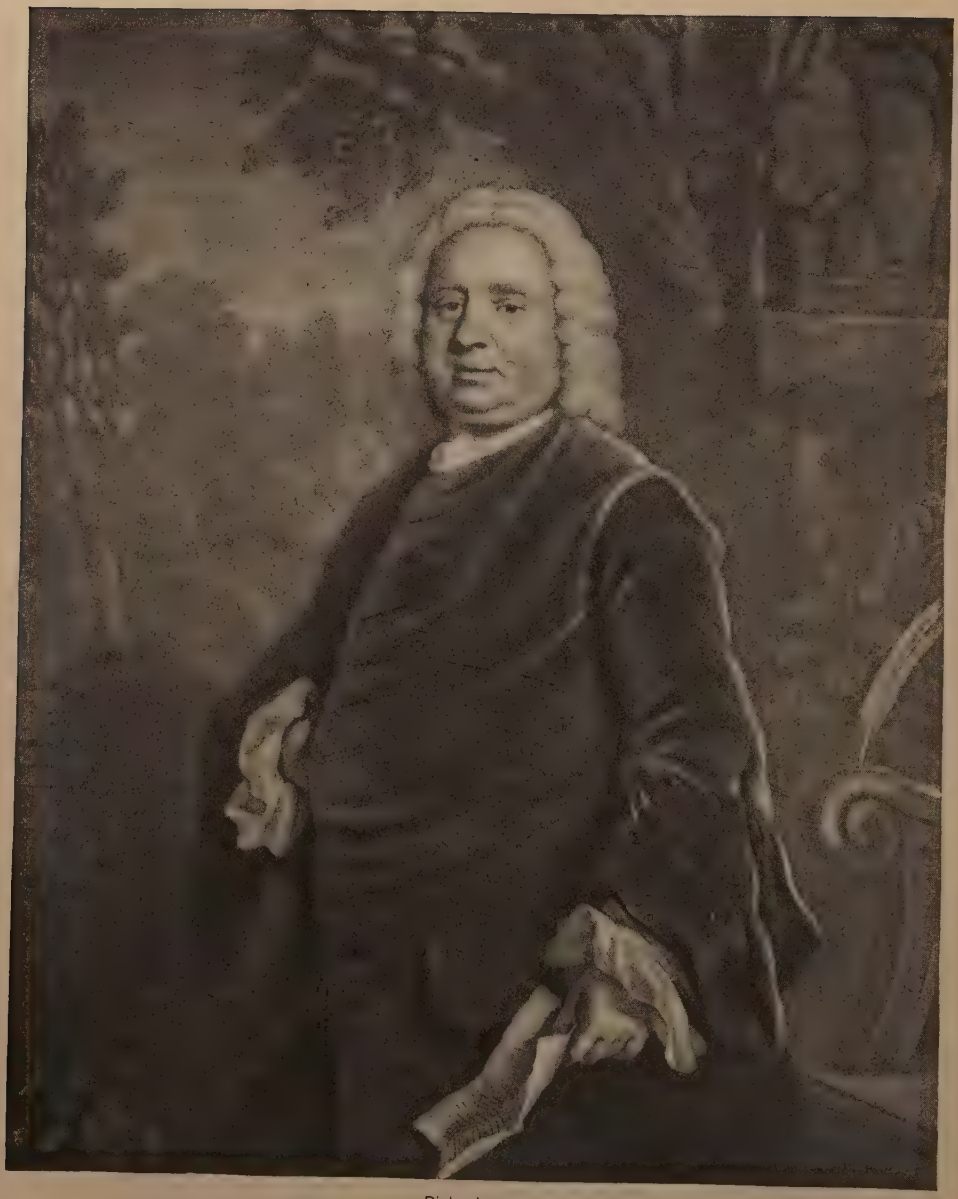
Passed them in agony,
Only a half-filled
Ear for their lot;
Man that had taken
God for a master
Made him a law,
Mocked him and cursed him,
Set up this hunger
Called it necessity,
Put in the blameless mouth
Judas's language:
The poor ye have with you
Alway, unending.

But up from the impotent
Anguish of children,
Up from the labor
Fruitless, unmeaning,
Of millions of mothers,
Hugely necessitous,
Grew by a just law
Stern and implacable,
Art born of poverty,
The making of sickles
Meet for the harvest.

And now to the wheat-fields
Come the weird reapers
Armed with their sickles,
Whipping them keenly
In the fresh-air fields,
Wild with the joy of them,
Finding them trusty,
Hilted with teen.
Swarming like ants,
The Idea for captain,
No banners, no bugles,
Only a terrible
Ground-bass of gathering
Tempest and fury,
Only a tossing
Of arms and of garments;
Sexless and featureless,
[Only the children
Different among them,
Crawling between their feet,
Borne on their shoulders];
Rolling their shaggy heads
Wild with the unheard-of
Drug of the sunshine;
Tears that had eaten
The half of their eyelids
Dry on their cheeks;
Blood in their stiffened hair
Clouted and darkened;
Down in their cavern hearts
Hunger the tiger,

Leaping, exulting;
Sighs that had choked them
Burst into triumphing;
On they come, Victory!
Up to the wheat-fields,
Dreamed of in visions
Bred by the hunger,
Seen for the first time
Splendid and golden;
On they come fluctuant,
Seething and breaking,
Weltering like fire
In the pit of the earthquake,
Bursting in heaps
With the sudden intractable
Lust of the hunger:
Then when they see them—
The miles of the harvest
White in the sunshine,
Rushing and stumbling,
With the mighty and clamorous
Cry of a people
Starved from creation,
Hurl themselves onward,
Deep in the wheat-fields,
Weeping like children,
After ages and ages,
Back at the breasts
Of their mother the earth.

Night in the valley,
Gloom on the mountain,
Wind in the wheat,
Far to the southward
The flutter of lightning,
The shudder of thunder;
But high at the zenith,
A cluster of stars
Glimmers and throbs
In the grasp of the midnight,
Steady and absolute,
Ancient and sure.



Richardson.

(From an engraving by James McArdell, after a portrait by Joseph Highmore.)

Richardson's House at North End, Hammersmith.
(From an engraving published in 1804.)

RICHARDSON AT HOME.

By Austin Dobson.

It is a trite reflection—and yet, after all, what is the New but the Trite relacquered!—that we are often more keenly interested in shadows than in realities. Especially is this the case with certain fictitious characters. At Gad's Hill, for example, it is less Charles Dickens that we remember, writing his last novel in the garden-chalet which had been given him by Fechter the actor, than Shakespeare's Falstaff, "larding the lean earth" as he puffs in his flight from the wild Prince and Poins. When we walk in Chiswick Mall, it is probable that the never-existent Academy of Miss Barbara Pinkerton, where Becky Sharp flung the great Doctor's "Dixonary" out of the carriage window into the garden, is far more present to us than the memories of Mr. Alexander Pope and his patron, Richard, Earl of Burlington, both of whom had "local habitation" in the neighborhood. If we visit the Charterhouse, Addison and Steele, and even Thackeray himself, do not force themselves so vividly upon our recollection as does the tall, bent figure of a certain Anglo-Indian colonel with a lean brown face, and a long white mustache, who said "Adsum" for the last time as a pensioner within its precincts. And whether this be, or be not, the experience of the imaginative, it is certain that the present writer seldom goes print-hunting at Mr. Fawcett's in King Street, Covent Garden, without calling to mind the fact, not that those very painted and palpable realities, the four Iroquois Indian Kings of the *Spectator*, once sojourned in that very thoroughfare at the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions," but that it was "at Mr. Smith's," a glove-shop in the same street, where "stockings, ribbons, snuff, and perfumes" were also sold, that, under the disguise of "Mrs. Rachel Clark," Clarissa Harlowe lay in hiding from Lovelace; and that hard by, in the adjoining Bedford Street, the most harassed of all heroines was subsequently pounced upon by the sheriff's

Richardson Reading the Manuscript of "Sir Charles Grandison" to his Friends, in 1751.
(From an old print.)

officers as she was coming from morning prayers at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. What a subject for Mr. Orchardson or Mr. Marcus Stone! The Tuscan portico of St. Paul's, with its clock and bells; the battered brass-nailed sedan-chair, stained with damp, and browned by exposure to the sun, waiting, the head ready up, "at the door fronting Bedford Street;" the broad-shouldered and much-muffled minions of the law watching doggedly for their prey; the gathering circle of spectators, half-sympathetic, half-censorious; and Clarissa—poor hunted Clarissa!—trembling, terrified, and beautiful, appearing, with her white face peeping from her "mob," a step or two higher than the rest, upon the dark opening of the church-door.

There are seven volumes of Clarissa Harlowe's lamentable history, and, according to Mrs. Barbauld, there were originally two more in the manuscript. Yet one of the author's correspondents, Miss Collier—the Margaret Collier who went with Henry Fielding to Lisbon—tells Richardson that she is reading the book for the fourth time! As one turns the pages, one almost grows incredulous. Did she really read all that—four times? Did she really read those nineteen pages of the heroine's Will, four several times? To doubt a lady, and a friend of Richardson to boot, is inexcusable; but, at all events, the exploit is scarcely one to be repeated in this degenerate age. Not that the only obstacle is the length of the story. Other writers—even writers of our own day—are long. If "Pamela" is in four volumes, so is the "Cloister and the Hearth;" if "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" are in seven volumes, there are eight of "Monte Cristo" and ten of "Les Misérables." But there is length of time, and length of tedium. Besides words, and sentences, and paragraphs, and chapters, the masterpieces abovementioned also contain, to a greater or lesser extent, abundance of plot, of movement, of incident, of character. Richardson is long with a minimum of these, and he is also deplorably diffuse, copious, long-winded, circumstantial. He plays his piece—to borrow a musical illustration—to the very slowest beat of

the metronome. He can concentrate his thoughts upon his theme, but he cannot concentrate the expression of them; and, as he admitted to Young, for one page that he takes away he is apt to add three. What is worse, as Messrs. Janin and Prévost have proved in France, and Mrs. Ward and Mr. E. S. Dallas in England, you can no more cut him down now than his friends could do in his lifetime. Aaron Hill, who endeavored to abridge the first seven letters of "Clarissa," confessed, after making the attempt, that he only spoilt them; and in casting about for an explanation of his failure, he happens upon the truth. "You have (he says) formed a style . . . where verbosity becomes a virtue; because, in pictures which you draw with such a skilful negligence, redundance but conveys resemblance; and to contract the strokes, would be to spoil the likeness." This, in other words, is but to say that the prolixity of Richardson, if it be a cause of weakness, is also a source of strength. It is his style; and the Style, in this case, is the Man, or, in the explicit language of the first form of the aphorism, "*l'homme même*—" the very Man.

At Stationers' Hall, of which institution in later life he became a Master, there is an excellent likeness of Richardson, as he appeared to his contemporaries. It was executed by Joseph Highmore, "a painter of eminence," says Mr. Barbauld, "at a time when the arts were at a very low ebb in England"—an utterance which suggests some disregard on the part of that otherwise unimpeachable biographer of the efforts of William Hogarth. Highmore, who was a personal friend of Richardson, had already made a series of studies for "Pamela;" and he painted Clarissa "in a Vandyke dress," a conceit which must then have been popular, since both Walpole and Gray masqueraded to Eckhardt in similar costume. Under Highmore's brush, Richardson is depicted as a plump and middle-aged little man in a claret-colored coat, holding his right hand in his bosom, a habit to which he more than once refers. In his left hand is an open letter. He wears a flaxen wig which covers his ears, has a fresh-colored complexion, a comfortable double chin, and a general look of gray-eyed and placid, if slightly flabby, benignity.

By nature he is said to have been slow and taciturn, but among friends, and especially in the "fitting environment" of that "flower-garden of ladies" which he loved to gather about him, he became animated, and almost playful. His health was bad; like Swift, whom he adapts—

> "That old vertigo in my head
> Will never leave me till I'm dead,"—

he was subject to attacks of giddiness; and he suffered from a variety of nervous ailments, the majority of which might be traced to his sedentary habits, and the relentless assiduity with which he pursued his vocation as a printer, and his avocation as an author. "I had originally," he says, "a good constitution. I hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application." Unlike most men of his generation, he was a vegetarian and water-drinker; unlike them again, he never learned to ride, but contented himself with that obsolete apology for equestrian exercise, the chamber-horse—a species of leathern seat upon four legs and a strong spring, still sometimes to be discovered in the forgotten corners of second-hand furniture shops. One of these contrivances he kept at each of his houses; and those who, without violence to his literary importance, can conceive the author of "Sir Charles Grandison" so occupied, must imagine him bobbing up and down daily, at stated hours, upon this curious substitute for the saddle.

The "chamber-horse" is not included in Highmore's picture which, it may be observed, was successfully scraped in mezzotinto by James McArdell. But the artist has not forgotten another article which played an indispensable part in Richardson's existence, to wit, his ink-bottle. This, for convenience' sake, it was his custom to have sunk into the right-hand arm of his chair, where it is accordingly depicted by the artist, decorated with a quill of portentous dimensions. Taken in connection with the letter in his hand, the detail is characteristic. No man—in truth—ever put

pen to paper with greater pertinacity. If Pope lisped in numbers, Richardson certainly lisped in "epistolary correspondence." He was a letter-writer and, what is more, a moral letter-writer, almost from his "helpless cradle." Two anecdotes, both on the best authority—his own — show how markedly these prevailing qualities of scribbling and sermonizing were with him from the beginning. At school, where he was noted for his edifying stories, one of his playfellows endeavored to persuade him to write the history of a footman (virtuous) who married his mistress; and he had not attained the mature age of eleven before he addressed an admonitory but anonymous epistle to a backbiting widow of fifty, who had distinguished herself more by the severity of her precepts than the energy of her practice. His indefatigable pen found, however, a more legitimate employment in the service of the young women of the neighborhood, who made use of his equipments and his discretion to convey their written sentiments to their sweethearts—an office which must have been a sort of liberal education in love affairs, since he had frequently not only to explain what was meant, but also to supply what was wanted. "I cannot tell you what to write," said one warm-hearted girl, enraptured with her lover's protestations, "but you cannot be too kind." Obviously it was in these confidences, for which, even in youth, his grave and very grown-up demeanor especially qualified him, that he laid the foundation of his marvellously minute knowledge of the female heart. When his leaning to literature determined his choice of the trade of a printer, letter-writing was still his relaxation; and all his leisure was absorbed by a copious correspondence with an unnamed and eccentric gentleman who was, on his side, to use Walpole's phrase, equally "corresponding." As he proceeded from 'prentice to master, his reputation as a letter-writer increased proportionately; and when Messrs. Rivington & Osborne suggested to him the book that afterward grew into "Pamela," it was almost inevitable that it should take an epistolary form. After "Pamela" it was equally inevitable that the author should cling to the pattern in which his first success had been achieved. It may indeed be a matter for nice speculation whether he could have produced a novel in any other way, so inveterate had his habit of letter-writing become. He confesses himself that he wrote far more than he read. "I cannot tell why, but my nervous disorders will permit me to write with more impunity than to read." His works certainly do not show him to have been a well-read man, though, as a quondam Carthusian, he was probably better educated than is generally supposed. But it is clear that to the day of his death the writing of letters was his ruling passion, as well as the standing occupation of his daughters, who were unceasingly employed in transcribing the interminable effusions which form the basis of Mrs. Barbauld's selection. When a letter left the little board, duly shown in Chamberlin's portrait, upon which it was composed, it was handed to Anne or Martha to copy, and the copy was preserved as carefully as if it had been an original work. Several hundred of these methodical but immoderate epistles, making with the replies six huge volumes, are still to be seen in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. They include many unpublished documents which, when Richardson's uneventful career finds its fitting chronicler, will probably be discovered to contain particulars of interest. The late Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, it is understood, had made considerable progress in "prospecting" this mine of material.

After the fashion of the tradesman of his time, Richardson lived chiefly in the city, with a country house in the suburbs for Sundays. When, having duly passed through his probation as a compositor and press corrector, he married his master's daughter (like Hogarth's industrious apprentice), he opened a business on his own account in Fleet Street. Thence he moved to Salisbury Court, now Salisbury Square, a region which, as it could boast of Dryden as a former resident, and probably of Locke, was not without its literary memories. His first house was in the centre of the Court. Later on—and not, it is said, at all to the satisfaction of the second

Mrs. Richardson—he moved his residence to No. 11 in the northwest corner; and, pulling down at the same time a number of old houses in Blue Ball Court (now Bell's Buildings) on the eastern side, constructed for himself "an extensive and commodious range" of offices. It was certainly in Salisbury Court that Richardson wrote part of his works; and here he was visited by Johnson, Young, Hogarth, Dr. Delany, and others of his intimates. It must have been in this establishment, too, that Goldsmith labored as a corrector of the press, having, it is said, made Richardson's acquaintance through a disabled master-printer, one of the doctor's Bankside patients. But not many anecdotes cluster about the dwelling-place in the little square in the shadow of St. Bride's, beyond the legend that Richardson used occasionally to hide a half-crown among the types as a reward to the exemplary workman who should be first at his work in the morning. There is also a tradition that, in later life, he was so sensible of the infirmities of his own nervous temperament and of the intractable deafness of his foreman, that he never trusted himself to give any oral orders, but characteristically issued all his business directions in writing.

His first country house, now known as The Grange, North End, Fulham, still stands, with its old wrought-iron gates, between the Hammersmith Road and Edith Villas. "A few paces from Hammersmith Turnpike," was the indication which Richardson gave to Mrs. Belfour; a more exact description to-day would be, "a few paces from the West Kensington Station of the District Railway." In Richardson's time the house consisted of two distinct dwellings—the novelist occupying the western half, while the tenant of the remaining portion was a certain Mr. Vanderplank, often referred to in Richardson's letters. It retains its dual character, and continues to wear much of the aspect which it formerly presented. Stucco, it is true, has been allowed in part to disfigure the original red brick; windows have been blocked here and there; and a balcony has been added, of which no sign appeared when, in May, 1804, the building was sketched for volume four of Mrs. Barbauld's correspondence. But the house no longer stands, as it did when Richardson walked to it through the Park, in what was practically open country; and only a few of the fine old cedars and other forest trees which once flourished in its neighborhood, have survived the inroad of brick and mortar. One of its residents after Richardson was Sir William Boothby, who married the charming actress, Miss Nisbett. But for the last quarter of a century it has had a more distinguished inhabitant in that painter of

> "Fair passions and bountiful pities,
> And loves without stain,"

Mr. E. Burne Jones, who, although intermediate tenants have effectually obliterated all definite memorials of the Richardsonian era, still cherishes a kindly reverence for his last century predecessor. At "Selby House," as it seems to have been called, Richardson lived from 1730, or earlier, until 1755; and it follows that at North End he wrote not only "Pamela," but "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison," the final volumes of which last appeared early in 1754.

Which of the rooms he used for his study, when his numerous visitors made no special claims upon his attention, is not now discoverable. But his favorite writing-place was an arbor or grotto at the back of the house, no visible trace of which remains. It is described by a visitor, Mr. Reich, of Leipsic, as being "in the middle of the garden, over against the house," and it contained a seat or chair in which Richardson was accustomed to work. "I kissed the inkhorn on the side of it," says the perfervid gentleman from Leipsic, thus unconsciously confirming a detail in Highmore's picture. According to Mrs. Barbauld, Richardson was in the habit of repairing to this retreat in the morning, before the rest of the family were up; and "when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then (says his biographer) began the criticisms, the pleadings, for Harriet Byron

or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing before-hand how his situations would strike." These breakfast-table discussions must have been invaluable to a writer of Richardson's type; and they were renewed at other times in the grotto itself. Miss Highmore, the artist's daughter, who was no mean draughtswoman, has left a little sketch, in which one of these meetings is depicted [p. 376]. She has probably exaggerated the size of the grotto, which looks exceptionally spacious; but it must have been large enough to hold seven people, for, as shown in the picture, there are seven in it. It is as bare of ornament as the cabinet of M. de Buffon, a table and chairs being the only furniture. To the left, Richardson, in his habitual velvet cap and morning gown, is reading the MS. of Grandison; Miss Mulso (afterward "the celebrated Mrs. Chapone"), a handsome young woman, is in the middle; the others are her father and brother, her brother's future wife, Miss Prescott, Miss Highmore, and Miss Highmore's lover, Mr. Duncombe. The ladies, in their Pamela hats, are dignified and decorously attentive, while the attitudes of the gentlemen rise easily to the occasion. Their management of their legs in particular is beyond all praise. For the rest, Mr. Mulso, the elder, is feeling for his handkerchief; Mr. Mulso junior has his hand in his bosom; and the Rev. Mr. Duncombe is taking snuff with an air which would do credit to the *vieille cour*, or even to the irreproachable Sir Charles himself.

As a valetudinarian whose life was spent between steel and tar-water, it might have been expected that Richardson would often be absent from London in search of health. But, beyond his periodical visits to North End—visits which, as he advanced in years and prosperity, naturally grew more frequent and more prolonged—he seems to have seldom left town, and to have resorted but rarely to the fashionable watering-places of his day. He says, indeed, in one of his letters to Young, that he had often tried Bath, but without benefit; and it may well be conceived that the Bath of Smollett's time, with its bells and its bustle, was wholly unsuited to his nervous and highly strung temperament. The place most often in his letters is Tunbridge Wells, where Thackeray puts him in the "Virginians." In the middle of the last century, the Wells had always its recognized supporters, who, in due season, religiously perambulated the shady walks, loitered at the toy-shops on the red-roofed Pantiles, or crowded in the Tea Room round the last new "Cynthia of the minute." In her third volume, Mrs. Barbauld reproduces an old water-color sketch which once belonged to Richardson, and which bore in his own writing the names of many of the notabilities of the place. The Hon. Miss Chudleigh, "Maid of Honor to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," in a monstrous side-hoop, "swims" or "sails" up the centre between Beau Nash and Mr. Pitt; Dr. Johnson is talking deferentially to the Bishop of Salisbury; the septuagenarian Cibber is following like a led-captain close upon the heels of Lord Harcourt, while Garrick—the great Garrick himself—is chatting amiably with the famous *prima donna*, Giulia Frasi. Among the rest you may distinguish another "professional beauty," Miss Peggy Banks (who afterward married Lord Temple's brother); Arthur Onslow, the philanthropic Speaker of the House of Commons; and the lanky form of Chesterfield's "respectable Hottentot," Lyttelton. In a corner, at an unconscionable distance from her husband, is Johnson's "Tetty," and hard by, Whiston of "Josephus" and the longitude—

> "The longitude uncertain roams,
> In spite of Whiston and his bombs."

Finally, in the right foreground, his left hand in his breast, his right steadied upon his cane as a precaution against giddiness, is the little figure of Richardson, shuffling along, circumspect and timorous, as he describes himself to his dear Miss Highmore. After making mild fun of the fantastic appearance presented by these ancient lady-killers, Mr. Nash and Mr. Cibber, hunting "with faces of high importance" after

new beauties, he proceeds to draw his own likeness. He is, he says, "a sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind benches: one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk (which he always does with precipitation) *unsmile* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he is sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure!"

When Richardson extended his business premises at Salisbury Court, he also moved his "country box" from Fulham to Parson's Green. Of this Parson's Green house—an old mansion once occupied by a Caroline Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edmund Saunders — no trace now remains, and the neighborhood itself is greatly altered. Tradition speaks, however, of a porch with seats, from which Richardson was accustomed to welcome his guests; and there was also an alcove which found its poet:

> "Here the soul-harrowing genius formed
> His 'Pamela's' enchanting story,
> And here—yes, here—'Clarissa' died,
> A martyr to her sex's glory."

So "sings the bright-haired muse" in Dodsley's "Collection." Unluckily, both of the immortal works referred to, as well as "Sir Charles Grandison," were, as already stated, composed at North End. At his new home, Richardson still continued to receive his friends, to write to them at immeasurable length, or to read to them what he had written at equal length to other people. Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, of the *Female Quixote*, who was a frequent visitor at this time, could scarcely recall an occasion upon which "her host had not rehearsed at least one, but probably two or three voluminous letters, if he found her in the humor of listening with attention." Of such performances his printed correspondence is composed. It has indeed a certain unity, for the subject is almost exclusively himself and his novels; but it can only by courtesy be called absorbing. His habitual male correspondents were none of them of the first order. The most eminent were Young, who was a poet, and Edwards (of the *Canons of Criticism*), who was a scholar, but Cibber and Aaron Hill represent the general level. It was in his lady correspondents that he was most fortunate. Henry Fielding's sisters, Sally and Patty, had something of their brother's genius; the two Miss Colliers, daughters of Arthur Collier, the metaphysician, were also remarkable women, while Mrs. Delany, Miss Highmore, Miss Mulso, Miss Talbot and Miss Donellan were all far beyond the eighteenth century average of what Johnson called "wretched *unidea'd* girls." To the nervous little genius they must have been invaluable, for they not only supplied him continuously with that fertilizing medium of sympathetic encouragement which robust spirits call by the grosser name of adulation, but their comments and discussions upon his work while in progress afforded much of the stimulus and none of the irritation of applied criticism. They were his school of emotion; and no one was better aware of the fact than he was. "I have often sat by in company," he tells Lady Echlin, "and been silently pleased with the opportunity given me, by different arguers, of looking into the hearts of some of them, through windows that at other times have been closed."

The longest series of his letters is addressed to Lady Echlin's sister, and both in its origin and its development, it is the most interesting. In 1748, when the first four volumes of "Clarissa" had appeared, a letter purporting to come from Exeter, was received by Richardson from an unknown correspondent. Referring to the current rumor that the book would end unhappily, the writer requested confirmation of this in the *Whitehall Evening Post*, where Richardson accordingly inserted a notice. Shortly afterward came an impassioned communication appealing strongly against his decision, in words which must have thrown him into a twitter of agitation. "If you disappoint me," said "Mrs. Belfour" (for so she signed herself), "attend to my curse: May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous, for ever be your portion! and

may your eyes never behold anything but age and deformity! may you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! may you be doomed to the company of such! and, after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare." Richardson replied as an artist, defending, with more decision than might have been expected, his foregone conclusion; and the correspondence, protracted while the book progressed to its final volume, was continued subsequently, degenerating at last into a species of decorous flirtation. The writer proved to be a Lady Bradshaigh, of Haigh, near Wigan, in Lancashire —Exeter having been given only as a blind. When a lady confesses to have shed a pint of tears (for this is the precise liquid measure specified) over one's work, a certain curiosity is perhaps excusable, and as time went on, Richardson obviously grew anxious to make his *Incognita's* personal acquaintance. The later letters reveal a good deal of finessing on both sides—on his, to identify the lady at various places where she announced she should be; on hers, to see him without being seen herself. At last, in March, 1750, they came together; and the further correspondence of Lady Bradshaigh with Richardson fills Mrs. Barbauld's sixth volume. In one of the earlier letters he gives a minute and often-quoted description of himself, from which some particulars have already been borrowed in describing his portrait.

Lady Bradshaigh seems to have somewhat disconcerted Richardson by her undisguised partiality for that deplorable personage, Lovelace. She must have exercised him still more by the indulgence with which she referred to "Clarissa's" rival, "Tom Jones." With much of the little man's annoyance at what he called the "lewd and ungenerous engraftment" upon "Pamela" of "Joseph Andrews," it is difficult not to sympathize, but his continual exhibitions of irritation are certainly undignified. Fielding's recognition, in the *Jacobite's Journal*, of the genius of "Clarissa" was powerless to mollify him, and his utterances are often almost abject in their querulous ill-nature. He finds the characters and situations in "Amelia" "so wretchedly low and dirty" that he cannot get beyond the first volume; "Tom Jones" is a "spurious brat" with "a coarse title;" its author has overwritten himself; he has no invention; his works have no sale—and so forth. But the most ludicrous revelation of his mingled animosity and jealousy is to be found in an unpublished correspondence at South Kensington with Aaron Hill's daughters, Astræa and Minerva. He has not (he announces) as yet brought himself to read "Tom Jones," though he clearly knows a great deal about the book; and he asks the two girls to report upon it, manifestly anticipating from them, as fervent admirers of the "divine Clarissa," a verdict entirely consolatory to his own uneasy vanity. But the fair critics who, despite their absurd and actual names (there was a third sister, Urania), were evidently very sensible young women, return what, notwithstanding some obvious conciliation of the sensitive author they are addressing, is, upon the whole, a remarkably just appreciation of Fielding's masterpiece. It is, in fact, a great deal too just for their correspondent, who, though he still claims to have been discouraged from reading the book, does not on that account scruple, in his rejoinder, to criticise the hero, the heroine, and the plot with such asperity as to draw tears of mortification from the fine eyes of Minerva and Astræa, who cannot endure that Mr. Richardson should think it possible that they could have "approved anything, in any work, that had an evil tendency." They have still the courage, however, to maintain (through their father) that, when Mr. Richardson has time to study "Tom Jones" for himself, he will find "a Thread of Moral Meaning" in it. Whether he did eventually peruse it, history has not recorded. For the moment he preferred to write another long letter condemning it on hearsay, but he refrained from prejudicing his judgment by making its acquaintance at first hand. That he would ever have approved it, is scarcely to be hoped. The wound inflicted by "Joseph Andrews" remained incurable. It was *nulla medicabilis herba.*

To-day the two rivals lie far enough apart:—the one on the hill at Lisbon, the other in St. Brides'. It is a favorite commonplace of literature to fable that, in some Lucianic and ultra-Stygian Land of Shadows, the great ones who have departed meet again, and adjust their former differences. But whatever may take place in another sphere, it is not easy to conceive of any circumstances in which these two could ever have lived harmoniously on this particularly earthy planet. No men were ever more absolutely antipathetic — more fundamentally and radically antagonistic — than Richardson with his shrinking, prudish, careful, self-searching nature, and Fielding with his large, reckless, generous, exuberant temperament. Their literary methods were no less opposed. The one, with the schooling of a tradesman, was mainly a *spectator ab intra;* the other, with the education of a gentleman, mainly a *spectator ab extra.* One had an unrivalled knowledge of Woman; the other an unrivalled experience of Man. To Richardson's subjective gifts were added an extraordinary persistence of mental application, and a merciless power of cumulative details; to Fielding's objective faculty, the keen perceptions of a humorist, and a matchless vein of irony. Both were reputed to have written "*le premier roman du monde.*" Each has been called by his admirers the Father of the English Novel. It would be more exact to divide the paternity:—to speak of Richardson as the Father of the Novel of Sentiment, and Fielding as the Father of the Novel of Manners.

THE SHARPNESS OF DEATH.

By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

THE Doctor turned away from the bedside and followed the other physicians out of the room. Fifteen minutes later, he stood in a recessed window at the end of the hall watching the rain, which was pouring down with as much energy as if it had just begun. The truth was, the drops had not stopped rolling down the panes for twenty-four hours. It had looked like rain when she had started out for her drive. The pavement was already mottled with large, damp spots when they carried her up the broad, easy stairs, and laid her on the bed in her big, bare-looking room. She had always disliked the adornment of bed-rooms, this fortune-favored young woman. It had been one of her many fads.

As he entered shortly afterward, in response to an imperative summons, the adjective she had applied to her friends' bed-rooms came, by force of contrast, into the Doctor's head; she had called them "stuffy." With a vivid flash of remembrance, he heard the positive tone of her voice condemning the litter that cumbered most people's houses. He had had a thought at the time, and he remembered it almost with remorse on this solemn occasion: he had wondered if her love of singularity, her hatred of the common and ordinary, had not been at the root of this dislike. Perhaps she did not value the minutiæ of luxurious surroundings because the rich woman of yesterday's successful business transaction could have them in as great perfection as herself, whose wealth had been handed down through several generations.

The smooth, polished floor with its single rug, the undraped windows, the dressing-table covered with fresh white linen, had a chaste, virginal air, with which the figure lying unconscious on the bed seemed out of keeping. The disordered masses of bright brown hair, the long lashes lying on cheeks whose tints even the pallor of suspended life could not disguise, the curves of the slender throat, the round arms lying relaxed beside the motionless beauty of

the well-developed figure, appealed to the senses. To look at her one would have thought of soft hangings, shaded lights, perfumed warmth, and all the lavishness of luxury.

The injuries had not seemed serious at first; a slight congestion of the brain, that was all. She had recovered consciousness almost immediately. Afterward, however, alarming spinal symptoms had appeared; and now, a day or two later, two of the most eminent surgeons in town had only given utterance to the Doctor's own opinion when they agreed that there was nothing to be done and no hope. Accustomed as he was to illness and death in all guises, he could not realize it as he stood there in the window, looking out at the raindrops with unseeing eyes. She had always seemed so much fuller of life than most people. Everything about her, from her person to her lot in life, was so much more highly colored. She gave him something to think about every time he saw her. Her personality had been so pleasing to him, and, at the same time, so all-pervading, that even her faults, and these were many, borrowed something of charm. She had not always considered the expedient in either her remarks or her actions. She had been alarmingly outspoken in her condemnation of a deed or sentiment, when policy or even the laws of hospitality would have urged silence. He had liked her all the better for this brusque honesty, which had made her many enemies. He wondered now if the people whose feelings or self-love she had wounded would bury their animosity in her grave. Perhaps they would be sorry too, as well as shocked, perhaps tears would rise in their eyes when they should read, "aged twenty-two years and two months."

Yes, it was just two months since he had been at her birthday-dinner. How lovely she had looked that night in her pearl-gray gown, and what a jolly time they had had! The guests were all young except her aunt and himself; and he was yet well within middle age. She had seemed unusually bright and lovable. No one could have called her cold or proud that evening. She had been as simple and sweet, as unconscious of her own importance as if the fortunes of two wealthy families had not been consolidated in her, their sole heiress. She had let Richard make fun of her and tease her about some of her fads in the most good-natured way. She had not even resented it when, half in joke, half in earnest, he had called her a spoiled child, and had said she knew as little of real life as a light-house keeper. She and Edith Merry had been studying Anglo-Saxon together, and he had guyed them both about it, calling them blue-stockings, and asking them, in a serious tone of inquiry, to translate the wildest gibberish.

The Doctor had seen her and Richard together many times before, and sooner or later they had always come to blows. On this occasion, however, instead of being, as usual, the aggressor, she had not even responded to his repeated attempts to stir her up. Later in the evening they had disappeared together into the conservatory for a little while, he had noticed, not that there had been anything unusual about it; they had always been chums ever since they had made mud-pies together in the aristocratic seclusion of the back-yard. She had not been a great heiress in those days, poor, dear girl! She had grandfathers and grandmothers, a father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins. They had nearly all died in her childhood, and now it was her turn too. It seemed as if there were a curse with the money. Perhaps the founder of the family had been a slave-trader; or their fortunes had been laid on some crime; it was not unlikely. He thought of the forty pieces of silver. The Doctor was not a superstitious man, but these were very like superstitious thoughts he found himself thinking.

How empty existence would be without her! He thought of one or two men the light of whose world would die with her. To be sure, she would never have given herself to any of them if life, not death, had been her portion. Men were always falling head over heels in love with her. When teased on the subject, she herself would make half-laughing, half-cynical allusions to her

money; but the Doctor knew differently. He remembered how strong an individuality she had had when a little girl in short petticoats. All the small boys at dancing-school used to fight about her even then. Her own rôle had always been that of the gracious, indifferent sovereign; she had never had fancies like other girls. He was glad of that now. It would make it easier for her to leave the world—easier, could anything make it easier? In this world she had everything; in the world to come—the thought came mechanically. He did not believe in a world to come, and neither did she!

He remembered now the feeling of pleasure with which he had heard her tell him of her intention of giving up going to church. She felt so hypocritical, she said. She could not go to church and sit like a deaf-mute; yet how could she say the creed, or even join in the responses, when she did not believe in the God to whom they were addressed. She had never believed in Him that she knew of, though she had said her prayers and gone to church because she had been brought up to do so, because it was respectable, and because the music at the Church of the Holy Nativity was so fine. It was not that she would say there wasn't any God. Oh, no! She just did not know anything about it and did not believe that anyone else did. The Doctor did not feel so glad now of her confession of faith, or rather unfaith; not that her belief would, in his opinion, make any difference in the outcome of it all; only it would be easier for her if she believed in a to-come. Her unbelief had pleased him because it had seemed to separate her from other women, and to bring her closer to him. He had liked it, too, that she had not taken her renunciation tragically or as a matter of any great importance, had not paraded her skepticism, or thought that her doubt was anything to be proud of. She had always been so strong and self-reliant. Would she be strong and self-reliant now? To exchange everything for a nothingness! The Doctor shuddered. She had no suspicion of her danger. Indeed, just before she sank into the heavy stupor that had lasted all the Doctor's visit, she had spoken confidently of being up in a day or two. He knew that there would be a change before long, that there would be a longer or shorter period of unconsciousness, and then—the end. She would probably suffer little or no pain; he liked to think of that.

It was hard that he should have to be the one to tell her; but her aunt was away from home. He had telegraphed for her that morning; still she could not be there for some hours yet, and there was no one else. The accident had not got into the papers, and few people had heard of it. Indeed, nearly everybody was out of town. She herself had been going to meet her aunt at the old family place the very next day. The Doctor had seen her a few days before; and she had told him of her longing to get into the country. She dreamed of it at night, and awoke in the morning expecting to have fresh flower-scented air come in through her open windows, and to hear all sorts of dear, delightful country sounds. She was pining to hear a lawn-mower, and a frog. She was going to be out-of-doors from morning to night, to garden, and brush up her tennis, to ride and drive, to sit on the warm earth and pick violets, to row and play with Crusoe and Sindbad, her dogs. How glad they would be to see her! As if in answer to this, a cold muzzle was poked into the Doctor's hand. He looked down at the big stag-hound who had crept up behind him.

"Well, Dick, old fellow," he said. "There are sad times coming for you and me. Your mistress is going to a place where no smiles, no bribery of officials will get you in, too. We shall be very lonely, you and I, old boy. Do you understand what I am saying? You look as if you did."

A door, *the* door opened softly. A maid came and said her mistress was asking for him. The Doctor gathered himself together, and walked slowly down the hall. It passed vaguely through his head that his hair would be white by the time he got there. He was surprised when he looked in the dressing-table mirror as he passed, and found it as brown as ever.

"Doctor," said a voice whose naturalness shocked. It seemed to belong to working-days and ordinary occasions, not to the hour of death—"and the day of judgment"—he added to himself by force of early habit.

"Doctor, don't you think I shall be able to travel by to-morrow, or anyway the day after? I feel all right, only weak and dizzy. I have a queer little feeling in my head, but that is all. I don't feel lame a bit. It seems so strange to be ill here with no one but the servants around," she went on in the same low-pitched familiar voice that made his heart beat so rapidly. "I am glad, all the same, that Aunt Mary wasn't here; she would have been frightened to death. And now she need know nothing about it until it is all over. You did not send her word, did you? Why don't you answer me? Did you telegraph to Aunt Mary?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, simply. He could not have uttered another syllable.

"She ought to be here by this time, then. I suppose you did it right away?"

"No, this morning."

"This morning! When I was so much better! What made you do that? It will only frighten her for nothing." She turned her head suddenly and looked up into the Doctor's face. What she saw there evidently alarmed her.

"I am much better, am I not? Answer me." This last peremptorily, as he made no reply.

"My dear," he began, and then sank down on the chair by the bed and hid his face in the bedclothes. Something very like a sob shook his broad shoulders. A throbbing, quivering silence made itself felt. The ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed to fill the room. For a minute he thought it was his own heart. Her voice broke upon the stillness:

"You need not be afraid to tell me. Am I so very ill, then?" The Doctor sobbed again.

"You need not say anything. I know it. Have I really got to die?"

"My dear child," he said, looking up, "is it so very hard, then?"

She took her handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes before she answered. Even at that supreme moment he noticed that it smelt as if she had been sitting on the ground and picking violets into it.

"I was going to say it was like death, and it is death." This time it was she who sobbed.

"Oh, Doctor, can nothing be done for me? I will stand anything. I cannot die *now!*" It was an imploring wail. She did not wait for his reply, but went on rapidly and vehemently: "I was just going to be so happy. I have been waiting for it all my life, and now it is coming to me at last. You are always scolding me for not being happier with all I have to make me so; but it has not been my fault. Everything was given me except what I wanted most, the one thing that my heart craved, that for which I would have given everything else. I do not know whether you have known it or not; I did not care much if you did; but I have loved Richard all my life." She paused, but, seeing that the Doctor could not answer, went on: "I cannot remember a time when he was not the whole world to me, the whole world—yes, heaven and hell, too. My only heaven and hell were in his manner to me. He used to play with me when I was a very little girl; but when he grew too big for that, I used to tease my nurse to take me around by their house, so that I could see him playing ball in the vacant lot next door. Afterward, when he went to college, I used to count the days from vacation to vacation. I had an old catalogue—I have it now—and it opens at the page where his name is. He gave me this little locket, and I have always worn it, except in the evening, of course." From out of her night-gown she drew a little blue enamel heart with a pearl in the middle, hanging from a slender gold chain that was nearly worn through in places.

"He never took any notice of me in those days, but I lived in him. He was my standard of right and wrong. His probable opinion on every point was my authority. You have often made fun of my love for Dick, and advised me to keep him in the country with the other dogs. Did you never think why it was? Richard gave him to me on my eigh-

teenth birthday. He was such a dear fat little puppy, don't you remember? I was so proud of Richard's popularity at college, and his many honors. I learned all about football and base-ball and rowing because he cared so much for them. I even crammed pedigrees so that I could understand his horse talk. You see now how I knew all I was showing off the other day about Racine's dam and Palo Alto's grandsire. I saw how astonished you were. When he came home and went out in society," she went on a minute later, "I used to be miserable. I was always hearing of some girl to whom he was said to be devoted, and the older girls used to say he was such a flirt, and tell me tales of him; but I could see that he was a person of importance even to them. I liked the books he liked and disliked those he disliked. Oh, my mind is only a poor reproduction of Richard's! I have hardly a thought, an idea that was not his originally. I liked the people he liked—except the girls, and I couldn't like them, try as I would. I gave up going to church because he didn't. I didn't want anything he didn't have, not even the hope of a future life. Then, too, I hated all that nonsense about love of God and humanity being the same thing as love of man and woman. It seemed to belittle my love to compare anything so thin and cold as spiritual love to it. I did not want to love my neighbor and fellow-men if it meant the same thing. I wanted it all for Richard. I did not care for transcendental love. I wanted warm human love and kisses and embraces and intimacy and happy little laughs together over nothings. The ignorance, the narrowness, the deprivation of people who think that spiritual love and earthly love are the same! I hate the coldness and upliftedness of religion, its separateness! I want warm, human, comfortable, worldly things!" She stopped. The Doctor listened to the rain on the windows, longing to say something, yet being unable to speak. Presently, she went on:

"As a child, I was rather inclined to be demonstrative. You remember it, I know, for I have heard you speak of my having changed. I gave it up; I wanted to keep it all for him. He might never tell me of his love, but if he did, I would have no previous experience to take away the supremacy of that moment. He might never want me; but if he did, he should know that he had all of me, my whole body and soul from childhood to womanhood. He has always been fond of me in a way, you know; but it was not the way I wanted. I think he found me too intense, too ignorant of life; I would say too innocent, if you will not misjudge him. I have tried to make myself over, to take life more easily, more lightly, not to be afraid to handle the realities of life. *L'ingénue* does not attract any but old men, I find. Men want women to whom they can talk freely, without making expurgated editions of their thoughts as they go along. I am naturally prudish, but I overcame it, in some measure, for his sake. Indeed, there is no change I would not make in myself to please him, if I could. I used to study his expression. I could tell the second he was becoming bored, even before he knew it himself." The Doctor sighed. She took his strong hand in her long fingers, and went on:

"You used to wonder why I gave up Greek when I was so fond of it. You know, Richard does not like women to be learned. He thinks it takes away from their lovableness, their companionableness. He said once that it made them 'too darned critical.' He preferred that his women friends should keep a few illusions and superstitions, especially when they looked at him. He felt that those clever girls could see right through him, and he didn't care about being found out. Besides, it always gave him a feeling of complacent superiority to translate a Greek or Latin quotation for a girl, and he didn't want to lose that delightful sensation. I do love his dear, bright, nonsensical way of talking!" Here, to the Doctor's surprise, she laughed a little, low laugh. "I don't wonder so many of the girls have been in love with him," she continued. "And how could I help it? But he has never been a girls' man, you know. I used to rebel against club-life and men's increasing fondness for each other's company and the small place we girls were coming to have in their lives, and try to

think that his indifference to my society was due to this tendency and not to any particular lack of attraction on my part. I know now that I was deceiving myself. For the last six months he has sought me more and more, made more of a friend of me. You know he is frank, ridiculously frank about his outward affairs, but reticent as to himself. It used to make me angry that he never gave me anything of himself, that he was always so practical and unsentimental, never talking about really interesting things. Well, lately he has talked to me quite differently, more expansively. Then, he has been softer, more affectionate in his manner. Oh, I have one such happy recollection! You remember the attack of neuralgia I had a month ago? Well, I was standing before a bookcase in the library, my ears stuffed with cotton, and my head tied up in a silk handkerchief, when I suddenly felt hands, a man's hands over my eyes. Of course, I knew who it was. He laughed, that dear, hearty, contagious laugh of his, when I said 'Richard;' and I could feel his shoulders shake, as they always do when he laughs, the dear boy! He gave me a little squeeze before he let me go, pretending to apologize by saying that I reminded him so much of his grandmother when she had a toothache, that he couldn't help it. Do you know, although I have known him so long and so well, that was the first time he ever took the slightest liberty with me. I used to try and make myself think it was because he was afraid of me; but it wasn't. There isn't a girl alive that he is afraid of. I have been so very happy lately," she went on, after another little pause. "I have felt that he was beginning to care for me. Do you think it is possible, Doctor? I have been over it all so often that I don't know what I do think. Do you believe a man can fall in love with a girl whom he has known all his life without caring for her? Does there have to be the element of strangeness, of mystery, of the unknown? You are a man, and ought to know better than I." She paused for the Doctor to answer her. He did not know what to make of her calm, dispassionate manner. She seemed to have forgotten everything except her little love-story. He wondered if, in her weakened state, she had really taken in the fact that she was to die, that her hours, her minutes were numbered.

"I do not know," he said at length. "I cannot understand a man's not loving you even if you did not return it, and, if you loved him——" the Doctor stopped abruptly. She did not seem to have listened to what he said, but went on as if following her own train of thought:

"One thing I liked best about Richard was that he never considered my money at all. Most men are oppressed by it, or else elaborately unconscious of it; but he never thought of it at all. If he loved me, its presence or absence would not be of the slightest consequence to him. Indeed, I know he often pitied me for having so much—he really pitied me, not just pretended to, as many people do. I have often heard him speak of the loneliness of wealth, and he was right. My life has been lonely, oh, so lonely!"

"Did you ever think he cared about anyone else?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes. I have fancied he was more or less interested in lots of girls; but I never believed him to be really serious until the early part of last winter, when I thought once or twice that he was in love with Edith. It did not come to anything, however. Toward the end of the season he did not even dance with her. Oh, but I suffered tortures! Did you ever know what it was to be jealous, Doctor? It is such a burning, uncomfortable sensation here," and she laid her hand on her breast. "You are hot and cold, and your heart beats so fast, and you are so wretched! But I am sure it is all coming right now. Do you think I could be so certain if it were not true? I am sure my heart must know. We shall be so happy. To be Richard's wife! I would rather die——" She stopped short and looked up at the Doctor's pale, set face. All her calmness left her now. "You did not say I had to die? It is some bad dream I have had since I have been lying here! Have I got to die and leave him, Doctor? When he has never said a word of love to me?" She buried her face

in the pillow and wept bitterly for her own death. The Doctor sat there motionless, *la mort dans l'âme*, powerless to help or console. In the sting of death and the victory of the grave, there was no place for him. Presently she began again more calmly :

"My will is made and everything settled, you know, Doctor. He must have Dick." Then, a moment later : "Have I got to die without seeing him? Do you think he would come? You know he hates scenes so." The pathos of this last remark overcame the Doctor entirely.

"Are you crying for me? You mustn't do that. It isn't as if you were Richard. Oh, Doctor, do send for him! I am sure he loves me!" The Doctor went out of the room and sent a messenger. When he came back, she looked up at him with eyes from which all excitement had disappeared.

"I am so sleepy," she said. "I will go to sleep now; but be sure and wake me when Richard comes, won't you?"

The Doctor sat down again on the chair by the bed, his eyes fixed on his patient's face. An hour later, he got up, walked slowly over to the windows and pulled down the shades. As he went down-stairs, a servant was admitting a tall, broad-shouldered young man. His face was as pale as the one the Doctor had left on the pillow in the big, bare room upstairs. His eyes asked mutely, "Is it over?" and the Doctor's answered as silently, "It is over." The young man turned his head away and sighed deeply. "Your feet are wet, Richard," said the Doctor from force of habit. "Come into the library and dry them by the fire."

"I was never so shocked in my life," said Richard. He was standing leaning against the mantel-piece, while the Doctor lay back as if exhausted, in a large, leather-covered arm-chair. "I cannot realize it at all. Do you know, I was just leaving the office to come around here. I had made up my mind that I would not let her go into the country without telling her of my engagement to Edith Merry." Neither of them said a word for some ten minutes after this. Then, the young man asked, in a hesitating tone of voice :

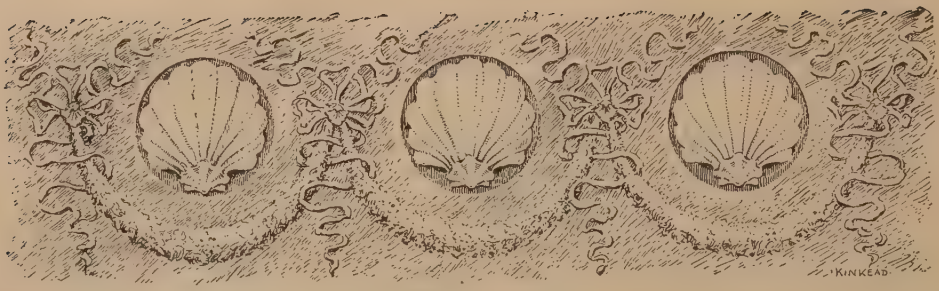
"Did she leave any message for me?"

"No," answered the Doctor, slowly and deliberately; "none, except that she would like you to have Dick."

"Poor, dear girl! Did you send for me for anything in particular?"

"I wanted you to meet her aunt at the station, in case I should not be released in time. I will go myself now, however. It will be a dreadful shock to her, Richard."

"Poor dear girl," said Richard, again. "I have been as fond of her as if she were my own sister. How badly Edith will feel!"



"THE RICH MISS GIRARD."

By Harrison Robertson.

I.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, JULY 13, 1892.

My Dear Tom: I shall send you the pup by Friday's 10.30 express. I give you fair warning, so that you can be ready for his reception. He is the pick of the lot, and a beauty.

I am, indeed, overjoyed to learn that Mrs. Tom is all right again. I think I can understand something of what you must have gone through while her recovery was considered doubtful. You don't know, old fellow, how thankful I am that she has been spared. I believe I begin to realize what she is to you; that her death would have been the death of everything for you, except perhaps of your merely physical being, and that the death of that would have been the one blessing to which you could have looked forward. I am sure that there is no greater happiness on earth than yours and Margaret's since the danger has passed. God bless you both.

You will probably be surprised to read this from me. Not that you have any reason to doubt my interest in your happiness, but—well, Tom, you must confess that before you met Margaret you would have called the foregoing paragraph, however sincere you believed it, "gush." I used to accuse you of gushing a little after you met Margaret, but I take it all back, and ask your forgiveness. For I, too, have met a Margaret; and until that meeting I never suspected what an ineffable ignoramus I had been throughout my previous inane existence. You know what I mean, Tom; for frankness compels me to say that before Margaret's day you and I were "two of a kind."

I am going to make a clean breast of it; but it seems a cold-blooded thing to do by letter. How I wish for one of those old chats of ours in the days when you were wooing Margaret, when you supplied the confidences and I, in my sublime ignorance and complacent conceit, supplied the counsels. I have postponed, time and again, writing you this letter, not because I did not want to write it, but because, somehow, I have shrunk from speaking to even you of Celestine. It seemed, in one sense, like a profanation. And yet I know it is not, for you are the one friend who is, beyond all doubt, worthy of a sacred confidence, and the one man of my acquaintance who can properly appreciate the delicacy, nobility, and sanctity of a true woman. Some day I shall tell Celestine of this letter to you, and I am sure that when I tell her also of yourself she will not misinterpret my motives in writing it.

It is all over with me, Tom, at last—or rather it has all just begun; for Celestine is the end of the old existence and the beginning of the new life for me. And the bottomless pit is not a deeper gulf than that between the two. How well do I remember the transformation which your love for Margaret worked in you. You were something

of a "blade" before you knew her, and I was guilty of a feeling of resentment against Margaret because, even before she suspected your passion for her, she had robbed me of a boon companion, and the little band which gathered at the "Devil-may-Care" of a choice spirit. I pitied you then for the "good times" I thought you had lost; I envy you now for the years of happiness you found before I knew what happiness was. I am beginning to know now. I know what the happiness is of despising the selfish, "pleasure"-devoted life that we of the "Devil-may-Care" led, and of living the wholesome and manly life which the good Lord intended we should live—and living it, not with the hope of some ulterior reward of virtue, but simply because there is one blessed being in the world to whom the best that is in you belongs, and because your own consciousness of living worthily is in itself a satisfying and exalting joy, since She is purity and Love is pure.

How good and beautiful is this old world of ours!

Don't get impatient. I know these are platitudes; but they don't seem so to me. It is as if they were now all original with me. Nothing that an honest lover ever spoke from his heart appears trite or commonplace.

I met Celestine in June at Cæsar's Head, in the mountains of South Carolina, where she is spending the summer in company with an aunt of hers, and where I drifted during my short vacation. They were living very quietly, and I had an opportunity to see a great deal of them in the two weeks of my stay.

I think I must have loved her from the first. As you know, I have had two or three "affairs" with women in my time, but until I saw Celestine I had never seen a woman whom I wanted to be my wife. I never told one of them that I "loved" her. That word I always reserved for one woman, should I ever meet her. To say it to another would have seemed a desecration. Do you remember our boyish talks about "ideals"? Mine was such a nonpareil that you used to laugh at me and warn me against the improbability of ever finding it on earth. As the years went by I began to fear that you were right. I was thrown with many women—charming women, brilliant women, sweet, good, and wicked women — but it was only now and then, in poetry or fiction, that I caught a glimpse of that nonpareil, and I believe that I was fast reaching the conviction that the ideal woman was only another illusion of youth, following those of Santa Claus and Jack the Giant-Killer, and dissolving like them and disappearing with, or even before, youth itself. I suppose that when a man with an "ideal" begins to doubt its realization the seeds of cynicism begin to sprout. A month ago, I am ashamed to confess, my crop of such weeds was rank with promise. To-day—the blessing be to Celestine—there is neither weed nor seed left. She is all, and more, that I ever dreamed of, longed for, waited for, despaired of, in woman. It is impossible to stand in her presence without feeling, knowing, worshipping Womanhood. She is—but I can't say what I would, Tom. It is no use trying. There are no words for my thoughts when I think of her.

Now I am going to tell you the strange feature of the case. I don't believe that I have ever been given to self-depreciation. I have been accustomed to estimate myself an average man—perhaps a degree or two higher than that—and I have never doubted that I could please the average woman. But I think I have told you once or twice that if ever I should find the woman whom I would seek to win, the one thing of which I was sure was that I should not be able to win her. This conviction never left me until I did find that woman; then it melted away like a phantom of sleep before an awakening to a sun-flooded morning. I have never doubted, since I knew Celestine, that she was to be my wife! I have never spoken to her of my love; she has never overstepped the bounds of the most modest reserve; she is as far above me as the stars; but—I say it humbly, reverently, exultantly—I am as sure that she is for me, that she is to be mine, that she will not, can not, would not resist me, as I am that the stars

themselves are shining. I know that you will understand what I mean (I don't know of many people who would), and that you will therefore understand in some degree my undeserved happiness.

Celestine is still at Cæsar's Head. I should be there still also, but I had to return in order to let Blaylock take his holiday. Business must not be neglected, now that there is a home to make, you know. (Did you ever realize what a glorious thing it is to work until you had somebody to work for?) When Blaylock comes back I shall go to the Head for another week or two before Celestine leaves for California. Her home is at Los Angeles. Celestine — Los Angeles; there is heaven even in the names.

II.

PART OF A LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1892.

My Dear Tom: I am just back from Los Angeles, and find your letter awaiting me. It is like you, and makes me ashamed of the slight qualms I have felt occasionally for writing so freely of Celestine.

I did not return to Cæsar's Head after I wrote you, as Celestine left for home sooner than she had expected. Consequently I went to Los Angeles instead of to the Head.

My visit has only confirmed me in every conviction I expressed in my first letter to you. Tom, she is the only woman in the world for me, and I shall never again doubt the goodness of that Providence which led me to her.

There is a new feature of the case, which developed on my trip. In the old days when you and I were so sure of ourselves, one of my dogmas was that I would never marry a woman whose worldly condition was much better than my own. My views, you may remember, were very positive, and they must have impressed you as sincere, for you used to call me a crank on that point. Well, Celestine is said to be not only very wealthy, but she is mistress of her fortune, her aunt being her nearest relative. She is regarded as one of the richest girls in California—you could not be in Los Angeles long without becoming aware of that. Moreover, she is very popular, and has any number of suitors, many of whom are far more "eligible" than I. But the odd thing is that her fortune does not disturb me in the least. When the thought of it occurs to me at all it is merely as a preference that she were without a dollar. As for those fellows who are in love with her, I simply pity them. But my happiness is so great that there is little room for preference or pity, or for anything else except just Celestine. In the light of a love for her, all the wealth of the world would appear trivial and mean. It seems a coarse thing to even mention this matter to you, Tom; but you are you, and it does me good to write to one human being without reserve.

I have not yet told Celestine of my love. I shall do so on my next visit to Los Angeles, a few weeks hence. It absolutely deifies me to think of the moment when the last barrier between us shall be swept away and she shall be mine in very truth. Tom, she is unquestionably the purest, most genuine, most unspoiled, and——

III.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, OCTOBER 27, 1892.

Thank you, old man, for your warm-hearted words, although I have not yet had the grace to answer your last two letters. I returned from Los Angeles a few days ago. It is all up with me. She does not care for me at all.

IV.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE KIRKE TO MR. THOMAS DRISCOLL, MAY 4, 1893.

My Dear Tom: Don't think I undervalue your brave efforts to brighten things for me because I have not writ-

ten to you. But, after all, there is almost as little to be said as to be done in such matters. I suppose I shall get used to it after a while.

Do you remember once, when you were burning with the ambition to write the greatest possible tragedy, which you contended was still unwritten, how we revelled in imaginary tortures of mind and dooms of body in seeking the plot for that tragedy, and how you finally abandoned your purpose because we could not decide what it should be? It seems to me that it is very simple. Take the case of a man who has such ideas of woman as you have; who finally meets her, and knows that for him there can be no other. Then paint his life, spiritual, mental, and physical, after he realizes that she, probably from the very perfections which make her what she is, fails to find in him that which such a woman must find in the one to whom she gives her love. Paint that man's life, or paint one hour of it, and you have your greatest possible and unwritten tragedy.

Do not think that because I can contemplate this case from a critical standpoint I am already on the way to either the conventional indifference or the conventional cynicism which is so often assumed to be the sequence of similar experiences. As to the indifference, I shall say nothing; as to the cynicism, let me assure you, Tom, that the one consolation the hero of your tragedy can have is the knowledge that there is after all, such a woman as that of his dreams.

V.

THE POSTSCRIPT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CELESTINE GIRARD TO MISS ALICE GRANT, NOVEMBER 17, 1892.

Oh, about Mr. Kirke. You want to know "what about" him, and you say you've an idea I like him. But there isn't anything about him to tell you, except that he isn't coming to see me any more. I like him well enough—as well as the rest of them, I suppose—perhaps a little better than most of them. But — well, he was like the others, Alice. I felt sure of it, and so did Aunt Miriam. Where men are concerned, can "the rich Miss Girard" ever feel sure of anything else?

THE POINT OF VIEW

A CONTEMPORARY story-teller who lays the scene of his narrative in Newport reminds the reader that it was the Newport of departed days, "not the paradise of cottages and curricles, but of big hotels and balls, of Southern planters, of Jullien's orchestras and hotel hops." Newport had not become Belgravia then, but was something like Arcadia still.

I dare say that Belgravian Newport is amply satisfactory to its denizens as it is; but there is that in the coloring of the story which reminds one to lament not only the loss of the Arcadian Newport, but the general and inevitable tendency of all the more charming summer Arcadias to take on the Belgravian characteristics. Arcadia is ever unstable. It begins by being sylvan. The shepherds wear flannel shirts, and the shepherdesses go about in big hats and tennis shoes, and wear the same dress all day long, and scarcely venture to tie a ribbon to their crooks. Quickly Arcadia gets the fame of being a pleasant place. People are so friendly there; manners are so easy and so good. Chaperones are scarce and high, and no one cares, for such Eden-like simplicity prevails that chaperones are not needed. Before long the people who have been overdosed with conventionalities and are tired of fine raiment hear of it. Word gets around that some of the nicest people go to Arcadia, and that there is no place where the girls have more fun, or where the youth are more eligible, or from which everybody brings home a finer color or better spirits in the fall. But what is money for if not to enable its owners to enjoy the newest delights? So soon as Arcadia's charms begin to be noised abroad the place begins to be the fashion. Newcomers create new needs, and soon, far too soon, the shepherdesses are getting their gowns from Watteau and changing the ribbons on their crooks four times a day. The hotel quadruples in size, and is crammed full of Sybarites. Gradually the original Arcadians realize that society has grown too miscellaneous, and begin to put up separate huts and withdraw to them. Then the Sybarites discover that the hotel is primitive and countrified, and straightway build themselves cottages with rooms for many servants and stables for troops of quadrupeds. Then comes the short-tailed horse, and the British groom multiplies in the landscape. Champagne and chaperones surge in, hand in hand. Simplicity goes elsewhere and sells her abandoned tenement to style, who pulls it down and puts up a palace on its ruins. And so Arcadia fades away and the sign "Belgravia" looms up in large letters at the railroad station.

And what becomes of all the true Arcadians who were happy once together? Some build fine houses on their property and rent them to Belgravians and go away themselves for the summer. Some put their sheep in charge of a hireling and supply the cottagers with spring lamb. Some hang up their crooks and go into the real estate business, but many, perhaps most of them, are corrupted and turn Bel-

gravians themselves. For Belgravian existence has an intoxicating quality about it that is able to upset the discretion of people who ought to know better. Even for the rich it is fairly debatable whether Belgravia is so happy a land as Arcadia, and for the poor there is no question at all about Arcadia's superiority. Yet it is constantly happening to the worthy poor whose choice has been Arcadia, to have the Belgravian current turn their way and sweep them off their legs. Belgravia is so insinuating. For what it lacks of being picturesque it makes up in being fine. Its standards are mere arbitrary conventions, and yet once one gives in at all to them they quickly come to have the force of natural laws. Inch by inch, substituting elegance for mere comfort and show for simple use, it lures the would-be Arcadian into a competition wherein it is a weariness to engage and an embarrassment to succeed. There are certain kinds of nuisances against which the promoters of Arcadias take pains beforehand to provide, selling land only for uses and under conditions which they deem compatible with their general purposes. But they never provide against the chances of a Belgravian degeneration. They stipulate that no hut of less than a certain value shall be built upon the lots that they sell, but they never limit the prospective builder the other way. His edifice must come up to the prevailing standard, but nothing hinders him from so far surpassing it as to make all his neighbors feel that the conditions of their existence are squalid. Arcadias have been spoiled as Arcadias without ever reaching the full measure of Belgravian development. Promoters must know that, but they never guard against it. If the current sets Belgraviaward they take the chances of arrival, lamenting nothing, and seeming to feel, in business-like obtuseness, that simplicity has achieved its highest end if it has paved the way for fashion.

In his address on "College Athletics," delivered in June before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, General Francis Walker alluded to the days before the war, and before the spread of the Muscular Christianity movement, when "brains and brawn were believed to be developed in an inverse ratio, and the only things to be admired were mind and soul." We have got so thoroughly well over all that in these days that it has become a matter of some interest to speculate how far the pendulum is going to swing the other way. So thoroughly is the contemporary mind disabused of the notion that there is any incompatibility between the development of brains and of brawn, that the tendency of that part of the population which is freest to choose its methods seems to be to stimulate the brains by the use of Indian clubs and exercise the mind on the cinder-path and in the riding-school. The idea of the *mens sana in corpore sano* was always a sound idea, and is so still, but the usefulness of a sound mind in promoting the healthfulness of the body seems in no small danger of being overlooked, in the enthusiasm for elaborate processes for keeping the body sound with a more or less remote purpose of intellectual results. An impression that seems to have gained a good deal of currency is that intellectual labor is a sort of poison the effect of which upon the corporeal man must be vigorously offset by an antidote of protracted physical exertion. There is some basis even to that impression. Neglect of proper exercise and protracted mental effort may produce morbid bodily conditions which react upon the mind. But even a layman may point out that physical and intellectual labor do not so much offset as supplement one another. A certain amount of work, varying in quantity with the individual, is practically essential to comfortable living, but the preponderance of such work may be either mental or physical. The person who works with his mind works off in that way a certain amount of his daily energy and has so much the less to be spent in bodily exertion. But the person who does not work with his mind has to work off all his energy physically. To the man who has formed the habit of mental labor, physical labor beyond a certain point is mere weariness and exasperation. And so is much mental labor to the person who is used to toil with his muscles.

The notion that General Walker seems to suggest, that a man is incapable of sound thought unless he is "strong, swift, and enduring" in his body, is contradicted by

too many examples to need refutation here. Theoretically, it is easy to demonstrate that the old-fashioned thinker did not know his business and could not have thought out anything of value by such methods as he used. But as a matter of fact, the old-fashioned thinker left documents that are hard to get over.

General Walker scouts openly at the old-fashioned idea of "keeping the body under," but really there is something to be said even for that. The apparatus of physical development, especially in the cities, has become so elaborate and expensive, that there is no great novelty in the spectacle of the youth who takes fifty dollars' worth of exercise as a preliminary to attempting to do five dollars' worth of head work. The body that is once thoroughly habituated to lavish muscular exertion demands such exertion to keep it comfortable. If its tenant has assumed other duties and cannot accede to its demands, it makes him thoroughly unhappy until it has been so far subdued as to know its place. A body that has grown so obstreperous as that is a considerable inconvenience to a brain-worker. What he wants is a simple tenement in which he can dwell without having his attention perpetually distracted by its requirements. Ordinary repairs he expects to make, and to give it ordinary care, but to keep up the muscular establishment that the taste of the times seems to affect is as much beyond his means as life in a Fifth Avenue palace.

For gentlemen who propose to take out a considerable share of their enjoyment in eating and drinking, a lively participation in sports is an excellent thing. No doubt the average man can eat more and drink much more with comparative impunity, if he keeps himself thoroughly well exercised. There are men in whose enviable stomachs food and drink in almost any quantity seem to turn directly into intellectual energy, and who can eat and drink over night in a manner that is the envy of their fellows, toil at a desk next day in a way to make them despair, and yet day after day get along with only so much exercise as comes by "walking home from the office." But such men are either phenomenal creatures or possess some secret that the world has missed. For most ambitious eaters and drinkers, plenty of exercise is indispensable.

And so, doubtless, it is for "hustlers." The ideal American that General Walker seems to have had in his mind, is the man who is effectual in doing things; whose activities are tireless; who "booms" towns and builds up trade; who is willing that anyone may have the ideas if only the actualities are his. Such men are useful, and the country has places for them, and the colleges are proud to train them and send them forth. College athletics are probably good for them, and it is largely because of them and their number and their needs that college athletics will continue to flourish.

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"HE MISSED HIS FOOTING AND FELL."

—See *The Mystery of the Red Fox*, page 427.

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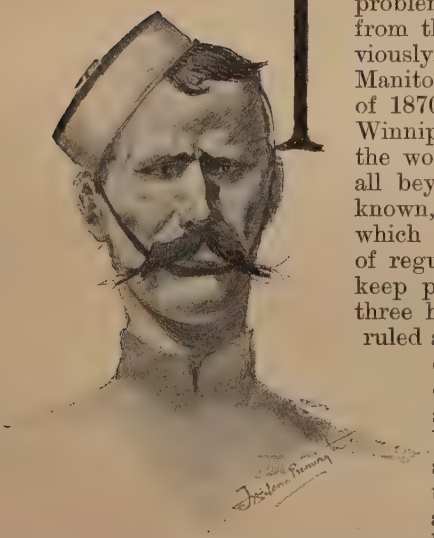
THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE OF CANADA.

By J. G. A. Creighton.



IN 1873 the Dominion of Canada had a serious problem to face. It had bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson Bay Company four years previously. The establishment of the Province of Manitoba had required the Wolseley expedition of 1870, and the maintenance of a garrison at Winnipeg, which was just springing up round the wooden palisades of old Fort Garry. But all beyond the Red River was practically unknown, and 30,000 Indians held the plains over which the buffalo herds then roamed. An army of regular troops seemed necessary to take and keep possession. This was done by a force of three hundred men, which for years practically ruled a region as large as France and Germany, dealt with unruly populations and most exacting conditions, and really brought about the civilizing of this vast district by personal bravery, judgment, and character. This paper proposes to tell something of the story epitomized in the badge and motto of the Northwest Mounted Police, whose scarlet tunic is the symbol of law and order from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the United States border to Peace River and the Saskatchewan.

Though organized when the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was Premier, the Mounted Police were one of Sir John Macdonald's inspirations, and after his return to power, in 1878, they always remained under his own eye. The red coat was no mere concession to historic sentiment, but his crafty appeal to Indian tradition of the good faith and fighting qualities of the "King George's Man," whose ally their brethren in the East had been, and to whom even the great Hudson Bay Company owned allegiance.

The nucleus of the force was got together in Manitoba, in the autumn of 1873, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had done Canada good service in organizing her artillery schools, and who, after winning fresh distinction in Australia, recently retired from the Imperial Army as a Major-General. The rest, making the strength only three hundred in all, went from Toronto to Fargo by rail, in June, 1874, and had a foretaste of their work in a march of 160 miles to Dufferin, on the southern

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frontier of Manitoba. Weeding out the weaklings, and leaving a few good men to form a depot and send a detachment to Fort Ellice, on the Assiniboine, the Mounted Police began their record and scored from the outset. With two field-guns and two mortars, and relying on

Badge of the Northwest Mounted Police.

their own transport train for supplies, they marched 800 miles westward through an unknown country inhabited by 30,000 Indians and a few score white desperadoes, till the Rocky Mountains were in sight. Leaving Colonel Macleod, the Assistant Commissioner, to build a fort in the very heart of the country of the terrible Blackfeet, where no white man's life was then safe, and sending another detachment north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees, the main column turned back. They crossed the plains northward by way of Qu'Appelle to Fort Pelly, but finding their intended headquarters were not ready they returned to Dufferin. The thermometer, which had stood at 100° F. in the shade when they marched out, marked 30° F. below zero on their return. In four months, to a day, they travelled 1,959 miles, besides the distances covered by detachments on special service. Once beyond the rich prairie of Manitoba, hard work in the gravel drifts of the Missouri Coteau and among the broken gullies of Wood Mountain and the Cypress Hills told heavily on their animals. Many good horses lived through want of water and food in the arid plains where cactus and sage-brush are the only vegetation round the alkaline lakes, to die from the effects of unaccustomed forage, or from the bitter cold that came on early in the autumn, though officers and men gave up their blankets to shelter their chargers. But the three hundred police accomplished, without losing a life, what had seemed work for an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land.

One object of the expedition was to drive out the gangs of whiskey traders, outlaws of the worst kind from the Western States, who kept the Indians in a chronic state of deviltry, and only the year before had committed a number of murders and outrages on their own account. The forts in which they were reported to be entrenched, at the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers, proved to be merely trading posts, built of logs, and the inmates had taken themselves off without giving the police a chance to fire a shot. Another object was to establish friendly relations with the Indians. This was soon accomplished, and their confidence in the police has lasted from that day to this. Their suspicions quickly wore away, and they became outspoken in their expressions of gratitude to the Government for sending them such protectors. As one chief told Colonel Macleod, "Before you came the Indian crept along, now he is not afraid to walk erect." They were given a general idea of the laws, told that these would be the same for white man and Indian alike, and that they need not fear punishment except for doing what they knew to be wrong. They were promised that their lands would not be taken from them, but that fair treaties would be made in solemn council—promises the faithful fulfilment of which has saved Canada from Indian wars. Before the end of 1874 Colonel Macleod was able to report that the whiskey trade was completely suppressed, that an unarmed man could ride safely over what had been the battle-ground of those hereditary enemies the Blackfeet and Crees, and that the only Indian difficulty to be apprehended was the meeting of war parties from different tribes. The best result of the expedition was the immediate establishment of a prestige which has served the

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

Officer of the Mounted Police in Full-dress.

Police Recruit Acquiring a Military Seat.

Police in good stead in many a "tight place" since, and has enabled them to disregard immeasurable odds against them.

Colonel Macleod succeeded to the command upon Colonel French's resignation after completing the work of organization. During the next two years the Police were busy building themselves posts, establishing supply farms, and exploring the country. Those were the golden days of the force; the life was one of constant excitement and adventure, and the duties were almost purely military, for no settlers then went beyond Manitoba. The great herds of buffalo still ranged the prairies, and it is strange now to read in the old order-books prohibitions from shooting more animals than could be used as food. The grizzly bear had not beat his final retreat to the mountains, and there were antelope in abundance. The Indians often came into conflict over encroachments upon each other's hunting-grounds, and were quick to appeal to the red-coats as arbiters and protectors. At that time the Police had the whole management of the Indians on their shoulders. They had to reconcile them to the coming of the whites, and to protect the surveyors, who had already begun parcelling out the country and exploring the route of the railway. Their abilities as diplomats were evidenced by the readiness with which the Indians entered into the treaties concluded between 1875 and 1877, and their soldierly qualities by the bearing of the detachments that escorted the commissioners. Convoying the large sums of money and stores of supplies required for the annual payments to each head of a family was a

perilous duty. The distribution of them required firmness, tact, and insight into the mysteries of Indian character. But these are qualities the Police have always shown in a marked degree.

In 1877 nearly the whole of the little force was concentrated on the southwestern frontier to watch and check the 6,000 Sioux who sought refuge in Canada after their defeat of Custer on the Little Big Horn. Fort Walsh, in the Cypress Hills, was made headquarters instead of Fort Pelly; a post commanding the trails from the Upper Missouri was established at Wood Mountain to the eastward, and the garrison of Fort Macleod was increased. A time of great anxiety ensued. The Canadian Indians, especially the Blackfeet, were strongly opposed to the presence of the Sioux—the more so as it was already apparent that the buffalo would be extinct in a few years. The temptation was great to smoke the tobacco sent them by Sioux runners, and thus bind themselves to join in an effort to sweep out once and for all the white men, whose numbers seemed so scanty. But—chiefly under Crowfoot's influence—it was resisted, and they helped the Police by refraining from hostilities, and affording information as to the doings of the new-comers. Sitting Bull and his warriors were met with a quiet resolution that astonished them, and won their immediate respect. They were told that so long as they observed the law they would be protected, but could expect nothing more, and would not be allowed to settle permanently in Canada, and they were finally induced to surrender peacefully to the United States authorities in 1880–81.

The coolness and pluck of the Police during that critical period was amazing. Their confidence in themselves is curiously evidenced by a report from the officer in command at Wood Mountain, recommending that at least 50 men should be stationed there, as there were about 5,000 Sioux camped in the vicinity! On one occasion an attempt by the Sioux warriors to rescue by force one of their number who had been arrested, was faced and stopped by 28 troopers. Such exploits were frequent. In 1877 Inspector Walsh, with Doctor Kittson, a guide, and 15 constables, charged down at daybreak one morning on a war camp of 200 Assiniboines, who, after illusing and firing at some Saulteaux camped near by, had threatened to serve the Police in the same way if they came. Surrounding the war lodge erected in the centre of the camp, he arrested and took away the head chief, Crow's Dance, and 19 of the principal warriors. Then assembling the remainder of the chiefs in council, he warned them of the results of setting the law at defiance and ordered them to let the Salteaux go in peace.

Street Dress of the Mounted Police.

On one occasion a settler struck an Indian, whose comrades, some 500 in all, not understanding how such an insult could be atoned for by a fine, promptly proceeded to destroy the settler's property. Getting worked up into wild excitement they soon began firing indiscriminately, and threatening to take the lives of all white men. Colonel Irvine and his Adjutant, Captain Cotton, happened to be near by. Though unarmed they rode straight into the infuriated band. Rifles were levelled at them from all sides, but their coolness told, and the Indians sullenly obeyed the order to disperse. Incidents like this, however, could be told of every officer who has served in the Mounted Police, nor have the rank and file been behind their officers in daring and firmness. It was then, as it is now, an every-day matter of duty for a single constable to enter an Indian camp and make an arrest. Momentary indecision, or the display of temper would have often meant not only failure but certain death.

In 1880 Colonel Irvine, who had been Assistant Commissioner for some years, succeeded Colonel Macleod in the command, the latter becoming Stipendiary Magistrate, and eventually being appointed a judge when the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories was organized in 1886. Their names will always be associated with the rapid and successful development of the country, and a record of the distinguished services which both began as Canadian officers in Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition of 1870, would itself be the history of the Northwest.

The modern era of that history began with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The rapid progress of this was largely due to the services of the Police in preventing annoyance and attacks on working parties by the Indians, maintaining law and order among the thousands of navvies employed, and preventing entirely the introduction of liquor. An army of camp-followers—gamblers, thieves, and the scum of the Western border States—flocked in for their expected harvest, but were kept in perfect order. The Police did good work, too, in quelling strikes, which at times threatened to become serious disturbances. Mr. Van Horne, the President of the Company, has borne the most telling testimony to their services in these words written to the Commissioner: "Without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid force under your command it would have been impossible to accomplish as much work as we did. On no great work, within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed."

Till then the Police had mainly their own safety to consider. With the rapid influx of settlers came responsibility for lives and property scattered over an area of 375,000 square miles. Trading-posts developed into towns, new centres of population sprang up like magic, the cattle-ranchers occupied the region at the base of the mountains, and the whole face of the country was changed. Simultaneously with this coming of the white men the buffalo became extinct, and the Indians, reduced at once to poverty, and no longer masters of the plains, felt their position bitterly. Among the thousands of immigrants there was naturally a large proportion of the roughest class, and the thought that a settler's taunt or hasty action might precipitate an Indian outbreak added largely to the cares of the Police. On the other hand, the Indians, accustomed all their lives to look upon other men's horses and cattle as lawful plunder, found in horse-stealing and cattle-killing substitutes for the excitement of the war-party and the chase, and serious encounters were frequent. Another instance out of many, which I wish there were space to give, will further show the coolness and determination with which the Police always act. It happened in 1882, but is typical of any time in their history. A sub-chief of the Blackfeet, named Bull Elk, stole some beef from a white man and fired at him. Inspector Dickens—a son of the novelist by the way—ordered his arrest. Sergeant Howe and two constables went with the Inspector to the reserve and took their prisoner through a mob. Though they were knocked down and the Indians began firing, they stuck to their man,

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A Serious Warning.

ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

Old Fort Walsh, now abandoned.
(From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.)

while the Inspector kept the Indians back with his revolver, until the rest of the men quartered there—only ten of a reinforcement—came to their rescue. The prisoner was to be sent to Macleod for trial, but 700 Blackfeet warriors, armed with Winchesters, surrounded the post, taunted the sentries, and tried to excite the Police to fire on them, which, of course, would have ended everything with the little detachment. On Crowfoot's intercession and promise to go bail, the prisoner was allowed to go for a time. This happened on January 2d, it was reported at Macleod, 100 miles away, by Sergeant Howe, on the 4th, and by the evening of the 6th Major Crozier, with every available man, was at the Blackfeet Reserve, having ordered the field-guns to be ready if wanted. The post was hurriedly fortified by eleven the next morning, and the prisoner was sent for. Crowfoot asked if they meant to fight. The reply was, "Certainly not, unless you commence." Crowfoot was then in turn asked whether he meant to do his duty as a chief, assist the Police in their duty, and make a speech to his people, saying the Superintendent had done right. The Indians were evidently greatly impressed, and after a vigorous harangue from Crowfoot endorsing the action taken, Bull Elk was sentenced and marched off to prison. The policy of separating the tribes, settling them on reserves, and teaching them to farm, was distasteful in the extreme to these born rovers; but by great tact the Crees and Assiniboines were persuaded to move north from the Cypress Hills to the Qu'Appelle Valley and the Saskatchewan, guarded by the Police from the attacks of their old enemies the Bloods, whose war-parties were on the alert to seize such a chance. They did not all go quietly, however, for Big Bear, so notorious afterward in the rebellion of 1885, and another worthy named Pie-a-Pot, gave much trouble. The former led 150 braves to sack Fort Walsh, but the sight of 100 red-coats, and two mountain guns on its wooden bastions, changed his mind and kept

Foot Parade of D and H Divisions, Mounted Police.

(From a photograph taken by Steele & Co., of Winnipeg, at Macleod, Northwest Territory, December 18, 1890.)

him civil for a time, though soon afterward Colonel Irvine, with one officer and 22 men, had to take their lives in their hands by riding into his camp of 500 lodges to enforce the surrender of some horses stolen from Montana Territory.

The Canadian Pacific Railway made such unexpected progress that in 1882 definite plans could be made for the permanent stations of the force, which was then raised to a strength of 500. Regina, the capital of the Territories, was chosen as head-quarters, and Fort Walsh and Wood Mountain were abandoned, though the latter, from its commanding situation, has since been re-established as a permanent outpost. Substantial barracks began to replace the original quarters that the troopers had built for themselves of cotton-wood pickets, roofed with poles and thatched with grass and clay. Comforts were provided in the shape of libraries, recreation-rooms, and canteens for the supply of small luxuries and the beverage known from its authorized strength as "four per cent. beer," and the Police settled down to their new and ever-increasing duties as a permanent garrison. All seemed to be going well for three years, and then came "the psychological moment" in the history of the Northwest.

Had the warnings of the Police been heeded the rebellion of the half-breeds under Louis Riel would have been impossible. The actual outbreak found them ready, but though the strength at the northern posts had been increased to 200, all decisive action depended on orders from Ottawa, 2,000 miles away. At a day's notice Colonel Irvine, with 4 officers and 86 men, all the force available, left Regina, and marching 291 miles in seven days in the depth of a Northwest winter, passed right through the district held by the insurgents, outflanking them by his quickness and upsetting Riel's plans to seize Prince Albert, the key of the situation. Twenty-four

Police and Trailer Following a Criminal.

hours were occupied in organizing the defences of Prince Albert, and before daybreak Colonel Irvine, hoping to quash the rising by a prompt and decided movement, was on the way to reinforce Fort Carlton. Unfortunately, that very day Major Crozier had sent out a party to secure provisions and ammunition at Duck Lake from falling into the insurgents' hands. Resistance was made, and he went out himself, with, all told, 99 Police and Prince Albert volunteers, and fell into a trap skilfully planned by the rebels, whom he had no reason to think were in force. They were between 300 and 400 strong, however, and almost surrounded him. Crozier's men made a splendid stand, though fighting in deep snow which made their one field-gun almost useless, and with no better cover than their sleighs, while the enemy were concealed in thick bush. After losing 12 killed and 12 wounded they retired as steadily and coolly as they had fought, bringing off their wounded and the gun, and got back to Fort Carlton just as Colonel Irvine arrived there. It was the only check the Police have ever experienced.

That they would have retrieved the situation by themselves no one who knows them has ever doubted. But they never had a free hand. General Middleton, the Imperial officer in command of the Canadian militia, was on his way to Winnipeg to direct a campaign ; they were already placed under his orders and "the ceremonies of the wars must be kept."

"What are the Police doing?" was the question on every lip for anxious weeks. Their enforced inaction, and the consequent loss of prestige that had so often enabled a handful of troopers to disperse hundreds of armed warriors, emboldened whole bands of Indians to join the insurgents and heartened them to a determined resistance that cost many brave lives to overcome. All that was soon known ; but until the inner history of that sharp little campaign is written the injustice and misrepresentation will not be revealed which they were made to bear that others might make sure of reaping all the glory and reward. It is impossible even to outline here the events of 1885. The records and the graves on the prairie tell what the Police did whenever and wherever they got their chance. Their indispensable and invaluable aid has been frankly acknowledged by commanders in whom

selfishness did not mar personal bravery, and their soldier-comrades were the first to testify that they did their full share, and more, of marching, hard work, and fighting. But no man in the force wears the medal that decorates many a volunteer who never was within 300 miles of the front, and saw all his active service at the base of supplies or in the Home Guard of his own settlement. And why? Let red-tapedom answer for itself: "The Mounted Police were doing their ordinary duty." A prouder distinction it would be hard to invent.

The duty done so well was not confined to those who were with the three columns in the field. Those left behind had heavy work and responsibility. The firm front shown and the preparations for defence at all the posts undoubtedly checked a general rising of the Indians. At Macleod in particular, the tact and personal influence of the officer in command, Major Cotton, aided by the same qualities in his former chief, Colonel Macleod, and backed up by the admirable conduct of the rank and file, kept the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans from disregarding the loyal counsels of old Crowfoot and joining Riel. Had they done so, every Indian in the Territories would have risen, their friends from across the border would have joined them, and there would have been massacre and rapine throughout the whole Northwest.

Immediately after the outbreak the strength of the Police was increased to 1,000, their present number. In 1886 Colonel Irvine resigned, and was succeeded by the present commandant, Colonel Lawrence Herchmer. And now it is time to say something of the composition and routine work of the force.

The Northwest Mounted Police, like the Royal Irish Constabulary, on which it was modelled, is, in the eye of the law, a purely civil body; its officers are magistrates, the men are constables. But so far as circumstances will allow, its organization, internal economy, and drill are those of a cavalry regiment, and when on active service in a military capacity, the officers have army rank. The Queen's Regulations do not apply to it, however, and discipline, as strict as in the army, is enforced under a concise and comprehensive enactment which provides a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of one month's pay, leaving it to the discretion of the officers to make the punishment fit the crime. Even the same C. O.'s views naturally vary, and if this

Winter Costume of the Police.

provision were made a little more definite so that the defaulter, whose military "crime" consists in buttons insufficiently burnished, or in miscalculation of the time available to see his sweetheart home before "last post" sounds, might meet a more uniform fate, a grievance would be removed.

The affairs of the force are managed by a distinct department of the Government at Ottawa, under the political supervision of one of the Cabinet Ministers, at present the President of the Privy Council. Mr. Frederick White, formerly Sir John Macdonald's Secretary, has for many years been the Controller of the Department, its permanent civil head. The executive command is held by an officer styled the Commissioner, and ranking as lieutenant-colonel. The Assistant-Commissioner ranks with a major, and after three years' service with a lieutenant-colonel. Ten Superintendents, with captain's rank, command the divisions, with about thirty-five Inspectors as subalterns who correspond to lieutenants. Paymaster's and quartermaster's duties are done by the officers of each division, and the Superintendent of the depot division acts as regimental adjutant, an inspector performing similar duty for each of the individual divisions. The medical staff consists of a Surgeon, five Assistant-Surgeons and two Veterinary Surgeons, the small number of the latter being supplemented by veterinary staff-sergeants. The non-commissioned officers are, as in the army, sergeant-majors, staff-sergeants of various sorts, sergeants, and corporals, while the troopers are called constables.

The officers' pay is not large. The Commissioner receives $2,400; the Assistant-Commissioner, $1,600; the Superintendents and Surgeon, $1,400; the Inspectors, $1,000 a year, with, of course, free quarters, rations, light, fuel, and forage. But promotion is very slow, and these are the rates of twenty years ago when the force was small, the duties far less numerous and exacting, and the life far more attractive. The men, however, are well paid, and without the vexatious deductions which in the army reduce Tommy Atkins's pocket-money to a mere pittance. The non-commissioned officers get from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day; the constables fifty cents, with an addition of five cents good-conduct pay for each year, and an allowance of twenty-five cents when employed as clerks or artificers. Both officers and men are provided with liberal pensions, graded according to length of service, and attainable after ten years. Rations are of excellent quality and large quantity, and can be supplemented very cheaply with little luxuries from the canteen, which is now a feature of every division post. At most places, especially in the north, there is a fair supply of small game in the season. The Macleod and Calgary districts abound with fine trout.

The rank and file are not surpassed by any picked corps in any service. A recruit must be between twenty-two and forty-five years old, of good character, able to read and write English or French, active, well-built, and of sound constitution. He is also supposed to be able to ride, and a man who knows something of horses is preferred, but these two requirements are broadly interpreted. The physique is very fine, the average of the whole thousand being five feet nine and a half inches in height and thirty-eight and a half inches round the chest. There has always been an unusual proportion of men of good family and education. Lots of the young Englishmen who come out to try their hand at farming in Manitoba, or ranching in Alberta, eventually drift into the Police, as do also many well-connected young Canadians. Farmers' sons from Ontario, clerks tired of city life and poor prospects, immigrants who have not found their El Dorado, waifs and strays from everywhere and of every calling, are to be found in the ranks. The roll-call would show many defaulters if no man answered to any name but his own. There was, and still may be, at least one Lord in the force; several of the men are entitled to more than the plain regimental number as a handle to their names, and many are university graduates. In these days of short service discharged soldiers are glad to take the Queen's shilling again, so that medals won in England's continual little wars

One of the Riders.

at the other end of the world are not unusual, and not a few officers who have borne Her Majesty's commission now serve as simple troopers. In the adventurous infancy of the force these elements were even more numerous than nowadays, and many an odd *rencontre* has occurred between men who had last met at the mess-table of some crack regiment, in a swell London Club, or an English country-house. The term of enlistment is five years, but many of the men "take on" again, especially since the establishment of the pension system. Discharge may be obtained by purchase, but the small number allowed to avail themselves of this privilege, only three a month, and the long delay in getting a release—often useless unless available at once — constitute a serious grievance and an easily suppressible cause of desertion. Hardships and monotony, especially to those unused to work and discipline, proximity to the border, the inducements of high wages in civilian life, and dread of punishment for some offence—unpremeditated perhaps and trivial enough in anyone but a soldier—frequently make deserters. But they are usually a good riddance to their comrades, whose good record is not spoiled by the inevitable black sheep.

After passing the doctor and taking the oath of allegiance, the recruit goes to head-quarters for training. His life

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Daring Arrest of Bull Elk—Attempted Rescue by a Mob of Blackfeet.—Page 404.

there is that of a cavalry soldier all the world over. He undergoes in the riding-school that refined torture which results in a military seat, and incidentally learns much of the peculiarities of the Western broncho. After a trial of Mounted Infantry drill, the force has returned to the regular cavalry system, in the simpler movements of which it is thoroughly exercised, and field-artillery drill has also to be learned. Rifle and revolver practice, mounted and dismounted, and instruction in police duties complete the professional training. There is plenty to do in the way of parades, stables, guard mounting, orderly duty, escorts, and "fatigues." He also learns to drive a transport wagon and a buckboard—two vehicles constantly in use for prairie travel—so that merely as a soldier he has to master the work of all arms of the service, besides those of a police constable.

The uniform is very like that of an English dragoon, the full dress consisting of scarlet tunic braided with yellow, dark blue breeches with a broad yellow stripe down the side, riding-boots and spurs faultlessly polished, and white helmet with glittering brass spike. In undress, with his tight-fitting jacket, round forage-cap perched on three hairs, and silver-mounted whip, as he swaggers down the street of some little Northwest town, there is not a crack cavalry regiment in Her Majesty's service that can show a smarter trooper. Only the officers and sergeants wear swords; the rank and file are armed with Winchester carbines and Enfield revolvers, the cartridges for which are carried in brown leather bandoleers and waist-belts. The Policeman's kit is of excellent quality and unusually varied in description, to meet many varieties of climate and duty. Besides uniform, a liberal supply of warm underclothing, the usual toilet necessaries, brushes and cleaning apparatus for himself and his horse, blankets and bedding on a liberal scale, and table necessaries, there are such items as fur cap, buckskin mitts, moose-hide moccasins, and long woollen stockings to wear with them, a waterproof sheet, a rug, and a red worsted *tuque*, the picturesque and piratical-looking winter head-dress of the French Canadian *habitant*. A long blue cavalry cloak and cape serve well enough at ordinary times, but for out-door duty in the bitter frost of the Northwest a coat of black Russian lambskin is the best substitute that has yet been found for the old-time buffalo coat, which is now as scarce and valuable as one of its original wearers. Duck clothing is provided for the not less trying summer heat, and stout pea-jackets for spring and autumn. On patrol and at the outposts the cowboy's comfortable felt hat is a frequent substitute for the stiff helmet and shadeless forage cap. Experienced officers advocate a "prairie suit" of neutral color, keeping the present uniform for parade use; and now that the red-coat has served its purpose so effectually it might well make way for a more suitable working-dress.

The Depot Division and another of the ten into which the force is divided, about two hundred strong, are stationed at head-quarters, three miles from Regina, and form a little prairie town of themselves on the banks of the Wascana. The English of this euphonious name, which hardly compensates for absence of water in summer and intense muddiness at all seasons, is Pile-of-Bones Creek, so called from the stacks of buffalo bones once upon a time stored there to be carried away by rail and converted into fertilizers, so that Eastern cattle in their turn might benefit by the elements of the rich prairie grasses. The barracks, a number of wooden buildings — many of them merely portable houses—grouped round a parade-ground, do not make an imposing display of architecture. On one side the officers' quarters form a row of detached cottages; barrack-rooms, sergeants' quarters, orderly-room, guard-house, prison, canteen, recreation-rooms, stables, and storehouses complete the square, and the Union Jack flies from a flagstaff over all. Outside are the hospital, more storehouses, a fine riding-school, and a small cluster of married men's quarters, but wedlock is an institution not favored by the authorities. All round is the open prairie, reaching to the horizon in long undulations unbroken except by Government House near by,

the distant roofs of Regina, and the straight line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north. The aspect is peculiarly bare, even in summer when the tough clay soil, in which trees will not grow, yields its abundant harvest of wheat.

The other Divisional Posts, scattered as they are through such an extent of country, vary much in situation and local color, but all have the same family likeness. Times have changed much since the Police first came into the Great Lone Land. Towns and villages and farm-houses stand where only the tepees of passing Indians broke the horizon line. Wagon trails sear the plains with broad brown bands, but the creaking "bull train," drawn by long teams of oxen, wincing under the resounding crack of long whips plied by wild-looking drivers volleying strange oaths from under the canvas-tops of the "prairie schooners" that slowly dragged out mile after mile, is almost extinct. Only blanched skulls and the deep furrows worn by countless thousands following each other in single file, remain to tell of the buffalo; and the great "fall hunt," in which the half-breeds laid up store of robes for "the Company," is now a legend. The "Sun Dance" is no longer a mystic rite to test the would-be warrior's fortitude, but a means of extracting a little money from tourists, and the youthful Indian slaves at pothooks and hangers in the school at the Reserve. The glamour of the early days is gone. Yet the endless prairie is never far from the barrack-gate, and whether it be bright and sweet with its summer carpet of flowers, brown and bleak in spring and autumn, or blinding in brilliance of winter whiteness, its deep silence, broken neither by the cool breeze, sweet to man and horse after the scorching heat of a summer-day, nor by the deadly rush of the icy blizzard, strikes deep into the soul.

Fort Macleod, the oldest post of all, in the heart of the rich ranching country of southern Alberta, commanding the southern passes through the Rockies, and separating the Blackfeet from the Bloods and Piegans, as well as keeping watch over the Montana border, has always been an important place, and two divisions are stationed there. A typical Western frontier town has grown up round it, and the southern extension of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, by bridging the hundred miles that separated it from the Canadian Pacific line, has added still more to its popularity as a station. Lethbridge, 50 miles to the eastward, which replaces old Fort Walsh, now quite deserted and in ruins, is a flourishing mining town, and the present terminus of the Alberta Railway and Coal Company's line, which, under lease to the Canadian Pacific Railway, is now being extended through Macleod and the Crow's Nest Pass. It is the headquarters of an important district just to the northward of the Indian tribes across the border. Maple Creek and Calgary form, with Regina, a line on the Canadian Pacific Railway, intermediate between the frontier and the northern posts. Maple Creek, but for the railway passing through it, is still an isolated prairie post, while Calgary, at the gate of the Bow River Pass, has in a decade developed into an enterprising little city of brick and stone, with churches, banks, theatres, electric lighting and electric street railway. Its Gaelic name, "the river of clear water," was Colonel Macleod's apt christening of its beautiful site at the junction of two mountain streams. Calgary and Macleod have always been coveted stations; the beautiful region in the foothills of the Rockies and the mildness of the short winter, which is tempered by the warm Chinook winds from the Pacific, causing them to be known as "God's country" to the men stationed in the eastern portion of the Territories. Prince Albert, Battleford, and Fort Saskatchewan, the remaining three divisional head-quarters, are far to the northward on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, in a region where broad stretches of rich, long grass are broken by copses of poplar and birch, with numerous lakes and "sloughs." Beyond the great river is the southern border of the forest which separates the wheat-growing plains of the south from the rocky, moss-covered, "barren lands" within the Arctic Circle. Prince

Albert, the easternmost of the three, originally a half-breed settlement, is now a thriving town and the centre of a flourishing district. Within the last two years the railway has stretched out a long arm to it, and cut off the tedious journey across the Salt Plains and the long round by river steamer from Lake Winnipeg. Battleford, midway between the other two, is now the only post still dependent on the buckboard, the Red River cart, and the prairie schooner for its means of communication with civilization when the water is too low for the semi-occasional steamer to pass the shallow bars. Fort Saskatchewan is only twenty miles from Edmonton, which is connected with Calgary by rail, and in that country it is an every-day affair to ride that far to make an afternoon call.

Each divisional post is the focus of a system of outposts, some of which are maintained in summer only, or as occasion requires. These vary from an inspector's command to a solitary constable, but most of them consist of a few men under a non-commissioned officer. These isolated detachments are housed very variously; some are stationed in the small towns along the C. P. R.; others, on duty on the southern border of Manitoba, find quarters in snug farm-houses; but most of them have to put up with rough "shacks," otherwise log-huts, and many, even in winter, are under canvas. By degrees, however, comfortable quarters are being built at the principal points commanding the main trails. A continuous chain of patrols is kept up all summer, those of one division connecting with the next, so that the whole country is thoroughly examined. On the United States boundary alone the line of patrols extends seven hundred miles from west to east, and the map showing the routes travelled looks like a spider's web. A sharp lookout is kept for smugglers, horse-thieves, criminals, wandering Indians, and other "vagrom men." Strangers are asked their business; note is taken of settlers' complaints, the state of the crops, and the movements of cattle; strayed horses are looked up and restored to their owners, with every now and then a sharp ride for perhaps a hundred miles or more in pursuit of horse-thieves; prairie fires are watched for and put out if possible; the Indian Reserves are visited, and note taken of the doings there. Each patrol makes a written report, which, with the diary kept at the outpost, is sent in weekly to the Divisional Head-quarters. In this way a general supervision is maintained; the Police know all the ins and outs of the district, and are in constant touch with the people. It is trying work though; hard rides in all weathers, from daylight to dark; fording dangerous rivers, for ferries and bridges are luxuries yet to come in most parts of the Northwest; a scorching sun and the incessant plague of mosquitoes in the summer months; and often enough a night's lodging on the open prairie, with a tiny fire of twigs to cook the supper, and a turn at guarding the horses.

The statutory duty of the Mounted Police is to carry out in the Northwest Territories, and, if required so to do, in every province of Canada, the criminal and other laws of the Dominion. Something of what this phrase means may have been gathered from what has already been said. There is hardly anything they have not to turn their hands to in the varied circumstances of the vast country through which they are scattered. It has been truly said that their life is one continual campaign. Offenders are arrested and tried before the officers, who sit in conjunction with local magistrates if possible. Prisoners for short terms are guarded in the cells of the post, those sentenced to over two years have to be escorted to the Manitoba Penitentiary, a duty which, before the railway was built, involved rides of many hundreds of miles. The enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law, under which nobody could have intoxicants in his possession without a special "permit," gave a great deal of work. Every vehicle was examined, and many a traveller on the Canadian Pacific has waked in wonder at the red-coated apparition clanking through the sleeping-car. Bibles and prayer-books contrived for spirituous refreshment; eggs filled with whiskey; coal-oil barrels built round kegs of fire-water; canned to-

matoes with one tin in a dozen of very potent quality; and clump-soled boots that must have been water-proof—they held so much pure alcohol—are only a few specimens of the ruses resorted to. The Police had a perfect genius for detecting them, and with the imperturbability bred of discipline, spilled ruthlessly a fluid so precious that thirsty souls have been known to scrape up the mud thus compounded. It says much for the *morale* of the men that this unpopular and uncongenial duty was so faithfully carried out. A constable has been known to refuse $1,000, offered him merely to be conveniently absent on leave. The duties of inspection under the license system adopted in 1892, when the Territorial Legislature was given a free hand to deal with the liquor question, are hardly less arduous, and make the Police unpopular with certain classes in towns and villages, though unpopularity is the very last attribute of the force generally. Their influence and assistance is still indispensable for the agents and instructors who now watch over the red man, teach him to farm, and educate his children. Horses are always getting astray in the Northwest, and the settler has a firm conviction that the Police are bound to find them for him, though he is not always as grateful as he might be when their voluntary efforts to help him are unsuccessful. Horse-stealing gives the Police plenty of work, many an exciting chase, and not seldom an interchange of shots before a capture is effected. White men from across the border are the principal marauders in this line, but their short-lived satisfaction at finding Judge Lynch and the nearest cottonwood bough replaced by a formal trial with the chance of escape on a technical flaw in the evidence, was soon exchanged for consternation at the efficiency of Police methods and the rigors of a long term in penitentiary on the British system.

It took some time to convince the Indians that cattle are not, like the buffalo, the property of the slayer, and even now a vigilant eye has to be kept on the ranches. Prairie fires are a constant source of anxiety and hard work, and keeping order along the lines of railway occupies a number of men. Some of the miscellaneous tasks the Police have to look after in unorganized districts are the collection of Customs and Inland Revenue duties, escorting the mail, acting as postmasters, and taking the place of every branch of the administrative service. Besides all this they do most of the work of building barracks and outposts, herd their horses, manage the farms which are established at most posts, repair their own wagons, saddlery, and harness, and make many of the articles they use. Nor are their abilities shown on land only. For some years past a sail-boat has patrolled Lake Winnipeg to look after the fisheries. Long journeys by canoe in summer, and dog-train in winter, are necessary to visit the Indians in the North, the Police supervision reaching as far as York Factory on Hudson's Bay, while all the northern posts make much use of boats on the Saskatchewan. In 1887 the Kootenay Indians at the head of the Columbia River having given a good deal of trouble, "D" Division, under Superintendent Steele, after marching from Macleod to Swift Current, were taken to Golden City by rail, and thence made their way by trail along the Columbia to the Kootenay country, where they built themselves a post and established outposts. They soon put down the disorders, and in the following summer marched through the Crow's Nest Pass, over the mountains, 200 miles back to Macleod, repairing the rough pack trail and making bridges by the way. In fact, as was said of the Police in 1880, when they first furnished an escort for a Governor-General, "with the discipline of regular soldiers they are as handy as sailors."

Horses, as well as men, to stand such work must be of the best. It was soon found that Eastern horses took too long to acclimatize and did not equal the native bronchos in endurance and hardiness. All those used now are bought in the country, except a few for driving-teams. The best come from the Alberta ranches, where the original broncho stock has been greatly improved by thorough-bred blood. They are tough, wiry animals, standing about

fifteen hands, with good heads, sound feet, and short backs, and well up to the weight they carry. They frequently have to travel 50 miles a day for a week at a time, and in the South want of water often compels this rate to be exceeded. Lord Lorne's escort travelled 2,072 miles, at an average of 35 miles a day. An officer on his staff said that a month of such work would break up his regiment, a crack English cavalry corps. In 1879 one troop marched 2,100 miles within four months, but many of the men had done much more individually, and one of them had 7,000 miles to his credit during the year. On downright duty in 1889, not including exercise or drills, 376 horses of four divisions travelled the amazing distance of 646,805 miles, an average for each horse of 1,720 miles during the year. In 1886 "F" Division had to go from Battleford to Regina, marching at night on account of the heat, and spending thirteen hours out of each twenty-four in the saddle, and they covered the 240 miles in five days and a half. A patrol of 80 mounted men without any spare horses, and with 12 heavily loaded teams travelled 650 miles in 22 days, on two of which they marched 40 and 42 miles without water. As may be supposed, great care and judgment is shown in the treatment of the horses; all that can be spared are turned out to shift for themselves in winter after native fashion, and profit greatly by the long rest. The saddle used is of the California pattern, and sore backs are of rare occurrence.

It may be said that such instances represent work done under special conditions and in the most favorable circumstances. On the contrary, they are taken at random from official reports of ordinary duty. In the Rebellion of 1885 a detachment under Major Perry marched 928 miles in 38 days, an average of 24 miles a day, hauling a gun weighing 38 hundred-weight over prairie trails nearly impassable from the mud, fording rapid rivers swollen by the spring freshets, and crossing lakes and deep morasses, without losing a horse. The divisional orders of Major-General Strange attest that that gun was mainly instrumental in demoralizing Big Bear's band in the engagement at Frenchman's Butte. The same detachment scouting between Battleford and Fort Pitt covered 130 miles in 36 hours without a horse giving out.

My testimony may savor of gratitude for kindness and hospitality received from commandant down to the solitary trooper who has shared his supper with me and given up his bed. The Mounted Police have come under the notice and invariably won the admiration of many much more qualified judges. They have escorted princes of the blood, general officers, and Governors-General, and this is what Lord Lorne told them when bidding them good-by at Fort Shaw, Montana. The first words allude to the compliment paid him and them by the parade of the United States troops in their honor.

. . . . . .

"That good fellowship which exists between soldiers is always to the fullest extent shown between you and our kind friends. This perfect understanding is to be expected, for both our empires —unlike some others, send out to their distant frontier posts not their worst, but some of their very best men. I have asked for this parade this morning to take leave of you, and to express my entire satisfaction at the manner in which your duties have been performed. You have been subjected to some searching criticism, for on my staff are officers who have served in the cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Their unanimous verdict is to the effect that they have never seen work better, more willingly, or more smartly done while under circumstances of some difficulty caused by bad weather or otherwise. Your appearance on parade was always as clean and bright and soldier-like as possible. Your force is often spoken of in Canada as one of which Canada is justly proud. It is well that this pride is so fully justified, for your duties are most important and varied. The perfect confidence in the maintenance of the authority of the law prevailing over these vast Territories, a confidence most necessary with the settlement now proceeding, shows how thoroughly you have done your work. . . ."

MORITURA.

By Margaret Gilman George.

I am the mown grass, dying at your feet;
The pale grass, gasping faintly in the sun.
I shall be dead, long, long ere day is done,
That you may say: "The air, to-day, was sweet."
I am the mown grass, dying at your feet.

I am the white syringa, falling now,
When some one shakes the bough.
What matter if I lose my life's brief noon?
You laugh; "A snow in June!"
I am the white syringa, falling now.

I am the waning lamp, that flickers on:
Trying to give my old, unclouded light
Among the rest that make your garden bright.
Let me burn, still, till all my oil is gone.
I am the waning lamp that flickers on.

I am your singer, singing my last note.
Death's fingers clutch my throat.
New grass will grow, new flowers bloom and fall;
New lamps blaze out, against your garden wall;
I am your singer, singing my last note.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RED FOX.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

I.

IT grieves me sorely to read in the newspapers the accounts of the young gentlemen of Newport and the region round about riding across the country in hot pursuit of an anise-bag. It grieves me to know that a noble instinct is frittered away in so futile a fashion—that youth, talent, and native enthusiasm are doomed by their environment never to glow with the unspeakable, the indescribable ardor that takes possession of those who are engaged in the business of following a red fox. I long to invite these young gentlemen into the ample woodlands and far-stretching Bermuda fields of middle Georgia, where the old-time sport of fox-hunting is still pursued by the chosen few. I long to get them here and turn them over to the genial souls who steal away from the petty cares of life to greet the rosy dawn with thrilling horn and baying hound. I long to see the young men drifting across these hills, where musical echoes swarm, following an old Red that has been seasoned and trained to the work. The gloss would disappear from their top boots and the nap would be shorn from their velveteens; but what matter? A month of pleasure would be compressed into the space of three hours, and ever after life would hold a different meaning.

Not that I would decry or belittle the

drag-hunts that the anise-bag is the basis of. No! Better a sassafras root, hauled through the wind—better an anise-bag no bigger than your thumb—than no drag at all. By exercising the imagination the young men who follow the hunt can get, perhaps, a faint whiff of the real thing—a touch, though never so light—of the genuine enthusiasm that possesses those who are worthy to share in this sport.

But them that are wise in this matter must needs have a tenderness for their dogs. Think of insulting the delicate nostrils of the great Virginia Captain, or his greater grandson, Hodo, or Rowan, or Whalebone, or Music, or Rapidan, or the wonderful July, or even old Jonah, of Putnam, with the anise-bag! The sensitive mind revolts at the very idea. Therefore, I beg the young men who are mimicking the noble sport of fox-hunting to give their dogs at least the flavor of the genuine thing. Are fox-pelts so scarce or so costly that they cannot be used instead of anise-seed? The experiment would be worth trying. I should imagine that a well-bred dog, trained to anise and that sort of thing, would follow a fox-skin with bristles up, and with mellower cries.

I confess the anise irks me. It fills me with gloomy suspicions. If nothing better could be had, gladly would I applaud the spirit of self-sacrifice impelling the young men to use it. But there is no scarcity of fox-skins, and if there were the skin of the prowling Thomas-cat would make an admirable substitute. But anise! I would swap not the fillip of a finger for the dog that would give tongue to it. When some one remarked to Jamie Hogg on the barbarous character of fox-hunting, his reply was: "Think of the dogs!" So, when I see in the newspapers accounts of the cross-country riding after an anise-bag, I want to cry out in protest, "Think of the dogs!" The chosen few think not only of their dogs, but of their neighbors' dogs.

II.

It is a far cry from the anise-bag and the unfortunate dogs that pursue it, to the red fox; but I hesitate about dealing with the mystery that envelops the latter. I approach it doubtfully, not with the intention of solving it, but with the hope that some of our amateur or professional scientists, who are so ready with their theories, may give it a moment's attention and, belike, explain it away. The mystery I speak of has its centre in middle Georgia, and it involves two interesting problems: Where did the red fox come from, and where is he going? What instinct has led this rough-and-tumble emigrant into Georgia and is now beckoning him out? This movement was noted by the fox-hunters of middle Georgia more than a quarter of a century ago. During that time there have been movements and counter-movements, disappearances and reappearances—all the signs of unrest and bewilderment—but the general movement has been toward the southwest. What irresistible impulse leads or pushes him in that direction? Water has more terrors for the red fox than for the house cat. It is only in the last extremity he will take to it, but in coming hitherward, as in going away, he has forded streams and swum rivers. He has crossed the Savannah, the Oconee, the Ocmulgee, the Altamaha; he has crossed and is still crossing the Chattahochee. This much I know by observation, by correspondence and through oral information imparted by hunters who would themselves be glad to have some explanation of the mystery.

From 1843 to 1863—probably a year or two later, the red fox swarmed in middle Georgia, and for ten years of that time he was invincible, outfooting all the dogs that could be brought against him. "Old Spot," to characterize the long-eared, "blobber-mouthed" hound, was nowhere. Old Spot and his breed could run down a gray fox in five or six hours, but the red ran right away from them, leaving a cold trail behind him. But let us not do injustice to the dogs of the "Old Spot" variety. They furnished plenty of comfortable sport, and they were patient and indefatigable. They were admirably adapted to hunting the gray fox. They lumbered around after him in his doublings and turnings, and gave even the amateurs an

opportunity to enjoy the sport. But when the red fox took up his abode in the neighborhood, he put an end to the enjoyment. When this interloper rose from his warm bed and swept the dew from the broom-sedge with his brush, he made a straight shoot for the next county, and on some occasions Old Spot and his brethren, stiff and sore, would be several days making the return trip. Sometimes they failed to return.

Moreover, in some mysterious way—it is part of the mystery that attaches to him—the red fox served a writ of ejection on the gray— a writ that was satisfied instanter. Wherever the red fox put in an appearance, the gray made way for him, deserting his home and his feeding grounds, and fleeing in abject terror before the stranger. What is the secret of this terror? A gray captured alive is as savage as a bull-dog, snarling and biting at everything that comes in his way. But introduce to his attention even a red fox cub and he will make the most desperate efforts to escape. The cub, on the other hand, will fly at the gray with all vengeance, showing that the enmity between them is inherent and instinctive.

Thus it was that the red, which has been so prolific of sport, seemed born to destroy the pleasures of the hunters of middle Georgia. He ran out of hearing of their dogs, and drove the gray to other fields. When the interloper made his first appearance he was given a most cordial welcome. The hunters of middle Georgia had often heard of him, and they longed to match their dogs against his speed and endurance. They had the conceit of their guild. No fox-hunter of spirit will admit that his dogs are inferior to any other dogs.

Among those who were anxious for an opportunity to add the brush of a red fox to their collection was Mr. John Respess, of Putnam County, who still lives to enjoy a green old age. He was a most ardent and successful fox-hunter. He had given up "Old Spot" and his kind, and was cultivating the Redbone dog. The Redbones had speed and bottom, but they lacked body and bone. They were too light. But Mr. Respess and his neighbors were not aware of this. It was a fact that still needed demonstration.

One frosty morning in 1843, Mr. Respess heard his dogs giving tongue merrily not far from the house. The music made his heart glow. "It is a rascally fox," he thought, "that has ventured too near the hen-roost, but he'll never venture again." He hurried out to join the hunt that seemed to be getting nearer. By the time he could have his horse saddled, the dogs in full cry went sweeping through his orchard. He rode after them as fast as circumstances would allow, but it was not long before they were out of hearing. After waiting awhile for the fox to double and fetch his pack back to breakfast, Mr. Respess rode back home. The idea occurred to him that his dogs had run the fox down and caught it without giving it time to double and return, and the thought was a consoling one. After breakfast Mr. Respess went about his business, and, for a time forgot all about the episode of the early morning. Later in the day he found that his dogs had not returned, and he summoned them home with the horn, but at night they had not returned, and it was not until the middle of the next day that they came straggling in, stiff and lame.

Mr. Respess rubbed his chin and thought the matter over. If he was puzzled it was only for a moment. There was but one explanation, and the very thought of it thrilled him with enthusiasm. He went into his orchard to set at rest whatever small doubts he may have had. There in the soft loamy soil, in the trail that his dogs had followed the day before, he found a fox's pad. It was larger and not so compact as the pad of a gray. Thereupon Mr. Respess, being a young man and full of the enthusiasm of a genuine sportsman, flung his hat in the air and gave a yell of delight that aroused his kennel. It was the pad of the long-wished-for red fox. Mr. Respess made no more fuss over the matter. Enthusiastic as he was, he took pains not to blab his discovery. He told his secret to a few choice spirits and then endeavored to make the most of it. In a fortnight he found that a red fox and a vixen had taken up their abode in his gin-house

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

His Pack Divided.—Page 423.

He found a fox's pad.—Page 420.

field a half mile from his house, and, in order to get their bearings—to find where they fed — he took one of his superannuated dogs and trailed them through the plantation. Then he took his gun and shot birds for them, keeping them well supplied with those feathered tidbits. They responded cleverly to this treatment, and raised what Mr. Respess regarded as a very interesting family.

This was the introduction of the red fox into middle Georgia. He quickly made himself at home, taking possession of the feeding-grounds of his frightened cousin, and destroying for the time-being the sport of those who had aforetime found enjoyment in following and in sometimes catching the gray. The red soon achieved a reputation. He was a tantalizing element. He asked nothing better, when he was out for a frolic, than to get in front of their lumbering, blundering dogs, and lose them in the wild woods. Yet the advent of the red fox was a fortunate

thing for the hunters in one respect. He compelled them to look to their kennels. He reminded them in the liveliest fashion of the old maxim that blood and breeding will tell.

Among those who became speedily interested in the problem of the red fox was Mr. L. F. W. Birdsong, of Upson County, who shared the belief, common to all fox-hunters, that his dogs were invincible. One fine day, he got together a camping outfit, and carried his kennel to the old sedge-fields of Putnam. It was his purpose and desire to steal a march on his brethren. So he said nothing of his intentions, but went down into the "Turner old fields" and camped out. He purposed to spend a week there, but his first day's experience satisfied him. He was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to scare up two reds at the same moment, and his pack divided. They quickly ran away from him, and he heard no more of his dogs until they returned home fagged out and dispirited.

Nevertheless, the visit of Mr. Birdsong to Putnam and his inglorious de-

A "Double."

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The "Old Napper" Run.—Page 427.

feat in a field of his own seeking were very fortunate events for the fox-hunters of Georgia. For he was a man of resources. He had been in correspondence with Dr. Thomas Y. Henry, of Virginia (a grandson of Patrick Henry), who was himself a noted fox-hunter, and who was the owner of a strain of fox-hounds that had attracted attention in all parts of the country. At once Mr. Birdsong set about getting some of these dogs. He wrote to Dr. Henry, but received no answer. After a time he wrote again, but still there was no answer. There was a very good reason for Dr. Henry's silence. He had contracted a pulmonary complaint, and his family physician ordered him to the piney-woods region of southern Georgia. Instead of travelling by the ordinary methods of conveyance, Dr. Henry organized a little caravan of his own, and went south in a buggy accompanied by wagons containing tents and other equipments. He carried his kennel with him and hunted on the way. He made the trip leisurely, stopping a week at a time at any point that suited his fancy. Thus it happened that letters addressed to Dr. Henry in Virginia remained unanswered.

But one day Mr. Birdsong received a most welcome letter from Dr. Henry. It was dated at a little country-town in southern Georgia, and contained glorious news for the Georgia hunter. Dr. Henry begged him to come and take the survivors of his once famous kennel in order to preserve them from the alligators. It was a feeble remnant that Mr. Birdsong found when, in response to the summons, he went after the dogs, but he carried it home with him, nursed it back into health and strength, and soon had the pleasure of counting as his own four descendants of the famous Virginian "Captain," a dog whose performances are noted in the annals of fox-hunters. This was the nucleus in Georgia of the strain that has been christened with the name of "Birdsong." Mr. Birdsong has protested against this in print, asserting that the "Henry Hound" would be a more appropriate name and assist in preserving the history of the breed, but all to no purpose. Birdsong it was, and Birdsong it has remained.

In the course of a very few years, the fox-hunters of Georgia strengthened their kennels with this strain. To Putnam went Hodo, the most magnificent specimen of a fox-hound that has ever been seen in this country. The youngsters of to-day will sit sidewise on their horses, waiting for a start, and tell you that old July is at the head of his kind. July was a happy cross of the Birdsong (or Henry) hound on the Maryland dog, and he had an opportunity of making a record. Hodo had no such opportunity. He made a record, it is true. He began his career by running down and killing a red fox unaided and alone, on the Pine Mountains of Upson County. But his temper was against him. When he went to his final destination in Putnam, he had to be tied up to prevent him from biting negroes and strangers. He submitted to this indignity for twelve hours. Then he gnawed the rope, and in crossing a plantation fence, he hanged himself. Thus perished, ignominiously and in his prime, the grandest of all fox-hounds. He had a phenomenal nose, and he scorned to put it to the ground when in motion. He had the courage and something of the temper of the bull-dog. His back was long and supple, with a slight upward bend beyond the withers; his chest was deep and powerful; his flank lean and lithe. His ears fell not much below the eye-line; his muzzle was broad and muscular; his nose square and prominent. Behind each foreshoulder was a beautiful "feather-mark"—the escutcheon of the Birdsong dog. With his speed he had judgment. The red fox that got up before him never lived to go through the ordinary manœuvres. Among a hundred dogs, even the untrained eye would have picked him out at once as displaying most clearly the marks that are recognized as the evidences of blood and breeding. Who shall say that the death of this matchless dog was accidental? On a strange plantation, among those who barely appreciated his phenomenal qualities, who shall say that he did not commit suicide?

I was a mere lad when Hodo went to Putnam, too young to go fox-hunting, yet I was fortunate enough to witness what was perhaps his most remarkable

performance. He was kept for awhile by Mr. Harvey Dennis, of Eatonton, and I had been in the habit of taking Mr. Dennis's dogs out to hunt rabbits—not without threats and vain protestations on the part of that gentleman. It was wrong, but I couldn't resist it. The rabbits were nothing to me, but I had a passion for seeing the hounds run together and hearing them give tongue. At that time I should have been delighted even had I known that they were in pursuit of no higher game than an anise-bag. One day I carried them to the Bledsoe fields, about two miles from town, where the worn and discarded lands, as if to show what they could do, had given to birds, to beggars and to the hungry and thirsty wayfarer, acres of blackberry bushes, where they might regale themselves in season. In the late fall these bushes were bare, but, with the undergrowth of sedge and bermuda, they afforded a famous hiding-place for rabbits. With the dogs on this occasion was Hodo, who seemed to take little interest in the proceedings. Neither persuasion nor encouragement could make him hunt with the other dogs. He was on his dignity. He went around in a leisurely way, sniffing contemptously at the bushes and watching disdainfully the movements of the other dogs.

While going about over the field, which consisted of about five hundred acres, with a fence on two sides, I was almost paralyzed with excitement to see a red fox steal from a covert of sedge and dewberry bushes and make off with amazing celerity. What noise I made, Heaven only knows, for I was trembling all over, but Hodo, who was facing in the opposite direction, whirled with a sharp challenge, flung himself into the covert and issued forth as if he had been driven out of a catapult. His challenge, fierce and eager, attracted the instant attention of the other dogs—there were seven of them—and they swarmed to him as he made off on the blazing drag. It was a mile to the cross fence toward which they were going obliquely, and everything was in sight. I ran forward, a little way, but my excitement was so extreme that I was compelled to stop, and it was fortunate I did so, for now I was on the apex of the hill and not twenty yards of the field were hid from view.

To that hour I had believed that Mr. Dennis's dog Rowan was the fleetest hound in existence, but I observed with regret that although he had put into the chase immediately behind Hodo, he quickly fell, and continued to fall, behind. He was falling behind notwithstanding the fact that he was running with head up and tail down, while Hodo was going easily, taking the bushes like a bird when they grew across his way. A red cow at the farther end of the field—she seemed to be no bigger than a calf—hearing the riot of the dogs, tossed her head in the air and stampeded along the line of the fence. It was now that I caught a fleeting glimpse of the fox. He was about fifty yards ahead of the dogs, and the noise made by the cow caused him to change his course. He turned sharply to the left in a panic and disappeared like a shadow. Here Hodo overran the drag by several hundred feet, but swerved at the fence, doubled back obliquely, and picked it up. The other dogs now had an opportunity to recover a part of the ground they had lost, but although Rowan was running furiously, I could not see that they gained a yard. Hodo was going faster than ever. One reason for this was that the panic the fox had been thrown into by the cow had improved the scent.

A quarter of a mile from the point where the cow had cut up her capers a blind ditch began to embrace the hill with its shaggy arm, stretching around until it came within a few yards of where I stood, an almost breathless spectator of this stirring contest. It had been filled long ago, but on either edge the briers grew and flourished, leaving a smooth and narrow pathway on the site of the ditch. Reaching the ditch, Hodo flung to the right as far as the fence, then to the left. As he turned to the left, I heard him lift up his melodious voice in a prolonged note of triumph, and then I saw the most tremendous burst of speed on the part of the dog that it has ever been my good fortune to witness. And yet there was no evidence of exertion, no uncertainty.

Every movement was rhythmical, the result of the rapid but steady play of the powerful machinery the dog had at his command. The open field and the bright sunshine were too much for the fox, and he sought the friendly cover of the grass and briers that grew along the ditch.

They came nearer and nearer, the voice of Hodo ringing surer and more confident as he sent musical messages to the dogs tumbling along two hundred yards behind him. Running in the ditch, the fox was not going at full speed, but at last the situation grew so uncomfortable that he concluded to trust himself to the open, and he broke cover not very far from where I stood, not twenty-five yards ahead of Hodo. I tried to shout, but could only utter a sound something between a shriek and a squeal. The dog must have heard it, for he hurled himself over the barrier of the ditch and there caught sight of the flying fox. The ecstacy of that hour will never be repeated. What wild and furious antics I cut up in that old Bermuda field will never be known. The fox slipped away like a shadow while Hodo seemed to stretch out at full length above the warm and fragrant grass. Within three hundred yards the fox swerved suddenly to the right and ran for a scrub apple-tree, the remnant of an old orchard, and endeavored to fling himself among the lower branches. He missed his footing and fell—into the red and foaming jaws of Hodo.

At that time it seemed to me that an hour must have elapsed between the starting of the fox and his death, but the time could not have been above ten minutes—fifteen at the utmost. It was perhaps as fair a test of the speed of the red fox as compared with that of the thoroughbred hound as will ever be witnessed.

III.

A YEAR or two before the event which I have been describing—but not before the hunters of Putnam had materially strengthened their kennels—there occurred a chase that is perhaps the most famous in the hunting annals of middle Georgia. In Putnam County, not far from the junction of the Oconee with Little River, there dwelt an old red fox that had achieved a great reputation among the hunters of that section. He made his home not far from the Edmondson Place, and he was known as "Old Napper." His name was probably due to the fact that he was usually to be found on the Napper plantation. Certainly it was not because he could be caught napping, for, according to all accounts, he was the most wide-awake fox that had ever been found in those parts. He had tantalized the hunters and outfooted their dogs until at last it was decided to make an overwhelming effort to capture him. Twenty or thirty hunters assembled one fine morning, having with them about fifty hounds. They had no difficulty in finding traces of "Old Napper." The conditions were exceptional. There had been a warm rain the night before and the ground was ripe for holding the scent. Tom Collingsworth's Music had the honor of picking up "Old Napper's" drag, and as it was comfortably warm, the dogs had no trouble in footing it along at a cheerful gait. The drag led straight toward Eatonton. A little beyond the Edmondson Place it freshened up, Music leading and setting the pace. In a little while Matt Kilpatrick's Whalebone went rattling to the front and divided honors with Music, while behind them came a stream of screaming dogs, half a mile in length.

Straight on the drag led, past Gorley's, through the Rose Place, and then across the suburban lots of Eatonton. This was a ten-mile run, and at a pace that began to tell on the horses, for, sad to say, there were some amateurs among the hunters who knew not how to spare their mounts, and many horses that thought they were out for a frolic. Matt Kilpatrick rode his famous "bald-faced" pacer, Harvey Dennis was on his seasoned bay, and Tom Collingsworth was mounted on his long gray. These and other practised hunters, who knew what kind of work "Old Napper" was likely to cut out for them, rode easily if not leisurely. Beyond Eatonton the hunt led through the Marshall Place, across "Baptizing" Creek, across

Crooked Creek, through the Turner old fields, through the Spivey Plantation, and then to the Oconee. This was another ten-mile run. At the Oconee "Old Napper" turned and retraced his steps. Harvey Dennis, who caught a glimpse of the fox, gave the view-halloo. The dogs that responded—the leaders of the chase—were put in right behind "Old Napper," and it was thought that they were near enough to give him a warming. The Birdsong strain was beginning to show its virtues. Back to Eatonton went the chase—another ten miles. Then to Baldwin County, eighteen miles away, where "Old Napper" was run into and killed at three o'clock in the afternoon—an event that brought to an end a hunt that is still talked of in middle Georgia by those who grow reminiscent before a hickory fire glowing on the hearth and the ingredients of an apple toddy glistening on the sideboard. It was the toughest chase middle Georgia has ever known. Three horses were killed and four winded, and the hunter who was in at the death considers himself a sort of hero to this day.

Shortly after this, the Birdsong cross was discarded for the thoroughbred, and when this strain was established it was an easy matter for the hunters to catch two and even three red foxes any fine morning. With these later dogs behind him "Old Napper" would never have got beyond his feeding-grounds. In front of Hodo, his ten-hours run would have been cut down to forty-five minutes at the outside.

IV.

But what—the reader will ask—about the mystery of the red fox? That surely is the question, and (as such matters go) an interesting one. What about it? I shall not attempt to solve it. My purpose is merely to bring it to the attention of those who are qualified to study it. There is a theory among some fox-hunters that the movement of the red fox toward the southwest is merely the result of restlessness—the instinct that makes the pioneer. A gentleman of my acquaintance says he saw a red fox in eastern Alabama twenty-six years ago, and he seems to doubt the emigrant theory. Nevertheless, the red fox had fifteen years to reach eastern Alabama from the time he was first seen in middle Georgia. Moreover, it is a fact that a great many reds were caught and shipped to Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas before and during the war by the hunters of Putnam and adjoining counties. We must not confuse special instances with the general drift and tendency. When the red fox is found in sections which he is supposed to have evacuated, it must not be taken for granted that he has returned to settle and grow up with the country. It may be a new-comer that is following his brethren to the southwest; it may be a wanderer that has lost his way and has returned to get his bearings. But there can be no doubt that the red fox is moving toward the southwest. The movement was noted by Mr. Birdsong, who was not only a famous fox-hunter and breeder of dogs, but a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, and a close observer. It may be that the red fox will return after finding nothing in the southwest to suit his fancy, but it is certain that he is moving in that direction, and that this movement has been going on in Georgia for a half a century. What is the meaning, and what is to be the upshot of it?

THE MAN OF LETTERS AS A MAN OF BUSINESS.

By W. D. Howells.

I.

I THINK that every man ought to work for his living, without exception, and that when he has once avouched his willingness to work, society should provide him with work and warrant him a living. I do not think any man ought to live by an art. A man's art should be his privilege, when he has proven his fitness to exercise it, and has otherwise earned his daily bread; and its results should be free to all. There is an instinctive sense of this, even in the midst of the grotesque confusion of our economic being; people feel that there is something profane, something impious, in taking money for a picture, or a poem, or a statue. Most of all, the artist himself feels this. He puts on a bold front with the world, to be sure, and brazens it out as Business; but he knows very well that there is something false and vulgar in it; and that the work which cannot be truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money. He can, of course, say that the priest takes money for reading the marriage service, for christening the new-born babe, and for saying the last office for the dead; that the physician sells healing; that justice itself is paid for; and that he is merely a party to the thing that is and must be. He can say that, as the thing is, unless he sells his art he cannot live, that society will leave him to starve if he does not hit its fancy in a picture, or a poem, or a statue; and all this is bitterly true. He is, and he must be, only too glad if there is a market for his wares. Without a market for his wares he must perish, or turn to making something that will sell better than pictures, or poems, or statues. All the same, the sin and the shame remain, and the averted eye sees them still, with its inward vision. Many will make believe otherwise, but I would rather not make believe otherwise; and in trying to write of Literature as Business I am tempted to begin by saying that Business is the opprobrium of Literature.

II.

LITERATURE is at once the most intimate and the most articulate of the arts. It cannot impart its effect through the senses or the nerves as the other arts can; it is beautiful only through the intelligence; it is the mind speaking to the mind; until it has been put into absolute terms, of an invariable significance, it does not exist at all. It cannot awaken this emotion in one, and that in another; if it fails to express precisely the meaning of the author, if it does not say *him*, it says nothing, and is nothing. So that when a poet has put his heart, much or little, into a poem, and sold it to a magazine, the scandal is greater than when a painter has sold a picture to a patron, or a sculptor has modelled a statue to order. These are artists less articulate and less intimate than the poet; they are more exterior to their work; they are less personally in it; they part with less of themselves in the dicker. It does not change the nature of the case to say that Tennyson and Longfellow and Emerson sold the poems in which they couched the most mystical messages their genius was charged to bear mankind. They submitted to the conditions which none can escape; but that does not justify the conditions, which are none the less the conditions of hucksters because they are imposed upon poets. If it will serve to make my meaning a little clearer we will suppose that a poet has been crossed in love, or has suffered some real sorrow, like the loss of a wife or child. He pours out his broken heart in verse that shall bring tears of sa-

cred sympathy from his readers, and an editor pays him a hundred dollars for the right of bringing his verse to their notice. It is perfectly true that the poem was not written for these dollars, but it is perfectly true that it was sold for them. The poet must use his emotions to pay his provision bills; he has no other means; society does not propose to pay his bills for him. Yet, and at the end of the ends, the unsophisticated witness finds the transaction ridiculous, finds it repulsive, finds it shabby. Somehow he knows that if our huckstering civilization did not at every moment violate the eternal fitness of things, the poet's song would have been given to the world, and the poet would have been cared for by the whole human brotherhood, as any man should be who does the duty that every man owes it.

The instinctive sense of the dishonor which money-purchase does to art is so strong that sometimes a man of letters who can pay his way otherwise refuses pay for his work, as Lord Byron did, for a while, from a noble pride, and as Count Tolstoy has tried to do, from a noble conscience. But Byron's publisher profited by a generosity which did not reach his readers; and the Countess Tolstoy collects the copyright which her husband foregoes; so that these two eminent instances of protest against business in literature may be said not to have shaken its money basis. I know of no others; but there may be many that I am culpably ignorant of. Still, I doubt if there are enough to affect the fact that Literature is Business as well as Art, and almost as soon. At present business is the only human solidarity; we are all bound together with that chain, whatever interests and tastes and principles separate us, and I feel quite sure that in writing of the Man of Letters as a Man of Business, I shall attract far more readers than I should in writing of him as an Artist. Besides, as an artist he has been done a great deal already; and a commercial state like ours has really more concern in him as a business man. Perhaps it may sometimes be different; I do not believe it will till the conditions are different, and that is a long way off.

III.

In the meantime I confidently appeal to the reader's imagination with the fact that there are several men of letters among us who are such good men of business that they can command a hundred dollars a thousand words for all they write; and at least one woman of letters who gets a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand words. It is easy to write a thousand words a day, and supposing one of these authors to work steadily, it can be seen that his net earnings during the year would come to some such sum as the President of the United States gets for doing far less work of a much more perishable sort. If the man of letters were wholly a business man this is what would happen; he would make his forty or fifty thousand dollars a year, and be able to consort with bank presidents, and railroad officials, and rich tradesmen, and other flowers of our plutocracy on equal terms. But, unfortunately, from a business point of view, he is also an artist, and the very qualities that enable him to delight the public disable him from delighting it uninterruptedly. "No rose blooms right along," as the English boys at Oxford made an American collegian say in a theme which they imagined for him in his national parlance; and the man of letters, as an artist, is apt to have times and seasons when he cannot blossom. Very often it shall happen that his mind will lie fallow between novels or stories for weeks and months at a stretch; when the suggestions of the friendly editor shall fail to fruit in the essays or articles desired; when the muse shall altogether withhold herself, or shall respond only in a feeble dribble of verse which he might sell indeed, but which it would not be good business for him to put on the market. But supposing him to be a very diligent and continuous worker, and so happy as to have fallen on a theme that delights him and bears him along, he may please himself so ill with the result of his labors that he can do nothing less in artistic conscience than destroy a day's work, a week's work, a month's work. I know one man of letters who wrote to-day, and tore up to-

morrow for nearly a whole summer. But even if part of the mistaken work may be saved, because it is good work out of place, and not intrinsically bad, the task of reconstruction wants almost as much time as the production; and then, when all seems done, comes the anxious and endless process of revision. These drawbacks reduce the earning capacity of what I may call the high-cost man of letters in such measure that an author whose name is known everywhere, and whose reputation is commensurate with the boundaries of his country, if it does not transcend them, shall have the income, say, of a rising young physician, known to a few people in a subordinate city.

In view of this fact, so humiliating to an author in the presence of a nation of business men like ours, I do not know that I can establish the man of letters in the popular esteem as very much of a business man after all. He must still have a low rank among practical people; and he will be regarded by the great mass of Americans as perhaps a little off, a little funny, a little soft! Perhaps not; and yet I would rather not have a consensus of public opinion on the question; I think I am more comfortable without it.

IV.

There is this to be said in defence of men of letters on the business side, that literature is still an infant industry with us, and so far from having been protected by our laws it was exposed for ninety years after the foundation of the republic to the vicious competition of stolen goods. It is true that we now have the international copyright law at last, and we can at least begin to forget our shame; but literary property has only forty-two years of life under our unjust statutes, and if it is attacked by robbers the law does not seek out the aggressors and punish them, as it would seek out and punish the trespassers upon any other kind of property; but it leaves the aggrieved owner to bring suit against them, and recover damages, if he can. This may be right enough in itself; but I think, then, that all property should be defended by civil suit, and should become public after forty-two years of private tenure. The Constitution guarantees us all equality before the law, but the law-makers seem to have forgotten this in the case of our infant literary industry. So long as this remains the case, we cannot expect the best business talent to go into literature, and the man of letters must keep his present low grade among business men.

As I have hinted, it is but a little while that he has had any standing at all. I may say that it is only since the war that literature has become a business with us. Before that time we had authors, and very good ones; it is astonishing how good they were; but I do not remember any of them who lived by literature except Edgar A. Poe, perhaps; and we all know how he lived; it was largely upon loans. They were either men of fortune, or they were editors, or professors, with salaries or incomes apart from the small gains of their pens; or they were helped out with public offices; one need not go over their names, or classify them. Some of them must have made money by their books, but I question whether any one could have lived, even very simply, upon the money his books brought him. No one could do that now, unless he wrote a book that we could not recognize as a work of literature. But many authors live now, and live prettily enough, by the sale of the serial publication of their writings to the magazines. They do not live so nicely as successful tradespeople, of course, or as men in the other professions when they begin to make themselves names; the high state of brokers, bankers, railroad operators, and the like is, in the nature of the case, beyond their fondest dreams of pecuniary affluence and social splendor. Perhaps they do not want the chief seats in the synagogue; it is certain they do not get them. Still, they do very fairly well, as things go; and several have incomes that would seem riches to the great mass of worthy Americans who work with their hands for a living—when they can get the work. Their

incomes are mainly from serial publication in the different magazines; and the prosperity of the magazines has given a whole class existence which, as a class, was wholly unknown among us before the war. It is not only the famous or fully recognized authors who live in this way, but the much larger number of clever people who are as yet known chiefly to the editors, and who may never make themselves a public, but who do well a kind of acceptable work. These are the sort who do not get reprinted from the periodicals; but the better recognized authors do get reprinted, and then their serial work in its completed form appeals to the readers who say they do not read serials. The multitude of these is not great, and if an author rested his hopes upon their favor he would be a much more embittered man than he now generally is. But he understands perfectly well that his reward is in the serial and not in the book; the return from that he may count as so much money found in the road—a few hundreds, a very few thousands, at the most.

V.

I DOUBT, indeed, whether the earnings of literary men are absolutely as great as they were earlier in the century, in any of the English-speaking countries; relatively they are nothing like as great. Scott had forty thousand dollars for "Woodstock," which was not a very large novel, and was by no means one of his best; and forty thousand dollars had at least the purchasing powers of sixty thousand then. Moore had three thousand guineas for "Lalla Rookh," but what publisher would be rash enough to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for the masterpiece of a minor poet now? The book, except in very rare instances, makes nothing like the return to the author that the magazine makes, and there are but two or three authors who find their account in that form of publication. Those who do, those who sell the most widely in book form, are often not at all desired by editors; with difficulty they get a serial accepted by any principal magazine. On the other hand, there are authors whose books, compared with those of the popular favorites, do not sell, and yet they are eagerly sought for by editors; they are paid the highest prices, and nothing that they offer is refused. These are literary artists; and it ought to be plain from what I am saying that in belles-lettres, at least, most of the best literature now first sees the light in the magazines, and most of the second best appears first in book form. The old-fashioned people who flatter themselves upon their distinction in not reading magazine fiction, or magazine poetry, make a great mistake, and simply class themselves with the public whose taste is so crude that they cannot enjoy the best. Of course this is true mainly, if not merely, of belles-lettres; history, science, politics, metaphysics, in spite of the many excellent articles and papers in these sorts upon what used to be called various emergent occasions, are still to be found at their best in books. The most monumental example of literature, at once light and good, which has first reached the public in book form is in the different publications of Mark Twain; but Mr. Clemens has of late turned to the magazines too, and now takes their mint mark before he passes into general circulation. All this may change again, but at present the magazines—we have no longer any reviews—form the most direct approach to that part of our reading public which likes the highest things in literary art. Their readers, if we may judge from the quality of the literature they get, are more refined than the book readers in our community; and their taste has no doubt been cultivated by that of the disciplined and experienced editors. So far as I have known these they are men of æsthetic conscience, and of generous sympathy. They have their preferences in the different kinds, and they have their theory of what kind will be most acceptable to their readers; but they exercise their selective function with the wish to give them the best things they can. I do not know one of them—and it has been my good fortune to know them nearly all—who would print a wholly inferior thing for the sake of an inferior class of readers, though they may sometimes decline a good thing

because for one reason or another they believe it would not be liked. Still, even this does not often happen; they would rather chance the good thing they doubted of than underrate their readers' judgment.

New writers often suppose themselves rejected because they are unknown; but the unknown man of force and quality is of all others the man whom the editor welcomes to his page. He knows that there is always a danger that the reigning favorite may fail to please; that at any rate, in the order of things, he is passing away, and that if the magazine is not to pass away with the men who have made it, there must be a constant infusion of fresh life. Few editors are such fools and knaves as to let their personal feeling disable their judgment; and the young writer who gets his manuscript back may be sure that it is not because the editor dislikes him, for some reason or no reason. Above all, he can trust me that his contribution has not been passed unread, or has failed of the examination it merits. Editors are not men of infallible judgment, but they do use their judgment, and it is usually good.

The young author who wins recognition in a first-class magazine has achieved a double success, first, with the editor, and then with the best reading public. Many factitious and fallacious literary reputations have been made through books, but very few have been made through the magazines, which are not only the best means of living, but of outliving, with the author; they are both bread and fame to him. If I insist a little upon the high office which this modern form of publication fulfils in the literary world, it is because I am impatient of the antiquated and ignorant prejudice which classes the magazines as ephemeral. They are ephemeral in form, but in substance they are not ephemeral, and what is best in them awaits its resurrection in the book, which, as the first form, is so often a lasting death. An interesting proof of the value of the magazine to literature is the fact that a good novel will have wider acceptance as a book from having been a magazine serial.

I am not sure that the decay of the book is not owing somewhat to the decay of reviewing. This does not now seem to me so thorough, or even so general as it was some years ago, and I think the book oftener comes to the buyer without the warrant of a critical estimate than it once did. That is never the case with material printed in a magazine of high class. A well-trained critic, who is bound by the strongest ties of honor and interest not to betray either his employer or his public, has judged it, and his practical approval is a warrant of quality.

VI.

Under the *régime* of the great literary periodicals the prosperity of literary men would be much greater than it actually is, if the magazines were altogether literary. But they are not, and this is one reason why literature is still the hungriest of the professions. Two-thirds of the magazines are made up of material which, however excellent, is without literary quality. Very probably this is because even the highest class of readers, who are the magazine readers, have small love of pure literature, which seems to have been growing less and less in all classes. I say seems, because there are really no means of ascertaining the fact, and it may be that the editors are mistaken in making their periodicals two-thirds popular science, politics, economics, and the timely topics which I will call contemporanics; I have sometimes thought they were. But however that may be, their efforts in this direction have narrowed the field of literary industry, and darkened the hope of literary prosperity kindled by the unexampled prosperity of their periodicals. They pay very well indeed for literature; they pay from five or six dollars a thousand words for the work of the unknown writer, to a hundred and fifty dollars a thousand words for that of the most famous, or the most popular, if there is a difference between fame and popularity; but they do not, altogether, want enough literature to justify the best business talent in devoting itself to belles-lettres, to fiction, or poetry, or humorous sketches of travel, or light

essays; business talent can do far better in drygoods, groceries, drugs, stocks, real estate, railroads, and the like. I do not think there is any danger of a ruinous competition from it in the field which, though narrow, seems so rich to us poor fellows, whose business talent is small, at the best.

The most of the material contributed to the magazines is the subject of agreement between the editor and the author; it is either suggested by the author, or is the fruit of some suggestion from the editor; in any case the price is stipulated beforehand, and it is no longer the custom for a well-known contributor to leave the payment to the justice or the generosity of the publisher; that was never a fair thing to either, nor ever a wise thing. Usually, the price is so much a thousand words, a truly odious method of computing literary value, and one well calculated to make the author feel keenly the hatefulness of selling his art at all. It is as if a painter sold his picture at so much a square inch, or a sculptor bargained away a group of statuary by the pound. But it is a custom that you cannot always successfully quarrel with, and most writers gladly consent to it, if only the price a thousand words is large enough. The sale to the editor means the sale of the serial rights only, but if the publisher of the magazine is also a publisher of books, the republication of the material is supposed to be his right, unless there is an understanding to the contrary; the terms for this are another affair. Formerly something more could be got for the author by the simultaneous appearance of his work in an English magazine, but now the great American magazines, which pay far higher prices than any others in the world, have a circulation in England so much exceeding that of any English periodical, that the simultaneous publication can no longer be arranged for from this side, though I believe it is still done here from the other side.

VII.

I THINK this is the case of authorship as it now stands with regard to the magazines. I am not sure that the case is in every way improved for young authors. The magazines all maintain a staff for the careful examination of manuscripts, but as most of the material they print has been engaged, the number of volunteer contributions that they can use is very small; one of the greatest of them, I know, does not use fifty in the course of a year. The new writer, then, must be very good to be accepted, and when accepted he may wait long before he is printed. The pressure is so great in these avenues to the public favor that one, two, three years, are no uncommon periods of delay. If the young writer has not the patience for this, or has a soul above cooling his heels in the courts of fame, or must do his best to earn something at once, the book is his immediate hope. How slight a hope the book is I have tried to hint already, but if a book is vulgar enough in sentiment, and crude enough in taste, and flashy enough in incident, or, better or worse still, if it is a bit hot in the mouth, and promises impropriety if not indecency, there is a very fair chance of its success; I do not mean success with a self-respecting publisher, but with the public, which does not personally put its name to it, and is not openly smirched by it. I will not talk of that kind of book, however, but of the book which the young author has written out of an unspoiled heart and an untainted mind, such as most young men and women write; and I will suppose that it has found a publisher. It is human nature, as competition has deformed human nature, for the publisher to wish the author to take all the risks, and he possibly proposes that the author shall publish it at his own expense, and let him have a percentage of the retail price for managing it. If not that, he proposes that the author shall pay for the stereotype plates, and take fifteen per cent. of the price of the book; or if this will not go, if the author cannot, rather than will not do it (he is commonly only too glad to do anything he can), then the publisher offers him ten per cent. of the retail price after the first thousand copies have been sold. But if he fully believes in the book, he will give ten per

cent. from the first copy sold, and pay all the costs of publication himself. The book is to be retailed for a dollar and a half, and the publisher is very well pleased with a new book that sells fifteen hundred copies. Whether the author has as much reason to be so is a question, but if the book does not sell more he has only himself to blame, and had better pocket in silence the two hundred and twenty-five dollars he gets for it, and bless his publisher, and try to find work somewhere at five dollars a week. The publisher has not made any more, if quite as much as the author, and until a book has sold two thousand copies the division is fair enough. After that, the heavier expenses of manufacturing have been defrayed, and the book goes on advertising itself; there is merely the cost of paper, printing, binding, and marketing to be met, and the arrangement becomes fairer and fairer for the publisher. The author has no right to complain of this, in the case of his first book, which he is only too grateful to get accepted at all. If it succeeds, he has himself to blame for making the same arrangement for his second or third; it is his fault, or else it is his necessity, which is practically the same thing. It will be business for the publisher to take advantage of his necessity quite the same as if it were his fault; but I do not say that he will always do so; I believe he will very often not do so.

At one time there seemed a probability of the enlargement of the author's gains by subscription publication, and one very well-known American author prospered fabulously in that way. The percentage offered by the subscription houses was only about half as much as that paid by the trade, but the sales were so much greater that the author could very well afford to take it. Where the book-dealer sold ten, the book-agent sold a hundred; or at least he did so in the case of Mark Twain's books; and we all thought it reasonable he could do so with ours. Such of us as made experiment of him, however, found the facts illogical. No book of literary quality was made to go by subscription except Mr. Clemens's books, and I think these went because the subscription public never knew what good literature they were. This sort of readers, or buyers, were so used to getting something worthless for their money, that they would not spend it for artistic fiction, or indeed for any fiction all, except Mr. Clemens's, which they probably supposed bad. Some good books of travel had a measurable success through the book agents, but not at all the success that had been hoped for; and I believe now the subscription trade again publishes only compilations, or such works as owe more to the skill of the editor than the art of the writer. Mr. Clemens himself no longer offers his books to the public in that way.

It is not common, I think, in this country, to publish on the half-profits system, but it is very common in England, where, owing probably to the moisture in the air, which lends a fairy outline to every prospect, it seems to be peculiarly alluring. One of my own early books was published there on these terms, which I accepted with the insensate joy of the young author in getting any terms from a publisher. The book sold, sold every copy of the small first edition, and in due time the publisher's statement came. I did not think my half of the profits was very great, but it seemed a fair division after every imaginable cost had been charged up against my poor book, and that frail venture had been made to pay the expenses of composition, corrections, paper, printing, binding, advertising, and editorial copies. The wonder ought to have been that there was anything at all coming to me, but I was young and greedy then, and I really thought there ought to have been more. I was disappointed, but I made the best of it, of course, and took the account to the junior partner of the house which employed me, and said that I should like to draw on him for the sum due me from the London publishers. He said, Certainly; but after a glance at the account he smiled and said he supposed I knew how much the sum was? I answered, Yes; it was eleven pounds nine shillings, was not it? But I owned at the

same time that I never was good at figures, and that I found English money peculiarly baffling. He laughed now, and said, It was eleven shillings and nine pence. In fact, after all those charges for composition, corrections, paper, printing, binding, advertising, and editorial copies, there was a most ingenious and wholly surprising charge of ten per cent. commission on sales, which reduced my half from pounds to shillings, and handsomely increased the publisher's half in proportion. I do not now dispute the justice of the charge. It was not the fault of the half-profits system, it was the fault of the glad young author who did not distinctly inform himself of its mysterious nature in agreeing to it, and had only to reproach himself if he was finally disappointed.

But there is always something disappointing in the accounts of publishers, which I fancy is because authors are strangely constituted, rather than because publishers are so. I will confess that I have such inordinate expectations of the sale of my books which I hope I think modestly of, that the sales reported to me never seem great enough. The copyright due me, no matter how handsome it is, appears deplorably mean, and I feel impoverished for several days after I get it. But then, I ought to add that my balance in the bank is always much less than I have supposed it to be, and my own checks, when they come back to me, have the air of having been in a conspiracy to betray me.

No, we literary men must learn, no matter how we boast ourselves in business, that the distress we feel from our publisher's accounts is simply idiopathic; and I for one wish to bear my witness to the constant good faith and uprightness of publishers. It is supposed that because they have the affair altogether in their hands they are apt to take advantage in it; but this does not follow, and as a matter of fact they have the affair no more in their own hands than any other business man you have an open account with. There is nothing to prevent you from looking at their books, except your own innermost belief and fear that their books are correct, and that your literature has brought you so little because it has sold so little.

The author is not to blame for his superficial delusion to the contrary, especially if he has written a book that has set everyone talking, because it is of a vital interest. It may be of a vital interest, without being at all the kind of book people want to buy; it may be the kind of book that they are content to know at second hand; there are such fatal books; but hearing so much, and reading so much about it, the author cannot help hoping that it has sold much more than the publisher says. The publisher is undoubtedly honest, however, and the author had better put away the comforting question of his integrity.

The English writers seem largely to suspect their publishers (I cannot say with how much reason, for my English publisher is Scotch, and I should be glad to be so true a man as I think him); but I believe that American authors, when not flown with flattering reviews, as largely trust theirs. Of course there are rogues in every walk of life. I will not say that I ever personally met them in the flowery paths of literature, but I have heard of other people meeting them there, just as I have heard of people seeing ghosts, and I have to believe in both the rogues and the ghosts, without the witness of my own senses. I suppose, upon such grounds mainly, that there are wicked publishers, but in the case of our books that do not sell, I am afraid that it is the graceless and inappreciative public which is far more to blame than the wickedest of the publishers. It is true that publishers will drive a hard bargain when they can, or when they must; but there is nothing to hinder an author from driving a hard bargain, too, when he can, or when he must; and it is to be said of the publisher that he is always more willing to abide by the bargain when it is made than the author is; perhaps because he has the best of it. But he has not always the best of it; I have known publishers too generous to take advantage of the innocence of authors; and I fancy that if publishers had to do with any race less diffident than authors, they would

have won a repute for unselfishness that they do not now enjoy. It is certain that in the long period when we flew the black flag of piracy there were many among our corsairs on the high seas of literature who paid a fair price for the stranger craft they seized; still oftener they removed the cargo, and released their capture with several weeks' provision; and although there was undoubtedly a good deal of actual throat-cutting and scuttling, still I feel sure that there was less of it than there would have been in any other line of business released to the unrestricted plunder of the neighbor. There was for a long time even a comity among these amiable buccaneers, who agreed not to interfere with each other, and so were enabled to pay over to their victims some portion of the profit from their stolen goods. Of all business men publishers are probably the most faithful and honorable, and are only surpassed in virtue when men of letters turn business men.

Publishers have their little theories, their little superstitions, and their blind faith in the great god Chance, which we all worship. These things lead them into temptation and adversity, but they seem to do fairly well as business men, even in their own behalf. They do not make above the usual ninety-five per cent. of failures, and more publishers than authors get rich. I have known several publishers who kept their carriages, but I have never known even one author to keep his carriage on the profits of his literature, unless it was in some modest country place where one could take care of one's own horse. But this is simply because the authors are so many, and the publishers are so few. If we wish to reverse their positions, we must study how to reduce the number of authors and increase the number of publishers; then prosperity will smile our way.

VIII.

Some theories or superstitions publishers and authors share together. One of these is that it is best to keep your books all in the hands of one publisher if you can, because then he can give them more attention and sell more of them. But my own experience is that when my books were in the hands of three publishers they sold quite as well as when one had them; and a fellow author whom I approached in question of this venerable belief, laughed at it. This bold heretic held that it was best to give each new book to a new publisher, for then the fresh man put all his energies into pushing it; but if you had them all together, the publisher rested in a vain security that one book would sell another, and that the fresh venture would revive the public interest in the stale ones. I never knew this to happen, and I must class it with the superstitions of the trade. It may be so in other and more constant countries, but in our fickle republic, each last book has to fight its own way to public favor, much as if it had no sort of literary lineage. Of course this is stating it rather largely, and the truth will be found inside rather than outside of my statement; but there is at least truth enough in it to give the young author pause. While one is preparing to sell his basket of glass, he may as well ask himself whether it is better to part with all to one dealer or not; and if he kicks it over, in spurning the imaginary customer who asks the favor of taking entire stock, that will be his fault, and not the fault of the question.

However, the most important question of all with the man of letters as a man of business, is what kind of book will sell the best of itself, because, at the end of the ends, a book sells itself or does not sell at all; kissing, after long ages of reasoning and a great deal of culture, still goes by favor, and though innumerable generations of horses have been led to water, not one horse has yet been made to drink. With the best, or the worst, will in the world, no publisher can force a book into acceptance. Advertising will not avail, and reviewing is notoriously futile. If the book does not strike the popular fancy, or deal with some universal interest, which need by no means be a profound or important one, the drums and the cymbals shall be beaten in vain.

The book may be one of the best and wisest books in the world, but if it has not this sort of appeal in it, the readers of it, and worse yet, the purchasers, will remain few, though fit. The secret of this, like most other secrets of a rather ridiculous world, is in the awful keeping of fate, and we can only hope to surprise it by some lucky chance. To plan a surprise of it, to aim a book at the public favor, is the most hopeless of all endeavors, as it is one of the unworthiest; and I can, neither as a man of letters nor as a man of business, counsel the young author to do it. The best that you can do is to write the book that it gives you the most pleasure to write, to put as much heart and soul as you have about you into it, and then hope as hard as you can to reach the heart and soul of the great multitude of your fellow-men. That, and that alone, is good business for a man of letters.

The failures in literature are no less mystifying than the successes, though they are upon the whole not so mortifying. I have seen a good many of these failures, and I know of one case so signal that I must speak of it, even to the discredit of the public. It is the case of a novelist whose work seems to me of the best that we have done in that sort, whose books represent our life with singular force and singular insight, and whose equipment for his art, through study, travel, and the world, is of the rarest. He has a strong, robust, manly style; his stories are well knit, and his characters are of the flesh and blood complexion which we know in our daily experience; and yet he has failed to achieve one of the first places in our literature; if I named his name here, I am afraid that it would be quite unknown to the greatest part of my readers. I have never been able to account for his want of success, except through the fact that his stories did not please women, though why they did not, I cannot guess. They did not like them for the same reason that they did not like Dr. Fell; and that reason was quite enough for them. It must be enough for him, I am afraid; but I believe that if this author had been writing in a country where men decided the fate of books, the fate of his books would have been different.

The man of letters must make up his mind that in the United States the fate of a book is in the hands of the women. It is the women with us who have the most leisure, and they read the most books. They are far better educated, for the most part, than our men, and their tastes, if not their minds, are more cultivated. Our men read the newspapers, but our women read the books: the more refined among them read the magazines. If they do not always know what is good, they do know what pleases them, and it is useless to quarrel with their decisions, for there is no appeal from them. To go from them to the men would be going from a higher to a lower court, which would be honestly surprised and bewildered, if the thing were possible. As I say, the author of light literature, and often the author of solid literature, must resign himself to obscurity unless the ladies choose to recognize him. Yet it would be impossible to forecast their favor for this kind or that. Who could prophesy it for another, who guess it for himself? We must strive blindly for it, and hope somehow that our best will also be our prettiest; but we must remember at the same time that it is not the ladies' man who is the favorite of the ladies.

There are of course a few, a very few, of our greatest authors, who have striven forward to the first place in our Valhalla without the help of the largest reading-class among us; but I should say that these were chiefly the humorists, for whom women are said nowhere to have any warm liking, and who have generally with us come up through the newspapers, and have never lost the favor of the newspaper readers. They have become literary men, as it were, without the newspapers' readers knowing it; but those who have approached literature from another direction, have won fame in it chiefly by grace of the women, who first read them, and then made their husbands and fathers read them. Perhaps, then, and as a matter of business, it would be well for a serious author, when he finds that he is not pleasing the women, and probably never will please them, to turn humor-

ous author, and aim at the countenance of the men. Except as a humorist he certainly never will get it, for your American, when he is not making money, or trying to do it, is making a joke, or trying to do it.

IX.

I HOPE that I have not been hinting that the author who approaches literature through journalism is not as fine and high a literary man as the author who comes directly to it, or through some other avenue; I have not the least notion of condemning myself by any such judgment. But I think it is pretty certain that fewer and fewer authors are turning from journalism to literature, though the *entente cordiale* between the two professions seems as great as ever. I fancy, though I may be as mistaken in this as I am in a good many other things, that most journalists would have been literary men if they could, at the beginning, and that the kindness they almost always show to young authors is an effect of the self-pity they feel for their own thwarted wish to be authors. When an author is once warm in the saddle, and is riding his winged horse to glory, the case is different: they have then often no sentiment about him; he is no longer the image of their own young aspiration, and they would willingly see Pegasus buck under him, or have him otherwise brought to grief and shame. They are apt to gird at him for his unhallowed gains, and they would be quite right in this if they proposed any way for him to live without them; as I have allowed at the outset, the gains *are* unhallowed. Apparently it is unseemly for an author or two to be making half as much by their pens as popular ministers often receive in salary; the public is used to the pecuniary prosperity of some of the clergy, and at least sees nothing droll in it; but the paragrapher can always get a smile out of his readers at the gross disparity between the ten thousand dollars Jones gets for his novel, and the five pounds Milton got for his epic. I have always thought Milton was paid too little, but I will own that he ought not to have been paid at all, if it comes to that. Again, I say that no man ought to live by any art; it is a shame to the art if not to the artist; but as yet there is no means of the artist's living otherwise, and continuing an artist.

The literary man has certainly no complaint to make of the newspaper man, generally speaking. I have often thought with amazement of the kindness shown by the press to our whole unworthy craft, and of the help so lavishly and freely given to rising and even risen authors. To put it coarsely, brutally, I do not suppose that any other business receives so much gratuitous advertising, except the theatre. It is enormous, the space given in the newspapers to literary notes, literary announcements, reviews, interviews, personal paragraphs, biographies, and all the rest, not to mention the vigorous and incisive attacks made from time to time upon different authors for their opinions of romanticism, realism, capitalism, socialism, Catholicism, and Sandemanianism. I have sometimes doubted whether the public cared for so much of it all as the editors gave them, but I have always said this under my breath, and I have thankfully taken my share of the common bounty. A curious fact, however, is that this vast newspaper publicity seems to have very little to do with an author's popularity, though ever so much with his notoriety. Those strange subterranean fellows who never come to the surface in the newspapers, except for a contemptuous paragraph at long intervals, outsell the famousest of the celebrities, and secretly have their horses and yachts and country seats, while immodest merit is left to get about on foot and look up summer board at the cheaper hotels. That is probably right, or it would not happen; it seems to be in the general scheme, like millionairism and pauperism; but it becomes a question, then, whether the newspapers, with all their friendship for literature, and their actual generosity to literary men, can really help one much to fortune, however much they help one to fame. Such a question is almost too dreadful, and though I have asked it, I

will not attempt to answer it. I would much rather consider the question whether if the newspapers can make an author they can also unmake him, and I feel pretty safe in saying that I do not think they can. The Afreet once out of the bottle can never be coaxed back or cudgelled back; and the author whom the newspapers have made cannot be unmade by the newspapers. Perhaps he could if they would let him alone; but the art of letting alone the creature of your favor, when he has forfeited your favor, is yet in its infancy with the newspapers. They consign him to oblivion with a rumor that fills the land, and they keep visiting him there with an uproar which attracts more and more notice to him. An author who has long enjoyed their favor, suddenly and rather mysteriously loses it, through his opinions on certain matters of literary taste, say. For the space of five or six years he is denounced with a unanimity and an incisive vigor that ought to convince him there is something wrong. If he thinks it is his censors, he clings to his opinions with an abiding constancy, while ridicule, obloquy, caricature, burlesque, critical refutation and personal detraction follow unsparingly upon every expression, for instance, of his belief that romantic fiction is the highest form of fiction, and that the base, sordid, photographic, commonplace school of Tolstoy, Tourguénief, Zola, Hardy, and James, are unworthy a moment's comparison with the school of Rider Haggard. All this ought certainly to unmake the author in question, and strew his *disjecta membra* wide over the realm of oblivion. But this is not really the effect. Slowly but surely the clamor dies away, and the author, without relinquishing one of his wicked opinions, or in anywise showing himself repentant, remains apparently whole; and he even returns in a measure to the old kindness: not indeed to the earlier day of perfectly smooth things, but certainly to as much of it as he merits.

I would not have the young author, from this imaginary case, believe that it is well either to court or to defy the good opinion of the press. In fact, it will not only be better taste, but it will be better business for him to keep it altogether out of his mind. There is only one whom he can safely try to please, and that is himself. If he does this he will very probably please other people; but if he does not please himself he may be sure that he will not please them; the book which he has not enjoyed writing, no one will enjoy reading. Still, I would not have him attach too little consequence to the influence of the press. I should say, let him take the celebrity it gives him gratefully but not too seriously; let him reflect that he is often the necessity rather than the ideal of the paragrapher, and that the notoriety the journalists bestow upon him is not the measure of their acquaintance with his work, far less his meaning. They are good fellows, those poor, hard-pushed fellows of the press, but the very conditions of their censure, friendly or unfriendly, forbid it thoroughness, and it must often have more zeal than knowledge in it.

X.

Whether the newspapers will become the rivals of the magazines as the vehicle of literature is a matter that still remains in doubt with the careful observer, after a decade of the newspaper syndicate. Our daily papers never had the habit of the *feuilleton* as those of the European continent have it; they followed the English tradition in this, though they departed from it in so many other things; and it was not till the Sunday editions of the great dailies arose that there was any real hope for the serial in the papers. I suspect that it was the vast demand for material in their pages—twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty-six—that created the syndicate, for it was the necessity of the Sunday edition not only to have material in abundance, but, with all possible regard for quality, to have it cheap; and the syndicate, when it came into being, imagined a means of meeting this want. It sold the same material to as many newspapers as it could for simultaneous publication in their Sunday editions,

which had each its special field, and did not compete with another.

I do not think the syndicate began with serials, and I do not think it is likely to end with them. It has rather worked the vein of interviews, personal adventure, popular science, useful information, travel, sketches, and short stories. Still it has placed a good many serial stories, and at pretty good prices, but not generally so good as those the magazines pay the better sort of writers; for the worse sort it has offered perhaps the best market they have had out of book form. By the newspapers, the syndicate conceives, and perhaps justly, that something sensational is desired; yet all the serial stories it has placed cannot be called sensational. It has enlarged the field of belles-lettres, certainly, but not permanently, I think, in the case of the artistic novel. As yet the women, who form the largest, if not the only cultivated class among us, have not taken very cordially to the Sunday edition, except for its social gossip; they certainly do not go to it for their fiction, and its fiction is mainly of the inferior sort with which boys and men beguile their leisure.

In fact the newspapers prefer to remain newspapers, at least in quality if not in form; and I heard a story the other day from a charming young writer of his experience with them, which may have some instruction for the magazines that less wisely aim to become newspapers. He said that when he carried his work to the editors they struck out what he thought the best of it, because it was what they called magaziny; not contemptuously, but with an instinctive sense of what their readers wanted of them, and did not want. It was apparent that they did not want literary art, or even the appearance of it; they wanted their effects primary; they wanted their emotions raw, or at least *saignantes* from the joint of fact, and not prepared by the fancy or the taste.

The syndicate has no doubt advanced the prosperity of the short story by increasing the demand for it. We Americans had already done pretty well in that kind, for there was already a great demand for the short story in the magazines; but the syndicate of Sunday editions particularly cultivated it, and made it very paying. I have heard that some short-story writers made the syndicate pay more for their wares than they got from the magazines for them, considering that the magazine publication could enhance their reputation, but the Sunday edition could do nothing for it. They may have been right or not in this; I will not undertake to say, but that was the business view of the case with them.

In spite of the fact that short stories when gathered into a volume and republished would not sell so well as a novel, the short story flourished, and its success in the periodicals began to be felt in the book trade: volumes of short stories suddenly began to sell. But now again, it is said the bottom has dropped out, and they do not sell, and their adversity in book form threatens to affect them in the magazines; an editor told me the other day that he had more short stories than he knew what to do with; and I was not offering him a short story of my own, either. A permanent decline in the market for a kind of literary art which we have excelled in, or if we have not excelled, have done some of our most exquisite work, would be a pity.

There are other sorts of light literature once greatly in demand, but now apparently no longer desired by editors, who ought to know what their readers desire. Among these is the travel sketch, to me a very agreeable kind, and really to be regretted in its decline. There are some reasons for its decline besides a change of taste in readers, and a possible surfeit. Travel itself has become so universal that everybody, in a manner, has been everywhere, and the foreign scene has no longer the charm of strangeness. We do not think the Old World either so romantic or so ridiculous as we used; and perhaps from an instinctive perception of this altered mood writers no longer appeal to our sentiment or our humor with sketches of outlandish people and places. Of course this can hold true only in a general way; the thing is still done, but not nearly so much done as formerly. When one

thinks of the long line of American writers who have greatly pleased in this sort, and who even got their first fame in it, one must grieve to see it obsolescent. Irving, Curtis, Bayard Taylor, Herman Melville, Ross Browne, Ik Marvell, Longfellow, Lowell, Story, Mr. James, Mr. Aldrich, Colonel Hay, Mr. Warner, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. C. W. Stoddard, Mark Twain, and many others whose names will not come to me at the moment, have in their several ways richly contributed to our pleasure in it; but I cannot now fancy a young author finding favor with an editor in a sketch of travel, or a study of foreign manners and customs; his work would have to be of the most signal importance and brilliancy to overcome the editor's feeling that the thing had been done already; and I believe that a publisher if offered a book of such things, would look at it askance, and plead the well-known quiet of the trade. Still, I may be mistaken.

I am rather more confident about the decline of another literary species, namely, the light essay. We have essays enough and to spare, of certain soberer and severer sorts, such as grapple with problems and deal with conditions; but the kind that I mean, the slightly humorous, gentle, refined, and humane kind, seems no longer to abound as it once did. I do not know whether the editor discourages them, knowing his readers' frame, or whether they do not offer themselves, but I seldom find them in the magazines. I certainly do not believe that if anyone were now to write essays such as Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies," an editor would refuse them; and perhaps nobody really writes them. Nobody seems to write the sort that Colonel Higginson formerly contributed to the periodicals, or such as Emerson wrote. Without a great name behind it, I am afraid that a volume of essays would find few buyers, even after the essays had made a public in the magazines. There are, of course, instances to the contrary, but they are not so many or so striking as to make me think that the essay could not be offered as a good opening for business talent.

I suspect that good poetry by well-known hands was never better paid in the magazines than it is now. I must say, too, that I think the quality of the minor poetry of our day is better than that of twenty-five or thirty years ago. I could name half a score of young poets whose work from time to time gives me great pleasure, by the reality of its feeling, and the delicate perfection of its art, but I will not name them, for fear of passing over half a score of others equally meritorious. We have certainly no reason to be discouraged, whatever reason the poets themselves have to be so, and I do not think that even in the short story our younger writers are doing better work than they are doing in the slighter forms of verse. Yet the notion of inviting business talent into this field would be as preposterous as that of asking it to devote itself to the essay. What book of verse by a recent poet, if we except some such peculiarly gifted poet as Mr. Whitcomb Riley, has paid its expenses, not to speak of any profit to the author? Of course, it would be rather more offensive and ridiculous that it should do so than that any other form of literary art should do so; and yet there is no more provision in our economic system for the support of the poet apart from his poems, than there is for the support of the novelist apart from his novel. One could not make any more money by writing poetry than by writing history, but it is a curious fact that while the historians have usually been rich men, and able to afford the luxury of writing history, the poets have usually been poor men, with no pecuniary justification in their devotion to a calling which is so seldom an election.

To be sure, it can be said for them that it costs far less to set up poet than to set up historian. There is no outlay for copying documents, or visiting libraries, or buying books. In fact, except as historian, the man of letters, in whatever walk, has not only none of the expenses of other men of business, but none of the expenses of other artists. He has no such outlay to make for materials, or models, or studio rent as the painter or the sculptor has, and his income, such as it is, is immediate. If he strikes the fancy of the editor

with the first thing he offers, as he very well may, it is as well with him as with other men after long years of apprenticeship. Although he will always be the better for an apprenticeship, and the longer apprenticeship the better, he may practically need none at all. Such are the strange conditions of his acceptance with the public, that he may please better without it than with it. An author's first book is too often not only his luckiest, but really his best; it has a brightness that dies out under the school he puts himself to, but a painter or a sculptor is only the gainer by all the school he can give himself.

XI.

In view of this fact it becomes again very hard to establish the author's status in the business world, and at moments I have grave question whether he belongs there at all, except as a novelist. There is, of course, no outlay for him in this sort, any more than in any other sort of literature, but it at least supposes and exacts some measure of preparation. A young writer may produce a brilliant and very perfect romance, just as he may produce a brilliant and very perfect poem, but in the field of realistic fiction, or in what we used to call the novel of manners, a writer can only produce an inferior book at the outset. For this work he needs experience and observation, not so much of others as of himself, for ultimately his characters will all come out of himself, and he will need to know motive and character with such thoroughness and accuracy as he can acquire only through his own heart. A man remains in a measure strange to himself as long as he lives, and the very sources of novelty in his work will be within himself; he can continue to give it freshness in no other way than by knowing himself better and better. But a young writer and an untrained writer has not yet begun to be acquainted even with the lives of other men. The world around him remains a secret as well as the world within him, and both unfold themselves simultaneously to that experience of joy and sorrow that can come only with the lapse of time. Until he is well on toward forty, he will hardly have assimilated the materials of a great novel, although he may have accumulated them. The novelist, then, is a man of letters who is like a man of business in the necessity of preparation for his calling, though he does not pay store-rent, and may carry all his affairs under his hat, as the phrase is. He alone among men of letters may look forward to that sort of continuous prosperity which follows from capacity and diligence in other vocations; for story-telling is now a fairly recognized trade, and the story-teller has a money-standing in the economic world. It is not a very high standing, I think, and I have expressed the belief that it does not bring him the respect felt for men in other lines of business. Still our people cannot deny some consideration to a man who gets a hundred dollars a thousand words. That is a fact appreciable to business, and the man of letters in the line of fiction may reasonably feel that his place in our civilization, though he may owe it to the women who form the great mass of his readers, has something of the character of a vested interest in the eyes of men. There is, indeed, as yet no conspiracy law which will avenge the attempt to injure him in his business. A critic, or a dark conjuration of critics, may damage him at will and to the extent of their power, and he has no recourse but to write better books, or worse. The law will do nothing for him, and a boycott of his books might be preached with immunity by any class of men not liking his opinions on the question of industrial slavery or antipædobaptism. Still the market for his wares is steadier than the market for any other kind of literary wares, and the prices are better. The historian, who is a kind of inferior realist, has something like the same steadiness in the market, but the prices he can command are much lower, and the two branches of the novelist's trade are not to be compared in a business way. As for the essayist, the poet, the traveller, the popular scientist, they are nowhere in the competition for the favor of readers. The reviewer,

indeed, has a pretty steady call for his work, but I fancy the reviewers who get a hundred dollars a thousand words could all stand upon the point of a needle without crowding one another; I should rather like to see them doing it. Another gratifying fact of the situation is that the best writers of fiction who are most in demand with the magazines, probably get nearly as much money for their work as the inferior novelists who outsell them by tens of thousands, and who make their appeal to the innumerable multitude of the less educated and less cultivated buyers of fiction in book-form. I think they earn their money, but if I did not think all of the higher class of novelists earned so much money as they get, I should not be so invidious as to single out for reproach those who did not.

The difficulty about payment, as I have hinted, is that literature has no objective value really, but only a subjective value, if I may so express it. A poem, an essay, a novel, even a paper on political economy, may be worth gold untold to one reader, and worth nothing whatever to another. It may be precious to one mood of the reader, and worthless to another mood of the same reader. How, then, is it to be priced, and how is it to be fairly marketed? All people must be fed, and all people must be clothed, and all people must be housed; and so meat, raiment, and shelter are things of positive and obvious necessity, which may fitly have a market price put upon them. But there is no such positive and obvious necessity, I am sorry to say, for fiction, or not for the higher sort of fiction. The sort of fiction which corresponds to the circus and the variety theatre in the show-business seems essential to the spiritual health of the masses, but the most cultivated of the classes can get on, from time to time, without an artistic novel. This is a great pity, and I should be very willing that readers might feel something like the pangs of hunger and cold, when deprived of their finer fiction; but apparently they never do. Their dumb and passive need is apt only to manifest itself negatively, or in the form of weariness of this author or that. The publisher of books can ascertain the fact through the declining sales of a writer; but the editor of a magazine, who is the best customer of the best writers, must feel the market with a much more delicate touch. Sometimes it may be years before he can satisfy himself that his readers are sick of Smith, and are pining for Jones; even then he cannot know how long their mood will last, and he is by no means safe in cutting down Smith's price and putting up Jones's. With the best will in the world to pay justly, he cannot. Smith, who has been boring his readers to death for a year, may write to-morrow a thing that will please them so much that he will at once be a prime favorite again; and Jones, whom they have been asking for, may do something so uncharacteristic and alien that it will be a flat failure in the magazine. The only thing that gives either writer positive value is his acceptance with the reader; but the acceptance is from month to month wholly uncertain. Authors are largely matters of fashion, like this style of bonnet, or that shape of gown. Last spring the dresses were all made with lace berthas, and Smith was read; this year the butterfly capes are worn, and Jones is the favorite author. Who shall forecast the fall and winter modes?

XII.

In this inquiry it is always the author rather than the publisher, always the contributor rather than the editor, whom I am concerned for. I study the difficulties of the publisher and editor only because they involve the author and the contributor; if they did not, I will not say with how hard a heart I should turn from them; my only pang now in scrutinizing the business conditions of literature is for the makers of literature, not the purveyors of it.

After all, and in spite of my vaunting title, is the man of letters ever a business man? I suppose that, strictly speaking, he never is, except in those rare instances where, through need or choice, he is the publisher as well as

the author of his books. Then he puts something on the market and tries to sell it there, and is a man of business. But otherwise he is an artist merely, and is allied to the great mass of wage-workers who are paid for the labor they have put into the thing done or the thing made; who live by doing or making a thing, and not by marketing a thing after some other man has done it or made it. The quality of the thing has nothing to do with the economic nature of the case; the author is, in the last analysis, merely a workingman, and is under the rule that governs the workingman's life. If he is sick or sad, and cannot work, if he is lazy or tipsy and will not, then he earns nothing. He cannot delegate his business to a clerk or a manager; it will not go on while he is sleeping. The wage he can command depends strictly upon his skill and diligence.

I myself am neither sorry nor ashamed for this; I am glad and proud to be of those who eat their bread in the sweat of their own brows, and not the sweat of other men's brows; I think my bread is the sweeter for it. In the meantime I have no blame for business men; they are no more of the condition of things than we workingmen are; they did no more to cause it or create it; but I would rather be in my place than in theirs, and I wish that I could make all my fellow-artists realize that economically they are the same as mechanics, farmers, day-laborers. It ought to be our glory that we produce something, that we bring into the world something that was not choately there before; that at least we fashion or shape something anew; and we ought to feel the tie that binds us to all the toilers of the shop and field, not as a galling chain, but as a mystic bond also uniting us to Him who works hitherto and evermore.

I know very well that to the vast multitude of our fellow-workingmen we artists are the shadows of names, or not even the shadows. I like to look the facts in the face, for though their lineaments are often terrible, yet there is light nowhere else; and I will not pretend, in this light, that the masses care any more for us than we care for the masses, or so much. Nevertheless, and most distinctly, we are not of the classes. Except in our work, they have no use for us; if now and then they fancy qualifying their material splendor or their spiritual dulness with some artistic presence, the attempt is always a failure that bruises and abashes. In so far as the artist is a man of the world, he is the less an artist, and if he fashions himself upon fashion, he deforms his art. We all know that ghastly type; it is more absurd even than the figure which is really of the world, which was born and bred in it, and conceives of nothing outside of it, or above it. In the social world, as well as in the business world, the artist is anomalous, in the actual conditions, and he is perhaps a little ridiculous.

Yet he has to be somewhere, poor fellow, and I think that he will do well to regard himself as in a transition state. He is really of the masses, but they do not know it, and what is worse, they do not know him; as yet the common people do not hear him gladly or hear him at all. He is apparently of the classes; they know him, and they listen to him; he often amuses them very much; but he is not quite at ease among them; whether they know it or not, he knows that he is not of their kind. Perhaps he will never be at home anywhere in the world as long as there are masses whom he ought to consort with, and classes whom he cannot consort with. The prospect is not brilliant for any artist now living, but perhaps the artist of the future will see in the flesh the accomplishment of that human equality of which the instinct has been divinely planted in the human soul.

(From a drawing by Boutet de Monvel.)

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS.

By F. N. Doubleday.

(Sketch by Detaille.)

I.

Just when it is proper to speak of an artist as an illustrator is likely always to be a delicate question; and the distinction between one who draws or paints avowedly to illustrate the text, and one whose pictures, painted independently, are reproduced and published in connection with text, is a difficult one to make.

The proportion of artists in France of wide fame whose work is frequently seen in print is undoubtedly greater than in any other country; and one of many good reasons for this is certainly the exceptional skill and experience of the French in their use of reproductive processes, and especially those which not only translate the form of the original, but the color as well. These color reproductions, printed from metal relief-plates, and not from lithographic stones —the method usually resorted to by the rest of the world—are unique. The secret of securing with but few impressions the marvellous combinations of color, the effects of washes, tones, and lines, combined with a *verve* and character quite indescribable, is one of which only the French printer-artist is complete master. Just across the border the German printer has developed lithography with something of the same enthusiasm which the Frenchman has devoted to the relief-plate; each practically making few excursions into the other's methods of accomplishing the same thing.

A still further reason for this great superiority is the innate artistic sense of the French printer, or, more properly, the pressman. In other countries, where engraver and printer are looked upon by the illustrator as his natural enemies, into whose hands a drawing is given grudgingly, the statement, which is not infrequently made by the French artist, that the reproduction or translation of the original into printed form is as effective in its way as the drawing itself, is calculated to excite derision.

A radical difference in the way of looking at the means of reproduction is perhaps accountable for this. The printer in France seems to recognize the almost impossibility of giving an actual fac-simile of an original water-

color or oil-painting within the limited number of printings and the cost usually at his disposal. He sets out, then, to translate the picture into such an effective combination of colors as he can. To try to adhere to the original absolutely may mean to fall between the good and the bad : the printed picture must be effective, first of all, and then as near the original as may be. To reproduce a water-color, let us say, for example, thirty inches long, in fac-simile one-third its size, is a manifest impossibility. To reduce a surface full of delicate tones and colors one-third means that each tone and color must lose some of its true values ; for by concentrating the original, the delicate shades come in strong colors, and the freedom of wash and line is contracted and altered, though the proportions may remain unchanged.

(From a water-color drawing by Delort.)

So frequently are the pictures of leading painters in France used as illustrations that the difficulty is increased to know whether to speak of an artist as a painter or an illustrator, when he is truly both. Detaille, for example, could hardly be called an illustrator, and he objects vigorously to being so classed ; yet he spent five years of hard work upon the superb series of four hundred and sixty drawings and water-colors illustrating his famous book, " L'Armée française ; " and it was this series also which brought him the Legion of Honor.

A still better example of how an artist may be equally known in both fields is Charles Delort, whose name is associated with both painting and illustration. In the same category come such painters as Flameng, Kaemmerer, Maurice Leloir, Madelaine Lemaire, Jean Béraud, Besnard, Rossi, Clairin, and a host of others. But as the decision when an artist should be called an illustrator and when not must always be an arbitrary one at best, one can feel the more at liberty to speak of some of the leading figures whose work is printed in Paris to-day, without either attempting to be complete (a well-nigh impossible task, since nearly a hundred names may be counted readily), or thinking it necessary to be held to a too narrow definition of the word " illustrator."

If you are an American, and visiting Charles Delort in his charming studio, he will probably tell you that he is akin to an American himself, as some of the blood of the Knickerbockers runs in his veins. His studio reveals in its furnishings—the tools of his profession—his tendencies in the selection of subjects. There are riding-boots, bridles, spurs, and horse-trappings enough to supply a small regiment; but the horse, though a favorite subject, is by no means an ever-present one.

A better example of the painter-illustrator than Delort can scarcely be mentioned, as he has been a constant contributor to the French illustrated journals for years, and, at least in one instance, has contributed to an American magazine ; but all this does not interfere with his painting, for he sends regularly to the Salon and the principal exhibitions both oil and water color paintings. Of late years his drawings have been chiefly for *Figaro illustré* and the ever-to-be-praised *Les lettres et les arts*, the most luxurious and interesting of all the art periodicals ever published in France, not only by reason of the men who were selected to draw and paint the pictures, but also because of the well-nigh perfect reproduction made possible by adapting to each subject the method most suited to preserve the

(From drawings by Albert Lynch.)

subtle values of the original. Thus photogravure was used not only for the plates, but for text illustrations; and in the same way etching, photo-engraving, chromotypogravure (so called), wood-engraving, etc., were employed with admirable judgment. *Les lettres et les arts* accomplished much during its life of four years: it became a storehouse of the best illustrations ever made by the best artists in this field. In common with the other chief illustrators of to-day, Delort contributed perhaps his most effective pictures to its pages. In many ways the most charming of these drawings were in the series, reproduced in photogravure, which accompanied the story of "The Red Gendarme," by Théophile Gautier, Fils. The subject shows the artist at his best as an illustrator: the horses, the soldiers, the fresh young girls set off by the old guardian of the story offered in many pictures an admirable field for the artist's studies of characteristic provincial French life. And even though Delort may be first of all a painter, his technique and his clear-cut and brilliant drawing equip him perfectly for the task of the artist whose work is to be translated into actual print. He is one of the men whose pictures lose little in character or value by moderate reduction in engraving.

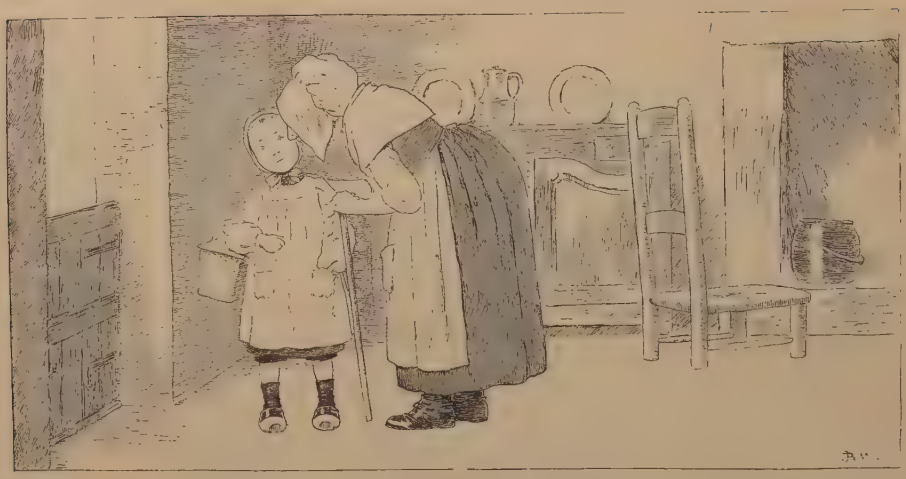
It is to be regretted that many of the illustrated books in which Delort has done such splendid work are not better known in America; but the text in many cases has not been of special interest to readers here. Certainly no charge of indifference to good illustration or to French illustration can ever be brought against Americans, as is shown by the fact that the support of *Les lettres et les arts* in this country alone enabled its publishers to continue it, about half the whole edition being sold to the United States.

The same qualities of technique which are found in Delort, but to even a more marked extent, so far as the drawing is concerned, are shown by Boutet de Monvel. One thinks of him first and foremost as an illustrator, just as the names of our own Frost, Pyle, or Reinhart suggest the illustrator among our own artists. It is not a common thing, unfortunately, to see critics, artists, amateurs, and picture lovers generally agree at once upon a man's position and standing as an artist; but the illustrations of Boutet de Monvel have found equally enthusiastic admirers among the people who form all these usually antagonistic classes. If you ask an artist or an expert who is the leading illustrator in Paris to-day, he will probably tell you, Boutet de Monvel.

You will find him in a quiet street beyond the Luxembourg. Here he works in a splendid studio, contrasting oddly with the provincial air of the street itself—the scene of unnumbered struggles with flocks of children whom he most loves to draw. He said once, in telling of some of these: "You have no idea what trouble I have to make these little drops of quicksilver keep quiet for a minute. There is no other way than to tell them stories; but stories cannot be told before pos-

"The Red Gendarme."

(From a water-color drawing by Charles Delort. By permission of Boussod, Valadon et Cie.)



(From a pen-and-ink drawing by Boutet de Monvel.)

ing them, for that would be only a waste of powder and shot."

He is a tremendous worker, and there is no limit to the time and study he will give to gain the result he is striving for —drawing which must be free, correct, and up to his own standard. Indeed, these drawings show a most unusual technical result produced by pencil, pen and ink, and a delicate brush work of almost inconceivable complexity and labor. He has only within the last few years become a water-colorist; and in truth his coloring, being almost invariably in flat, cool tones, might still be regarded as an attribute to his drawing, a heightening of the effects produced by his pen and pencil. "I do not know," he once said, "whether my work is good or bad; I only know that it has been a good thing for me."

Like the artist of tradition, Boutet de Monvel was restless at school, and devoted all spare moments to drawing. I once asked him to set down for me his own account of these early days.

"The hours spent in the class-room bored me so profoundly," he wrote, "that I had to find some distraction or die of *ennui;* so I began to illustrate the margins of my books, and it is an indubitable fact that the disgust with which Latin and Greek inspired me led me to consecrate myself to art for several years. Many of these books, so illustrated, the solace of otherwise wretched hours, are still in my possession. At about fourteen years of age I was rather tempted by a cousin to enter upon a military career; but the necessity of studying mathematics at the school of St. Cyr effectually deterred me. I was contented to take my Bachelor of Letters degree instead; and in 1870 I entered the École des Beaux Arts in the studio of Cabanel. In the month of July the war broke out. We all suddenly left; I enlisted in the Eighth Regulars, and took part in the campaign of the Loire. The Commune came after the war, however, and so I stayed with my regiment until the month of July. At that time I rejoined my family, and took up my studies again, entering the Academy Julian. Henceforth I tried to fly higher and higher with my little wings. I took a studio, if you please; I married, and made my first trip to Algeria. In leisure moments I illustrated a little history of France. For a long time I had tried to do illustrating; but all the publishers' doors seemed closed to me. This first illustrative work was done for Delagrave; but the same year he founded *St. Nicholas Français.* I made drawings for the first number, then more and more, until very soon the very publishers who formerly would give me nothing to do, took up so much of my time with their orders that I had no leisure for other work. In 1882 I conceived the idea of collecting children's songs into a book and illustrating them. This book was printed in colors, and became

Xavière and Prudence.

(From a drawing by Boutet de Monvel made to illustrate Ferdinand Fabre's "Xavière.")

such a success that the following year we published a second volume. The first was entitled 'Songs for Little Children,' the second 'Songs of France for the Little French.'"

Of all Monvel's illustrations probably the most characteristic—showing at the best his delicacy, subtlety, and grace, as well as his wonderful skill as a draughtsman—are found in the novel of "Xavière," by Ferdinand Fabre, issued originally in *Les lettres et les arts*, and later in an imposing book. Not a few good judges have called these pictures the most perfect and harmonious series of illustrations ever published in France. The scenes in the life of a village priest fascinated and inspired the artist. "I am still infatuated," he said, recently, speaking of this series, "with the life of a priest. I love to paint him in his long, black robes, his bare surroundings: the crucifix, the candles, and images the only decorations in his room." The very key-note of the character of his art is put forth in this sentence. Simplicity and quiet dominate his drawings; nothing else so much appeals to him. Some one has recently compared Boutet de Monvel with Kate Greenaway—just why, it is impossible to imagine, unless for the sake of comparison. At all events, the artist thought it worth while to speak of it and at the same time referred to some of his own successes in a modest way. "I had never seen one of her books when I commenced my work," said he. "Hers is the work of a great artist, and our methods are quite different. The English sell her books by the hundred thousand. We think we are doing well to sell five and twenty thousand 'Songs of France for the Little French.'"

The artist may well be grateful that he was born a Frenchman, for the photogravure reproduction which for years his countrymen used almost exclusively, has rendered his drawings superbly. No other process retains so perfectly the exquisite and complex work of Boutet de Monvel's drawings. The delicate shades and the almost imperceptible lines are reproduced without the loss of a shadow or a tone, no matter how fine or subtle. He may well say that he has been fortunate in his translators.

Since all French illustrators (one thinks in visiting them) live as far as possible from each other, so the amateur will find Albert Lynch, who ranks with Boutet de Monvel as a popular illustrator, at the other end of Paris. His studio is on the Avenue de Villiers, near the fortifications and up enough stairs to insure a generous light.

To Americans, Albert Lynch is known probably more widely than most of his contemporaries. He seldom works in black and white. As Boutet de Monvel is known best by his pictures of children, so is Lynch by his drawings of women—women who are charming in all ways: sweet, graceful, and modern, dressed strictly according to the mode of the day, but real women, not puppets or dolls. They are not so French—so Parisian—as those drawn by Jean Béraud, for example; nor so serious-minded as Adrien Moreau's women; nor so coquettish as Flameng's creations; nor so fantastic as Morin's. The heroine in M. Lynch's illustrations for Guy de Maupassant's story, "Pierre et Jean," which is perhaps the work of his best known in this country, is really typical of the artist; she is a delicious type, before whom the Philistine will bow as charmed as the connoisseur.

M. Lynch is still a young man. No one knows what good work may come, and the best is coming each year; but what he has already done is not little, since he has made a recognized position of his own and a place second to no one as an illustrator in color. He began by drawing initials and ornaments, studied at the Louvre, and under the patronage of his friends the publishers, and became famous before he knew it. Perhaps he does not know it yet: he is still as modest and retiring in manner as any of the young women he paints. He illustrated Balzac's "Le Père Goriot," Dumas's "La Dame aux camélias," and other books; but appeared at his best in the oft-mentioned *Les lettres et les arts*. His water-colors for "Pierre et Jean" stand among the first, because they represent a complete conception of a well-sustained series of pictures to tell with the author a story from beginning to end; but hardly less interesting are the single subjects which

"Adieu!"

(Drawn by Albert Lynch—from *Les lettres et les arts.*)

(From unpublished sketches by Jeanniot to illustrate "Les Misérables.")

have been generously scattered through the last few years, so charmingly graceful and pure in thought, and satisfying in what they accomplish.

For many years Albert Lynch has been closely identified with the firm of Boussod, Valadon et Cie., nearly all of his illustrating being done for them, including his latest important work, the series of water-colors to accompany Th. Bentzon's "Jacqueline." Paul Bernier, writing rather floridly recently in the Paris *Figaro* of these notable pictures, tells of the artist's early experience among the publishers.

"Seven years ago," says M. Bernier, "the head of the house of Goupil, M. Boussod, saw a slender youth, very pale and delicate-looking, enter his office with a little package of drawings under his arm. He advanced timidly, and in a low voice which stuck in his throat offered his sketches. These sketches had certainly a particular brilliancy and grace which is never absent from Lynch's work. Here was the modern woman, the Parisienne of the *fin du siècle*, in whom seems concentrated, as if in a bottle, the very essence of civilization and elegance—a rare, exquisite perfume which thrills one's nerves. Having entered that day the hospitable house on the rue Chaptal, Albert Lynch has become one of its very children. The story of "Jacqueline" follows the romance of a young woman who, brought up in luxury, is reduced to poverty by the death of her father; obliged to earn her own living, she travels the different paths of Parisian life without losing her illusions."

No subject could be more in harmony with Lynch's most successful tendencies. The true gentlewoman, thoughtful, and with the touch of sadness which invariably is to be traced in his best work, is not rendered better by any modern artist. M. Bernier says: "'Jacqueline' is a monument to the costume of 1893: but a monument which leaves far behind it those which Moreau and Freudenberg had reared for the last century. 'Jacqueline' is one of those rare books which convey, in themselves alone, all the impressions of an epoch."

Two illustrators who may be spoken of together are Ludovic Marchetti and Georges Jeanniot, because of at least one trait they have in common: of being most indefatigable producers.

One may be quarrelled with for calling Marchetti a French illustrator at all, since he is an Italian. In defence it may be said that he has lived, studied, and worked in Paris. Fortuny was his master, the French periodicals are his means of communication, and France furnishes most of his subjects. The range of Marchetti's drawings is so great that one hesitates to speak of any special direction. Among military subjects he has shown himself most thoroughly at home; he paints the army as though he lived the life of a soldier. Look at the story of the late war, by Ludovic Halévy, illustrated by Marchetti and Alfred Paris: in some ways it shows his strongest and most vivid drawing; but turn then to *Illustration*, the weekly

paper, in which he is represented by pictures large and small in every issue: you find among his subjects men and women, young and old, children, flowers, landscapes, animals, buildings, and all the rest. He has illustrated for foreign periodicals as well: a notable drawing by him recently appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which he called "Spring-time in Venice," valuable as showing his own selection of subject. Marchetti may indeed be set down as an artist of many moods and a facility which sometimes leads such a man to be uncomfortably called "an all-round artist"—a phrase usually indicating mediocrity in everything, which fortunately cannot be attached to Marchetti. He preserves a wonderfully high standard, considering the great number of drawings produced, though they are too many possibly for his own good.

Georges Jeanniot has also a passion for drawing pictures of military life, and like Marchetti he was not born in Paris. It was in Geneva, but of French parents; yet he is a Frenchman, even a Parisian to his finger-tips. For many years M. Jeanniot has been studying and illustrating Paris, from the Boulevards to the slums. To accompany M. Francisque Sarcey's article on the Boulevards, he published a series of pictures of the fashionables: the dandy at the cafés, the actresses—in short, the men and women who are identified with the

(From sketches by Eugène Courboin for *Paris Illustré.*)

finer quarters of the French capital. They are extraordinarily characteristic of the people, real flesh and blood habitués of the Boulevards, and not sketches of fashionable folk the world over with a Paris touch and setting. But Jeanniot knows the poor quarters of the city as well. In a set of drawings which appeared in the *Revue illustrée* he showed how faithful and sympathetic are his studies among the working classes, the shopkeepers, the "soldier at home," the milliner, and the dress-maker; for the life of the city, from small to great, is his study and inspiration.

Like Boutet de Monvel, M. Jeanniot was intended for the army; and, as a matter of fact, he did not miss it altogether, for he served at the siege of

Metz, was taken prisoner, and travelled four days and nights in a wagon in the month of November, though the temperature was like Siberia. "Decidedly the military career did not bring me happiness," he said. He told, in an interesting talk not long ago, how he came to change his profession from war to art—a story which, with some of his opinions, is set down here in his own words as nearly as they can be remembered:

"The reorganization of the army placed me, one fine day, in the office of the ordnance. During a horseback ride on the Bois de Boulogne, I had a fall on my head and lost consciousness for eighteen hours. I had lost my memory as well; but at the same time a great love for art came upon me. I ruined myself buying furniture of all sorts; I accumulated vast debts, etc. At this time (1872) I sent my first water-color to the Salon, and it was received. At last, by the grace of God, in 1878, having gone on a pleasure excursion into the environs of Toul, where I was in garrison, in tumbling down a steep ravine with carriage and horse, I had the good fortune to break my leg! During my convalescence I painted a picture, 'L'école des tambours,' which attracted the attention of some artists and art critics. The year following, another picture, 'L'arrivée des réservistes,' was purchased by the city of Paris. Then I handed in my resignation from the army and installed myself in Paris, to live henceforth by my illustrations and paintings. By the privations and sufferings I then went through, I was drawn into close intimacy with not a few poets and artists in the same humbled condition. . . .

(From a water-color drawing by L. Marchetti.)

"I love a picture that speaks to me as much as it is possible for a combination of lines and colors to speak; then, too, it must not depend on literature, or on a story already familiar, for its interest. I love above all the absence of theatrical, distracting action. I take the greatest possible delight in making illustrations. A certain publisher, understanding my style, asked me to make the illustrations for 'Les Miserables'—a book that makes one's tears flow eternally—because, as he said, 'such work was exactly in my line.'"

And in this undertaking M. Jeanniot is deeply engaged at present. As an illus-

trator of Paris, he is among its most interesting figures; his enthusiasms seem unlimited; his freshness and spontaneity in translating the very essence of the life of the Parisian with which he is so familiar, and which means so much to him, are the secrets of his success in this direction.

Eugene Courboin shares with Jeanniot an enthusiasm for depicting the Paris character of to-day; but he somehow arranges, it would seem, to have his work published in color more frequently than his contemporary. These drawings, printed in flat tints, reveal the most absolute command of the resources of color-printing. Many of them are but outlines, filled and carried out by solid bits of color and showing effects very novel and clever. Courboin is a humorist first of all, and an illustrator afterward or when he must be. He draws, besides his illustrations, unlimited caricatures for the French periodicals; but they are caricatures, not comic pictures. And his studies of army scenes, both in water-colors and oils, show his serious work. Perhaps he can best be called an analogue of our own A. B. Frost, as strikingly and emphatically French as Mr. Frost is American.

(*Concluded in the November Number.*)

IN VIGER AGAIN.*

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

SEDAN.

One of the most pleasant streets in Viger was that which led from the thoroughfare of the village to the common. It was a little street with little houses, but it looked as if only happy people lived there. The enormous old willows which shaded it through its whole length made a perpetual shimmer of shadow and sun, and towered so above the low cottages that they seemed to have crept under the guardian trees to rest and doze a while. There was something idyllic about this contented spot; it seemed to be removed from the rest of the village, to be on the boundaries of Arcadia, the first inlet to its pleasant, dreamy fields. In the spring the boys made a veritable Arcadia of it, coming there in bands, cutting the willows for whistles, and entering into a blithe contest for supremacy in making them, accompanying their labors by a perpetual sounding of their pleasant pipes, as if a colony of uncommon birds had taken up their homes in the trees. Even in the winter there was something pleasant about it; the immense boles of the willows presiding over the collection of houses seemed to protect them, and the sunshine had always a suggestion of warmth as it dwelt in the long branches. It was on this street, just a little distance from the corner, that Paul Arbique kept his inn, which was famous in its way. He called it The Turenne, after the renowned commander of that name, for they had the same birthplace, and Arbique himself had been a soldier, as his medals would testify. The location was favorable for such a house as Arbique was prepared to keep, and in choosing it he appealed to a crotchet in man which makes it pleasanter for him to go around the corner for anything he may require. A pleasant place it was, particularly in summer. The very exterior had an air about it, the green blinds and the green slatted door, and the shadows from the willow-leaves playing over the legend "Fresh Buttermilk," a sign dear to the lover of simple pleasures.

From all the appearances one would have supposed that The Turenne was a complete success, and everyone thought Arbique was romancing when he said he was just getting along, and that was all. But so far as he knew he spoke the truth, for his wife managed everything, including himself. There was only one thing she could not do: she could not make him stop drinking brandy.

The Arbiques considered themselves very much superior to the village people,

* See the former sketches of French Canadian village life by the same author, in Scribner's Magazine for October, 1887, and March, 1891.

because they had come from old France. "I am a Frenchman," Paul would say, when he had had too much brandy; but no one would take offence at him, he was too good a fellow. When he had had a modicum of his favorite liquor he talked of his birthplace, Sedan, the dearest spot on earth to him, and his Crimean experiences; and when he had reached a stage beyond that he talked of his wife. It was a pathetic sight to see him at such times, as he leaned close to his auditor, and explained to him how superior a woman Felice was, and what a cruel, inexplicable mistake she had made in marrying him, and how all his efforts to make her happy had failed, not through any fault of her own, but because it was impossible that he could ever make her happy; thus taking all the blame of their domestic infelicity upon his own shoulders, with the simple idea that it must be his own fault when no fault of any kind could possibly rest with Felice. He was a tall, chivalrous-looking fellow, with a military air, and despite his fifty years and the extent of his potations there was yet a brave flourish in his manner. He was seen at his best on Sunday, when, clothed in a complete suit of black, with a single carnation in his buttonhole, and with an irreproachable silk hat, he went promenading with Madame Arbique on his arm. Madame on such occasions was as fine as her lord, and held her silk gown far above the defilement of the street, in order to show her embroidered petticoat and a pair of pretty feet. But no matter how finely she was dressed she always wore an expression of discontent. She had the instincts of a miser, but she also had enough good sense not to let them interfere with the sources of profit, and so, although she was as keen to save a cent as anyone could have been, The Turenne showed no sign of it. The provision for the entertainment of guests was ample and sufficient. Felice had always had her own way, and owing to Paul's incapacity, which had overtaken him gradually, the affairs of the house had been left in her hands. They had only had one child, which had died when it was a baby, and this want of children was a great trial to Paul. They had attempted to fill her place by adopting a little girl, but the experiment had not been a success, and she grew to be something between a servant and a poor relation working for her board. This was owing to no fault of Paul's, who would have prevented it if he could, but his wife had taken a dislike to the child, and she simply neglected her. Latulipe, for in the family she was called by no other name, was a strange girl. She had been frightened and subdued by Madame Arbique, and at times she would scarcely speak a word, and then again she would talk boldly and defiantly, as if she were protesting, no matter how insignificant her remarks might be. Her personal appearance was as odd as her manner; she had an abundance of hair, of a light, pleasant shade of red, her complexion was a clear white, her lips were intensely crimson, her dark eyes were small but quick, and very clear. Her manner was shy, and rather awkward. Her one claim to distinction was that she had some influence over Arbique, whom she could now and then prevent drinking. He was sorry for her, and ashamed of the position she occupied in the house, which was so different from what he had intended.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and for months before, The Turenne was the rendezvous for those of the villagers who had any desire to discuss the situation. Arbique was the oracle of this group, and night after night he held forth on the political situation, on the art of war, and his personal experiences in the army. There was only one habitué of The Turenne who was silent on these occasions, that was Hans Blumenthal, the German watchmaker. He had had his corner in the bar-room ever since he had come to Viger, and was one of Arbique's best customers. But when the war excitement broke out Arbique expected to see no more of him; the warmth of the discussions and the violence of the treatment his nation received nightly would have been expected to drive him away. But instead, he returned again and again to his place at the little table by the window, peering through his glasses with his imperturbable, self-absorbed expression, not seeming to heed the wordy storms that beset

his ears. Arbique, when hostilities had actually broken out, pasted a map of the seat of war upon the wall; above this he placed a colored picture of a French chasseur, and scrawled below it the words "*A Berlin!*" Even this did not disturb the German. He took advantage of the map, and as Arbique had set pins, to which were attached red and blue pieces of wool to show the positions of the armies, he even studied the locations and movements with interest. He read his paper, gave his orders, paid his score, came and went as he had always done. This made Paul very angry, and he would have turned him out of the house if he had not remembered that he was his guest, and his sense of honor would not permit it. He was drinking very heavily and wanted to fight someone, but everyone agreed with him except the German, and he kept silence. He had serious thoughts of challenging him to a duel, if the opportunity offered.

Latulipe was the only one who stood up for the German. She had been accustomed to wait on the guests sometimes, when Arbique was incapacitated, and his gentle manner had won her regard. One day she turned on Paul, who was abusing Hans behind his back, and gave him a piece of her mind. She was so sudden and sharp with it that she sobered him a little, and in thinking it over he came to the conclusion that if he could help it she would see the German no more. Hans noticed her absence, and said to Paul one night when he was ordering his beer: "Where is Mademoiselle Latulipe?" By the way he said it, in his odd French, anyone could have told what he thought of Latulipe. "Mademoiselle Latulipe," said Arbique, with a dramatic flourish, "is my daughter." So Hans saw her no more in the evening.

He had other trials besides this. Once in a while the lads in the street hooted after him, and this sort of attention became more frequent. One evening, after the news of Woerth had been received, someone threw a stone through the window of his shop. That very night he stood before the map with his hands behind him, peering into it; as he altered the pins, which Arbique had now lost all interest in, he heard someone mutter "*Scélérat!*" He thought it must be intended for him, but he drank his beer quietly and went home rather early. After he had gone some of his enemies, becoming valiant with liquor, made a compact to go out when it was late enough, break into his house, and give him a sound beating. But Latulipe overheard their plan from the stairway, and as soon as she could get away without being noticed, she ran over to the watchmaker's shop. It was quite late and there was not a soul on the street. She was wondering how she could warn him, but when she reached the door she noticed a ladder which led to a scaffold running along below the windows of the second story, where some workmen had been making repairs. There was a light burning in one of the second story windows, and without waiting to reflect Latulipe ran up the ladder and tapped at the window. Hans opened it, and said something in German when he saw who it was. Latulipe did not wait for salutations, but told him exactly what he might expect. When that was over she tried to escape as she had come, but the darkness below frightened her, and she could not go down the ladder. Hans tried to coax her to come in at the window and go out by the street door, but she would not hear to that; she leaned against the house, shrinking away from the edge. So Hans got out upon the scaffolding. "Mademoiselle Latulipe," he said, in his rough French, "you need not be alarmed at me; I have only a good heart toward you." He held out his hand, but Latulipe knew by the sound of his voice that he was going to make love to her, and before he could say another word she was at the bottom of the ladder. When the bravos came to give Hans his beating he confronted them with a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other, and they fell over one another in their haste to retreat.

During the whole of the month of August Arbique had been wild with excitement; he could think of nothing but the war, and would talk of nothing else. At first he would not believe in any reverse to the French arms; it was impossible — lies, lies, everything was lies. His cry was "*A Berlin!*" But

although he could manage to deceive himself by this false enthusiasm, sometimes the truth would stab straight to his heart like a knife, and he would tremble as if he had the ague, for the honor of his country was the thing dearest to him in all the world. If he could only have died for her! But there, day after day, he saw the pins on the map, moved by that cold German, close around Metz. He could no longer cry "*À Berlin;*" the French army was facing Paris, with Berlin at its back. He drank fiercely now, and even Latulipe could do nothing with him. Madam Arbique knew that he would drink himself to death, as his father had done. He would sit and mutter by the hour, thinking all the time of what revenge he could have on Blumenthal, who had become to his eyes the incarnation of hated Prussia. But so long as Hans came to the house quietly to sit at his table and drink his beer Arbique would not say an uncivil word to him. On the evening of the 28th of August there was an unusual crowd at The Turenne, and a group had surrounded the map gesticulating and discussing. Hans had finished reading his paper, and went toward them. They parted when they saw him coming, and he stood peering down at the map through his glasses. Arbique had not been seen all evening, but he appeared suddenly, looking haggard and shattered, and caught sight of his friends grouped round the German. He went slowly toward them, and as he approached he heard Hans say: "There, there they must fight," and saw him put his finger on the map between Mézières and Carignan, almost over Sedan. Paul had been in bed all day, and had not had anything to drink, and when he saw the German with his finger on Sedan he could not stand it any longer. He broke out: "No, not there—here," his voice trembling with rage. "Here they will fight—you for your abominable Prussia, I for my beautiful France." He fell into a dramatic attitude. Drawing two pistols from his pocket, he presented one to his nearest friend to hand to Blumenthal. The man held the pistol for a moment, but Hans never moved. Madame Arbique, seeing the commotion, and catching sight of the weapons, screamed as loud as she could, and Latulipe, running in, threw herself upon Arbique. He turned deadly pale and had to use the girl's strength to keep from falling. Hans went away quietly, and sat down near the window. Arbique was fluttering like a leaf in the wind, and Latulipe and Felice half carried him up-stairs. The men left in the room shook their heads.

The next evening Hans was walking in the starlight, under the willows. With his dim vision he saw some one leaning against one of the trees, but when he passed again he knew it was Latulipe. He stopped and spoke to her. When she spoke she did not answer his question. "Oh," she said, "he will never get better, never." "Yes," said Hans, "he will be better." "No," said Latulipe, "I know by the way he looks, and he says now that France is beaten and crushed he does not want to live." "Brave soul!" said Hans. "And when he goes," said Latulipe, "what is to become of me?" He laid his hand upon her arm, and when she did not resist, he took her hand in both his own. She was giving herself to the enemy. A cloud above had taken the starlight, and in the willows a little rain fell with a timorous sound. Latulipe was crying softly on Hans's shoulder.

It was September, and around Viger the harvest was nearly finished. The days were clear as glass; already the maples were stroked with fire, with the lustre of wine and gold; early risers felt the keener air; the sunsets reddened the mists which lay light as lawn on the low fields. But Paul Arbique thought and spoke of Sedan alone, the place where he was born, of the Meuse, the bridges, of his father's farm, just without the walls of the city, and of his boyhood, and the friends of his youth. His thoughts were hardly of the war, or of the terror of the downfall which had a little while before so haunted him.

It was the evening of the day upon which the news of the battle had come. They had resolved not to tell him, but there was something in Latulipe's manner which disturbed him. Waking from a light doze, he said: "That Prussian

spy, what did he say?—they must fight there—between Mézières and Carignan? I have been at Carignan—and he had his hound's paw on Sedan." He was quiet for a while; then he said, dreamily: "They—have—fought." Latulipe, who was watching with him, wept. In the night his lips moved again. "France," he murmured, "France will rise—again." It was toward the morning of the next day when his true heart failed. Latulipe had just opened the blinds. A pale light came through the willows. When she bent over him she caught his last words. "Sedan," he sighed. "Sedan."

THE PEDLER.

He used to come in that early spring time, when in sunny hollows, banks of coarse snow lie thawing, shrinking with almost inaudible tinklings, when the upper grass-banks are covered thickly with the film left by the melted snow, when the old leaves about the gray trees are wet and sodden, when the pools lie bare and clear, without grasses, very limpid with snow-water, when the swollen streams rush insolently by, when the grossbeaks try the cedar buds shyly, and a colony of little birds take a sunny tree slope, and sing songs there.

He used to come with the awakening of life in the woods, with the strange cohosh, and the dog-tooth violet, piercing the damp leaf which it would wear as a ruff about its neck in blossom time. He used to come up the road from St. Valérie, trudging heavily, bearing his packs. To most of the Viger people he seemed to appear suddenly in the midst of the street, clothed with power, and surrounded by an attentive crowd of boys, small boys, and a whirling fringe of dogs, barking and throwing up dust.

I speak of what has become tradition, for the pedler walks no more up the St. Valérie road, bearing those magical baskets of his.

There was something powerful, compelling, about him; his short, heavy figure, his hair-covered, expressionless face, the quick hands in which he seemed to weigh everything that he touched, his voluminous, indescribable clothes, the great umbrella he carried strapped to his back, the green spectacles that hid his eyes, all these commanded attention. But his powers seemed to lie in those inscrutable guards to his eyes. They were such goggles as are commonly used by threshers, and were bound firmly about his face by a leather lace; with their setting of iron they completely covered his eye-sockets, not permitting a glimpse of those eyes that seemed to glare out of their depths. They seemed never to have been removed, but to have grown there, rooted by time in his cheek-bones.

He carried a large wicker-basket covered with oiled cloth, slung to his shoulder by a strap; in one hand he carried a light stick, in the other a large oval bandbox of black shiny cloth. From the initials "J. F.," which appeared in faded white letters on the bandbox, the village people had christened him Jean-François.

Coming into the village, he stopped in the middle of the road, set his bandbox between his feet, and took the oiled cloth from the basket. He never went from house to house, his customers came to him. He stood there and sold, almost without a word, as calm as a sphinx, and as powerful. There was something compelling about him; the people bought things they did not want, but they had to buy. The goods lay before them, the handkerchiefs, the laces, the jewelry, the little sacred pictures, matches in colored boxes, little cased looking-glasses, combs, mouth-organs, pins, and hair-pins; and over all this figure with the inscrutable eyes. As he took in the money and made change, he uttered the word, "Good," continually, "good, good." There was something exciting in the way he pronounced that word, something that goaded the hearers into extravagance.

It happened one day in April, when the weather was doubtful and moody, and storms flew low, scattering cold rain, and after that day Jean-François, the pedler, was a shape in memory, a fact no longer. He was blown into the village unwetted by a shower that left the streets untouched, and that went through the northern fields sharply, and lost itself in the far woods. He stopped in front of the post-office. The Widow Laroque

slammed her door and went upstairs to peep through the curtain; "these pedlers spoiled trade," she said, and hated them in consequence. Soon a crowd collected, and great talk arose, with laughter and some jostling. Everyone tried to see into the basket, those behind stood on tiptoe and asked questions, those in front held the crowd back and tried to look at the goods. The air was full of the staccato of surprise and admiration. The late comers on the edge of the crowd commenced to jostle, and somebody tossed a handful of dust into the air over the group. "What a wretched wind," cried someone, "it blows all ways."

The dust seemed to irritate the pedler; besides, no one had bought anything. He called out sharply, "Buy—buy." He sold two papers of hair-pins, a little brass shrine of the Good St. Anne, a colored handkerchief, a horn comb, and a mouth-organ. While these purchases were going on, Henri Lamoureux was eying the little red purses, and fingering a coin in his pocket. The coin was a doubtful one, and he was weighing carefully the chances of passing it. At last he said, carelessly, "How much?" touching the purses. The pedler's answer called out the coin from his pocket; it lay in the man's hand, Henri took the purse and moved hurriedly back. At once the pedler grasped after him, reaching as well as his basket would allow; he caught him by the coat, but Henri's dog darted in, nipped the pedler's leg, and got away, showing his teeth. Lamoureux struggled, the pedler swore, in a moment everyone was jostling to get out of the way, wondering what was the matter. As Henri swung his arm around he swept his hand across the pedler's eyes, the shoe-string gave way, and the green goggles fell into the basket. Then a curious change came over the man. He let his enemy go, and stood dazed for a moment; he passed his hand across his eyes, and in that interval of quiet the people saw, where they expected to see flash the two rapacious eyes of their imaginings, only the seared, fleshy seams where those eyes should have been.

That was the vision of a moment, for the pedler, like a fiend in fury, threw up his long arms and cursed in a voice so powerful and sudden that the dismayed crowd shrunk away, clinging to one another and looking over their shoulders at the violent figure. "God have mercy! —Holy St. Anne protect us!—He curses his Baptism!" screamed the women. In a second he was alone; the dog that had assailed him was snarling from under the sidewalk, and the women were in the nearest houses. Henri Lamoureux, in the nearest lane, stood pale, with a stone in his hand. It was only for a moment; in the second, the pedler had gathered his things, blind as he was, had turned his back, and was striding up the street; in the third, one of the sudden storms had gathered the dust at the end of the village and came down with it, driving everyone indoors. It shrouded the retreating figure, and a crack of unexpected thunder came like a pistol shot, and then the pelting rain.

Some venturesome souls who looked out when the storm was nearly over, declared they saw, large on the hills, the figure of the pedler, walking enraged in the fringes of the storm. One of these was Henri Lamoureux, who, to this day, has never found the little red purse.

"I would have sworn I had it in this hand when he caught me, but I felt it fly away like a bird."

"But what made the man curse everyone so when you just bought that little purse—say that?"

"Well, I know not, do you? Anyway he has my quarter, and he was blind —blind as a stone fence."

"Blind! Not he!" cried the Widow Laroque. "He was the Old Boy himself, I told you—it is always as I tell you, you see now—it was the old Devil himself."

However that might be, there are yet people in Viger who, when the dust blows, and a sharp storm comes up from the southeast, see the figure of the enraged pedler, large upon the hills, striding violently along the fringes of the storm.

THE BOBOLINK.

It was the sunniest corner in Viger where old Garnaud had built his cabin; his cabin, for it could not be called a house. It was only of one story, with a

kitchen behind, and a workshop in front, where Etienne Garnaud mended the shoes of Viger. He had lived there by himself ever since he came from St. Valérie, everyone knew his story, everyone liked him. A merry heart had the old shoe-maker ; it made a merry heart to see him bending his white head with its beautiful features above his homely work, and to hear his voice in a high cadence of good-humored song. The broad window of his cabin was covered with a shutter hinged at the top, which was propped up by a stick slanted from the window-sill. In the summer the sash was removed, and through the opening came the even sound of the Blanche against the bridge piers, or the scythe-whetting from some hidden meadow. From it there was a view of a little pool of the stream where the perch jumped clear into the sun, and where a birch growing on the bank threw a silver shadow-bridge from side to side. Farther up, too, were the willows that wore the yellow tassels in the spring, and the hollow where burr-marigolds were brown-golden in August. On the hill slope stood a delicate maple that reddened the moment summer had gone, which old Etienne watched with a sigh and a shake of the head.

If the old man was a favorite with the elder people of Viger, he was a yet greater favorite with the children. No small portion of his earnings went to the purchase of sugar-candy for their consumption. On summer afternoons he would lay out a row of sweet lumps on his window-sill and pretend to be absorbed by his work, as the children, with much suppressed laughter, darted around the corner of his cabin, bearing away the spoils. He would pause every now and then to call "Aha — Aha! Where are all my sweeties? those mice and rats must have been after them again!" and would chuckle to himself to hear the children trying to keep back the laughter, out of sight around the corner. In the winter, when the boys and girls would come in to see him work, he always managed to drop some candy into their pockets, which they would find afterward with less surprise than the old man imagined.

But his great friend was the little blind daughter of his neighbor Moreau. "Here comes my little fairy," he would call out, as he saw her feeling her way down the road with her little cedar wand. "Here comes my little fairy," and he would go out to guide her across the one plank thrown over the ditch in front of his cabin. Then they would sit and chat together, this beautiful old man and the beautiful little girl. She raised her soft brown, sightless eyes to the sound of his voice, and he told her long romances, described the things that lay around them, or strove to answer her questions. This was his hardest task, and he often failed in it; her questions ran beyond his power, and left him mystified.

One summer he bought a bobolink from some boys who had trapped it, and hung it in the sun outside his cabin. There it would sing or be silent for days at a time. Little Blanche would sit outside under the shade of the shutter, leaning half into the room to hear the old man talk, but keeping half in the air to hear the bird sing.

They called him "Jack" by mutual consent, and he absorbed a great deal of their attention. Blanche had to be present at every cage cleaning. One day she said, "Uncle Garnaud, what is he like?"

"Why, dearie, he's a beauty, he's black all over, except his wings, and they have white on them."

"And what are his wings like?"

"Well, now, that finishes me. I am an old fool, or I could tell you."

"Uncle Garnaud, I never even felt a bird ; could I feel Jack?"

"Well, I could catch him, but you mustn't squeeze him."

Jack was caught with a sudden dart of the old man's hand, the little blind girl felt him softly, traced the shape of his outstretched wing, and put him back into the cage with a sigh.

"Tell me, Uncle Garnaud," she asked, "how did they catch him?"

"Well, you see, they put a little cage on a stump in the oat-field, and by and by the bird flew over and went in."

"Well, didn't he know they would not let him out if he once went in?"

"Well, you know, he hadn't any old uncle to tell him so."

"Well, but birds must have uncles if they have fathers just like we have."

Old Etienne puckered up his eyes and put his awl through his hair. The bird ran down a whole cadence, as if he was on the wind over a wheat-field; then he stopped.

"There, Uncle Garnaud, I know he must mean something by that. What did he do all day before he was caught?"

"I don't think he did any work. He just flew about and sang all day, and picked up seeds, and sang, and tried to balance himself on the wheat-ears."

"He sang all day? Well, he doesn't do that now."

The bird seemed to recall a sunny field corner somewhere, for his interlude was as light as thistle down, and after a pause he made two little sounds like the ringing of bells at Titania's girdle.

"Perhaps he doesn't like to be shut up and have nobody but us," she said, after a moment.

"Well," said the old man, hesitatingly, "we might let him go."

"Yes," faltered the child, "we might let him go."

The next time little Blanche was there she said, "And he didn't do anything but that, just sing and fly?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, then, he could fly miles and miles, and never come back, if he didn't want to?"

"Why, yes; he went away every winter, so that the frost wouldn't bite him."

"Oh! Uncle Garnaud, he didn't, did he?"

"Yes, true, he did."

The little girl was silent for a while; when the old man looked at her the tears were in her eyes.

"Why, my pretty, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that why he didn't sing was because he only saw you and me, and the road, and our trees, when he used to have everything."

"Well," said the old man, stopping his work, "he might have everything again, you know."

"Might he?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Why, we might let him fly away."

The bird dropped a clear note or two.

"Oh, Uncle Garnaud, do let him go."

"Why, beauty, just as you say."

The old man put off his apron and took the cage down.

"Here, little girl, you hold the cage, and we'll go where he can fly free."

Blanche took the cage and he took her hand. They walked down to the bridge, and set the cage on the rail.

"Now, dearie, open the door," said the old man.

The little child felt for the slide and pushed it back. In a moment the bird rushed out and flew madly off.

"He's gone," she said, "Jack's gone. Where did he go, uncle?"

"He flew right through that maple-tree, and now he's over the fields, and now he's out of sight."

"And didn't he ever once look back?"

"No, never once."

They stood there together for a moment, the old man gazing after the departed bird, the little girl setting her brown, sightless eyes on the invisible distance. Then, taking the empty cage, they went back to the cabin. From that day their friendship was not untinged by regret; some delicate mist of sorrow seemed to have blurred the glass of memory. Though he could not tell why, old Etienne that evening felt anew his loneliness, as he watched a long sunset of red and gold that lingered after the footsteps of the August day, and cast a great color into his silent cabin above the Blanche.

CARLETON BARKER, FIRST AND SECOND.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

I.

MY first meeting with Carleton Barker was a singular one. A friend and I, in August, 18—, were doing the English Lake District on foot, when, on nearing the base of the famous Mount Skiddaw, we observed on the road, some distance ahead of us, limping along and apparently in great pain, the man whose subsequent career so sorely puzzled us. Noting his very evident distress, Parton and I quickened our pace and soon caught up with the stranger, who, as we reached his side, fell forward upon his face in a fainting condition—as well he might, for not only must he have suffered great agony from a sprained ankle, but inspection of his person disclosed a most extraordinary gash in his right arm, made apparently with a sharp knife, and which was bleeding most profusely. To stanch the flow of blood was our first care, and Parton, having recently been graduated in medicine, made short work of relieving the sufferer's pain from his ankle, bandaging it about and applying such soothing properties as he had in his knapsack — properties, by the way, with which, knowing the small perils to which pedestrians everywhere are liable, he was always provided.

Our patient soon recovered his senses and evinced no little gratitude for the service we had rendered him, insisting upon our accepting at his hands, merely, he said, as a souvenir of our good-Samaritanship, and as a token of his appreciation of the same, a small pocket flask and an odd diamond-shaped stone pierced in the centre, which had hung from the end of his watch-chain, held in place by a minute gold ring. The flask became the property of Parton, and to me fell the stone, the exact hue of which I was never able to determine, since it was chameleonic in its properties. When it was placed in my hands by our "grateful patient" it was blood-red; when I looked upon it on the following morning it was of a livid, indescribable hue, yet lustrous as an opal. To-day it is colorless and dull, as though some animating quality that it had once possessed had forever passed from it.

"You seem to have met with an accident," said Parton, when the injured man had recovered sufficiently to talk.

"Yes," he said, wincing with pain, "I have. I set out for Saddleback this morning—I wished to visit the Scales Tarn and get a glimpse of those noonday stars that are said to make its waters lustrous, and——"

"And to catch the immortal fish?" I queried.

"No," he replied, with a laugh. "I should have been satisfied to see the stars—and I did see the stars, but not the ones I set out to see. I have always been more or less careless of my safety, walking with my head in the clouds and letting my feet look out for themselves. The result was that I slipped on a moss-covered stone and fell over a very picturesque bit of scenery on to some more stones that, unfortunately, were not moss-covered."

"But the cut in your arm?" said Parton, a little suspiciously. "That

looks as if somebody else had given it to you."

The stranger's face flushed as red as could be considering the amount of blood he had lost, and a look of absolute devilishness that made my flesh creep came into his eyes. For a moment he did not speak, and then, covering the delay in his answer with a groan of anguish, he said:

"Oh, that! Yes—I—I did manage to cut myself rather badly and——"

"I don't see how you could, though," insisted Parton. "You couldn't reach that part of yourself with a knife, if you tried."

"That's just the reason why you should see for yourself that it was caused by my falling on my knife. I had it grasped in my right hand, intending to cut myself a stick, when I slipped. As I slipped it flew from my hand and I landed on it, fortunately on the edge and not on the point," he explained, his manner far from convincing, though the explanation seemed so simple that to doubt it were useless.

"Did you recover the knife?" asked Parton. "It must have been a mighty sharp one, and rather larger than most people carry about with them on excursions like yours."

"I am not on the witness stand, sir," returned the other, somewhat petulantly, "and so I fail to see why you should question me so closely in regard to so simple a matter—as though you suspected me of some wrong-doing."

"My friend is a doctor," I explained; for while I was quite as much interested in the incident, its whys and wherefores, as was Parton, I had myself noticed that he was suspicious of his chance patient, and seemingly not so sympathetic as he would otherwise have been. "He regards you as a case."

"Not at all," returned Parton. "I am simply interested to know how you hurt yourself—that is all. I mean no offence, I am sure, and if anything I have said has hurt your feelings I apologize."

"Don't mention it, doctor," replied the other, with an uneasy smile, holding his left hand out toward Parton as he spoke. "I am in great pain, as you know, and perhaps I seem irritable. I'm not an amiable man at best; as for the knife, in my agony I never thought to look for it again, though I suppose if I had looked I should not have found it, since it doubtless fell into the underbrush out of sight. Let it rest there. It has not done me a friendly service today and I shall waste no tears over it."

With which effort at pleasantry he rose with some difficulty to his feet, and with the assistance of Parton and myself walked on and into Keswick, where we stopped for the night. The stranger registered directly ahead of Parton and myself, writing the words, "Carleton Barker, Calcutta," in the book, and immediately retired to his room, nor did we see him again that night. After supper we looked for him, but as he was nowhere to be seen, we concluded that he had gone to bed to seek the recuperation of rest. Parton and I lit our cigars and, though somewhat fatigued by our exertions, strolled quietly about the more or less somnolent burg in which we were, discussing the events of the day, and chiefly our new acquaintance.

"I don't half like that fellow," said Parton, with a dubious shake of the head. "If a dead body should turn up near or on Skiddaw to-morrow morning, I wouldn't like to wager that Mr. Carleton Barker hadn't put it there. He acted to me like a man who had something to conceal, and if I could have done it without seeming ungracious, I'd have flung his old flask as far into the fields as I could. I've half a mind to show my contempt for it now by filling it with some of that beastly claret they have at the *table d'hôte* here, and chucking the whole thing into the lake. It was an insult to offer those things to us."

"I think you are unjust, Parton," I said. "He certainly did look as if he had been in a maul with somebody. There was a nasty scratch on his face, and that cut on the arm was suspicious; but I can't see but that his explanation was clear enough. Your manner was too irritating. I think if I had met with an accident and was assisted by an utter stranger who, after placing me under obligations to him, acted toward me as though I were an unconvicted criminal,

I'd be as mad as he was; and as for the insult of his offering, in my eyes that was the only way he could soothe his injured feelings. He was angry at your suspicions, and to be entirely your debtor for services didn't please him. His gift to me was made simply because he did not wish to pay you in substance and me in thanks."

"I don't go so far as to call him an unconvicted criminal, but I'll swear his record isn't clear as daylight, and I'm morally convinced that if men's deeds were written on their foreheads Carleton Barker, esquire, would wear his hat down over his eyes. I don't like him. I instinctively dislike him. Did you see the look in his eyes when I mentioned the knife?"

"I did," I replied. "And it made me shudder."

"It turned every drop of blood in my veins cold," said Parton. "It made me feel that if he had had that knife within reach he would have trampled it to powder, even if every stamp of his foot cut his flesh through to the bone. Malignant is the word to describe that glance, and I'd rather encounter a rattle-snake than see it again."

Parton spoke with such evident earnestness that I took refuge in silence. I could see just where a man of Parton's temperament—which was cold and eminently judicial even when his affections were concerned — could find that in Barker at which to cavil, but for all that I could not sympathize with the extreme view he took of his character. I have known many a man upon whose face nature has set the stamp of the villain much more deeply than it was impressed upon Barker's countenance, who has lived a life most irreproachable, whose every act has been one of unselfishness and for the good of mankind; and I have also seen outward appearing saints whose every instinct was base; and it seemed to me that the physiognomy of the unfortunate victim of the moss-covered rock and vindictive knife was just enough of a medium between that of the irredeemable sinner and the sterling saint to indicate that its owner was the average man in the matter of vices and virtues. In fact, the malignancy of his expression when the knife was mentioned was to me the sole point against him, and had I been in his position I do not think I should have acted very differently, though I must add that if I thought myself capable of freezing any person's blood with an expression of my eyes I should be strongly tempted to wear blue glasses when in company or before a mirror.

"I think I'll send my card up to him, Jack," I said to Parton, when we had returned to the hotel, "just to ask how he is. Wouldn't you?"

"No!" snapped Parton. "But then I'm not you. You can do as you please. Don't let me influence you against him —if he's to your taste."

"He isn't at all to my taste," I retorted. "I don't care for him particularly, but it seems to me courtesy requires that we show a little interest in his welfare."

"Be courteous then and show your interest," said Parton. "I don't care as long as I am not dragged into it."

I sent my card up by the boy, who, returning in a moment, said that the door was locked, adding that when he had knocked upon it there came no answer, from which he presumed that Mr. Barker had gone to sleep.

"He seemed all right when you took his supper to his room?" I queried.

"He said he wouldn't have any supper. Just wanted to be left alone," said the boy.

"Sulking over the knife still, I imagine," sneered Parton, and then he and I retired to our room and prepared for bed.

I do not suppose I had slept for more than an hour when I was awakened by Parton, who was pacing the floor like a caged tiger, his eyes all ablaze, and laboring under an intense nervous excitement.

"What's the matter, Jack?" I asked, sitting up in bed.

"That d—ned Barker has upset my nerves," he replied. "I can't get him out of my mind."

"Oh, pshaw!" I replied. "Don't be silly. Forget him."

"Silly?" he retorted, angrily. "Silly? Forget him? Hang it, I would forget him if he'd let me—but he won't."

"What has he got to do with it?"

"More than is decent," ejaculated Parton. "More than is decent. He has just been peering in through that window there, and he means no good."

"Why, you're crazy," I remonstrated. "He couldn't peer in at the window—we are on the fourth floor, and there is no possible way in which he could reach the window, much less peer in at it."

"Nevertheless," insisted Parton, "Carleton Barker for ten minutes previous to your waking was peering in at me through that window there, and in his glance was that same malignant, hateful quality that so set me against him to-day—and another thing, Bob," added Parton, stopping his nervous walk for a moment and shaking his finger impressively at me — "another thing which I did not tell you before because I thought it would fill you with that same awful dread that has come to me since meeting Barker—the blood from that man's arm, the blood that stained his shirt-sleeve crimson, that besmeared his clothes, spurted out upon my cuff and coat-sleeve when I strove to stanch its flow!"

"Yes, I remembered that," I said.

"And now look at my cuff and sleeve!" whispered Parton, his face grown white.

I looked.

There was no stain of any sort whatsoever upon either!

Certainly there must have been something wrong about Carleton Barker.

II.

The mystery of Carleton Barker was by no means lessened when next morning it was found that his room not only was empty, but that, as far as one could judge from the aspect of things therein, it had not been occupied at all. Furthermore, our chance acquaintance had vanished, leaving no more trace of his whereabouts than if he had never existed.

"Good riddance," said Parton. "I am afraid he and I would have come to blows sooner or later, because the mere thought of him was beginning to inspire me with a desire to thrash him. I'm sure he deserves a trouncing, whoever he is."

I, too, was glad the fellow had passed out of our ken, but not for the reason advanced by Parton. Since the discovery of the stainless cuff, where marks of blood ought by nature to have been, I goose-fleshed at the mention of his name. There was something so inexpressibly uncanny about a creature having a fluid of that sort in his veins. In fact, so unpleasantly was I impressed by that episode that I was unwilling even to join in a search for the mysteriously missing Barker, and by common consent Parton and I dropped him entirely as a subject for conversation.

We spent the balance of our week at Keswick, using it as our head-quarters for little trips about the surrounding country, which is most charmingly adapted to the wants of those inclined to pedestrianism, and on Sunday evening began preparations for our departure, discarding our knickerbockers and resuming the habiliments of urban life, intending on Monday morning to run up to Edinburgh, there to while away a few days before starting for a short trip through the Trosachs.

While engaged in packing our portmanteaux there came a sharp knock at the door, and upon opening it I found upon the hall-floor an envelope addressed to myself. There was no one anywhere in the hall, and, so quickly had I opened the door after the knock, that fact mystified me. It would hardly have been possible for any person, however nimble of foot, to have passed out of sight in the period which had elapsed between the summons and my response.

"What is it?" asked Parton, noticing that I was slightly agitated.

"Nothing," I said, desirous of concealing from him the matter that bothered me, lest I should be laughed at for my pains. "Nothing, except a letter for me."

"Not by post, is it?" he queried; to which he added, "Can't be. There is no mail here to-day. Some friend?"

"I don't know," I said, trying, in a somewhat feminine fashion, to solve the authorship of the letter before opening it by staring at the superscription. "I don't recognize the handwriting at all."

I then opened the letter, and glanc-

ing hastily at the signature was filled with uneasiness to see who my correspondent was.

"It's from that fellow, Barker," I said.

"Barker!" cried Parton. "What on earth has Barker been writing to you about?"

"He is in trouble," I replied, as I read the letter.

"Financial, I presume, and wants a lift?" suggested Parton.

"Worse than that," said I, "he is in prison in London."

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Parton. "In prison in London? What for?"

"On suspicion of having murdered an inn-keeper in the South of England on Tuesday, August 16th."

"Well, I'm sorry to say that I believe he was guilty," returned Parton, without reflecting that the 16th day of August was the day upon which he and I had first encountered Barker.

"That's your prejudice, Jack," said I. "If you'll think a minute you'll know he was innocent. He was here on August 16th—last Tuesday. It was then that you and I saw him for the first time limping along the road and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder."

"Was Tuesday the 16th?" said Parton, counting the days backward on his fingers. "That's a fact. It was—but it's none of my affair anyhow. It is too blessed queer for me to mix myself up in it, and I say let him languish in jail. He deserved it for something, I am sure——"

"Well, I'm not so confoundedly heartless," I returned, pounding the table with my fist, indignant that Parton should allow his prejudices to run away with his sense of justice. "I'm going to London to do as he asks."

"What does he want you to do? Prove an alibi?"

"Precisely; and I'm going and you're going, and I shall see if the landlord here won't let me take one of his boys along to support our testimony—at my own expense if need be."

"You're right, old chap," returned Parton, after a moment of internal struggle. "I suppose we really ought to help the fellow out of his scrape; but I'm decidedly averse to getting mixed up in an affair of any kind with a man like Carleton Barker, much less in an affair with murder in it. Is he specific about the murder?"

"No. He refers me to the London papers of the 17th and 18th for details. He hadn't time to write more, because he comes up for examination on Tuesday morning, and as our presence is essential to his case he was necessarily hurried."

"It's deucedly hard luck for us," said Parton, ruefully. "It means no Scotland this trip."

"How about Barker's luck?" I asked. "He isn't fighting for a Scottish trip—he's fighting for his life."

And so it happened that on Monday morning, instead of starting for Edinburgh, we boarded the train for London at Carlisle. We tried to get copies of the newspapers containing accounts of the crime that had been committed, but our efforts were unavailing, and it was not until we arrived in London and were visited by Barker's attorneys that we obtained any detailed information whatsoever of the murder; and when we did get it we were more than ever regretful to be mixed up in it, for it was an unusually brutal murder. Strange to say, the evidence against Barker was extraordinarily convincing, considering that at the time of the commission of the crime he was hundreds of miles from the scene. There was testimony from railway guards, neighbors of the murdered innkeeper, and others, that it was Barker and no one else who committed the crime. His identification was complete, and the wound in his shoulder was shown almost beyond the possibility of doubt to have been inflicted by the murdered man in self-defence.

"Our only hope," said the attorney, gravely, "is in proving an alibi. I do not know what to believe myself, the chain of evidence against my client is so complete; and yet he asserts his innocence, and has stated to me that you two gentlemen could assist in proving it. If you actually encountered Carleton Barker in the neighborhood of Keswick on the 16th of this month, the whole case against him falls to the ground. If not, I fear his outlook has

the gallows at the small end of the perspective."

"We certainly did meet a Carleton Barker at Keswick on Tuesday, August 16th," returned Parton; "and he was wounded in the shoulder, and his appearance was what might have been expected of one who had been through just such a frightful murder as we understand this to have been; but this was explained to us as due to a fall over rocks in the vicinity of the Scales Tarn — which was plausible enough to satisfy my friend here."

"And not yourself?" queried the attorney.

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with it," returned Parton. "As to the locality there is no question. He was there. We saw him, and others saw him, and we have taken the trouble to come down here to state the fact, and have brought with us the call-boy from the hotel, who can support our testimony if it is not regarded as sufficient. I advise you, however, as attorney for Barker, not to inquire too deeply into that matter, because I am convinced that if he isn't guilty of this crime—as of course he is not—he hasn't the cleanest record in the world. He has bad written on every line of his face, and there were one or two things connected with our meeting with him that mightn't be to his taste to have mentioned in court."

"I don't need advice, thank you," said the attorney, dryly. "I wish simply to establish the fact of his presence at Keswick at the hour of 5 P.M. on Tuesday, August 16th. That was the hour at which the murder is supposed—in fact, is proved—to have been committed. At 5.30, according to witnesses, my client was seen in the neighborhood, faint with loss of blood from a knife-wound in the shoulder. Barker has the knife-wound, but he might have a dozen of them and be acquitted if he wasn't in Frewentown on the day in question."

"You may rely upon us to prove that," I said. "We will swear to it. We can produce tangible objects presented to us on that afternoon by Barker——"

"I can't produce mine," said Parton. "I threw it into the lake."

"Well, I can produce the stone he gave me," I said, "and I'll do it if you wish."

"That will be sufficient, I think," returned the attorney. "Barker spoke especially about that stone, for it was a half of an odd souvenir of the East, where he was born, and he fortunately has the other half. The two will fit together at the point where the break was made, and our case will be complete."

The attorney then left us. The following day we appeared at the preliminary examination, which proved to be the whole examination as well, since, despite the damning circumstantial evidence against Barker, evidence which shook my belief almost in the veracity of my own eyes, our plain statements, substantiated by the evidence of the call-boy and the two halves of the oriental pebble, one in my possession and the other in Barker's, brought about the discharge of the prisoner from custody; and the "Frewenton Atrocity" became one of many horrible murders, the mystery of which time alone, if anything, could unravel.

After Barker was released he came to me and thanked me most effusively for the service rendered him, and in many ways made himself agreeable during the balance of our stay in London. Parton, however, would have nothing to do with him, and to me most of his attentions were paid. He always had a singularly uneasy way about him, as though he were afraid of some impending trouble, and finally after a day spent with him slumming about London — and a more perfect slummer no one ever saw, for he was apparently familiar with everyone of the worst and lowest resorts in all of London as well as on intimate terms with leaders in the criminal world—I put a few questions to him impertinently pertinent to himself. He was surprisingly frank in his answers. I was quite prepared for a more or less indignant refusal when I asked him to account for his intimacy with these dregs of civilization.

"It's a long story," he said, "but I'll tell it to you. Let us run in here and have a chop, and I'll give you some account of myself over a mug of ale."

We entered one of the numerous small eating-houses that make London a delight to the lover of the chop in the fulness of its glory. When we were seated and the luncheon ordered Barker began.

"I have led a very unhappy life. I was born in India thirty-nine years ago, and while my every act has been as open and as free of wrong as are those of an infant, I have constantly been beset by such untoward affairs as this in which you have rendered such inestimable service. At the age of five, in Calcutta, I was in peril of my liberty on the score of depravity, although I never committed any act that could in any sense be called depraved. The main cause of my trouble at that time was a small girl of ten whose sight was partially destroyed by the fiendish act of someone who, according to her statement, wantonly hurled a piece of broken glass into one of her eyes. The girl said it was I who did it, although at the time it was done, according to my mother's testimony, I was playing in her room and in her plain view. That alone would not have been a very serious matter for me, because the injured child might have been herself responsible for her injury, but in a childish spirit of fear, afraid to say so, and, not realizing the enormity of the charge, have laid it at the door of anyone of her playmates she saw fit. She stuck to her story, however, and there were many who believed that she spoke the truth and that my mother, in an endeavor to keep me out of trouble, had stated what was not true."

"But you were innocent, of course?" I said.

"I am sorry you think it necessary to ask that," he replied, his pallid face flushing with a not unnatural indignation; "and I decline to answer it," he added. "I have made a practice of late, when I am in trouble or in any way under suspicion, to let others do my pleading and prove my innocence. But you didn't mean to be like your friend Parton, I know, and I cannot be angry with a man who has done as much for me as you have—so let it pass. I was saying that standing alone the accusation of that young girl would not have been serious in its effects in view of my mother's testimony, had not a seeming corroboration come three days later, when another child was reported to have been pushed over an embankment and maimed for life by no less a person than my poor innocent self. This time I was again, on my mother's testimony, at her side; but there were witnesses of the crime, and they every one of them swore to my guilt, and as a consequence we found it advisable to leave the home that had been ours since my birth, and to come to England. My father had contemplated returning to his own country for some time, and the reputation that I had managed unwittingly to build up for myself in Calcutta was of a sort that made it easier for him to make up his mind. He at first swore that he would ferret out the mystery in the matter, and would go through Calcutta with a drag-net if necessary to find the possible other boy who so resembled me that his outrageous acts were put upon my shoulders; but people had begun to make up their minds that there was not only something wrong about me, but that my mother knew it and had tried to get me out of my scrapes by lying—so there was nothing for us to do but leave."

"And you never solved the mystery?" I queried.

"Well, not exactly," returned Barker, gazing abstractedly before him. "Not exactly; but I have a theory, based upon the bitterest kind of experience, that I know what the trouble is."

"You have a double?" I asked.

"You are a good guesser," he replied; "and of all unhanged criminals he is the very worst."

There was a strange smile on his lips as Carleton Barker said this. His tone was almost that of one who was boasting—in fact, so strongly was I impressed with his appearance of conceit when he estimated the character of his double, that I felt bold enough to say:

"You seem to be a little proud of it, in spite of all."

Barker laughed.

"I can't help it, though he has kept me on tenter-hooks for a lifetime," he said. "We all feel a certain amount of

pride in the success of those to whom we are related, either by family ties or other shackles like those with which I am bound to my murderous *alter ego*. I knew an Englishman once who was so impressed with the notion that he resembled the great Napoleon that he conceived the most ardent hatred for his own country for having sent the illustrious Frenchman to St. Helena. The same influence—a very subtle one—I feel. Here is a man who has maimed and robbed and murdered for years, and has never yet been apprehended. In his chosen calling he has been successful, and though I have been put to my trumps many a time to save my neck from the retribution that should have been his, I can't help admiring the fellow, though I'd kill him if he stood before me!"

"And are you making any effort to find him?"

"I am, of course," said Barker; "that has been my life-work. I am fortunately possessed of means enough to live on, so that I can devote all my time to unravelling the mystery. It is for this reason that I have acquainted myself with the element of London with which, as you have noticed, I am very familiar. The life these criminals are leading is quite as revolting to me as it is to you, and the scenes you and I have witnessed together are no more unpleasant to you than they are to me; but what can I do? The man lives and must be run down. He is in England, I am certain. This latest diversion of his has convinced me of that."

"Well," said I, rising, "you certainly have my sympathy, Mr. Barker, and I hope your efforts will meet with success. I trust you will have the pleasure of seeing the other gentleman hanged."

"Thank you," he said, with a queer look in his eyes, which, as I thought it over afterwards, did not seem to be quite as appropriate to his expression of gratitude as it might have been.

III.

When Barker and I parted that day it was for a longer period than either of us dreamed, for upon my arrival at my lodgings I found there a cable message from New York, calling me back to my labors. Three days later I sailed for home, and five years elapsed before I was so fortunate as to renew my acquaintance with foreign climes. Occasionally through these years Parton and I discussed Barker, and at no time did my companion show anything but an increased animosity toward our strange Keswick acquaintance. The mention of his name was sufficient to drive Parton from the height of exuberance to a state of abject depression.

"I shall not feel easy while that man lives," he said. "I think he is a minion of Satan. There is nothing earthly about him."

"Nonsense," said I. "Just because a man has a bad face is no reason for supposing him a villain or a supernatural creature."

"No," Parton answered; "but when a man's veins hold blood that saturates and leaves no stain, what are we to think?"

I confessed that this was a point beyond me, and, by mutual consent, we dropped the subject.

One night Parton came to my rooms white as a sheet, and so agitated that for a few minutes he could not speak. He dropped, shaking like a leaf, into my reading-chair and buried his face in his hands. His attitude was that of one frightened to the very core of his being. When I questioned him first he did not respond. He simply groaned. I resumed my reading for a few moments, and then looking up observed that Parton had recovered somewhat and was now gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"Well," I said, "feeling better?"

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "But it was a shock."

"What was?" I asked. "You've told me nothing as yet."

"I've seen Barker."

"No!" I cried. "Where?"

"In a back alley down town, where I had to go on a hospital call. There was a row in a gambling-hell in Hester Street. Two men were cut and I had to go with the ambulance. Both men will probably die, and no one can find any trace of the murderer; but I know who he is. He was Carleton Barker and no

one else. I passed him in the alley on the way in, and I saw him in the crowd when I came out."

"Was he alone in the alley?" I asked.

Parton groaned again.

"That's the worst of it," said he. "He was not alone. He was with Carleton Barker."

"You speak in riddles," said I.

"I saw in riddles," said Parton; "for as truly as I sit here there were two of them, and they stood side by side as I passed through, alike as two peas, and crime written on the pallid face of each."

"Did Barker recognize you?"

"I think so, for as I passed he gasped —both of them gasped, and as I stopped to speak to the one I had first recognized he had vanished as completely as though he had never been, and as I turned to address the other he was shambling off into the darkness as fast as his legs could carry him."

I was stunned. Barker had been mysterious enough in London. In New York with his double, and again connected with an atrocity, he became even more so, and I began to feel somewhat toward him as had Parton from the first. The papers next morning were not very explicit on the subject of the Hester Street trouble, but they confirmed Parton's suspicions in his and my own mind as to whom the assassins were. The accounts published simply stated that the wounded men, one of whom had died in the night and the other of whom would doubtless not live through the day, had been set upon and stabbed by two unknown Englishmen who had charged them with cheating at cards; that the assailants had disappeared, and that the police had no clew as to their whereabouts.

Time passed and nothing further came to light concerning the Barkers, and gradually Parton and I came to forget them. The following summer I went abroad again, and then came the climax to the Barker episode, as we called it. I can best tell the story of that climax by printing here a letter written by myself to Parton. It was penned within an hour of the supreme moment, and while it evidences my own mental perturbation in its lack of coherence, it is none the less an absolutely truthful account of what happened. The letter is as follows:

"LONDON, July 18th, 18—.

"MY DEAR PARTON: You once said to me that you could not breathe easily while this world held Carleton Barker living. You may now draw an easy breath, and many of them, for the Barker episode is over. Barker is dead, and I flatter myself that I am doing very well myself to live sanely after the experiences of this morning.

"About a week after my arrival in England a horrible tragedy was enacted in the Seven Dials district. A woman was the victim, and a devil in human form the perpetrator, of the crime. The poor creature was literally hacked to pieces in a manner suggesting the hand of Jack the Ripper, but in this instance the murderer, unlike Jack, was caught red-handed, and turned out to be no less a person than Carleton Barker. He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged at twelve o'clock to-day.

"When I heard of Barker's trouble I went, as a matter of curiosity solely, to the trial, and discovered in the dock the man you and I had encountered at Keswick. That is to say, he resembled our friend in every possible respect. If he were not Barker he was the most perfect imitation of Barker conceivable. Not a feature of our Barker but was reproduced in this one, even to the name. But he failed to recognize me. He saw me, I know, because I felt his eyes upon me, but in trying to return his gaze I quailed utterly before him. I could not look him in the eye without a feeling of the most deadly horror, but I did see enough of him to note that he regarded me only as one of a thousand spectators who had flocked into the court room during the progress of the trial. If it were our Barker who sat there his dissemblance was remarkable. So coldly did he look at me that I began to doubt if he really were the man we had met; but the events of this morning have changed my mind utterly on that point. He was the one we had met, and I am now convinced that his story to me of

his double was purely fictitious, and that from beginning to end there has been but one Barker.

"The trial was a speedy one. There was nothing to be said in behalf of the prisoner, and within five days of his arraignment he was convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty—that of hanging—and noon to-day was the hour appointed for the execution. I was to have gone to Richmond to-day by coach, but since Barker's trial I have been in a measure depressed. I have grown to dislike the man as thoroughly as did you, and yet I was very much affected by the thought that he was finally to meet death upon the scaffold. I could not bring myself to participate in any pleasures on the day of his execution, and in consequence I gave up my Richmond journey and remained all morning in my lodgings trying to read. It was a miserable effort. I could not concentrate my mind upon my book—no book could have held the slightest part of my attention at that time. My thoughts were all for Carleton Barker, and I doubt if, when the clock hands pointed to half after eleven, Barker himself was more apprehensive over what was to come than I. I found myself holding my watch in my hand, gazing at the dial and counting the seconds which must intervene before the last dreadful scene of a life of crime. I would rise from my chair and pace my room nervously for a few minutes; then I would throw myself into my chair again and stare at my watch. This went on nearly all the morning—in fact, until ten minutes before twelve, when there came a slight knock at my door. I put aside my nervousness as well as I could and, walking to the door, opened it.

"I wonder that I have nerve to write of it, Parton, but there upon the threshold, clad in the deepest black, his face pallid as the head of death itself and his hands shaking like those of a palsied man, stood no less a person than Carleton Barker!

"I staggered back in amazement and he followed me, closing the door and locking it behind him.

"'What would you do?' I cried, regarding his act with alarm, for, candidly, I was almost abject with fear.

"'Nothing—to you!' he said. 'You have been as far as you could be my friend. The other, your companion of Keswick'—meaning you, of course—'was my enemy.'

"I was glad you were not with us, my dear Parton. I should have trembled for your safety.

"'How have you managed to escape?' I asked.

"'I have not escaped,' returned Barker. "But I soon shall be free from my accursed double.'

"Here he gave an unearthly laugh and pointed to the clock.

"'Ha, ha!' he cried. 'Five minutes more—five minutes more and I shall be free.'

"'Then the man in the dock was not you?' I asked.

"'The man in the dock,' he answered, slowly, 'is even now mounting the gallows, whilst I stand here.'

"He trembled a little as he spoke, and lurched forward like a drunken man; but he soon recovered himself, grasping the back of my chair convulsively with his long white fingers.

"'In two minutes more,' he whispered, 'the rope will be adjusted about his neck; the black cap is even now being drawn over his cursed features, and——'

"Here he shrieked with laughter, and, rushing to the window, thrust his head out and literally sucked the air into his lungs, as a man with a parched throat would have drank water. Then he turned and, tottering back to my side, hoarsely demanded some brandy.

"It was fortunately at hand, and precisely as the big bells in Westminster began to sound the hour of noon, he caught up the goblet and held it aloft.

"'To him!' he cried.

"And then, Parton, standing before me in my lodgings, as truly as I write, he remained fixed and rigid until the twelfth stroke of the bells sounded, when he literally faded from my sight, and the goblet, falling to the floor, was shattered into countless atoms!"

HISTORIC HOUSES OF WASHINGTON.

By Teunis S. Hamlin.

TO most visitors Washington is only the seat of government, and interesting merely because of the department buildings, the White House, and the Capitol. Having seen these, with the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution, tourists go away content. They do not pause to think that nearly all the great men of the nation have, at one time or another, had homes at the capital, and have here done a very large share of the work that has made them famous. Yet so true is this that no other city on this continent is so rich in historical associations, and these associations are in the homes of the capital. They cluster around houses that have sheltered the makers of the republic, and are involved with those personal incidents that are the most fascinating part of history. Some of these spots are remote from the portions of the city now frequented by visitors. Georgetown, which flourished before Washington was laid out even on paper, and whose older inhabitants still look down on all the region east of Rock Creek with placid scorn, has a large number of fine old dwellings, several of them richly stored with relics of the revolutionary period. Capitol Hill, at the other extremity of the city, is justly proud of the fact that General Washington designed it to be the site of the great metropolis that should bear his name; that the Capitol faces eastward; that every President at his inauguration takes the oath of office looking toward the dignified old part of the city and not toward the pretentious new part, of which Capitol Hill feels an ill-disguised jealousy. There is a block of houses at I and Second Streets which few visitors to Washington ever see, yet which are connected with several of the greatest names in our history. No. 201 was built by Stephen A. Douglas when he confidently expected to be President. In its great ball-room he gave splendid entertainments that he believed were promoting his political fortunes. In the reception-room at the right of the hall, he received, in April, 1860, the news that the Charleston Convention had adjourned to meet at Baltimore, and he instantly declared, "That means disunion." After Douglas's lamented death this house was sold to Justice Joseph P. Bradley, of the Supreme Court, and its great ball-room became his library. The next house in this block was given by New York friends to General Grant, and here he had his home until he moved to the White House, when it became, through a similar act of generosity, the home of General Sherman.

The region about the Court House is also full of interest. At the corner of D and Sixth Streets lived Salmon P. Chase, whose beautiful and brilliant daughter made his home socially famous. Just around the corner on D Street, Webster had his last Washington home; and from the steps of what is now the Webster Law Building he made his memorable midnight speech, when, in 1852, Scott had captured from him the Presidential nomination, and he realized that his political career was closed.

But though there are many such fascinating homes in unvisited places, yet no part of the city is so rich in historic interest as Lafayette Park. From the beginning of the government at Washington to this hour it has been the haunt of many of our greatest men. In Corcoran House Webster lived while Secretary of State, and over his sumptuous dinner-table the Ashburton Treaty was discussed and practically concluded. At the northwest corner of H Street and Vermont Avenue, Sumner had his home; and here, surrounded with books, in an aristocratic semi-seclusion, he did his work and nursed his

vanity. Northward on the same square lived Reverdy Johnson, whose house, with others of historic interest, was demolished two or three years ago to make room for the new portion of the Arlington Hotel.

At 17 Madison Place have lived two of the greatest statesmen that America has produced—William H. Seward and James G. Blaine. The site of this house was once owned by Henry Clay, who is said to have traded a Kentucky mule for it. Commodore Rodgers built the house, and it has seen very varied fortunes. In the southwest room of the third story, Seward was attacked by the assassin Payne, on the fatal 14th of April, 1865, and received wounds that he carried to the grave. In the same room Mr. Blaine slowly sunk to rest after the brilliant successes and the bitter disappointments of his splendid career.

There are, however, houses that may be called historic in a fuller sense even than these, and that are still more likely to be passed by unknown by the stranger and even the resident; for many residents are quite unaware of the facts that give interest to the buildings with which they are most familiar. I shall seek to recall some of the heroic and graceful figures that have made these places memorable, and thus to suggest how rich in ennobling associations is this city, known at present chiefly or only for its modern beauty.

When the Congress, sitting at Philadelphia, in 1790, determined to locate the seat of the general government on the banks of the Potomac, the site chosen was very sparsely settled, and but little of it was under cultivation. Most of the territory covered by the present city was primeval forest. The owners of the land were Daniel Carroll, Notley Young, Samuel Davidson, and David Burns. Of their original homes only one remains, the cottage of Burns. He owned most of what is now the northwest section of the city. He was a hard-headed, close-fisted Scotchman, not at all willing to surrender a foot of his land without being roundly paid for it. The commissioners appointed by the Congress to lay out the Federal city could do nothing with him. Again and again General Washington rode up from Mount Vernon, and sitting on a rough bench before the cottage, discussed the matter with "obstinate Mr. Burns." At length he said: "Had not the Federal city been laid out here you would have died a poor tobacco-planter." "Ay, mon," retorted Burns; "an' hed ye no married the Widder Custis, wi' a' her nagurs, ye'd ha'e been a land-surveyor the noo, an' a mighty poor ane at that." Finally General Washington assured Mr. Burns that the Government must and would have his land. Once convinced of this, the wily owner hastened to make favorable terms; and in the end, seeing how vastly he was profiting, even became quite generous. He gave his apple-orchard, which is now the superb Lafayette Square.

Thus David Burns, recently widowed, became the first rich man of the capital, and his only child, Marcia, a prospective heiress. She was extremely lovely in both person and character. Her father's cottage, from having been the resort of neighboring farmers who gathered around his fire on winter evenings to discuss the crops and drink apple-jack, became the gathering place of the greatest men and women that the Government brought to the new capital. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Burr were frequent visitors. Tom Moore was entertained here, and from this cottage wrote to his friend, Thomas Hume:

"Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lakes and marsh, through fevers and
through fog,
'Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me; thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise."

From many suitors Marcia Burns chose the handsome and courtly John P. Van Ness, then a member of Congress from New York, "well-fed, well-bred, and well-read." They were married on May 9, 1802. She was then twenty years of age, and her father had died but a short time before. After several years' residence at the cottage an elegant mansion was built near it, Latrobe being the architect, at a cost

of over $75,000, an immense sum for that day. It stands in a large enclosed park, then beautifully kept. Two fine lodges of stone are at the entrance. The vestibule is supported by massive columns. The second floor (it is an English basement) has two sumptuous parlors and a dining-room to correspond. The view from the chambers of the third story across the Potomac and to the Virginian hills is enchanting. In luxuriousness of appointments it had no equal in this country at the time it was built. It was the first house in which cold and hot water was carried to all the floors. The wine vaults were very extensive. It was in them that the conspirators intended to hide President Lincoln in 1865, when it was their purpose to kidnap instead of to assassinate him. The drawing-rooms were adorned with mantels of Italian marble by Thorwaldsen. Two of these were removed by Governor Swann, of Maryland (who came into possession of the Van Ness property, and whose heirs still own it), to beautify his house in Fifteenth Street.

The Van Ness house at once became the centre of elegant and liberal hospitality. All the great Americans of that period were numbered among its guests. But its mistress never lost her love for the humble cottage. She delighted in showing it to her most eminent visitors, and recounting the scenes that it recalled of her happy girlhood. Since her death, on September 9, 1832, and especially since her husband's death, on March 7, 1847, the estate has fallen into sad neglect. The house has been put to disreputable uses, having at one time been the haunt of a gang of negroes who terrorized the whole neighborhood. In the cottage silk-worms were kept for some time, and from their cocoons a bridal-dress was made for one of the daughters of Colonel John Tayloe. The house was so well built that it is still in very good preservation; but the cottage is now rapidly crumbling to pieces and will hardly endure the storms of another winter.

The war of 1812 left the capital with many helpless and dependent children of soldiers, and Mrs. Van Ness conceived the idea of founding an asylum for them. This idea bore fruit in a meeting held in the hall of the House of Representatives, October 10, 1815. Mrs. Madison was made first directress and Mrs. Van Ness second. On Mrs. Madison's leaving the city in 1817, her successor at the White House, Mrs. Monroe, was chosen first directress; but she declined to serve and the choice fell on Mrs. Van Ness. For fifteen years thereafter she gave the most sedulous attention to this work. Her interest was deepened by the sad death of her only child, Ann Elbertine, highly educated, beautiful, and brilliant, who only two years before had married Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina. Mrs. Van Ness gave a lot on H Street, near Ninth (on which stood her family mausoleum, now in the Oak Hill Cemetery), where the asylum had its first permanent home. Her devotion to the poor and suffering was incessant, and her nursing of the victims of cholera caused her own death of the same disease. She was the first and only woman in private station to be honored with a public funeral at the capital.

At the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street stands the Octagon, one of the oldest houses in the city, still in very good preservation. It was begun by Colonel John Tayloe in 1798, and occupied in 1801, the year following that in which the Government removed from Philadelphia to Washington. It had been his intention to build a winter residence in the former city, and he changed his plans at the earnest request of General Washington, who took the greatest interest in the progress of the building. Colonel Tayloe was the richest Virginian of his day. At Mount Airy he had the largest landed estate in the Old Dominion, and occupied the most elegant mansion, which had been built by his father in 1758. Among his five hundred slaves were artisans of every class. His hospitality was lavish, his guests the most eminent men of the time. All this magnificence was transferred to his town house during the winters; and for the first quarter of this century the Octagon was the centre of all that was most brilliant and refined in unofficial society.

For a brief period it was also the official centre. On August 24, 1814, the British burned the Capitol and the Executive Mansion. The President had left two days before to join the army under General Winder. Mrs. Madison had been meanwhile ready for flight with such state papers as she could carry. At the last moment she insisted on securing the picture of Washington, which now hangs in the East Room. By her orders the frame was broken and the canvas removed. She then made her escape across the Potomac into Virginia, where she was joined late the same evening by the President.

Returning two days later to find the White House in ashes, the President was offered the use of various houses, and finally rented the Octagon. It was worthy of such occupants. The circular hall, marble-tiled, was heated by two picturesque stoves placed in small recesses in the wall. Another hall beyond opened into a large and lovely garden surrounded by a high brick wall after the English fashion. To the right was a handsome drawing-room with a fine mantel, still well preserved. To the left was the dining-room, of equal size and beauty. A circular room over the hall, with windows to the floor and a handsome fireplace, was President Madison's office. Here, on February 18, 1815, he signed the proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent, formally closing the war with England. The treaty had been unanimously approved by the Senate on the 16th.

This part of Washington has long since fallen into disfavor. It was thought to be malarial, and no doubt was so before the filling and improvement of the flats to the southward. Few visitors to the city probably ever go nearer to it than the State, War, and Navy Building. But its fortunes seem to be reviving. Excavations are now (July, 1893) in progress between the Van Ness house and the Octagon for the magnificent new Corcoran Art Gallery. And some men of wealth and taste with the historic spirit may yet restore the social fortunes of these famous houses.

Colonel Tayloe's second son, Benjamin Ogle, was born at the residence of his maternal grandfather, Governor Ogle, at Annapolis, Md., May 21, 1796. From his youth he was accustomed to the society of such men as Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, and Pinckney. He was educated at the Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., and at Harvard University in the class of 1815. He studied law in the office of the Hon. Richard Rush, then Attorney-General; and in 1817, when President Monroe made Mr. Rush minister to England, Mr. Tayloe accompanied him as private secretary. At London, Paris, Brussels, Rome — indeed, wherever he went, he was warmly and intimately received by the best people of the day.

On November 8, 1824, Mr. Tayloe married Miss Julia Maria Dickinson, of Troy, N. Y., intending to pursue the life of a country gentleman on his estate at Windsor, Va. But this life was not so congenial to his wife as to himself. She desired a town house, and he accordingly built the elegant and spacious residence, now No. 21 Madison Place, Lafayette Square, and occupied it in 1829. For nearly forty years, until his death on February 25, 1868, this house was the scene of the most generous and refined hospitality. Marshall, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Cass, Edward Livingston, Robert C. Winthrop, Scott, Everett, Seward, Irving, Prescott, and Bancroft; Presidents John Quincy Adams, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, and Buchanan; Lords Napier, Ashburton, Lyons, and Radstock were a few of his intimate friends. Remaining steadfastly in private life, against many solicitations to accept office, he still had a powerful influence in national affairs. Few men have better understood the bearing of social relations on political questions or employed it more skilfully.*

Mrs. Madison was unquestionably the most popular woman that has ever presided over the social life of the Executive Mansion. She was extremely beautiful in person and gentle and courteous in manner. Consummate tact made good her lack of liberal education. Madison first met her when he was a member of Congress at Philadel-

* Mrs. Tayloe died July 4, 1846, and on April 27, 1849, Mr. Tayloe married Miss Phœbe Warren, also of Troy, N. Y.

phia, and, with Aaron Burr, boarded at the house of her father, Mr. Payne. She was then the Widow Todd. The future President promptly fell in love with her. But having some doubts about her mental qualities, he one day handed her a book to read and asked her to give him her opinion of it. She gave the book to Burr with the request that he would write a letter for her to copy. This he did with his usual brilliance; and Madison, on receiving the note, was fully convinced that his lady-love's intellect was equal to her beauty. He at once offered himself and was accepted.

As a social leader, however, Mrs. Madison was her husband's superior, although he was a well-bred and hospitable man. She was phenomenal in several ways. She never forgot a face or a name. At one time a gentleman approached her whom she had not seen for twenty-six years and said: "Mrs. Madison, I am confident you do not remember me." But she instantly mentioned his name and the time and place of their former meeting. She always gave her special attention to the diffident and embarrassed among her guests. Once a tall, awkward backwoodsman came to a reception at the White House. After standing painfully in a corner for an hour or more, he at last summoned courage to take a cup of the coffee that was being handed around. Mrs. Madison had been trying to reach him, and at this moment approached and addressed him. He was so frightened that he dropped the saucer from his trembling left hand and thrust the cup into his trousers' pocket with his right. Mrs. Madison quietly said: "The crowd is so great here that one cannot avoid being jostled. I will see that you have another cup of coffee. How is your excellent mother? I once knew her very well." With such homely talk she soon beguiled him from his bashfulness and enabled him to forget his mortification. It is not wonderful that when she retired from the Executive Mansion on March 4, 1817, she left behind a multitude of regretful friends.

Madison survived the close of his public life for nineteen years, passed in dignified comfort and happiness at his estate of Montpelier, Va., where he died on June 28, 1836. He left his widow what would have been a comfortable fortune had she not spent most of it to pay the debts of her drinking and gambling son, Payne Todd. A part of the estate was the fine house at the southeast corner of Madison Place and H Street, now the home of the "Cosmos," the largest scientific club in the world. It had been built about 1825 by Richard Cutts, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Madison.*

It came into the ex-President's possession the year before his death, in settlement of a debt. But Mrs. Madison was too poor to occupy it, and rented it successively to Attorney-General Crittenden, to the Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, and to James I. Roosevelt, member of Congress from New York. On March 3, 1837, an act of Congress was approved by President Jackson, appropriating $30,000 to purchase Madison's diary of the debates and events connected with the framing of the Federal Constitution.† This money enabled Mrs. Madison to live in her city house; and the same year she very gladly returned to the capital, which she had always tenderly loved. Her return was a renewal in private life of all her social triumphs from 1801 to 1817, for eight years as the wife of Jefferson's Secretary of State, and for another eight years as the wife of the President. But it was a new generation that crowded to do her honor. Looking over the company on the occasion of her first reception, she said to an old friend at her side: "What a difference twenty years make in the face of society! Here are young men and women not born when I left the capital, whose names are familiar, but whose faces are

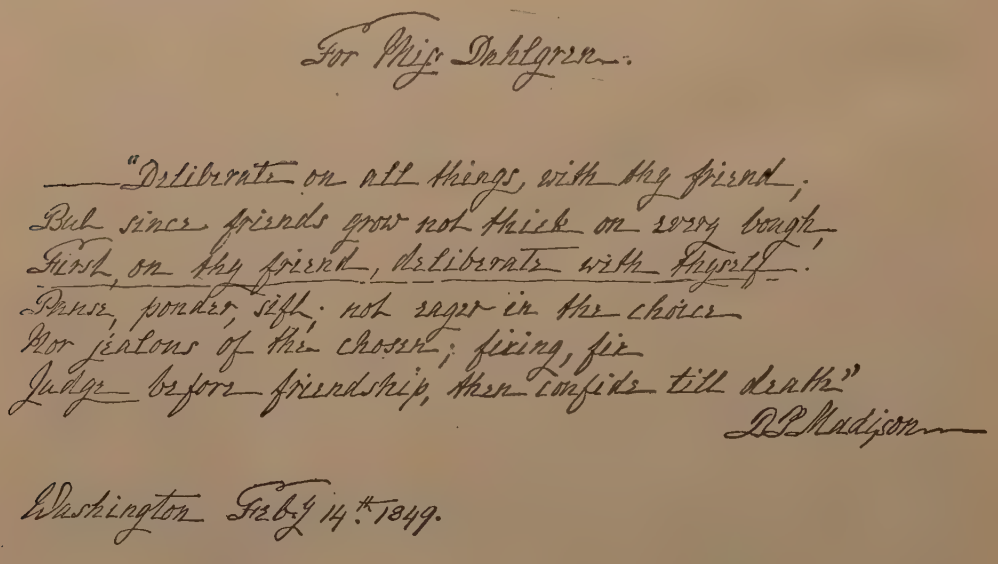
* Nepotism seems to have been known, and charged upon women as well as men, even in those simple-hearted days. When Mrs. Madison fled from the city in 1814, taking only this family of relatives with her, these lines were published:

"My sister Cutts, and Cutts, and I,
And Cutts's children three,
Will fill the coach; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

† These papers were published in three volumes in 1840. On May 31, 1848, $25,000 was appropriated for the purchase of Madison's unpublished papers, then owned by his widow; and they were given to the public in 1856.

unknown to me." At sixty-five, however, she retained all the fascination of her girlhood and young womanhood. She was heartily interested in both the old and the young. Her kindness of heart and gentleness of manner were unfailing. Her home fairly rivalled the White House as a social centre. On New Year's days the same distinguished crowd that paid their respects to the President hastened across the square to greet Mrs. Madison with all good wishes. On every Fourth of July her parlors were thronged.

Four months before her death, in her seventy-eighth year, the young sister of Admiral Dahlgren called upon her, and rising to leave, said: "Mrs. Madison, I have a new autograph album, and I must have you write in it before anyone else." Throwing her arms about her young friend, Mrs. Madison said: "Well, you darling little flatterer, if you will get me a good quill, I will do it. I cannot write with these new-fangled steel pens." So Miss Dahlgren sent her the best quill pen to be found and received her album with the beautifully written autograph of which the following is a fac-simile.


For Miss Dahlgren.
"Deliberate on all things, with thy friend;
But since friends grow not thick on every bough
First on thy friend, deliberate with thyself:
Pause, ponder, sift: not eager in the choice
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix
Judge before friendship, then confide till death"
D P Madison
Washington Feby 14th 1849.

After Mrs. Madison's death this house was sold to Admiral Wilkes, who occupied it until the civil war. In 1862 it was the head-quarters of General McClellan, who was accustomed to leave it in great splendor to review the armies across the Potomac, attended by his distinguished staff, which included the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Chartres, and the Comte de Paris. The interior is now much changed. In Mrs. Madison's day the entrance was on Lafayette Square, but otherwise its external appearance has been preserved.

Besides the Executive Mansion, no building was erected on Lafayette Square until the close of the War of 1812, when St. John's Church was built. The first private house was that of Commodore Stephen Decatur, at the southwest corner of H Street and Jackson Place. It was built in 1819, the architect being Latrobe, the master-mind of our unequalled Capitol. It remains to this day substantially unchanged, and is one of the most elegant interiors in the city. The exterior is extremely plain. The grounds are spacious and entirely enclosed.

Decatur was brave and patriotic. His famous toast was characteristic: "My country: may she be always in the right; but right or wrong — my country." He distinguished himself on many memorable occasions. On February 16, 1804, off Tripoli, he boarded the Philadelphia, set her on fire, and escaped with his crew amid a

DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES.

The David Burns Cottage.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

The Van Ness House.

rain of shot from one hundred and forty-one guns. Admiral Nelson pronounced this "the most daring act of the age." Decatur had his full share in the War of 1812, and at its close completely and finally humbled the Barbary States, for which he had the gratitude of all Europe; and President Madison, in his Annual Message to the Congress, December, 1815, said: "The high character of the American commander was brilliantly sustained on this occasion."

When Decatur came to reside in Washington he had all the fame and fascination that always attach to the hero of battles and of victories. These were supplemented by the unusual attractiveness of his wife. She was beautiful and highly educated, and despite the shadow of her birth, had been the reigning belle of Norfolk. She had elegant manners and splendid conversational powers. Jerome Bonaparte offered himself to her, but she refused him, on the advice of her friend, the Hon. Robert G. Harper, who assured her that the Emperor Napoleon would never recognize such a marriage. His judgment was shown to be correct when Jerome afterward married Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. The Decaturs at once became social leaders, but for only a single season.

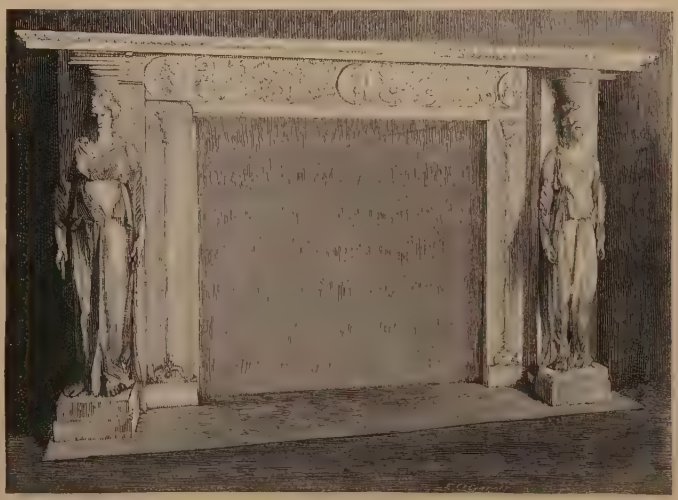
Early in March, 1820, at a dinner given by Decatur, the conversation turned on the late war, and he spoke very severely of Commodore Barron for not returning from Europe to bear his part in that struggle. One of the guests reported this to Commodore Jesse Duncan Elliott, and he to Commodore Barron. Ill feeling between Decatur and Barron dated back to 1808, when the former was a member of a court-martial to try the latter for surrendering the Chesapeake to the British man-of-war Leopard. Barron was convicted and suspended from rank and pay for five years. He also believed that Decatur's influence had availed to keep him on land when he desired active sea-service as a means of restoring his reputation. He was therefore ready to take fire at Decatur's dinner-table talk. Angry letters passed between them. Elliott probably fermented the strife. He had a grudge against Decatur, who held in his hands letters from Commodore Perry reflecting severely on Elliott. Commodore

Dale did his best to effect an adjustment, assuring Decatur that Barron was a man of honor, undeserving of the severe remarks made about him over the wine. But a challenge had been given and accepted, and according to the standards of honor at that day, retreat was impossible. Commodore Morris was asked by Decatur to be his second; he declined, saying the duel was entirely needless; that peace ought to be made, and offering his services in that interest. They were refused and preparations went forward as secretly as possible.

On Saturday evening, March 19th, Decatur gave a very handsome party to Mrs. Gouverneur, the newly married daughter of President Monroe. Several of the guests observed in their host an unusual solemnity of manner. He was exceptionally devoted to his wife, and when she sang, accompanying herself upon the harp, he stood in the centre of the semi-circle about her, brilliant in his full uniform, but absorbed and melancholy. During the evening he said to his next friend, Commodore Porter, who was to give a similar entertainment for Mrs. Gouverneur the following week, "I may spoil your party."

Ogle Tayloe records that he met Decatur early in the day preceding the duel, and that he looked ill and seemed abstracted; that he met him again late in the afternoon of the same day and was greatly impressed by his solemn manner. On this occasion he saw Decatur accost Commodore Macdonough, take his arm and pace the pavement with him for some time. Macdonough afterward said: "I knew nothing of the contemplated duel or I would have prevented it." Commodore Stewart said the same in regard to himself.

On Wednesday morning, March 22d, Decatur quietly left his house at daybreak, walked to Beale's Hotel, near the Capitol, took breakfast with his second, Commodore Bainbridge, and reached the duelling ground at Bladensburgh about nine o'clock. Barron was already there with his second, Commodore Elliott. Barron was wounded in the hip, where Decatur, who was an unfailing shot, had declared beforehand that he should hit him. Decatur's wound was in the abdomen, and was at once seen to be mortal. As they lay bleeding, Decatur asked: "Why did you not return to America when the war broke out?" "I had not the means," replied Barron. "Why did you not inform me of your situation?" asked Decatur; "I would gladly have furnished you with the requisite funds." When reproached for not having made this explanation before and thus secured an apology from Decatur, Barron replied: "I would explain nothing while under his insult."



Mantel by Thorwaldsen in the Van Ness House.

Decatur was carried home about noon and placed on a couch in the library at the left of the hall on the first floor. His wife said she was too stricken to see him. He died during the evening. At his funeral on Saturday, the 25th, attended by vast numbers of citizens and by almost the whole Congress, John Randolph, of

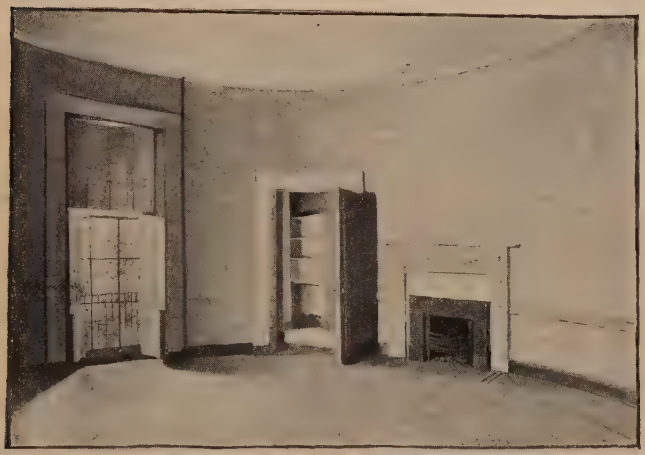
DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES.

Entrance to Grounds of Van Ness House.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Roanoke, then much demented, made himself very conspicuous by talking about how he would resent an insult in the same fashion. Decatur's body was placed in the family vault at Kalorama, at the head of Twenty-first Street.

Public feeling at first ran very high against Barron, President Monroe and his Cabinet leading it. But the tide soon turned, and Decatur was very generally condemned as having pursued Barron relentlessly.



Room in the Octagon where President Madison signed the Proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent.

For some months Mrs. Decatur lived in seclusion. She then removed to Kalorama, to the fine house built in 1805 by Joel Barlow, and some time ago obliterated. Here she lived in great style, giving weekly dinners of the most splendid and costly sort. Her name was freely connected with that of Mr. Stratford Canning, then British Minister here, and with that of the aged Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, both of whom no doubt greatly admired her. But she never remarried. Late in life she entered the Roman Catholic Church, and she died in the convent at Georgetown in 1855.

Hall of the Octagon.

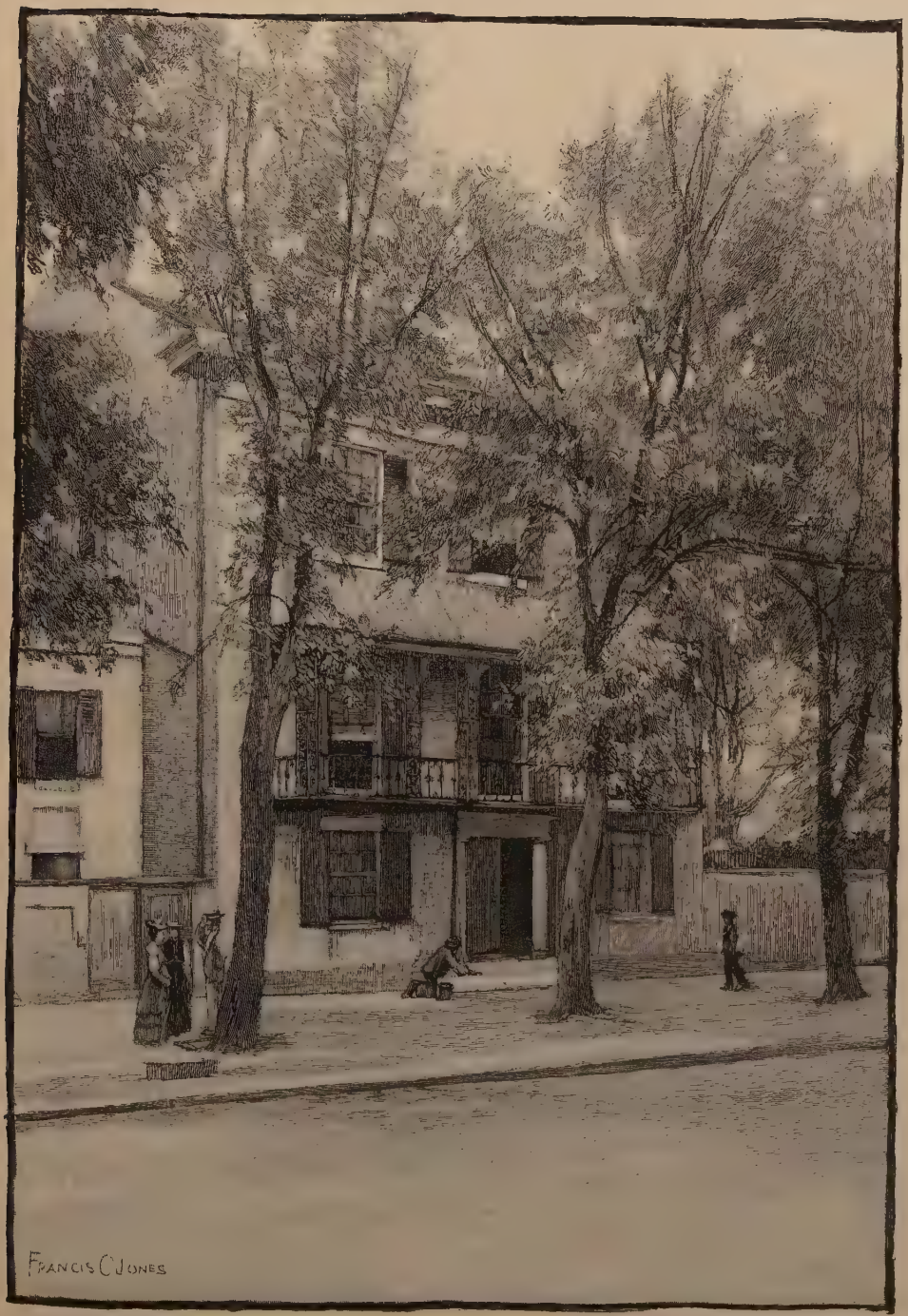
On leaving her house on Lafayette Square, Mrs. Decatur leased it to Baron Tuyl, the newly arrived Russian Minister. He was an epicure and a martyr to the gout. He gave no large entertainments, but many superb dinners. He said: "Washington, with its venison, wild turkeys, canvas-back ducks, oysters, and terrapin, furnishes better viands than Paris, and needs only cooks."

Baron Tuyl left Washington early in 1825; and Henry Clay, Secretary of State to John Quincy Adams, took the Decatur house. He furnished it very elegantly and lived in the style befitting his position. Aside from this house Clay had no home at the capital, but lived at the National Hotel, in room No. 32, in which he died on June 29, 1857. This room was for a long time afterward occupied by Alexander H. Stephens. With equal credit lived his successor in both office and home, Martin Van Buren. Upon his leaving the Cabinet, after two years of service, Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, succeeded him, and for an equal period made this now famous house one of the most attractive in the city. He was of mild and genial temper, the soul of gayety and good-humor,

Doorway of the Octagon—corner New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

with an inexhaustible fund of stories that he acted out with a contagious glee. He was, withal, an inveterate punster, though he said that the only good one that he ever made came to him in his sleep. He dreamed of being in a church at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun named Mary Fish. To the question who should be her patron saint, he awoke himself by replying aloud, "Why, St. Poly Carp, to be sure."

Mrs. Livingston was equally as attractive as her husband. She was very beautiful and brilliant. A native of San Domingo, and an exile from that island, she had been a reigning belle in New Orleans as a widow, Mme Moreau. Her romantic midnight marriage to Livingston in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent did not forbode the leisurely repentance that often follows such events. She made him a model wife. Under date of August 10,



DRAWN BY FRANCIS C. JONES. ENGRAVED BY VARLEY.

The Tayloe House, No. 21 Lafayette Square.

Dolly Madison's House, corner of H Street and Madison Place.
(Now the home of the Cosmos Club.)

1805, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Tillotson: "I have again a home, and a wife who gives it all the charms that talents, good temper, and affection can afford." She managed all the household affairs and relieved him from every private care. She had learned English from the classics, and spoke it with great purity, but with a marked though graceful accent. The daughter, Cora, was as brilliant and fascinating as the mother. She married Thomas Barton, afterward Secretary of Legation with Mr. Livingston at Paris. Mrs. Barton returned to the capital for a visit, in 1871, and was received with great affection and reverence.

After the brilliant occupancy of these three successive Secretaries of State, the Decatur house again became the home of two foreign ministers, Sir Charles Vaughan and Baron Hyde de Neuville. The former, though refined, highly educated, and a Fellow of Oxford, seemed to think he must resort to slang, and even to profanity, to show himself at home in a republic. His first appearance in society was at a small evening reception at Mrs. Kuhn's. His hostess graciously expressed her regret that the weather was so warm. "Warm, madam," he said; "it is as hot as hell!" Then turning to Percy Doyle, his secretary: "Percy, you little rascal, come here and be presented to Mrs. Kuhn." On his leaving the country a farewell ball was given him, at which General Van Ness gave this toast: "Sir Charles Vaughan, H. B. M.'s minister near the court of Washington."

The French Minister, de Neuville, had all the grace and elegance of his nation. He had been an *émigré* during the French Revolution, and lived

on the Raritan, in New Jersey, much esteemed and beloved by all his neighbors. He was intimate with Louis XVIII., who made him his minister to the United States. The baroness spoke English with an engaging French accent, and not always accurately. Her uniform salutation to her guests was: "I am charming to see you."

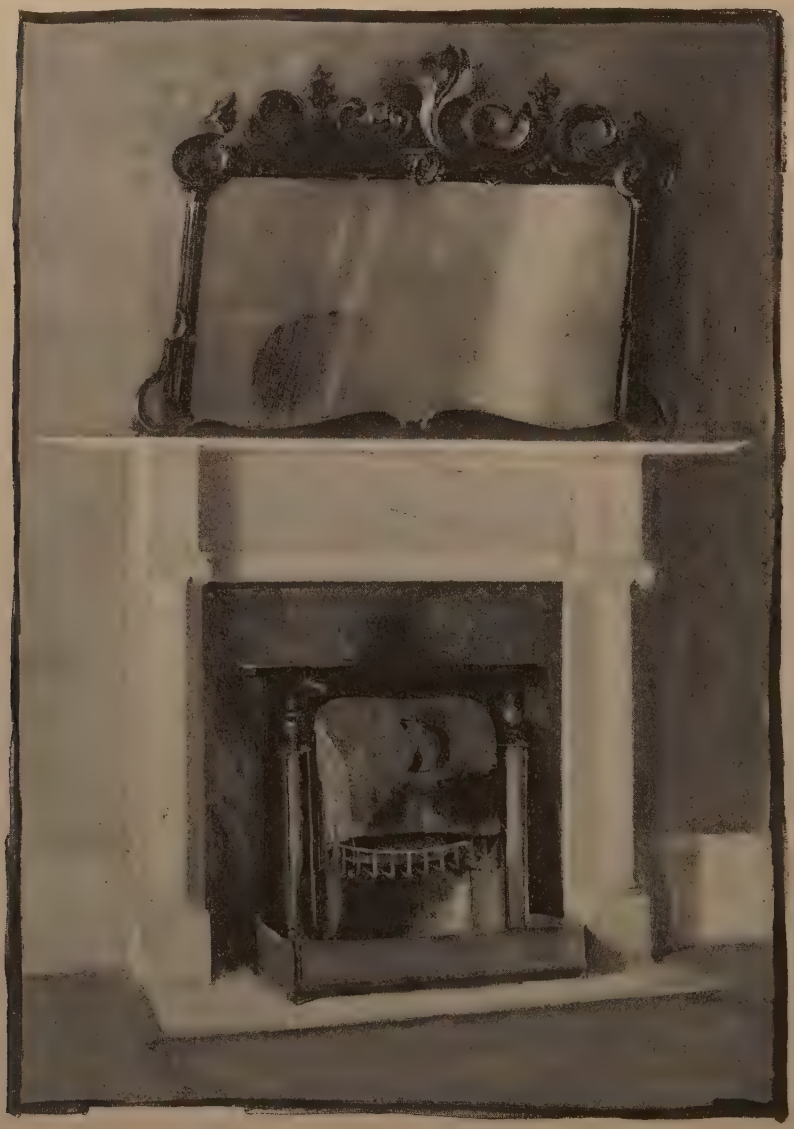
After having thus sheltered three Secretaries of State and the representatives of three of the greatest nations of Europe — Russia, England, and France — this house was occupied by John Gadsby, proprietor of the National Hotel; by Joseph Gales, one of the owners of the *National Intelligencer;* by Howell Cobb, John A. and James G. King, and William Appleton, all of whom maintained with credit its social prestige. The latter was especially noted for his benevolence. One winter his butler told him that his wood, which was piled on the sidewalk, was rapidly disappearing. "I think," he said, "it had better not be put away while the weather remains so cold." Its last tenant before the civil war was Judah P. Benjamin, then Senator from Louisiana, afterward Attorney-General, then Secretary of War, and finally, Secretary of State to the Confederacy. His name, combined with his advocacy of the legal claims of slavery, drew from Benjamin Wade the characterization of him as "a Hebrew with Egyptian principles." He fitted up the Decatur house magnificently, bringing much furniture of Louis Philippe from the Tuileries, and intended to maintain its leading position in society. But political events made this impossible.

During the civil war this house was rented by the Government and used for offices. At the close of the war General Edward Fitzgerald Beale bought it, but still rented it to the Government, not moving into it until early in President Grant's second term, in 1873. In 1876 he went as Minister to Austria, and on his return the next year his house became the centre of all that was best in Washington society. He was a grandson of Commodore Truxton, under whom Decatur, the builder of this house, had served as a midshipman.

Drawing-room of the House of the Late General E. F. Beale.
(Built in 1819 and occupied by Commodore Decatur.)

In all respects, General Beale was a worthy successor of Decatur. Equally brave, patriotic, and talented, he rendered his country quite as conspicuous service. In the navy, the army, and civil life his career was highly brilliant and successful. His home is filled with mementos of his service by sea and land, many of them of the most rare and precious sort. He was scholarly and refined, very modest, seldom speaking of his achievements except to his most intimate friends.

On June 27, 1849, General Beale married Mary E., daughter of the Hon. Samuel Edwards. With fine talents, elegant culture, and a hospitable disposition, she has fully sustained the reputation of the long line of brilliant women that have made this home so



Mantel in Room 32, National Hotel.
(In this room Henry Clay died, June 29, 1857.)

Hall and Stairs in the Beale House.

(On the left, entrance to the room in which Commodore Decatur died.)

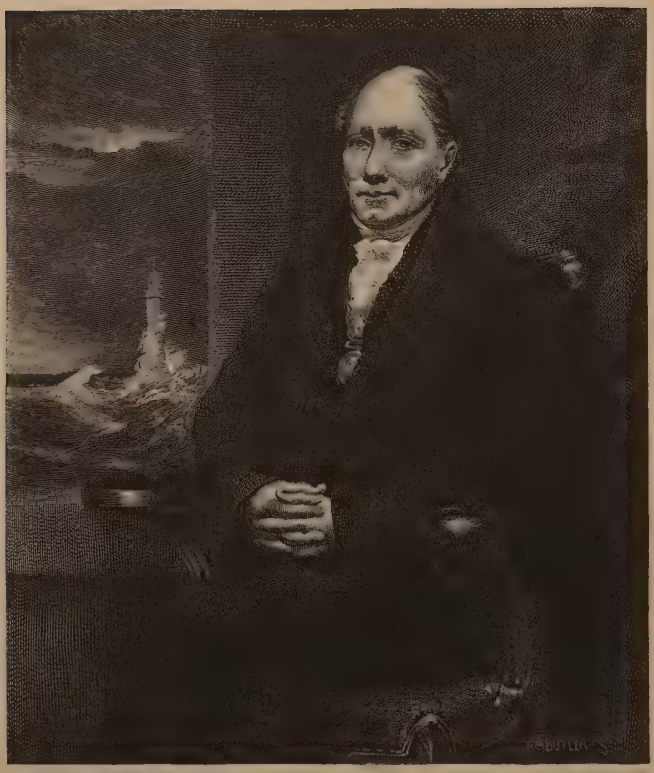
famous. General Beale died on April 22d of this year, and thus the doors that have opened to nearly every President from Madison to Cleveland, and to all the greatest men and most beautiful women of America and Europe for three-quarters of a century, are for the present closed to the public.

THE SECURITY OF DESOLATION.

By Edith M. Thomas.

He who hath seen his grain-fields gather blight
  Heeds not the withering of the garden flowers;
He grieves not at the day's withdrawing light
  Who in a dungeon numbers his dim hours;
He feareth not the storm upon his head,
  Whose garments with the rough salt wave are soaked,
And he whose fire within his house is dead,
  Into the outer air will go uncloaked!

So he whose life some weak, loved hand has taken,
  Flies not the shaft of banded myrmidon,
Nor trembles when his citadel is shaken:
  Foretasting all, he hath no more to shun;
The Night, the Cold, the Dearth, the Wound Obscure,
  That men call Death, unmoved he shall endure!



Robert Stevenson.
(From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Alan Stevenson.)

SCOTT'S VOYAGE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE YACHT.

NOTE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

WRITING from Abbotsford on July 24, 1814, Scott announced to Morrit his voyage in the lighthouse tender. "I should have mentioned," he adds, "that we have the celebrated engineer, Stevenson, along with us. I delight in these professional men of talent; they always give some new lights by the peculiarity of their habits and studies, so different from people who are rounded, and smoothed, and ground down for conversation, and who can say all that every other person says, and nothing more." The anticipation expressed in this slipshod passage appears to have been partly realized. My grandfather was a man in whom Scott could hardly fail to have been interested and from whom he could scarce help but profit. Romantically minded, he had led a life of some romance. Two years before he had brought to an end the unique adventure of the Bell Rock Lighthouse; he had moved since boyhood as a pioneer among secluded and barbarous populations; his knowledge of the islands and their inhabitants was probably unrivalled; and his memory was rich in strange incidents and traits of manners, some of which have been preserved by Sir Walter in substance, while many others were doubtless boiled down into the general impression of "The Pirate."

The anticipations of my grandfather would scarce be raised so high. He would have a proper respect for the Sheriff of Selkirkshire as he had for all authorities. He would be prepared to sympathize with any Tory. He had a passion for the sea, the open air, wild scenery, and strange places. He was a reader, too, and a reader of poetry; doubtless he read Scott's poems as they appeared; and it will be seen that he spoke of them with their author. But in all this, there was perhaps something of effort, while his taste for the Waverley Novels was genuine and deep. I think it is so we must construe some of the expressions in the following paper: that he was not very much moved by the occasion of sailing shipmates with the author of "Marmion," but had he been able to foresee in him the author of "Rob Roy," he would have kept a diary and begged for "one of the crook-headed hazel sticks."

Scott and he had been acquainted before the cruise; I find them in correspondence as early as 1809; from 1814 on, they seem to have maintained the touch-and-go intimacy of neighbors and old shipmates; and upon one occasion Robert Stevenson applied to the great man for literary council. It took my grandfather four years to build the Bell Rock—and fourteen to prepare his quarto narrative of the achievement. The book was dedicated to that majestic sovereign George the Fourth, a step which probably seemed to its author the most formidable of his life. All his friends wagged their Scots heads over the dedication, and it was submitted in proof to Sir Walter. "*It is with much diffidence that the author now lays before your majesty an Account of the arduous national undertaking of erecting a Lighthouse on the Bell Rock—a sunk reef lying about eleven miles from the shore and situate*"—thus the text began, and here on the proof-sheet (which is now in my possession) we find Sir Walter substituting *situated* for *situate*, his only emendation. This my grandfather dutifully accepted; he knew better in his heart and adhered elsewhere to the much more elegant *situate;* but if the other were the proper wear for royalty, he was never the man to appear conspicuous at court. The concession was made in vain; in vain was the quarto spread in the sight of the King. I cannot find that the dedication was ever even formally acknowledged; but I do find Dr. Patrick Neill writing shortly after to congratulate my grandfather on his majesty's "*silent approbation.*" Dr. Neill is portrayed in the "Chaldee Manuscript" with a "rotten calabash" on his head; he walks in my mind's eye with a scroll issuing from his mouth and the words *silent approbation* in the scroll. But such were manners in 1824, such the bland light that beat in these days on the occupant of a throne.

In 1850 my grandfather began to ail early in the year, and chafed for the period of the annual voyage which was his medicine and delight. In vain his sons dissuaded him from the adventure. The day approached, the obstinate old gentleman was found in his room furtively packing a portmanteau, and the truth had to be told him ere he would desist: that he was stricken with a malignant malady, and before the yacht should have completed her circuit of the lights, must have himself started on a more distant cruise. My father has more than once told me of the scene with emotion. The old man was intrepid; he had faced death before with a firm countenance; and I do not suppose he was much dashed at the nearness of our common destiny. But there was something else that would cut him to the quick: the loss of the cruise, the end of all his cruising; the knowledge that he had looked his last on Sumburgh, and the wild crags of Skye, and that Sound of Mull with the praise of which his letters were so often occupied; that he was never again to hear the surf break in Clashcarnock; never again to see lighthouse after lighthouse (all younger than himself and the more part of his own device) open in the hour of the dusk their flowers of fire, or the topaz and the ruby interchange on the summit of the Bell Rock. To a life of so much activity and danger, a life's work of so much interest and essential beauty, here came the long farewell.

It was in this spring and summer—

at first impatiently expecting to revisit the scenes commemorated, and afterwards awaiting death in his own house and following with his mind's eye the course of the yacht now gone without him—that he returned with a memory already dim on the details of a former voyage, and wrote with a hand already failing his reminiscences of Scott. On June 28th he sent them to his favorite child Mrs. Warden, with a note (not very coherently expressed) in which he proposes that she or "one of the misses" should "continue" them. Fourteen days later, on July 12th, Scott's shipmate followed him to the dark shore.

Two and forty years have passed. Mrs. Warden and "the misses" were alike forgetful, and still the memoranda have lain upon one side. I believe it would have pleased the old man to know that another of his descendants, on whose face he never looked but who shares with him in his love of Sir Walter, of the sea, and of wild islands, should prepare them at last for publication in an isle beyond the farthest cruising of the lighthouse tender.

Robert Stevenson has shown elsewhere that he could hold a pen. His *Account* of the Bell Rock is of its sort a masterpiece, and has been so recognized by judges; "the romance of stone and lime," it has been called, and "the *Robinson Crusoe* of engineering," both happy and descriptive phrases. Even in his letters, though he cannot always be trusted for the construction of his sentences, the same literary virtues are apparent, a strong sense of romance and reality and an almost infallible instinct for the right detail. So much it is only fair to premise; for the present paper is strikingly inferior, and I am here exhibiting my grandfather in the weakness of his approaching death. This is his "Count Robert of Paris," if not his "Siege of Malta." Two fair copies, both written with his own hand, both with corrections interlined, and yet with scarce a difference, show that he had not spared for vain pains;—and his recommendation to Mrs. Warden, that he was partly conscious of his failure. "Continue," the word that he has written, was plainly not the word that he intended. Plainly what he hoped was that someone else should take his material, and do it that justice in the presentment of which he felt he was himself no longer capable. But I have preferred to leave it, with a few suppressions, as it stood. Such as they are, it seems worth while (for the love of Sir Walter) to give these notes the commemoration of type. Once again, on the faith of a new witness, we find the same Scott represented, healthy, happy, regardful, intrepid and enthusiastic, a man of ten millions. His abstraction at Corriskin, his pleasure in the company of seamen and pilots, his manly delight in danger, these are traits it is worth while to preserve or to confirm. And the paper offers besides, as through the chink of a door, one glimpse of Mrs. Lockhart, charming as usual. There is perhaps no one in story of whom we know so little and whom we love so well; she only shows at the wing, but with so taking a grace, that we are apt, when she appears, to forget the leading actors; and I have at times a hallucination (which I daresay I share with a thousand rivals) that I courted her when I was young, and "carried her books" along George Street, and was rejected in favor of *The Scorpion*, to my lasting sorrow.

One thing I beg of my readers, that they will take down the fourth volume of Lockhart and read over again the *Voyage in the Lighthouse Yacht to Nova Zembla and the Lord knows where*, one of the most delightful passages in one of the most delightful of books.

R. L. S.

Vailina Upalu, Samoa, July 31, 1892.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

By Robert Stevenson.

Had I been more *alive* to the eminence and ultimate celebrity of this "great and good man," I should have taken notes at the time and not have left this to the reminiscence of upwards of thirty six years, when the gentlemen

composing the party and almost every one connected with the voyage, alas! are no more. This statement may look very like an introduction to something that is to follow—but it can only be a sparse line here and there to gratify the pleasurable feelings of one who devoutly cherishes the memory of him who lived to instruct and delight millions of his fellow men.

Sir Walter and Mr Erskine were accompanied to Leith by Mrs (afterwards Lady) Scott, Mrs Erskine and Major Scott, Sir Walter's brother. After taking leave in all the uncertainty of their next meeting, the vessel sailed, touching at the Lighthouses of Inchkieth and the Isle of May on her way to the Bell Rock &c.

From Sir Walter's well known universal intelligence and great memory together with his unceasing desire to be agreeable, we had "Tales of my Landlord" at every step on the way. At Inchkieth we had anecdotes of Mary of Guise who caused the now ruinous fort to be erected on the top of that island to command and keep the port of Leith in awe—now converted into a beacon for the safety of the mariner, while the island itself is no longer the "unfrequented coast" of Dr Johnson and his friend Boswell. On the left hand going down the Firth, we had somewhat of the Thanes of Fife and the progress of our Scottish Kings though their Royal Burghs from St Andrews to Kinghorn with their reception and hospitable fare by the way. Then on the right hand was seen Craigmillar Castle; and we were told some mournful Tales of our lamented Queen Mary, and of the prison island of the Bass, and some historic tales of the ancient glory of Tantallon Castle, and the history of Dunbar, and the escape of Bothwell. In short at every turn we had interesting statisticks of the locality.

At the Isle of May Sir Walter showed his antiquarian zeal in his minute examination of the scanty remains of a religious house, once a pendicle of the Priory of Pittenweem. On the top of the island the old coal-lighthouse tower, being now considered an incumbrance, was intended to be taken down, but Sir Walter, noticing the date of 1636, with a *face* and *rays* emblematical of light, over the door, remonstrated against the removal of the old tower, which has since been converted into a Pilot's Barrack.

The tender left the Isle of May with just light enough to discern the grey towers of our ancient seat of learning, the Episcopate of St. Andrews, which afforded an interesting and varied topic of conversation on the bygone history of the Buchanans and Bethunes, &c.

About midnight we were off the Bell Rock. Sir Walter kept the deck till a late hour, watching the changeful revolutions of the light.* When the rock began to make its appearance above water and the iron rails or gangway became visible, and the party were mustering upon deck and some were *looking white* — I proposed an early landing and to breakfast in the Lighthouse. A proposal to *land* was eagerly responded to. The steward was accordingly sent off with his baskets and laid on the table of the Library or Stranger's Room a good Scotch breakfast, of which the party duly availed themselves. This over, the album kept at the Lighthouse was produced for signature, but when it came round the table to Sir Walter, Mr Erskine laid his hand upon the page and said, "Now, Scott, you must give us something more than Walter Scott." He wished to decline for the present and rather seemed uneasy at the proposal; and rising from the table, he turned to one of the windows for a short space and again took his seat, Erskine still remonstrating, when Sir Walter at length took the pen and wrote the following beautiful and expressive lines:

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

After spending all the time upon the Rock which the flowing tide would admit, we went *splashing* along the railway to the boats, and getting on board of the

* Revolving red and white.—R. L. S.

Tender, we soon reached Arbroath and visited the signal tower and establishment for the families of the four light-keepers and master and crew of the Bell Rock tender—a small vessel attached to the station. Sir Walter had visited the ruins of the Abbey of Arbroath twice before this, but still he spent all the time he could spare along with Mr Duff and myself making some general specification of the most ruinous parts of the walls for a statement for the Barons of Exchequer; upon which considerable repairs were afterwards made at my sight or rather under my directions. This is mentioned here as one of the happy results arising from Sir Walter's peregrinations. In this way he was continually doing good.

On leaving Kinnaird Head Lighthouse, situate at the entrance of the Moray Firth, our captain shaped a direct course for Sumburgh Head in Zetland. This seemed to act as a charm to Sir Walter—perhaps on his learning that by this track we should for a time lose sight of land. When the ship had run down her distance by the log, it became foggy weather with drizzling rain; and from the state of the weather and troubled motion of the sea, this became a very disagreeable part of the voyage, it not being safe to run our course further till the weather should clear; so the ship was for the night in the unpleasant position for landsmen of *lying-to*. The captain accordingly prepared the ship and himself for bad weather; and coming on deck with more than *whole-length* boots, his *half-length* trousers and monkey-jacket, he admonished the party to go down to tea, as they were going to make *all snug* for the night, an announcement which sounded somewhat of an alarm in the ears of landsmen. It was more than conjectured that we had got into the *tail* of the tide at Sumburgh Roost, from the ship's bouncing and sending into the trough of the sea at such a rate that she at times had a tremulous motion from stem to stern. It was not till next afternoon that the weather cleared and in the evening we got into Lerwick harbour. What greatly surprised me was the different state of the feelings of the party at times when I awoke. In the berth of Sir Walter and Mr Erskine* a constant joking with much laughter was kept up; while in the after cabin very excited inquiries were made as to the state of the voyage and safety of the vessel when she plunged from the crest of a wave into the trough of the sea. The making "all snug" became a saying with the cabin party throughout the voyage.

In coming to the anchorage ground in Lerwick Roads, we were most vociferously and repeatedly hailed by the coast guard in the humiliating phrase of "Sloop-ahoy!" But to this interrogatory no answer was made by our indignant captain. "I wish," said Sir Walter, "we could stop this man's mouth by an answer." But Wilson [the captain] in a high tone said, "I'll teach the lubber better manners than to call this vessel a sloop." When the voice drew nigher, the question became, "Cutter ahoy!" when Wilson instantly gave the ship's name. Then came, "What have you on board?" Answer: "The Honourable the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses and their Engineer." Sir Walter was not a little amused with this colloquy. The captain had formerly been an officer in the Revenue Service and was much alive to the consequence of his gallant ship and the importance of her honourable owners.

On reaching Lerwick Sir Walter learned with no small surprise that there was no regular post to or from Zetland, a district containing 60,000 inhabitants, and said, "Are we really in a county of the British Dominions, where we can neither hear from our friends nor be heard of by them?" Letters were at that time sent by chance coasting vessels, the masters of the vessels receiving the fee of a penny for each letter delivered. Such was the little importance attached to Zetland as late as 1820.†

When we were in Zetland there was a considerable bustle at Lerwick by the arrival of several ships from the whale fishing; and had there not been a handful of military in Fort Charlotte, there

* Read *Mr Hamilton; cf.* (Scott's journal) "Hail Duff and the Udaller in the after-cabin."—R. L. S.

† And, as I see by my grandfather's journals, for at least ten years later.—R. L. S.

is no saying how far the jolly tars might have carried their frolick. Several of them had been put in prison which was at that time close upon high-water mark. With a view to rescue their comrades, they brought anchors from their ships with tackle which they passed round the low tower connected with the Town house or prison, and were proceeding to *bouce* it into the water, when the military interfered and dispersed them.*

In making ready for sea when about to leave Lerwick, I called at the hotel to escort Sir Walter to the boat; but with some concern he said, "My things are still in a state of disorder. John Macbeth, poor fellow, is now neither for use nor for ornament." Macbeth had actually been kept in his place by Sir Walter, not only as an old servant but on account of his name. He was now much failed and shortly after this voyage he died.

Our landing at the Fair Isle brought forcibly to my mind a similar landing experienced by some friends at the island of North Ronaldsay in Orkney upon a visit to the laird of that island. The inhabitants crowded and pressed so much upon the Strangers that the Bailif or resident factor of the island blew with his ox-horn, calling out to the natives to stand off and let the gentlemen come forward to the land; upon which one of the islanders called out, "G—d hae us, man, thou needs na mak sic a noise—it's no every day we hae *three hatted men* on our isle." So it was with some difficulty we could reach Mr. Strang the chief of the Fair Isle. The account of the pleasant day spent there is of itself a wonderful example of the facility and promptness of Sir Walter's descriptive powers.

In some degree to make amends for the disappointment in missing Foula, it was thought desirable that a landing should be made upon North Ronaldsay the northmost island of Orkney—which, though more in the world than Foulda, yet retains much of its original simplicity and more of the Norse language and customs than any of the other Orcades. For "Yes, sir," the old people invariably say "Ya, Gull," and so forth. The walls of their huts are built of rounded stones from the sea beach. They are of great thickness but so low that you must enter in a stooping posture; so that there are many apartments which are covered over with flagstones almost quite flat and thickly covered with earth. They have, it may be said, no windows — there is a hole over the fire-hearth which admits a little light and allows some escape of smoke—and there is really no demonstration of a house unless it be the diminutive door. The grass grows beautifully green on the flat housetop, and here the whole family assemble with their dogs, cats and pet lambs, &c., and here also they spend much of their time when not employed in field labour or upon the sea. As an instance of the simplicity of the manners of the inhabitants of North Ronaldsay I may mention that upon one occasion, when visiting the lighthouse on this island accompanied by my friend Dr Neill, we were kindly received into one of these huts by the good wife, and placed in *Casey*, or straw-worked chairs of the Norwegian fashion having arms and a canopy overhead, and were presented with a large wooden dish of milk. At this time (the first time perhaps) the Surveyor of Taxes was in the neighbouring island of Sanday, who was requested in the King's name to complain everywhere of the swarms of dogs kept by the cottagers and to threaten them with taxation. The good woman of the house knew me to be no stranger but at once accosted Dr Neill as the King's messenger, saying "Sir, gin ye'll tell the King that I canna keep the Ness" (a point of land jutting into the sea) "free o' the Bangers" (sheep) "without twa hun's" (hounds) "an twa guid hun's too, he'll pass me threa the tax on dugs."†

Unfortunately, however, from our landing with Sir Walter at North Ronaldsay, the tides which swirl round this island carried us through the Firth of North Ronaldsay, and the wind and sea got up to prevent our purpose.

* Perhaps the first suggestion of the scene at Portanferry, written six months later.—R. L. S.

† On the same island my grandfather met the adventure of the missionary Pict, preserved by Sir Walter in the notes to the Pirate.—R. L. S.

When sailing at any time with a native pilot on board, he had a good deal of Sir Walter's company on deck without however interfering with his proper duties. He delighted in their expressions and in the names given to the localities, many of which he considered highly poetic as "the Wells of Tuftillo,"* one of the principal swirls of the Pentland Firth, which the pilots call "wells of the tide," which gyrations in calm weather make the largest ships regardless of their helm, so that they swing round and round to the no small alarm of the ship's company.

Speaking of the general superstitious feelings of the inhabitants of the secluded islands of Orkney and Zetland and indeed of all insular situations, I may mention an instance which occurred at the Stones of Stennis. In visiting this *inexplicable place* with Sir Walter, I carried with me a hundred-feet-measuring-line to give the dimensions with more accuracy than by pacing the distances. Much to my regret I had dropped this line, it was not forthcoming when wanted, and resort must be had to less accurate means. Some years afterwards, one of my assistants on a visit to the Stones of Stennis took shelter from a shower in a cottage close by the lake; and seeing a box-measuring line with the tape partly drawn out in the bole or sole of the cottage window, he asked the woman where she got this well known professional appendage. She immediately said, "O, sir, ane o' the bairns fand it lang syne at the Stanes, and when drawing it out, we took freight, and thinking it had belanged to the Fairies, threw it from us into the bole, and it has lain there ever since." A small piece of money having been given to the woman for her care of the line, she expressed great thankfulness at being relieved of the charge, which had often troubled her when it came in the way.

In Orkney, as may be supposed, Sir Walter made many inquiries relative to the pirate Gow who for a series of years was the pest of the Orkney and Zetland Islands. At the desire of Mr. Erskine the Sheriff, Mr. Peterkine, his intelligent and learned substitute, drew up a most interesting account of all that could be collected of Gow's doings among these islands. Indeed I contributed somewhat to the stock of information myself, from the gleanings I had met with in the course of my professional visits to these regions, but more particularly through my friend Dr. Neill, whose relative, Mr. Fea of Clestrom, actually captured Gow and carried him to London, where he was executed as a common felon for his misdeeds. Mr. Fea received neither fee nor reward for his services but acted from patriotic motives to free the country of Gow's depredations. When the admirable volumes of the "Pirate by the Author of Waverley" made their appearance, I thought I should have a good guide to the Author of Waverley, but what was my astonishment on reading the work, to find not one word of the manuscript account of the real pirate Gow. Unless it were some proper names, all was the creation and composition of the Author of Waverley. I had however several marks otherwise in the names of places and circumstances which Sir Walter had got from myself, and particularly in his dimensions of the Dwarfie Stane of the Island of Hoy.

In the morning when the cabin boy Jim announced 8 o'clock to the party, he was often detained for a time with questions, when at sea, as to the state of the weather and the place of the ship. On one of these occasions Jim said there was some island sighted, upon which Sir Walter called, "What island can this be?" I said, "It must be the Stack and Skerry, but it is far out of our way." Upon which Sir Walter sprung upon deck in very light apparel and soon returned to intimate that "Jim had indeed discovered an island, which however happened to be the island of Great Britain," as we were then off Cape Wrath. "Sir Walter has beautifully described the mountain scenery upon the western coast of Sutherland and Ross shires, between Cape Wrath and the Island of Sky, a tract of about 60 miles, containing the

* But I have always heard it *Wells of Tuftalie*, and I suspect that must have been what Scott admired.—R. L. S.

districts of Assynt, Gareloch and Applecross, which, as seen from the Lewis side of the Minch—say off Stornoway—with a setting sun, exceeds all the Mountain scenery I ever had any conception of." Sir Walter remarked that "it was within the compass of a painter's eye and was worthy of the pencil of a Claude."

Strange unclerical sculpture was seen on the church of Rondil in Harris, which afforded Sir Walter an ample field for his antiquarian lore, when he took a comparative view of the manners of the former with the present times.

As may be supposed we were kindly received at the hospitable mansion of Dunvegan Castle by "The Macleod," for so the owner is invariably termed in the highlands as chief of the clan. Knowing the value of the mountainous and sterile scenery of Corriskin to Sir Walter, the Macleod, after the boat had pushed off the shore, hailed out "Now, Stevenson, don't forget Corriskin." On landing at Corriskin, Sir Walter seemed very much struck with the wild and majestic grandeur of the place. When he could get hold of Captain Wilson (who was a short, firm-bodied man) he preferred a lean upon his shoulder in a landward * tramp to anyone else in the ship. His talk, in the phraseology of the sea, amused Sir Walter; which, sailor-like, was always frank and at command and, though not always grammatical, was ever most respectful. But at Corriskin Sir Walter soon quitted his hold and set off by himself, the Captain on a hint given following behind. On this occasion Sir Walter's pace was very unequal, sometimes slow and at others rapid, and now and then he was seen swinging his hazel stick in such a manner that to a stranger might appear unaccountable. On all occasions Sir Walter was most pointed in attending to the boat arrangements upon excursions ashore; but at Corriskin he threw us out of our time and tide reckoning. It became necessary at length to send a sailor to say that we should be too late for Strathaird's cave. When the man returned, he said that Sir Walter would be at the boat immediately, adding "it was strange that he did not look as if he knew me though he saw me coming." When he did join the party, he was still quite absorbed in thought and said little till we landed to walk over the neck of land to the cave, leaving the ship to go round the headland.

At the cave of the island of Eigg where the Macdonalds were smothered by the Macleods, Sir Walter says he quietly pocketed a skull, or at least part of one; for all the bones with which this strange place was strewed were much broken by having been trod underfoot and by this time, from the celebrity given to the cave, they are no doubt much more reduced by the steamboat visitors. The bones were all black or of a chocolate colour from the smoke of that dreadful affair. I said to Wilson (who eagerly watched over his own men that no relics might be brought on board by them) that there could be no great harm in taking a bone or two out of a place like that. He shook his head and said "G—d help me, I hope not. For in loading at Leith for Hamburgh many years since we got ballast from South Leith churchyard, when they were opening the new road. Many is the time I have thought of the confusion which this must have wrought in discharging these fragments of human bodies, some at Hamburgh and some even in America."

At Skerryvore we found the landing difficult, and the nimblest of the sailors found it a task to climb up the sloping face of the rock, and but for their assistance with the help of ropes some of the party must have been left in the boat, owing to the glassy smoothness of the rock, rendered so from being the resting place of hundreds of seals. Sir Walter was much delighted with this landing, the difficulties of which gave aditional buoyancy to his spirits. In the evening, at our "Saturday night at sea" we had the chorus of a highland song altered to "O! Skerryvore, Skerryvore!"

At Iona the ship being in a sheltered and quiet place, and [it] being Sunday, Prayers were permitted to be gone about deliberately upon the quarter-deck, which was screened round with signal flags. The Bell Rock flag was

* Country.

spread over the companion on which the bible was laid and at which the reader stood. On either side of the deck the officers and crew in their lighthouse uniforms were ranged, and strangers in their dress coats. There was something more than usually solemn in the service of the day with the ruins of Iona in view. Just before commencing our devotional exercises, Sir Walter and Mr Erskine selected the chapters to be read, and after these words in the lighthouse prayer, "Shall not our souls pour forth abundantly the tribute of adoration to Thee whose word alone spake the universe into being," the following marginal note was written in pencil by Mr Erskine to Sir Walter's dictation, "Here also where we are placed within view of the first temple erected to the name of Christ by the hands of our forefathers, let us devoutly acknowledge the blessings which have followed the preaching of Thy word." Mr Erskine, as usual, undertook the office of reader and, following the order of prayers on board, in his emphatic manner said "Let us pray"—reading the Lord's Prayer from the sixth chapter of Matthew; then in succession he turned to the hundred and seventh psalm, twenty-fifth chapter of St Matthew and third chapter of the Epistle of James. After which he said "Let us again pray," and read the comprehensive and beautiful prayer composed by the Rev^{d} Dr Brunton in the year 1807 "For the use of those employed in the erection of the Bell Rock Lighthouse," with certain alterations to accommodate the prayer to the lighthouse service generally, and on this occasion with Sir Walter's marginal note also.

Allusion is made in Lockhart's *Life*, Vol. I. p. 239, to Sir Walter's knowledge of his bible. He certainly knew the scriptures intimately, and he brought this knowledge to bear with effect on some occasions but never otherwise than with the most reverent circumspection.

In the beautiful sail through the Sound of Mull to Oban—by far the finest track of all the sounds of the highlands—we pass along the shores of the "woody Morven," by the castles of Aros, Ardtarnish, Duart and Dunolly, and have in a distant view Dunstaffnage and the tower of Barcaldine. Most of these edifices afforded Sir Walter some interesting Tales of my Landlord for the party, as one skimmed through the sound. Few things have struck me more in Sir Walter's writings than the state and dignity with which he has clothed the dilapidated ruins of Ardtarnish in *The Lord of the Isles*, and the scenes connected with it which he has made to pass before us.

At Oban some of the party learned the melancholy news of the death of the Duchess of Buccleugh, which was carefully kept from the knowledge of Sir Walter, and was so intended to be kept till his own letters should announce the sad intelligence. But it prematurely reached his ears at Port Rush, where the Reverend Rector, Dr Richardson, brought it out as news to the party. There were other places of interest to Sir Walter which lay in the ship's track, but all these lost their effect, there was nothing now for Sir Walter but home.

On our arrival off Greenock, the steward—before the anchor was let go—was sent ashore to the Post Office and soon returned with his hands full of letters for all on board except Sir Walter. Mr McKechnie, the postmaster, a very respectable and well known man, for a brief space had happened to be out of the way—but soon came on board with many apologies for having locked up Sir Walter's letters "that he might make sure of personally delivering them to the man who had so often delighted his evening fireside." Knowing the interest of letters to voyagers he would not detain him a moment, but in making his bow requested to be allowed to leave a small box of Limes and the latest newspapers. On the postmaster's way ashore, he intimated to the vessels in the Roads generally whose letters he had been delivering, and hinted a proper compliment; so that upon [our] embarking in a steamer for Glasgow, the harbour had quite a birthday appearance with flags and streamers at the masthead. Such was the celebrity and popularity of the man!

He was the most industrious occupier of time; he was literally "never in the state of doing nothing." He often had his portable desk up on deck when his camp stool was by no means steady, while the wind turned the leaf and the sprays from the ship's side formed a gentle aspersion upon him. As if by accident, some of the party would sometimes take a station behind him with an umbrella. I have no doubt that he had then written much of the text of the *Lord of the Isles*, and probably all the notes and the entire volumes of the *Pirate*, for his enquiries often bore upon the subject.* He occasionally introduced the exploits of Rob Roy, so that to me it was like a second reading when the novel came out. On calling one day at Castle Street, after the appearance of that work, Miss Scott in her delightful manner said "O! Mr. Stevenson, have you heard the new song of Rob Roy Macgregor?" and immediately sat down to the harp and sang it with great spirit.

Sir Walter had the happy talent of being on easy terms with all around him. When it was convenient he often took a seat in the forecastle and entered into familiar conversation with the sailors on the watch below. There was a particular seat which he occupied there which was called his Locker. In this way he used to say that "he got much information, talking with everyone in his own line of pursuit."

I might here enter upon the habits on shipboard of this party of eminent men and public characters: Of course Sir Walter was the *Star*. Knowing that they could not carry "the comforts of the Salt-Market" with them, they were happy and contented with ship's fare but little varied. Fortunately, as it happened, there was a good French cook on board, and our steward was an excellent purveyor of such good things as came in his way. The wines in use were port and sherry, good and "old in bottle;" and on Sunday, when the weather was favourable for prayers, there was a glass of claret. Often, however, when there was dampness in the air—a frequent occurrence—a little hot water mixture† was preferred by the elderly gentlemen. The habits of cleanliness were particularly attended to, and though dressing for dinner was only partial, yet on Sundays at prayers this was more attended to. Few opportunities were afforded for seabathing; but on such occasions, Sir Walter would say, "Now I have the consciousness of being clean."

At Mr Erskine's one day after dinner in the drawingroom, the proofsheet of the third canto of the *Lord of the Isles*, where Bruce meets the banditti, was read by Mr Erskine. The party, as far as I can recollect, consisted of Mrs Erskine and Lady Scott, Mr and Mrs James Watt who were at the time on a visit to Edinburgh, Sir Walter, Professor Wilson, Mr Sheriff Bruce, Mr Sheriff Hamilton and perhaps one or two others. It was noticed by those of the *sailing party* present that they had now been amply rewarded for their long detention and late dinner at Corriskin. Sir Walter took a warm interest in engineering,‡ and at Mr Erskine's enjoyed Mr Watt's conversation very much. A question having been started as to the difficulty of raising such materials as those of the ruins of Baalbec in the state of the knowledge of the ancients as to the Mechanical Powers, Mr. Watt said "This never cost me a thought; for the mind of man has been the same from Adam downward, and he would always find a means for the end he had in view."

About the time of the appearance of the *Bridal of Triermain*, Mr Erskine asked me what I heard of it? I told him that the work was pretty generally spoken of as his own production, to which he replied in his vivid manner denying the authorship and adding "I wish to God I could own it!" Mr Erskine was a man of the keenest sensibility. I happened to be with him when he received the intimation of Sir Alexander Boswell's fall in the duel with Mr Stewart of Dunearn. This sad catastrophe completely overcame him,

* My grandfather, with Lockhart at his elbow, ought to have known better.—R. L. S.

† Whiskey toddy.—R. L. S.

‡ Or at least he spoke to "everyone in his own line of pursuit?"—R. L. S.

and his distressed manner gave me no small uneasiness at the time.

I have often regretted that I had not got permission to retain at least one of Sir Walter's crook-headed hazel sticks and other odds and ends that might have been spared when his man Macbeth left the ship with all and sundry. I never felt this oversight more sensibly than when my friend Dr Neill presented the steward of the ship with a handsomely bound small volume for one of the baronet's old *stumpy-pens* which he had left on board. I can only boast of the possession of a very small volume which Sir Walter presented me with on the voyage containing *Some account of the voyage of James V. round Scotland under the conduct of that excellent Pilot, James Lindsay.* I at one time had many notes and letters of Sir Walter's, but they have somehow or other got out of my hands.

Of his well known modesty as an Author, I may mention his once saying to me, when we were looking over the ship's quarter, "It was Erskine, Thomson, Rae, Skene and others who gave importance to my early writings, otherwise I should never have thought of publishing them." On his taking the chair of the Royal Society as President, I felt as if he were carrying this feeling too far when he came to speak of his knowledge on physical subjects. As another instance, I may also mention that, having got an admirable head of Sir Walter cut by Douchar [?] from Chantry's bust, I was showing the seal to a friend near me at the Royal Society Club; but it came to be handed from one to another, and in its circuit of the table reached Sir Walter, who giving it away said somewhat to Sir William Arbuthnot. I was anxious to know his remark, and learned afterwards that he had expressed himself in French to the effect that "the head was not worth the pains of the artist."

Of the portraits of Sir Walter, I prefer that by J. W. Gordon, with his dog Bran, painted for Mr. Robert Cadell. Captain Basil Hall carried me to see a picture of Sir Walter on the easel of his brother James in London, which I thought much of. Mr. Hall was so particular with this portrait that he had in his studio the identical green jacket which Sir Walter wore on the voyage, one of his crook-headed sticks and one of his shoes, which he had got for this picture from Mr. Lockhart. This picture has not appeared in public so far as I am aware, nor do I know for whom it was intended.

NELL GUY.

By Bliss Carman.

Now the will of the North is the will of the wind,
  At the gray world's rim where red suns die,
The wind that walks in the street and talks;
  But the heart of the North is the heart of Nell Guy.

To-day, were I master of color and line,
  I could draw you a tall girl frank and fair,
With the sway of the corn through an August morn,
  With a light in her face and a wave in her hair.

Such a fearless face with its talking eyes,
  Grave and gentle yet teasing too;
The sort of eyes, not worldly wise,
  That only light when the soul speaks through.

But when they do talk—heart of my heart,
How you shrink in yourself, abashed and shy,
Hearing the soul of the world outroll
To bless and forgive from the lips of Nell Guy!

I with my blundering mannish whim,
She with her spirit swift as flame!
Can you not see how the world for me,
Since I knew her first, is never the same?—

How all the tumult and hate and war
Of poor mad men who sorrow and sin,—
Grope and are gone with a sigh ere the dawn,—
Is God's bad dream we wander in!

But the dream shall pass, and the dreamer awake,
In the brightening morning by and by,—
Bethink him, and then refashion us men;
All this I believe because of Nell Guy.

How else? For she never could learn it here,
That gracious abundant pitying way
Of the patient sun, with his journey done,
In giant content at another day.

And that slender artist hand of hers,
Warm as a fold in the autumn hills!
There sleeps so much, in its lingering touch,
Like the slow quiet the sunlight spills.

That were the place for a king to halt,
Sheltered and safe where the sunbeams lie;
Then out again to his marching men,
With a cheer in the night at the name of Nell Guy!

The raving tide of the rabble world,
Busy and shifting and foolish still,
Goes by her door in the city's roar,
Heedless and blind as a wind on the hill.

For what would the world with Nell, forsooth?
And what would the storm on the wild sea-line
With the buried pearl, like this mere girl,
Deep in the core of the sea's dark shine?

But wait till the sea falls! Up they come,
All the hid treasures high and dry,
Out of the deep and their ageless sleep.
So the heart of the world is the heart of Nell Guy!

THE ART OF THE WHITE CITY.

By Will H. Low.

Illustrations by the Author.

IN the way west to the White City, to "the stately pleasure place decreed," where the arts of civilization by the unwritten law of International Expositions hold their court, the observant traveller finds abundant food for thought. Beyond Niagara, assuming his point of departure to be New York, he sees in the landscape through which he is whirled a continuous sweep of flat farming land, but little water; fences everywhere, trees sparsely scattered, and plain box-like houses telling only of shelter; abundant barns differing little from the dwellings, and from time to time towns of varied nomenclature ranging from Delhi to Kalamazoo. Through the horizontal blur caused by the speed of the train through which all this is seen, there appear, principally about the stations, figures which lend a languid interest to the dead level of monotony.

The human interest of the picture, however, tells the same story as the landscape — a story of hard work, of material reward, an acquiescence in the law by which labor gains bread and shelter, and little else. Occasionally, in the immediate vicinity of the stations, there is some attempt at adornment, generally confined to "tidying up" the surroundings; but around the farm-houses few or no flowers, little or no attempt to beautify the home, nothing of the almost frantic suburban effort of the East which has made the country kaleidoscopically varied with color, for the most part bad, yet giving hope that the next generation will do better, and pointing at least to a desire for beauty. Individual effort, unseen along the route, may be slandered by the preceding, but such for many monotonous miles seemed the foreground of the picture we were journeying to see.

At last a plain varied by marshes, through which boarded walks running at right angles, with an occasional house here and there, testified to the various suburban excrescences of a great city; then a dome or two, towers, flags fluttering in the sun, innumerable trains, clangor of bells and shrieking of whistles; and with Chicago seven miles away, hidden in a pall of smoke, the White City was at hand.

There are certain mastering impressions in one's life, certain scenes which stamp the memory, and, like the priceless *kakemono* which the reverent Japanese withdraws from hiding when in the mood to enjoy it, rise obedient to one's thought in aftertime. Such a memory is that of a first sunny morning in Paris: a ride from the Madeleine across the Place de la Concorde, along the Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre, across the Seine with the island and Notre Dame in the distance, and then through older Paris to the gardens of the Luxembourg. Or again, a certain early moonlit evening in Florence, with the Duomo looming at the end of the street, Giotto's Campanile standing sentinel at its side, the narrow street to the Piazza della Signoria with its Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi, thence by the side of the Uffizi to the Arno and across the Ponte Vecchio up to the Pitti Palace.

DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

Lighting the Natural Gas Torches on the Roof of the Administration Building.

These memories, common to so many, are often gained on ground made familiar through study of guide-books and photographs which, instead of dulling realization, add to it the zest of more thorough appreciation. In like manner, study, discussion, photographs, and engravings prepare one for the Columbian Exposition; but the first few hours of living in its architectural dreamland gives reality to the shadowy preconception, and adds the priceless gift of another masterpiece to memory's picture-gallery.

It is probably impracticable in any case, and when we think of the transformation that this prairie has witnessed in two short years, quite impossible in the case of the Exposition, to keep the approaches of a great popular resort in any degree beautiful. Here we have on the land side of the Fair the usual assemblage of cheap shows, lemonade vendors, and the like, which line the unsightly fence and make up what a friend has dubbed the Sideway Unpleasant. The fence is hard to pardon in a land where energy is predominant, desire to do the best not wanting, and *staff* abundant. A high white wall enclosing the substantial fabric of their dream would have done much to give the western approach something of the festal magnificence which the architects have given to the entrance by the peristyle at the lake side.

But once within, to pick flaws criticism must take a higher flight than one, frankly astonished at the goodness of it all, is disposed to permit it to. Nothing is perfect in this mundane sphere, but this effort on lines as yet untrodden by these States has such measure of success that one is proud to feel that this has been done in our own time, in one's own country, by men of one's own race — the race that peoples our seaboard, fills our manufacturing towns, tills our great farms, and stretching westward extracts precious metals here and cultivates orange-groves and vineyards there; the race which is daily urged, on the "whaleback" steamer from the city to the Fair, to purchase its chewing gum before the boat starts, as none is sold after leaving the pier; the race that is so cosmopolitan, so made up from strange and opposing elements, and is withal so homogeneous, so Amer-

At Night on the Midway Plaisance.

ican—and proud, above all, to feel that this curious people have had, at the crucial moment, the good sense to be inconsistent, to make haste slowly, to defer to the few, to make their Exposition the most beautiful before setting to work to make it, as things needs must be here, the biggest in all creation.

To be of this race and a follower of the arts; to have noted for years the growth of public desire for art and the frequent lapses to indifference on its part; to have seen that our artists as they grow in strength and numbers claimed the right to do something larger and finer and better than the private house, the portrait statue, or the *genre* picture; and then to come here, where for the first time they have found opportunity, and where the alliance of architecture, sculpture, and painting has produced its first work, to find that first work surprisingly good, is to feel proud not alone for the valiant craftsmen who have produced this result, but for the country at large which has stood behind them, and above all for the solid men of the city of Chicago who have planned the work so bravely and so wisely. So many elements enter into an enterprise of this kind that to a community like ours (unaided by a parental government which, as in France, takes upon itself, as one of its functions, the provision of public pageant and amusement, and keeps as it were all the material in stock) the problem was more than difficult, and the solution, solved as it has been, most surprising. Eighteen months ago in Paris, as I stood with a French friend in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, he said, indicating the colossal construction, "I suppose that at Chicago you will have a tower bigger than that, and that your exposition will be a triumph of that sort of thing." "I suppose that it may," was the answer; but the tower which is such a blot on Paris, diminishing in scale her most beautiful monuments, is nowhere to be seen in Chicago, and though the bones and sinews of the Liberal Arts building may be a "triumph of that sort of thing," its flesh of staff effectively covers and adorns it without concealment of construction or strength, but with due consideration paid to beauty.

To house the exhibits, to provide for instruction, and to make a pleasure-ground for the people (it could be urged from a utilitarian point of view) might indeed have been done more simply, or, as the phrase runs, in a more "business-

Indian Girl and Bull, modelled by French & Potter.

DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

Central Portion of MacMonnies Fountain—Effect of Electric-light.

like" way. One rugged old farmer I overheard, as I stood leaning on the balustrade at the back of the MacMonnies fountain, as he pulled his wife away from the contemplation of the charming group of mermaids and seababies who disport themselves in the wake of Columbia's triumphal galley, "Come along, Maria, I never see no use in them things; women with fishes' tails." Maria went along, but I fancied that Maria's daughter lingered a moment, and she may have found the "use" of the artist in the social system. At any rate, the Chicago business man who individually and collectively represents the controlling power of this vast enterprise knew the use of beauty, and with the sagacity born of commercial success called to his aid the men most eminent in their professions, and then—left them alone.

Arguing without absolute knowledge, is it not easy to imagine that many times during the two years spent in constructing these superb structures, the heart of the business man must have failed him in seeing this child of his creation grow in beauty and strength to be sure, but at a cost of so many millions? No record exists, it is safe to say, of any questioning. The artists had been called in, they were doing their work loyally; and no less loyally, through financial crisis, business depression, and public indifference, the business man performed his part of the contract. He had pledged himself to the whole country to do his best, the pledge had been given and accepted in the hour when he bore the coveted privilege to hold the Exposition away from competing cities, and the Court of Honor shows how well the pledge has been kept. A detail of organization, one of the many which would make the history of the Exposition most interesting if written, was told the other day, and is so characteristic of the spirit in which the Fair has been put through, that it is worth incorporating here. At a time when the Exposition had reached the limits of all possible insurance, when every sound insurance company in the world was carrying all the risks it was able to take, the Exposition concluded to do its own insurance, the details of which procedure need not be gone into here. At this time there were a number of pictures, about nine in all, which had been promised for the Loan Collection of Foreign Masterpieces, and were not forthcoming because of the inability of the Exposition to procure special insurance policies which had been promised when, long before, the owners of the pictures had consented to lend them. There seemed no way out of the difficulty, when the simple question was asked of the head of the Art Department, if it was essential to the completeness of the Loan Collection that these pictures should be in it? To which was answered, that if not essential, it was at least desirable; whereat this business man gave instructions that the owners of the pictures be at once communicated with and informed that he would personally guarantee them against loss if they would allow the pictures to come. As this little show of public spirit involved a personal liability of over two hundred thousand dollars, the figures may be considered eloquent enough to find place in such a paper as this.

The wisdom of a large policy is to be found on every hand. The Exposition has been called a dream, and as it is so soon to vanish may well be one; but if the intent had been to deceive, it could hardly have been made more deceptive. To one in the gondolas or the launches speeding between these walls, they stand as though for all time; and for one walking in the long arcades, detail and veracity of construction force themselves on the attention most plausibly. It has been too often described how the architects, adopting certain dimensions, have obtained a conformity of effect; but that once obtained, they have shown the greatest freedom, and though all of them are men of many works, they have never perhaps been more happily inspired. The Administration building is the appropriate crown to the buildings leading up to it, and Mr. McKim's Agricultural building is characterized by great charm of proportion, and though heavily charged with sculptured decoration is in no wise overloaded. In addition to the very decorative sculptures due to Mr. Martiny, there is

on this building some of the most satisfactory ornament in purely classical vein that I can remember on any modern structure. In fact, though the treatment of this group of buildings is thoroughly classic, it is pleasant to record the belief that in no other country would the traditions have been so well observed and at the same time so revivified as in ours. Our men owe their education to the Old World, chiefly to France; but it seems as though a certain separation from the influences of their schools had given them an independence which their foreign schoolmates lack. It is probable that had Paris in 1889 adopted the programme followed here the result would have been as correct, as thorough, as noble as this; but the result as a whole would have been colder, and lacking in the individual character observable here, where every man seems to continue the tradition rather than follow it. Mr. Post had long accustomed us to his capacity to build big and well; but never to build so big and so well as in the Liberal Arts building. When sailing along the lake-front one appreciates the immensity of the structure, which seems to equal that of all the other buildings combined; but near at hand one feels its beauty more than its bigness, and the simplicity by which this result is arrived at. The portals, taking almost all the decorative features, are admirable. Mr. Atwood's Fine Arts building is perhaps the best where all is so good, owing almost nothing to its decorative features—which, as the building is to be permanent, one may hope to see changed. The frieze of the Parthenon should hardly be borrowed to grace so fine a modern building. At night Mr. Atwood's building is seen in all its beauty of proportion, and the nights when it is illuminated best of all. The torches running along the top of the building burn great flames of natural gas, and the illumination is at once simple and effective. On the roof of the Administration building something of the same effect is obtained in conjunction with the electric light outlining the dome; but as the torches on the Fine Arts building are seen against the sky, the effect is finer.

Night and electric light play a great part in the spectacular side of the Fair. Solomon in all his glory never saw such a sight as the plain people of this continent have had on illumination nights this summer. Innumerable incandescent lights sparkle along the cornices and pediments; the top of the wall inclosing the grand basin is outlined in fire; search-lights from the top of the Liberal Arts building cut their wide swaths of light in gigantic circles, resting for a moment here and there to bring out now this detail or to throw into dazzling relief a sculptured figure or beast. It lingers longest on MacMonnies's fountain, the fitting jewel resting lightly on the bosom of this Venetian beauty whom but yesterday we called Chicago; and well it may, as in a degree the fountain is the *clou* of the Exposition. It seems but fair to call this fountain the most important of all the decorative sculptures. Every exposition has its great fountain, and the choice of Mr. MacMonnies to execute this one was most happy. Our sculptors as a rule have had too little opportunity to exercise the decorative side of their art, and we do not possess as does France a small army of sculptors who can be, as they were in '89, turned loose to decorate a great exposition with groups and figures. It demands not only a decorative instinct but practice as well, a certain habit of and delight in handling huge masses of form which men who are capable perhaps of graver and more ponderated work may lack or have lost. Thus fifteen years ago Saint-Gaudens, fresh from school and filled with its traditions, would have in the course of natural selection been the man for the work; but with years and widening experience it is a question whether he would have undertaken to design and carry out in the short space of time that which his brilliant pupil has undertaken and carried through with all the audacity and fire of youth, tempered by a delicacy of taste which gives it after all its greatest value. Anything more typical of the youth and hope which we fondly believe to be the characteristic of our nation is hard to conceive; and if, as is to

be so greatly desired, the monument is to be made permanent (which the completeness of the modelling of individual parts, an unusual quality in works like this, would render easy), it might well stand to represent an era. Mr. French's massive and dignified figure of America may be taken as the matron of this generation, tried and made strong through war; but MacMonnies's epitome of youth represents the future of our as yet experimental civilization, and though the boat is propelled by the arts and sciences, it is the young girl who fills such a large part in our experiment who is really to the fore. It is Smith and Wellesley who row with the young girl enthroned; and *vogue la galère*, with pleasant waters ahead and a safe port at last!

Of Mr. Saint-Gaudens we have only a figure of Columbus, which he has signed in collaboration with another of his pupils, Miss Mary G. Lawrence. It is a good exemplification of what has already been said that at the first glance this figure seems almost out of place here. It is of a character—the highest character—of work which depends on the most serious study. Conception and pose are reduced to the simplest, almost archaic form, and while it does not seem quite as successful, it is of the same family as the Lincoln here in Chicago or the Deacon Chapin in Springfield. The best of the sculpture here, while subject to the limitations twice mentioned, has perhaps gained a quality more essentially American by the absence of what may be called the ready-made decorative quality. The quadriga on the peristyle, by French and Potter, the Indian girl and the bull, and indeed all the figures and animals at which these artists have worked together, are thoroughly satisfactory as decoration, and more native and appropriate to our soil than the lighter touch and greater facility of the sculpture at the exhibition on the Champ de Mars would have been.

The painters of the band of allied artists had the more difficult task. In the first place our country has arbitrarily forced our painters to work on a miniature scale, and with little exception our men affronted their task with theory and enthusiasm as their preparation. The sculptors had at least the practice of modelling large works; but with the exception of Mr. Maynard, who has taken Pompeian motives and given us under the porches of the Agricultural building a thoroughly architectural and adequate decoration in which his past experience has rendered him service, the painters were virtually winning their first spurs. Taking this into consideration their success is marked. Tried by the standard that the space allotted to a decoration should be filled, and filled by a composition which could not serve within any other shaped space than that for which it is devised, Mr. Blashfield's seems the most successful. In addition to this quality it has great charm of color and dignity of conception, which latter quality, combined with clean, workmanlike drawing, is shared by Mr. Cox. Mr. Reid's and Mr. Weir's domes also have charming qualities, while Mr. Shirlaws gives one the impression of a complete mastery of his scheme and intention. At the southern end of the Liberal Arts building, Mr. Melchers and Mr. McEwen have large compositions, those of the latter being marked perhaps by the greater individuality; but while they are all (each painter having two compositions) executed in a very able manner, they seem somewhat lacking in spontaneity. In another part of the grounds in the Women's building the feminine contingent makes a brave show. Mrs. MacMonnies here leads the van with a composition sober in line and excellent in color. Miss Cassatt, having apparently defied the laws of decoration, has divided her space in three parts, in each of which she has painted pictures which, from her previous work, must be judged to be of excellent quality, but which, from the height at which they are seen and by reason of the small scale of the figures, are virtually lost. But this partial and cursory enumeration of what may be seen at the Fair could be continued beyond the limits of an article like this, and still leave unnamed and apparently unappreciated much that is admirable and more that is hopeful. Of the delights of living in the midst of this, of

seeing our people in holiday trim and, albeit, taking their pleasure somewhat sadly and getting as much instruction combined with it as possible, still enjoying it, much could be said. No mention has been made of the State buildings, which give, however, so much character to the grounds. New York's imperial palace, bright and luxurious, is flanked on one side by Massachusetts's staid and trim reproduction of John Hancock's mansion, with additions of a character which must temper the smile of gentle reproof with which it regards its frivolous neighbor; while on the other stands Pennsylvania's broad piazzaed home which shelters the Liberty bell. New Jersey reproduces a colonial "Head-quarters" mansion, and Washington is big and new and booming; California shows her fruits and extols her wines in a low-lying structure which recalls the *adobe* missions of her first settlers; and each and every State has here its home, first for its own people and then for the neighbors. Strange neighbors we have too, for the Midway Plaisance is not far away with its turbaned, sandalled, greased, and befeathered inhabitants, with its German and Austrian bands, its great difference of tongues and great similarity of *cuisine*. The out-door life which is made so much of in Europe here seems unappreciated; the numberless cafés and out-of-door restaurants which make up so much of the comfort with which one sees an exposition there still "leave to be desired" here. But these are details and of things earthy. The moral of the tale is short and easily read.

Our work-a-day nation awakened, it has been frequently said, to knowledge of the existence of art as a factor in life at Philadelphia seventeen years ago, and here and now attains as it were its majority. We may leave out our exhibit in the Fine Arts building proper, with the mere registration of the fact that by general consent it holds its own as well or better than close students of our art have known that it has done for several years past. The exhibitions, or that part controlled by the Columbian Commission, is our best sign of progress, nay, of achievement. It has proved that throughout the land when occasion arises to build, to carve, or to paint, we have the men to do it. Art hath her victories no less than commerce; the qualities which have given us our place among nations, now that the struggle is past, are turned in gentler paths; and that which was prophecy so short a time ago is now truth realized:

"Following the sun, westward the march of power,
The rose of might blooms in our new-world mart;
But see just bursting forth from bud to flower
A late, slow growth, the fairer rose of art."

SHRIVEN.

A.D. 1425.

By H. C. Bunner.

"After he had given his final directions, he asked his physicians how long they thought he might live. And when they told him, 'About two hours,' he shut out from his thoughts every earthly care, and spent his remaining moments in devotion."

I HAVE let the world go.
That's the door that closed
Behind the holy father. I am shrived.
All's done—all's said—all's shaped and rounded out—
And one hour yet to wait for death. Good Lord!
How easy 'twas to let this vain life go!
Why, I protest, I who have fought for life
These fifty years, more times than I would count,
I gave the poor thing up but now as though
I toss'd away a shilling—ask the priest!
I gave up life as lightly as I gave him
For an altar-cloth that scarf of cloth of gold
The King bound round my arm at Agincourt.

. . . . . .

One hour—one hour! and then a tug o' the heart
And I shall see the saints. How plain they make it,
These honest men of God! Was it at Lisle
I met that paunchy little yellow friar,
Like Cupid in a cassock with the jaundice,
And played at cards with him two days together?
Stay, 'twas at Calais, where I fought the count—
By 'r Lady, but they mock'd him!—'twas at Calais—
Now had I had some converse with that brother
It might have been the better for my soul.
Though 'tis all one, I take it, now. . . . The Abbess!
He told a master story of an Abbess—
An Abbess and a Clerk—but godly talk,
If I remember me aright . . . we had not.

. . . . . .

Ay, 'tis fair lying here, to watch the sun
Creep up yon wall. I would that I had thought
To give that priest the ruby in my hilt
To buy him better store of sacred oil—
The anointed go to Paradise, methinks,
Something too rancid-flavored.
What's the clock?
This hour's too full of minutes—minutes—minutes.
Ah, well, I have done with time. 'Tis but an hour.
I have let the world go.
Would my dog were here!

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

IX.

THE next day, Saturday, was my birthday. I celebrated it by a heavy cold, with a bursting headache and chills chasing each other down my back. I went out to the cow-barn with the two men before daylight, as usual, but felt so bad that I had to come back to the house before milking was half over. The moment M'rye saw me, I was ordered on to the sick-list.

The Beech homestead was a good place to be sick in. Both M'rye and Janey had a talent in the way of fixing up tasty little dishes for invalids, and otherwise ministering to their comfort, which year after year went a-begging, simply because all the men-folk kept so well. Therefore, when the rare opportunity did arrive, they made the most of it. I had my feet and legs put into a bucket of hot water, and wrapped round with burdock leaves. Janey prepared for my breakfast some soft toast — not the insipid and common milk-toast — but each golden-brown slice treated separately on a plate, first moistened with scalding water, then peppered, salted, and buttered, with a little cold milk on top of all. I ate this sumptuous breakfast at my leisure, ensconced in M'rye's big cushioned rocking-chair, with my feet and legs, well tucked up in a blanket-shawl, stretched out on another chair, comfortably near the stove.

It was taken for granted that I had caught my cold out around the bonfire the previous evening—and this conviction threw a sort of patriotic glamour about my illness, at least in my own mind.

The bonfire had been a famous success. Though there was a trifle of rain in the air, the barrels and mossy discarded old fence-rails burned like pitch-pine, and when Hurley and I threw on armfuls of brush, the sparks burst up with a roar into a flaming column which we felt must be visible all over our side of Dearborn County. At all events, there was no doubt about its being seen and understood down at the Corners, for presently our enemies there started an answering bonfire, which glowed from time to time with such a peculiarly concentrated radiance that Abner said Lee Watkins must have given them some of his kerosene-oil barrels. The thought of such a sacrifice as this on the part of the postmaster rather disturbed Abner's mind, raising, as it did, the hideous suggestion that possibly later returns might have altered the election results. But when Hurley and I dragged forward and tipped over into the blaze the whole side of an old abandoned corn-crib, and heaped dry brush on top of that, till the very sky seemed afire above us, and the stubble-fields down the hill-side were all ruddy in the light, Abner confessed himself reassured. Our enthusiasm was so great that it was nearly ten o'clock before we went to bed, having first put the fire pretty well out, lest a rising wind during the night should scatter sparks and work mischief.

I had all these splendid things to think of next day, along with my headache and the shivering spine, and they tipped the balance toward satisfaction. Shortly after breakfast M'rye made a flaxseed poultice and muffled it flabbily about my neck, and brought me also some boneset-tea to drink. There was a debate in the air as between castor-oil and senna, fragments of which were borne in to me when the kitchen-door was open. The Underwood girl alarmed me by steadily insisting that her sister-in-law always broke up sick-headaches with a mustard-plaster put raw on the back of the neck. Every once in a while one of them would come in and address to me the stereotyped formula: "Feel any better?"

and I as invariably answered, "No." In reality, though, I was lazily comfortable all the time, with Lossing's "Field-Book of the War of 1812" lying open on my lap, to look at when I felt inclined. This book was not nearly so interesting as the one about the Revolution, but a grandfather of mine had marched as a soldier up to Sackett's Harbor in the later war, though he did not seem to have had any fighting to do after he got there, and in my serious moods I always felt it my duty to read about his war instead of the other.

So the day passed along, and dusk began to gather in the living-room. The men were off out-doors somewhere, and the girls were churning in the butter-room. M'rye had come in with her mending, and sat on the opposite side of the stove, at intervals casting glances over its flat top to satisfy herself that my poultice had not sagged down from its proper place, and that I was in other respects doing as well as could be expected.

Conversation between us was hardly to be thought of, even if I had not been so drowsily indolent. M'rye was not a talker, and preferred always to sit in silence, listening to others, or, better still, going on at her work with no sounds at all to disturb her thoughts. These long periods of meditation, and the sedate gaze of her black, penetrating eyes, gave me the feeling that she must be much wiser than other women, who could not keep still at all, but gabbled everything the moment it came into their heads.

We had sat thus for a long, long time, until I began to wonder how she could sew in the waning light, when all at once, without lifting her eyes from her work, she spoke to me.

"D' you know where Ni Hagadorn's gone to?" she asked me, in a measured, impressive voice.

"He—he—told me he was a-goin' away," I made answer, with weak evasiveness.

"But where? Down South?" She looked up, as I hesitated, and flashed that darkling glance of hers at me. "Out with it!" she commanded. "Tell me the truth!"

Thus adjured, I promptly admitted that Ni had said he was going South, and could work his way somehow. "He's gone, you know," I added, after a pause, "to try and find—that is, to hunt around after——"

"Yes, I know," said M'rye, sententiously, and another long silence ensued.

She rose after a time, and went out into the kitchen, returning with the lighted lamp. She set this on the table, putting the shade down on one side so that the light should not hurt my eyes, and resumed her mending. The yellow glow thus falling upon her gave to her dark, severe, high-featured face a duskier effect than ever. It occurred to me that Molly Brant, that mysteriously fascinating and bloody Mohawk queen who left such an awful reddened mark upon the history of her native Valley, must have been like our M'rye. My mind began sleepily to clothe the farmer's wife in blankets and chains of wampum, with eagles' feathers in her raven hair, and then to drift vaguely off over the threshold of Indian dreamland, when suddenly, with a start, I became conscious that some unexpected person had entered the room by the veranda-door behind me.

The rush of cold air from without had awakened me and told me of the entrance. A glance at M'rye's face revealed the rest. She was staring at the newcomer with a dumfounded expression of countenance, her mouth half-open with sheer surprise. Still staring, she rose and tilted the lamp-shade in yet another direction, so that the light was thrown upon the stranger. At this I turned in my chair to look.

It was Esther Hagadorn who had come in!

There was a moment's awkward silence, and then the school-teacher began hurriedly to speak. "I saw you were alone from the veranda — I was so nervous, it never occurred to me to rap — the curtains being up — I — I walked straight in."

As if in comment upon this statement, M'rye marched across the room, and pulled down both curtains over the veranda windows. With her hand still upon the cord of the second shade,

she turned and again dumbly surveyed her visitor.

Esther flushed visibly at this reception, and had to choke down the first words that came to her lips. Then she went on better: "I hope you'll excuse my rudeness. I really did forget to rap. I came upon very special business. Is Ab—Mr. Beech at home?"

"Won't you sit down?" said M'rye, with a glum effort at civility. "I expect him in presently."

The school-ma'am, displaying some diffidence, seated herself in the nearest chair, and gazed at the wall-paper with intentness. She had never seemed to notice me at all—indeed had spoken of seeing M'rye alone through the window—and I now coughed, and stirred to readjust my poultice, but she did not look my way. M'rye had gone back to her chair by the stove, and taken up her mending again.

"You'd better lay off your things. You won't feel 'em when you go out," she remarked, after an embarrassing period of silence, investing the formal phrases with chilling intention.

Esther made a fumbling motion at the loop of her big mink cape, but did not unfasten it.

"I—I don't know *what* you think of me," she began, at last, and then nervously halted.

"Mebbe it's just as well you don't," said M'rye, significantly, darning away with long sweeps of her arm, and bending attentively over her stocking and ball.

"I can understand your feeling hard," Esther went on, still eying the sprawling blue figures on the wall, and plucking with her fingers at the furry tails on her cape. "And—I *am* to blame, *some*, I can see now—but it didn't seem so, *then*, to either of us."

"It ain't no affair of mine," remarked M'rye, when the pause came "but if that's your business with Abner, you won't make much by waitin'. Of course it's nothing to me, one way or t' other."

Not another word was exchanged for a long time. From where I sat I could see the girl's lips tremble, as she looked steadfastly into the wall. I felt certain that M'rye was darning the same place over and over again, so furiously did she keep her needle flying.

All at once she looked up angrily. "Well," she said, in loud, bitter tones: "Why not out with what you've come to say, 'n' be done with it? You've heard something, *I* know!"

Esther shook her head. "No, Mrs. Beech," she said, with a piteous quaver in her voice, "I—I haven't heard anything!"

The sound of her own broken utterances seemed to affect her deeply. Her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily got out a handkerchief from her muff, and began drying them. She could not keep from sobbing aloud a little.

M'rye deliberately took another stocking from the heap in the basket, fitted it over the ball, and began a fresh task—all without a glance at the weeping girl.

Thus the two women still sat, when Janey came in to lay the table for supper. She lifted the lamp off to spread the cloth, and put it on again; she brought in plates and knives and spoons, and arranged them in their accustomed places—all the while furtively regarding Miss Hagadorn with an incredulous surprise. When she had quite finished she went over to her mistress and, bending low, whispered so that we could all hear quite distinctly: "Is *she* goin' to stay to supper?"

M'rye hesitated, but Esther lifted her head and put down the handkerchief instantly. "Oh, no!" she said, eagerly: "Don't think of it! I must hurry home as soon as I've seen Mr. Beech." Janey went out with an obvious air of relief.

Presently there was a sound of heavy boots out in the kitchen being thrown on to the floor, and then Abner came in. He halted in the doorway, his massive form seeming to completely fill it, and devoted a moment or so to taking in the novel spectacle of a neighbor under his roof. Then he advanced, walking obliquely till he could see distinctly the face of the visitor. It stands to reason that he must have been surprised, but he gave no sign of it.

"How d' do, Miss," he said, with grave politeness, coming up and offering her his big hand.

Esther rose abruptly, peony-red with pleasurable confusion, and took the

hand stretched out to her. "How d' do, Mr. Beech," she responded with eagerness, "I—I came up to see you—a—about something that's very pressing."

"It's blowing up quite a gale outside," the farmer remarked, evidently to gain time the while he scanned her face in a solemn, thoughtful way, noting, I doubt not, the swollen eyelids and stains of tears, and trying to guess her errand. "Shouldn't wonder if we had a foot o' snow before morning."

The school-teacher seemed in doubt how best to begin what she had to say, so that Abner had time, after he lifted his inquiring gaze from her, to run a master's eye over the table.

"Have Janey lay another place!" he said, with authoritative brevity.

As M'rye rose to obey, Esther broke forth: "Oh, no, please don't! Thank you so much, Mr. Beech—but really I can't stop—truly, I mustn't think of it."

The farmer merely nodded a confirmation of his order to M'rye, who hastened out to the kitchen.

"It'll be there for ye, anyway," he said. "Now set down again, please."

It was all as if he was the one who had the news to tell, so naturally did he take command of the situation. The girl seated herself, and the farmer drew up his armchair and planted himself before her, keeping his stockinged feet under the rungs for politeness' sake.

"Now, Miss," he began, just making it civilly plain that he preferred not to utter her hated paternal name, "I don't know no more'n a babe unborn what's brought you here. I'm sure, from what I know of ye, that you wouldn't come to this house jest for the sake of comin', or to argy things that can't be, an' mustn't be, argied. In one sense, we ain't friends of yours here, and there's a heap o' things that you an' me don't want to talk about, because they'd only lead to bad feelin', an' so we'll leave 'em all severely alone. But in another way, I've always had a liking for you. You're a smart girl, an' a scholar into the bargain, an' there ain't so many o' that sort knockin' around in these parts that a man like myself, who's fond o' books an' learnin', wants to be unfriendly to them there is. So now you can figure out pretty well where the chalk line lays, and we'll walk on it."

Esther nodded her head. "Yes, I understand," she remarked, and seemed not to dislike what Abner had said.

"That being so, what is it?" the farmer asked, with his hands on his knees.

"Well, Mr. Beech," the school-teacher began, noting with a swift side-glance that M'rye had returned, and was herself rearranging the table. "I don't think you can have heard it, but some important news has come in during the day. There seems to be different stories, but the gist of them is that a number of the leading Union generals have been discovered to be traitors, and McClellan has been dismissed from his place at the head of the army, and ordered to return to his home in New Jersey under arrest, and they say others are to be treated in the same way, and Fath—*some* people think it will be a hanging matter, and——"

Abner waved all this aside with a motion of his hand. "It don't amount to a hill o' beans," he said, placidly. "It's jest spite, because we licked 'em at the elections. Don't you worry your head about *that!*"

Esther was not reassured. "That isn't all," she went on, nervously. "They say there's been discovered a big conspiracy, with secret sympathizers all over the North."

"Pooh!" commented Abner. "We've heer'n tell o' that before!"

"All over the North," she continued, "with the intention of bringing across infected clothes from Canada, and spreading the small-pox among us, and——"

The farmer laughed outright; a laugh embittered by contempt. "What cock-'n'-bull story'll be hatched next!" he said. "You don't mean to say you—a girl with a head on her shoulders like *you*—give ear to such tomfoolery as that! Come, now, honest Injin, do you mean to tell me *you* believed all this?"

"It don't so much matter, Mr. Beech," the girl replied, raising her face to his, and speaking more confidently—"it don't matter at all what I believe. I'm talking of what they believe down at the Corners."

"The Corners be jiggered!" exclaimed Abner, politely, but with emphasis.

Esther rose from the chair. "Mr. Beech," she declared, impressively; "they're coming up here to-night! That bonfire of yours made 'em mad. It's no matter how I learned it — it wasn't from father—I don't know that he knows anything about it, but they're coming *here!* and—and Heaven only knows what they're going to do when they get here!"

The farmer rose also, his huge figure towering above that of the girl, as he looked down at her over his beard. He no longer dissembled his stockinged-feet. After a moment's pause he said: "So that's what you came to tell me, eh?"

The school-ma'am nodded her head. "I couldn't bear not to," she explained, simply.

"Well, I'm obleeged to ye!" Abner remarked, with gravity. "Whatever comes of it, I'm obleeged to ye!"

He turned at this, and walked slowly out into the kitchen, leaving the door open behind him. "Pull on your boots again!" we heard him say, presumably to Hurley. In a minute or two he returned, with his own boots on, and bearing over his arm the old double-barrelled shot-gun which always hung above the kitchen mantel-piece. In his hands he had two shot-flasks, the little tobacco-bag full of buckshot, and a powder-horn. He laid these on the open shelf of the bookcase, and, after fitting fresh caps on the nipples put the gun beside them.

"I'd be all the more sot on your stayin' to supper," he remarked, looking again at Esther, "only if there *should* be any unpleasantness, why, I'd hate like sin to have you mixed up in it. You see how I'm placed."

Esther did not hesitate a moment. She walked over to where M'rye stood by the table replenishing the butter-plate. "I'd be very glad indeed to stay, Mr. Beech," she said, with winning frankness, "if I may."

"There's the place laid for you," commented M'rye, impassively. Then, catching her husband's eye, she added the perfunctory assurance, "You're entirely welcome."

Hurley and the girls came in now, and all except me took their seats about the table. Both Abner and the Irishman had their coats on, out of compliment to company. M'rye brought over a thick slice of fresh buttered-bread with brown sugar on it, and a cup of weak tea, and put them beside me on a chair. Then the evening meal went forward, the farmer talking in a fragmentary way about the crops and the weather. Save for an occasional response from our visitor, the rest maintained silence. The Underwood girl could not keep her fearful eyes from the gun lying on the bookcase, and protested that she had no appetite, but Hurley ate vigorously, and had a smile on his wrinkled and swarthy little face.

The wind outside whistled shrilly at the windows, rattling the shutters, and trying its force in explosive blasts which seemed to rock the house on its stone foundations. Once or twice it shook the veranda-door with such violence that the folk at the table instinctively lifted their heads, thinking someone was there.

Then, all at once, above the confusion of the storm's noises, we heard a voice rise, high and clear, crying:

"*Smoke the damned Copperhead out!*"

X.

"That was Roselle Upman that hollered," remarked Janey Wilcox, breaking the agitated silence which had fallen upon the supper-table. "You can tell it's him because he's had all his front teeth pulled out."

"I wasn't born in the woods to be skeert by an owl!" replied Abner, with a great show of tranquillity, helping himself to another slice of bread. "Miss, you ain't half makin' out a supper!"

But this bravado could not maintain itself. In another minute there came a loud chorus of angry yells, heightened at its finish by two or three pistol-shots. Then Abner pushed back his chair and rose slowly to his feet, and the rest sprang up all around the table.

"Hurley," said the farmer, speaking as deliberately as he knew how, doubtless with the idea of reassuring the

others, "you go out into the kitchen with the women folks, an' bar the woodshed door, an' bring in the axe with you to stan' guard over the kitchen door. I'll look out for this part o' the house myself."

"I want to stay in here with you, Abner," said M'rye.

"No, you go out with the others!" commanded the master with firmness, and so they all filed out with no hint whatever of me. The shadow of the lamp-shade had cut me off altogether from their thoughts.

Perhaps it is not surprising that my recollections of what now ensued should lack definiteness and sequence. The truth is, that my terror at my own predicament, sitting there with no covering for my feet and calves but the burdock leaves and that absurd shawl, swamped everything else in my mind. Still, I do remember some of it.

Abner strode across to the bookcase and took up the gun, his big thumb resting determinedly on the hammers. Then he marched to the door, threw it wide open, and planted himself on the threshold, looking out into the darkness.

"What's your business here, whoever you are?" he called out, in deep defiant tones.

"We've come to take you an' Paddy out for a little ride on a rail!" answered the same shrill, mocking voice we had heard at first. Then others took up the hostile chorus. "We've got some pitch a-heatin' round in the back yard!" "You won't catch cold; there's plenty o' feathers!" "Tell the Irishman here's some more ears for him to chaw on!" "Come out an' take your Copperhead medicine!"

There were yet other cries which the howling wind tore up into inarticulate fragments, and then a scattering volley of cheers, again emphasized by pistol-shots. While the crack of these still chilled my blood, a more than usually violent gust swooped round Abner's burly figure, and blew out the lamp.

Terrifying as the first instant of utter darkness was, the second was recognizable as a relief. I at once threw myself out of the chair, and crept along back of the stove to where my stockings and boots had been put to dry. These I hastened, with much trembling awkwardness, to pull on, taking pains to keep the big square old stove between me and that open veranda door.

"Guess we won't take no ride to-night!" I heard Abner roar out, after the shouting had for the moment died away.

"You got to have one!" came back the original voice. "It's needful for your complaint!"

"I've got somethin' here that'll fit *your* complaint!" bellowed the farmer, raising his gun. "Take warnin'—the first cuss that sets foot on this stoop, I'll bore a four-inch hole clean through him. I've got squirrel shot, an' I've got buck-shot, an' there's plenty more behind—so take your choice!"

There were a good many derisive answering yells and hoots, and someone again fired a pistol in the air, but nobody offered to come up on the veranda.

Emboldened by this, I stole across the room now to one of the windows, and lifting a corner of the shade, strove to look out. At first there was nothing whatever to be seen in the utter blackness. Then I made out some faint reddish sort of diffused light in the upper air, which barely sufficed to indicate the presence of some score or more dark figures out in the direction of the pump. Evidently they *had* built a fire around in the back yard, as they said—probably starting it there so that its light might not disclose their identity.

This looked as if they really meant to tar-and-feather Abner and Hurley. The expression was familiar enough to my ears, and, from pictures in stray illustrated weeklies that found their way to the Corners, I had gathered some general notion of the procedure involved. The victim was stripped, I knew, and daubed over with hot melted pitch; then a pillow-case of feathers was emptied over him, and he was forced astride a fence-rail, which the rabble hoisted on their shoulders and ran about with. But my fancy balked at and refused the task of imagining Abner Beech in this humiliating posture. At least it was clear to my mind that a good many fierce and bloody things would happen first.

Apparently this had become clear to

the throng outside, as well. Whole minutes had gone by, and still no one mounted the veranda to seek close quarters with the farmer—who stood braced with his legs wide apart, bare-headed and erect, the wind blowing his huge beard sidewise over his shoulder.

"Well! ain't none o' you a-comin'?" he called out at last, with impatient sarcasm. "Thought you was so sot on takin' me out an' havin' some fun with me!" After a brief pause, another taunt occurred to him. "Why, even the niggers you're so in love with," he shouted, "they ain't such dod-rotted cowards as you be!"

A general movement was discernible among the shadowy forms outside. I thought for the instant that it meant a swarming attack upon the veranda. But no! suddenly it had grown much lighter, and the mob was moving away toward the rear of the house. The men were shouting things to one another, but the wind for the moment was at such a turbulent pitch that all their words were drowned. The reddened light waxed brighter still—and now there was nobody to be seen at all from the window.

"Hurry here! Mr. Beech! *We're all afire!*" cried a frightened voice in the room behind me.

It may be guessed how I turned.

The kitchen door was open, and the figure of a woman stood on the threshold, indefinitely black against a strange yellowish-drab half light which framed it. This woman—one knew from the voice that it was Esther Hagadorn—seemed to be wringing her hands.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried again, and I could see now that the little passage was full of gray luminous smoke, which was drifting past her into the living-room. Even as I looked, it had half obscured her form, and was rolling in, in waves.

Abner had heard her, and strode across the room now, gun still in hand, into the thick of the smoke, pushing Esther before him and shutting the kitchen door with a bang as he passed through. I put in a terrified minute or two alone in the dark, amazed and half-benumbed by the confused sounds that at first came from the kitchen, and by the horrible suspense, when a still more sinister silence ensued. Then there rose a loud crackling noise, like the incessant popping of some giant variety of corn. The door burst open again, and M'rye's tall form seemed literally flung into the room by the sweeping volume of dense smoke which poured in. She pulled the door to behind her—then gave a snarl of excited emotion at seeing me by the dusky reddened radiance which began forcing its way from outside through the holland window shades.

"Light the lamp, you gump!" she commanded, breathlessly, and fell with fierce concentration upon the task of dragging furniture out from the bedroom. I helped her in a frantic, bewildered fashion, after I had lighted the lamp, which flared and smoked without its shade, as we toiled. M'rye seemed all at once to have the strength of a dozen men. She swung the ponderous chest of drawers out end on end; she fairly lifted the still bigger bookcase, after I had hustled the books out on to the table; she swept off the bedding, slashed the cords, and jerked the bed-posts and side-pieces out of their connecting sockets with furious energy, till it seemed as if both rooms must have been dismantled in less time than I have taken to tell of it.

The crackling overhead had swollen now to a wrathful roar, rising above the gusty voices of the wind. The noise, the heat, the smoke, and terror of it all made me sick and faint. I grew dizzy, and did foolish things in an aimless way, fumbling about among the stuff M'rye was hurling forth. Then all at once her darkling, smoke-wrapped figure shot up to an enormous height, the lamp began to go round, and I felt myself with nothing but space under my feet, plunging downward with awful velocity, surrounded by whirling skies full of stars.

. . . . . .

There was a black night-sky overhead when I came to my senses again, with flecks of snow in the cold air on my face. The wind had fallen, everything was as still as death, and someone was carrying me in his arms. I tried to lift my head.

"Aisy now!" came Hurley's admonitory voice, close to my ear. "We'll be there in a minyut."

"No—I'm all right—let me down," I urged. He set me on my feet, and I looked amazedly about me.

The red-brown front of our larger hay-barn loomed in a faint unnatural light, at close quarters, upon my first inquiring gaze. The big sliding doors were open, and the slanting wagon-bridge running down from their threshold was piled high with chairs, bedding, crockery, milk-pans, clothing—the jumbled remnants of our household gods. Turning, I looked across the yard upon what was left of the Beech homestead—a glare of cherry light glowing above a fiery hole in the ground.

Strangely enough this glare seemed to perpetuate in its outlines the shape and dimensions of the vanished house. It was as if the house were still there, but transmuted from joists and clap-boards and shingles, into an illuminated and impalpable ghost of itself. There was a weird effect of transparency about it. Through the spectral bulk of red light I could see the naked and gnarled apple-trees in the home-orchard on the further side; and I remembered at once that painful and striking parallel of Scrooge gazing through the re-edified body of Jacob Marley, and beholding the buttons at the back of his coat. It all seemed some monstrous dream.

But no, here the others were. Janey Wilcox and the Underwood girl had come out from the barn, and were carrying in more things. I perceived now that there was a candle burning inside, and presently Esther Hagadorn was to be seen. Hurley had disappeared, and so I went up the sloping platform to join the women—noting with weak surprise that my knees seemed to have acquired new double-joints and behaved as if they were going in the other direction. I stumbled clumsily once I was inside the barn, and sat down with great abruptness on a milking-stool, leaning my head back against the hay mow, and conscious of entire indifference as to whether school kept or not.

Again it was like some half-waking vision—the feeble light of the candle losing itself upon the broad high walls of new hay; the huge shadows in the rafters overhead; the women folk silently moving about, fixing up on the barn floor some pitiful imitation, poor souls, of the home that had been swept off the face of the earth, and outside, through the wide sprawling doors, the dying away effulgence of the embers of our roof-tree lingering in the air of the winter night.

Abner Beech came in presently, with the gun in one hand, and a blackened and outlandish-looking object in the other, which turned out to be the big pink sea-shell that used to decorate the parlor mantel. He held it up for M'rye to see, with a grave, tired smile on his face.

"We got it out, after all—just by the skin of our teeth," he said, and Hurley, behind him, confirmed this by an eloquent grimace.

M'rye's black eyes snapped and sparkled as she lifted the candle and saw what this something was. Then she boldly put up her face and kissed her husband with a resounding smack. Truly it was a night of surprises.

"That's about the only thing I had to call my own when I was married," she offered in explanation of her fervor, speaking to the company at large. Then she added in a lower tone, to Esther: "*He* used to play with it for hours at a stretch—when he was a baby."

"'Member how he used to hold it up to his ear, eh, mother?" asked Abner, softly.

M'rye nodded her head, and then put her apron up to her eyes for a brief moment. When she lowered it, we saw an unaccustomed smile mellowing her hard-set, swarthy face.

The candle light flashed upon a tear on her cheek that the apron had missed.

"I guess I *do* remember!" she said, with a voice full of tenderness.

Then Esther's hand stole into M'rye's and the two women stood together before Abner, erect and with beaming countenances, and he smiled upon them both.

It seemed that we were all much happier in our minds, now that our house had been burned down over our heads.

XI.

Some time during the night, I was awakened by the mice frisking through the hay about my ears. My head was aching again, and I could not get back into sleep. Besides, Hurley was snoring mercilessly.

We two had chosen for our resting place the little mow of half a load or so, which had not been stowed away above, but lay ready for present use over by the side-door opening on the cow-yard. Temporary beds had been spread for the women with fresh straw and blankets at the further end of the central threshing-floor. Abner himself had taken one of the rescued ticks and a quilt over to the other end, and stretched his ponderous length out across the big doors, with the gun by his side. No one had, of course, dreamed of undressing.

Only a few minutes of wakefulness sufficed to throw me into a desperate state of fidgets. The hay seemed full of strange creeping noises. The whole big barn echoed with the boisterous ticking of the old eight-day clock which had been saved from the wreck of the kitchen, and which M'rye had set going again on the seat of the democrat wagon. And then Hurley!

I began to be convinced, now, that I was coming down with a great spell of sickness—perhaps even "the fever." Yes, it undoubtedly was the fever. I could feel it in my bones, which now started up queer prickly sensations on novel lines, quite as if they were somebody else's bones instead. My breathing, indeed, left a good deal to be desired from the true fever standpoint. It was not nearly so rapid or convulsive as I understood that the breathing of a genuine fever victim ought to be. But that, no doubt, would come soon enough—nay! was it not already coming? I thought, upon examination, that I did breathe more swiftly than before. And oh! that Hurley!

As noiselessly as possible I made my way, half-rolling, half-sliding, off the hay, and got on my feet on the floor. It was pitch dark, but I could feel along the old disused stanchion-row to the corner; thence it was plain sailing over to where Abner was sleeping by the big front doors. I would not dream of rousing him if he was in truth asleep, but it would be something to be nigh him, in case the fever should take a fatal turn before morning. I would just cuddle down on the floor near to him, and await events.

When I had turned the corner, it surprised me greatly to see ahead of me, over at the front of the barn, the reflection of a light. Creeping along toward it, I came out upon Abner, seated with his back against one of the doors, looking over an account-book by the aid of a lantern perched on a box at his side. He had stood the frame of an old bob-sleigh on end close by, and hung a horse-blanket over it, so that the light might not disturb the women-folk at the other end of the barn. The gun lay on the floor beside him.

He looked up at my approach, and regarded me with something, I fancied, of disapprobation in his habitually grave expression.

"Well, old seventy-six, what's the matter with you?" he asked, keeping his voice down to make as little noise as possible.

I answered in the same cautious tones that I was feeling bad. Had any encouragement suggested itself in the farmer's mien, I was prepared to overwhelm him with a relation of my symptoms in detail. But he shook his head instead.

"You'll have to wait till morning, to be sick," he said—"that is, to get 'tended to. I don't know anything about such things, an' I wouldn't wake M'rye up now for a whole baker's dozen o' you chaps." Seeing my face fall at this sweeping declaration, he proceeded to modify it in a kindlier tone. "Now you just lay down again, sonny," he added, "an' you'll be to sleep in no time, an' in the morning M'rye 'll fix up something for ye. This ain't no fit time for white folks to be belly-achin' around."

"I kind o' thought I'd feel better if I was sleeping over here near you," I ventured now to explain, and his nod was my warrant for tiptoeing across to the heap of disorganized furniture, and

getting out some blankets and a comforter, which I arranged in the corner a few yards away and simply rolled myself up in, with my face turned away from the light. It was better over here than with Hurley, and though that prompt sleep which the farmer had promised did not come, I at least was drowsily conscious of an improved physical condition.

Perhaps I drifted off more than halfway into dreamland, for it was with a start that all at once I heard someone close by talking with Abner.

"I saw you were up, Mr. Beech"—it was Esther Hagadorn who spoke—"and I don't seem able to sleep, and I thought, if you didn't mind, I'd come over here."

"Why, of course," the farmer responded. "Just bring up a chair there, an' sit down. That's it—wrap the shawl around you good. It's a cold night—snowin' hard outside."

Both had spoken in muffled tones, so as not to disturb the others. This same dominant notion of keeping still deterred me from turning over, in order to be able to see them. I expected to hear them discuss my illness, but they never referred to it. Instead, there was what seemed a long silence. Then the school-ma'am spoke.

"I can't begin to tell you," she said, "how glad I am that you and your wife aren't a bit cast down by the—the calamity."

"No," came back Abner's voice, buoyant even in its half-whisper, "we're all right. I've be'n sort o' figurin' up here, an' they ain't much real harm done. I'm insured pretty well. Of course, this bein' obleeged to camp out in a hay-barn might be improved on, but then it's a change—somethin' out o' the ordinary rut—an' it'll do us good. I'll have the carpenters over from Juno Mills in the forenoon, an' if they push things, we can have a roof over us again before Christmas. It could be done even sooner, p'raps, only they ain't any neighbors to help *me* with a raisin' bee. They're willin' enough to burn my house down, though. However, I don't want them not an atom more'n they want me."

There was no trace of anger in his voice. He spoke like one contemplating the unalterable conditions of life.

"Did they really, do you believe, *set* it on fire?" Esther asked, intently.

"No, *I* think it caught from that fool-fire they started around back of the house, to heat their fool tar by. The wind was blowing a regular gale, you know. Janey Wilcox, she will have it that that Roselle Upman set it on purpose. But then, she don't like him—an' I can't blame her much, for that matter. Once Otis Barnum was seein' her home from singin' school, an' when he was goin' back alone this Roselle Upman waylaid him in the dark, an' pitched onto him, an' broke his collar-bone. I always thought it puffed Janey up some, this bein' fought over like that, but it made her mad to have Otis hurt on her account, an' then nothing come of it. I wouldn't a' minded pepperin' Roselle's legs a trifle, if I'd had a barrel loaded, say, with birdshot. He's a nuisance to the whole neighborhood. He kicks up a fight at every dance he goes to, all winter long, an' hangs around the taverns day in an' day out, inducin' young men to drink an' loaf. I thought a fellow like him 'd be sure to go off to the war, an' so good riddance; but no! darned if the coward don't go an' get his front teeth pulled, so 't he can't bite ca'tridges, an' jest stay around, a worse nuisance than ever! I'd half forgive that miserable war if it—only took off the—the right men."

"Mr. Beech," said Esther, in low fervent tones, measuring each word as it fell, "you and I, we must forgive that war together!"

I seemed to feel the farmer shaking his head. He said nothing in reply.

"I'm beginning to understand how you've felt about it all along," the girl went on, after a pause. "I knew the fault must be in my ignorance, that our opinions of plain right and plain wrong should be such poles apart. I got a school-friend of mine whose father is your way of thinking, to send me all the papers that came to their house, and I've been going through them religiously—whenever I could be quite alone. I don't say I don't think you're wrong, because I *do*, but I am getting to un-

derstand how you should believe yourself to be right."

She paused as if expecting a reply, but Abner only said, "Go on," after some hesitation, and she went on:

"Now take the neighbors all about here—"

"Excuse *me!*" broke in the farmer. "I guess if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. They're too rich for my blood."

"Take these very neighbors," pursued Esther, with gentle determination. "Something must be very wrong indeed when they behave to you the way they do. Why I know that even now, right down in their hearts, they recognize that you're far and away the best man in Agrippa. Why, I remember, Mr. Beech, when I first applied, and you were school-commissioner, and you sat there through the examination—why, you were the only one whose opinion I gave a rap for. When you praised me, why, I was prouder of it than if you had been a Regent of the University. And I tell you, everybody all around here feels at bottom just as I do."

"They take a dummed curious way o' showin' it, then," commented Abner, roundly.

"It isn't *that* they're trying to show at all," said Esther. "They feel that other things are more important. They're all wrought up over the war. How could it be otherwise when almost every one of them has got a brother, or a father, or—or—*a son*—down there in the South, and every day brings news that some of these have been shot dead, and more still wounded and crippled, and others—*others*, that God only knows *what* has become of them—oh, how can they help feeling that way? I don't know that I ought to say it—" the school-ma'am stopped to catch her breath, and hesitated, then went on—"but yes, you'll understand me *now*—there was a time here, not so long ago, Mr. Beech, when I downright hated you—you and M'rye both!"

This was important enough to turn over for. I flopped as unostentatiously as possible, and neither of them gave any sign of having noted my presence. The farmer sat with his back against the door, the quilt drawn up to his waist, his head bent in silent meditation. His whole profile was in deep shadow from where I lay—darkly massive and powerful and solemn. Esther was watching him with all her eyes, leaning forward from her chair, the lantern-light full upon her eager face.

"M'rye an' I don't lay ourselves out to be specially bad folks, as folks go," the farmer said at last, by way of deprecation. "We've got our faults, of course, like the rest, but——"

"No," interrupted Esther, with a half-tearful smile in her eyes. "You only pretend to have faults. You really haven't got any at all."

The shadowed outline of Abner's face softened. "Why, that *is* a fault itself, ain't it?" he said, as if pleased with his logical acuteness.

The crowing of some foolish rooster, grown tired of waiting for the belated November daylight, fell upon the silence from one of the buildings near by.

Abner Beech rose to his feet with ponderous slowness, pushing the bedclothes aside with his boot, and stood beside Esther's chair. He laid his big hand on her shoulder with a patriarchal gesture.

"Come now," he said, gently, "you go back to bed, like a good girl, an' get some sleep. It'll be all right."

The girl rose in turn, bearing her shoulder so that the fatherly hand might still remain upon it. "Truly?" she asked, with a new light upon her pale face.

"Yes—truly!" Abner replied, gravely nodding his head.

Esther took the hand from her shoulder, and shook it in both of hers. "Good-night again, then," she said, and turned to go.

Suddenly there resounded the loud rapping of a stick on the barn-door, close by my head.

Abner squared his huge shoulders and threw a downright glance at the gun on the floor.

"Well?" he called out.

"*Is my da'ater inside there?*"

We all knew that thin, high-pitched, querulous voice. It was old "Jee" Hagadorn who was outside.

(To be concluded.)

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THIS is the season of the year when discursive writings are especially justified in taking an ethical and homiletic turn. The time for exhortations and warnings, for dissertations on the thing to do and the way to do it, is beforehand. Consoling reflections, and encouragement, and suggestions about the compensations that turn partial failure into modified success come afterward.

It is beforehand now. To be sure, the Fair is on its last quarter, and the agriculturist has wiped his brow and is looking back rather than forward; but we must get over the antiquated habit, much favored of all the poets, of regarding the seasons purely from an agricultural stand-point. Most other enterprises besides farm-work, and most toilers except farmers, are beginning. Dr. Birch (an obsolete title) is meeting his young friends again on every side, and families are getting back to town that their young people may keep their educational engagements. And all the colleges are opening, and the great contemporary problem of female education is getting under way again in the direction of its development. Agricultural life may be preparing to hibernate, but intellectual life is gathering its legs under it and getting ready to show its best gait. We who live by our wits or our fingers do not sigh, in the language of scripture, because "the summer is past, and the harvest is ended, and we are not saved." Our sentiment is one of hopeful gratitude, because the hot weather is over, and we are still alive and ready to save ourselves if our efforts can compass it. Of course things are done in the summer, even in town, and urban industry does not absolutely cease even in the dog-days. But the motions that are kept up then are finishing touches. In America, at least, it is in October that the page of the twelvemonth is really turned, and intellectual life takes its new start. Every place is habitable then, all airs are salubriously exhilarating. It is the best time to begin to work, and inevitably, if one's affairs can be arranged to fit, it is the best time to play. People may go away in midsummer in pursuit of health, but when their chase is after happiness, pure and simple, they go in the fall. October seems to be a provision of nature for equalizing the advantages of people who have to wait until someone else gets home before they can take their outing.

If I were a collector and authorized to spend time and money on getting good specimens and samples of things, I would like to gather a complete set of American Octobers and add them to my experience. I would start, I think, in the extreme northeast, at Halifax or thereabouts. So far north as that the autumn must begin early, and I daresay you get an October of good flavor as soon as the end of August. Then, as soon as the leaves began to turn, the plan would be to follow them down the St. Lawrence, and up the Saguenay, and back and forth through the White Mountains, very much as the traditional epicure followed the strawberry up stream from New Orleans. I

should add to the collection a Bar Harbor October complete in a fashionable setting, and some good bits from the North Woods and Lake George and the Berkshires. They say that they raise an October air in the Yellowstone Park that has bubbles in it like champagne, and of such a quality that the more you take of it overnight the livelier you feel in the morning. Of course one would want a sample of that, and another from the mountains of West Virginia and North Carolina. But no specimen should be rated as entirely genuine that was not haunted by the wraith of summer. That is the indispensable October quality, a beginning that is like life itself, in being permeated with the flavor of an end.

THERE might be a very pretty speculation on how far a man's career depends on what he is, and how far on what he thinks he is. It would have to be a pure speculation, of course; for no material measure can be taken of either factor. But that would detract nothing from its charm, since the true speculative temperament finds mathematical metes and bounds only a nuisance and an impediment.

That what he is and what he thinks he is are quite different personages in every man, is universally conceded. But next to no account is taken of the fact that both bear an important share in fixing the man's lot for him. The first direction of the career is oftenest, perhaps one dare say, is always, provided there lie any freedom of choice with the man, determined by what he thinks he is. If free to choose at all, he chooses the mode of life and the occupation that he believes best suit him; and his notion of what best suits him rests remotely, no doubt, on what he is, but immediately on what he thinks he is. It makes no difference that he is a cautious, prudent person. Indeed, the more cautious and prudent he be, the more inevitably will his choice defer to his fancied, and not to his real, self. Resolved to do nothing hasty or ill-advised, he takes counsel with himself and reasons that, knowing himself to be what he is (which means of necessity what he thinks he is), this or the other must be the only rational course open to him. And so he enters upon it—with the full approval of his judgment, but still under a greater or less illusion.

What the man shall think he is must find determination at last, of course, in what he is. To think himself, for example, a poet when rather he is anything else, he must first have been endowed with a structure and disposition susceptible of that particular illusion. But this determination of the fancied by the real self has not precluded wide disparities between them, as this very instance of the man who thinks himself a poet when he is none, shows. We are apt to regard his as a quite unusual, an abnormal, case of self-delusion. But then we are apt to regard even the real poets as a species scarcely within nature; and, in truth, the delusion is no greater when one who is not thinks himself a poet than when, for example, a perfectly selfish person plumes himself on his great heart. The first is a rarer delusion; that is all.

The course or career chosen, it is the real self by force of which the man must fare in it. The fancied self, out of deference to which the choice was made, stands him here in no stead whatever. And thence comes a pitiful train of griefs and disasters. If the difference between the fancied and the real self chance not to be wide, the man gets on fairly or even extremely well. But if, on the other hand, the one holds little likeness to the other, failure and heartburnings are sure to follow. What could follow else? A task has been set requiring powers and faculties of one sort, and those to which its execution is entrusted are of quite another. Note is often taken of the high average of success among men of small abilities. The average is probably not so high as reputed; for it is most remarked by those whose sense of their own merits and capacities outmeasures their achievements, and by them it could scarcely fail of exaggeration. But such as it is, it is easily explained. The dull man, tough of skin and slow of wit, escapes the vice of introspection. There lies in wait for him no troop of enticing illusions. The last thing he thinks of is what he is, and he comes as near as man can to having no fancied self. Into his way of life he is simply pushed by an all but blind, inherent force. Thus it is almost unfailingly his natural

way; and, once in it, he keeps it without self-constraint and prospers.

The whole matter might be cast into a formula. As is the difference between what a man is and what he thinks he is, so will his success be. With that difference great, the success will be small; with that difference small, the success will be great. I don't say that this rule should be incorporated in the Ready Reckoner beside that unfailing truth that 5,280 feet make a mile. There are other elements constantly working for or against a man's success in addition to the one under consideration. But allowing for these the rule has its value.

Emerson strenuously maintained that "each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other." It is an attractive theory, one that many people have wished they could believe while finding themselves unable to do. From the mass of men their native aptitudes, if they exist, are so deeply hidden! Perhaps, though, if it were not for the hallucination born with each man, his aptitude would be in clearer view.

I AM an American seaman. On my last voyage an agreeable companion was "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which was handed around every bunk and regularly reviewed in the dog-watch. To say that the story was popular in the forecastle is to put it mildly. As far as the rations are dealt with we might have been reading of our own case on board the Andes. Our captain was a fair reproduction of the original Coxon, and the first mate might have been turned out of the same mould as Mr. Ephraim Duckling. Unfortunately for the comparison, Mr. Royle and the boatswain were substituted by two of the Duckling stamp, while our carpenter was a good fellow who never thought of mutiny except, perhaps, in the dimmest moments of abstraction. With this trifling departure—and the minor one that we lacked a sea-lawyer who could explain on behalf of the ship's company "the dooty they owed theirselves"—the likeness between the Andes and the Grosvenor was complete.

The description of the Grosvenor's rations was the "one touch of nature" that made us kin, and although we made no remonstrance we consoled ourselves by making denunciatory speeches in the forecastle, after the fashion of Johnson, the Grosvenor's sea-lawyer, in which we stigmatized the molasses as "biled black-beetles," the tea as "bilge-water," etc., and thus discharged the duty we owed ourselves in the best possible way under the circumstances. With the qualification that Mr. Royle was, on the whole, too "nice" a second-mate to exist outside of a sea-story, and a slight depreciation of boatswain Ferrol, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" was voted a "participled good yarn"—in other words, a very good story.

All this is prefatory. Having voted Mr. Russell a good one at a sea-yarn, I was more than pleased to read that author's valuable contribution, "The Merchant Sailor," in the July SCRIBNER'S. The author has written to good purpose, and in his treatment of the subject has shown a profound knowledge of the true inwardness of the sailor's life, as well as the rarer quality of honesty in the effort to do practical work for a class that has been "sat upon" by the romancer for hundreds of years. Having made this acknowledgment I am free to confess further that I consider Mr. Russell somewhat severe in his criticism of Dibdin and Congreve. I hold that the quality of those writers' works, so far as I have read them, is comparatively blameless, because they portrayed the sailor as a good-natured, brave, and handsome fellow—a fool at the very worst; whereas other writers (not to be invidious) have committed the graver sin of combining in the sailor the traits of an ignorant, soulless, and often brutal coward. I think Mr. Russell is illogical, too, in his fashion of taking the heroes of his novels from the quarter-deck, while in "The Merchant Sailor" he maintains that the degradation of the sailor is mainly attributable to the "afterguard," and expresses a desire to see the "purple-faced swaggerer of the quarter-deck, the typical Blowhard, with his fiery nose and profane tongue, swept over the side and set ashore forever." "We have had too much of that sort of dog," he continues, truly as far as the reality is concerned, but a little more of him in popular fiction could be advantageously accommodated to the benefit of all concerned. Of course, the writer of sea-stories may excuse himself in many ways.

He may say that popular taste would revolt against the idea of Jack being as good as, not to say better than, his master; that the less plain truth there is in a work of fiction the better it will be — from the author's point of view; that the merit of fiction lies in its moral, and that the second mates of reality may be moved to emulate the Mr. Royle of the Grosvenor, and so on. The fact is that Mr. Russell's reputation is a kind of glass house, and he can hardly throw stones at other writers, whose faults differ from his own in degree only, without hurting himself.

In the magazine article in question there is evidence of undoubted sincerity; it is a scathing rebuke to shipmasters and shipowners responsible for many of the discomforts of life afloat. I wish, however, to point out what I take to be an error in judgment in the statement that the food on American ships is better than on British craft. Admittedly the scale of provisions is the same under both flags, and I protest against its being generalized as of superior *quality* in the American ship. Coastwise and on vessels engaged on short runs offshore the food on American vessels is undoubtedly the best to be found anywhere afloat. But that is no criterion of the whole; it is in the foreign-going ship that one must inquire into the grievance of bad rations. In a few words, bread, beef, and all the rest of the rations are, generally speaking, as bad, and very often worse on the American ship than under any other flag. Cases of scurvy have of late years increased, and statistics show that, comparatively to the number of seamen employed, the American seaman is the most afflicted in that respect.

Whether or not the distinguished author of "The Merchant Sailor" shares the mistaken idea of superior inducements on American ships I am unable to say; but he certainly implies that he does by the striking comparison he draws in quoting a certain shipowner who said in effect that the disgraceful condition of things on the British ship forty years ago was driving the flower of Britain's youthful seamen to the United States, as to the Mecca of gentlemanly officers and seamen. That statement is forty years' old; but it stands alone in the article, and hence may be construed by the lay reader as applicable to-day. At that time American ships were manned by good seamen and officered by educated men, while Great Britain was protesting against the compulsory examination of officers. To-day conditions are almost wholly reversed, and we find British officers necessarily holding a certificate that proves some degree of education, and American ships officered by bullies worse than the "typical Blowhard," worse even than the most brutal of imaginary Ducklings, and with absolutely no credential to prove merit of any kind. The other day an American ship arrived in San Francisco from New York in which the second mate had wounded one of the crew in seventeen places on the head, besides biting a piece out of his arm and trying to gouge his eyes out—a typical second-mate to serve as a hero for a sea-story. This is no exceptional case, but an almost every-day occurrence, which the Shipping Commissioners' records will prove. These cases of brutality go unpunished; otherwise they would not recur so frequently.

Mr. Russell has hinted that it is hard to find an American seaman; but I understand him to refer to a scarcity of American ships. Even there the limit is not reached, for the conditions of forty years ago that drove the British seamen to our ships are operating contrariwise now, with the result that not more than twenty-five per cent (a liberal estimate) of the foremast hands in American ships are natives. But the chief trouble involved in this condition is that the seamen of other nations are giving our ships a wide berth, and only the unfortunate loungers of the water-front and the criminal element can be forced by the crimps to go to sea without consideration.

The picture of the "educated, humane commander" seems to me an ideal that will be long of attainment. Still, every seaman must be grateful for the honesty of motive (and the courage of expression) that places even the ideal before the public. I am heartily in favor of an educational standard for ships' officers, for only from educated men can the sailor get fair treatment. It is evident, though, that the sailor himself must be the active factor in bringing about the desired reform.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

MADAME ROLAND AT THE CONCIERGERIE.

(From the picture by Goupil, removed, in 1891, from the Luxembourg to the Museum of Amboise.)

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IN CAMP WITH THE KATCHINS.

By Colonel H. E. Colvile, C. B., Grenadier Guards.

THE average Englishman has an idea that the charms of his manner and form of government are such that the nations of the earth view with rapture the deposition of their proper kings and the annexation of their fatherlands by our generals or statesmen. Did the population of other countries contain as large a proportion of right-minded persons as that of the British isles, this supposition might possibly be borne out by facts; but as things are —such is the perverseness of human nature — many of the inhabitants of this globe still prefer the ignoble rule of their compatriots to the glories of membership in the British Empire. Among others, certain cattle-raiding mountaineers, known to themselves as Chin-paw, and to us as Katchins, and living near the Chinese frontier of Upper Burma, look upon us as unmitigated nuisances, spoilers of sport, and interferers with the rights of the subject, which in their case means liberty to burn and pillage the villages of their more peaceful neighbors whenever the spirit moves them to do so.

Considering ourselves responsible for the well-being of the said peaceful neighbors, we sent, early in the present year, a small force of military police to restore order in the neighborhood of Selan, with the unfortunate result that the English officer in command was killed, and the rather remarkable one that each side retired under the impression that it had suffered a severe defeat, and sent for reinforcements; the Katchins getting promise of help from some filibustering Chinese over the border, and we at once despatching a column of regular troops from Bhamo.

Having obtained a temporary appointment on the Intelligence Branch of this column, I hurried off to Upper Burma full of warlike intentions; but the Chinese allies of the Katchins showed a disinclination to become better acquainted with British troops, and the tribesmen, realizing that an argument carried on, on the one side with prehistoric flint-locks and on the other with Martini-Henrys and a seven-pounder battery, was, at best, a one-sided affair, showed the better part of valor. So abandoning, for the time, their stockades and their ambuscades, and withdrawing from the ground the assortment of sharp-pointed bamboos and porcupine quills which had been artfully arranged for the penetration of policemen's calves and thighs, they received the British column with open arms, laden with eggs, fowls, and other gifts dear to the heart of the "bully beef"-fed warrior.

War is not conducted on the principles of those entrancing games with colored glass balls, globules of mercury, etc., which one buys at the underground railway bookstalls, but requires at least two players, and realizing this the column was forced reluctantly to

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The Ferry Over the Shweli River at Sopkam.—Page 534.

retire, its virgin bayonets still untarnished in their scabbards.

After wandering about the hills for some days, seeking war and finding none, the column settled down at Namkham, where, in the space of a few hours, a Shan master-builder and his myrmidons, armed with bill-hooks and provided with bamboos, ran up some exceedingly comfortable quarters.

Perhaps some day I shall write an exhaustive treatise on "The Bamboo and its uses," but will content myself, for the present, with saying that, given a Shan, a *dah*, and a clump of bamboos (the three are never far apart), the result is anything that you like to name from a tent-pole to a telephone.* I contented myself with a house, a bedstead, a table, a stable-bucket, an egg-basket, and a map-case, and as soon as these were finished abandoned the first two, and, bidding adieu to the column, proceeded on reconnaissance duty into the hills.

My party consisted of: 1. Sutherland, my Mounted Infantry orderly, a sturdy red-haired Yorkshireman, mounted on a 12 hands 2 inches Burmese pony, and who addressed Burmans, Shans, and Katchins alike in his native tongue, and, oddly enough, generally seemed to get what he wanted. 2. Aleixo Miguel de Souza, a Goanese "boy," aged sixty, and looking it, dressed in a black cut-away coat, hard black felt hat, and shepherd's-plaid trousers, and, for some inscrutable reason, always carrying in his hand a large stable-lantern, as he

* Mechanical telephones, with bamboo mouth-pieces and bamboo string have been in use in Burma from time immemorial.

trudged barefooted along the jungle paths. 3. My Panthay mule-driver and owner, in cotton blouse and trousers, pig-tailed and straw-hatted, who smiled to the name of John. He was an excellent fellow and took the liveliest interest in me and all my doings, but unfortunately could neither speak nor understand any language which I, my other companions, or the inhabitants of the country were acquainted with. Even Chinese, the language of the power which rules his fatherland, was as unintelligible to him as Shan, Katchin, Burmese, or English. 4. Ma Meing, my Shan-Katchin interpreter, a tall, good-looking young Shan, in an umbrella hat, short white jacket, and loose blue trousers, armed with a silver-handled *dah*, and a respect for the Katchins which in case of hostilities would, I am sure, have availed him more than a whole arsenal full of guns. Just as a married man should always travel with a wife—his own, if possible—so should an officer of the Intelligence Branch be accompanied by an interpreter—if procurable, one speaking some language with which he is conversant. In this instance such perfection was not obtainable, and from the mere vulgar point of view of practical use, Ma Meing was incomplete, his linguistic attainments being limited to Shan and Katchin, two languages in which the persons responsible for my education had failed to instruct me. The authorities had, however, done their duty in providing me with an interpreter, and, after all, my chief business was map-making and road-finding, and a Katchin road with other names is just as steep, while a Katchin hill, called boldly Mount Smith or Robinson, is as likely to be recognized by the inhabitants as it would be were its proper title pronounced by English lips.

We left the bamboo stockaded camp of the column early one rainy morning, and, passing through a hole in the fence, entered the market-town of Namkham, still slumbering off the excitement of yesterday's fair. At this hour, on the day before, from every approach was pouring in a stream of Shan and Katchin country girls, the

A Fair Day Scene, Namkham.—Page 534.

former fair-complexioned, with large flexible straw hats tied under their chins, brightly colored skirts reaching to their ankles, and resembling more Watteau shepherdesses than any preconceived picture of Chinese frontier maidens; the latter, heavily laden with conical baskets, carried knapsack-fashion on their backs, short, kilt-like skirts, embroidered gaiters, and weather-beaten faces, leaving one in some doubt as to whether they belonged to the gentler sex at all. Then the streets were so crowded with buyers, sellers, gossipers, and loungers, stalls full of the lighter and heaps of the more bulky commodities, that serious locomotion had been impossible, and drifting backward and forward with the slowly swaying crowd the only chance of getting about. Now my pony never even found so much as a dog to shy at until we came to the forge, where, during the winter months, some Chinese blacksmiths work eighteen hours a day with remarkable skill. A vigorous stroke on the anvil and an extra puff of the bellows here gave him the excuse he had been yearning for all the morning, and off he went to the right, until he was within fair shying distance of the Police Guard, which, presenting arms in the nick of time, allowed him to shy back and rejoin his friend and companion "Bobby," mounted by Private Sutherland. Then passing the curved-roofed pagoda, evidently of Chinese origin, and crossing the covered wooden bridge—another capital excuse for a shy—we found ourselves in the wide stretch of paddy fields through which the road runs for three miles, before it reaches the ferry over the Shweli River at Sopkam.

Here we off-saddled and stepped into a long, narrow, dug-out canoe, rendered more buoyant and stable by bamboos lashed to its sides. Across these the baggage was piled, bringing the gunwale to within an inch of the water's edge; the ponies were led into the river, one on each side of the boat, and the mules driven in independently, a little farther up stream: not quite far enough, however, for they were carried down far below us and had to reach the shore through a quicksand, in which a horse or Government mule would in-

Katchin Man and Boys.

A Shan Girl.

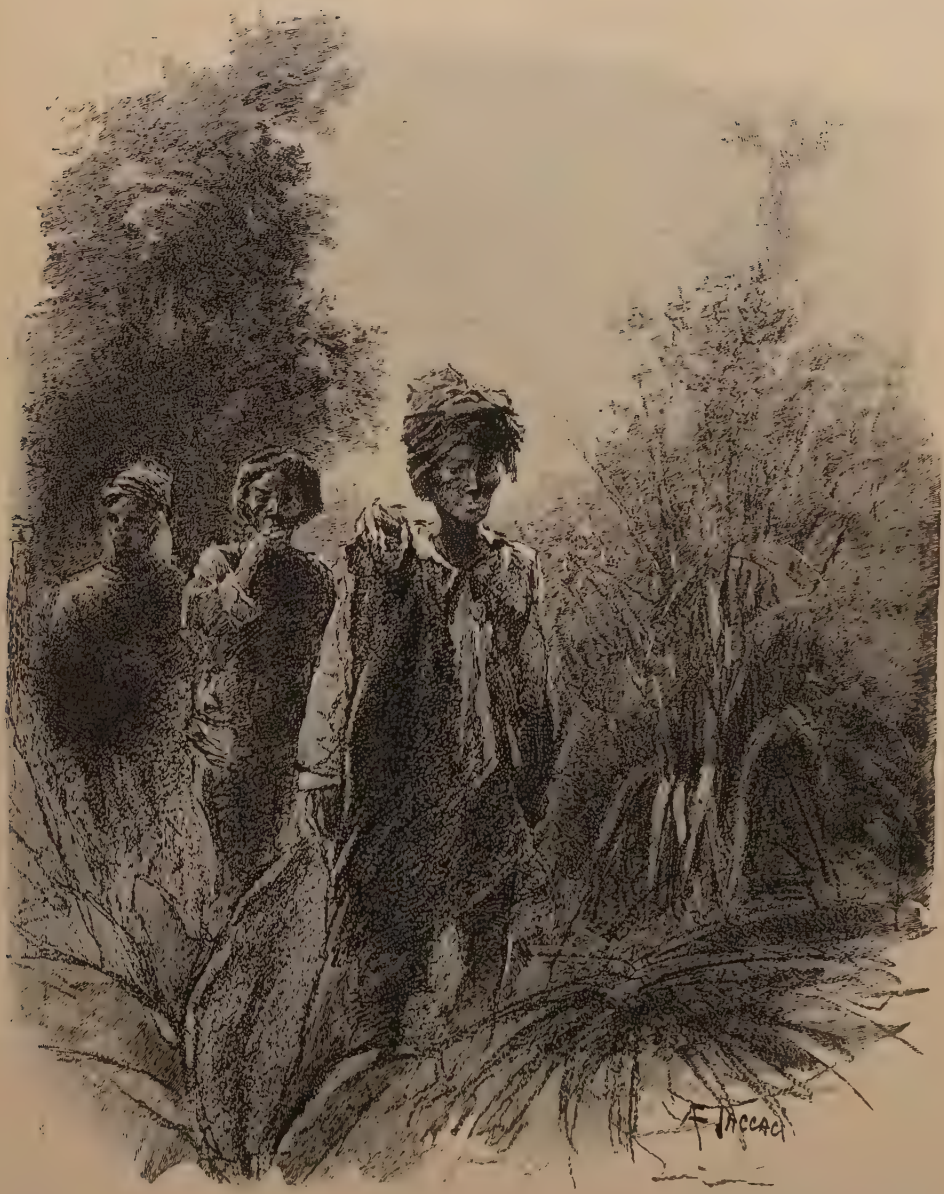
evitably have come to grief. But so much independence is allowed to these animals by their Panthay masters that they have lost none of their native intelligence, and after many turnings, halts, consultations, and careful testings of the ground ahead, but without the slightest sign of flurry or excitement, the leader of the party brought his companions safely ashore.

The ordinary ferry across the Shweli is about a mile farther up stream, and thence a good road runs direct to Pankaw, a village on the water parting of the Shweli and Irrawaddy systems, but it is unfortunately all within a tongue of Chinese territory which here projects westward into British possessions, and round which British troops and officials have had to find a way as best they could. This best, as I knew from experience, was very bad even in fine weather, when once the cluster of villages near the river was passed, and after the rain of the last twenty-four hours would be well-nigh impassable, so, although I had only made a march of a little over six miles, and the day was still young, I settled to stop at Henlon, a village near the end of the good road, and one possessing a Poonjy Kyoung, or Buddhist monastery and rest-house, rare luxuries in this district, as, owing either to its proximity to China or

On the Way to the Fair.—Page 533.

to the fact that the Myoza of Namkham has been to Rangoon and learnt the properties of Scotch whiskey, the monks have been expelled from it, to the great inconvenience of travellers, and loss, at all events from an educational point of view, to the inhabitants; for the Buddhist monk, even if his ultimate purpose be as selfish as that of his Christian brother, arrives at his end by means more generally useful to the community, and leaving his soul to take care of itself, spends his life in ministering to the bodily and mental comforts of his fellows, and in addition acts as curator of the collection of offerings left by the pious at the shrine of Gaudama, which is always a conspicuous object in his dwelling. As pay he receives his food (a few handfuls of rice) contributed daily by the inhabitants. I have heard him called lazy and a beggar, and other terms which convey the idea of reproach to our Western minds, but my experience of him is that he does a good deal more work for his pay than many a "horny-handed son of toil" who clamors for shorter hours in Hyde Park.

All the afternoon my hosts were teaching the young idea how to read, and when cessation of the monotonous



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

Ma Te, the Sawbwa.—Page 546.

humming told me that lessons were over for the day I paid them a visit. Passing up a bamboo ladder, I found myself in a large hall, open on three sides and walled with split bamboos on the fourth, the roof supported by a double row of rough-hewn wooden columns, four of which, connected with the wall by mats, formed a recess some twenty feet square, at the back of which stood the high altar, covered with votive images of Gaudama, bright in polished brass or gold leaf, and surrounded by offerings of every conceivable kind from sprigs of jessamine to a four-post bed. Immediately in front of the altar a dog complacently scratched for fleas, and behind him a villager, in humble attitude, sang the "Light of Asia's" praise, pausing anon to take a whiff from his cheroot. From the hillside into which the southern end of the hall ran, some half-dozen urchins, intent on making up for an afternoon at lessons, came bounding in to see the stranger, and the foremost, catching his foot in a projecting board of the floor, went headlong through the mat partition of what I may call the chancel. Running to pick him up, I found myself opposite a doorway in a similar partition which shut off the Poonjys sanctum. From this a benevolent-looking old gentleman, yellow robed, with clean shaven head and horn-rimmed spectacles, was just emerging to see what was the matter; but by this time the boys had set up a yell of delight, the dog was barking, and the pious villager laughing until he could hardly keep his cheroot alight; so having no need to make inquiries or mend broken heads, he put his hands to his sides and laughing loud as the youngest urchin, shouted an account of the joke to his companions whom he then invited me to join in the inner room. Here, with many smiles, nods, and signs the three old men gave me to understand that boys will be boys, and a good job too. The scene, although not a very important one, is, I think, worth preserving as a fair example of a Buddhist's way of taking things. Had it happened in a Burman village, probably more fun would have been got out of it, and some little pink-skirted ladies would in some way have managed to get mixed up in it; but Shan girls are rather shy, at all events with strangers,

Women Weaving Native Cloth.—Page 541.

An Altar to Yan.—Page 544.

and the fact of having the Katchin as a near neighbor has somewhat damped the spirits of the whole community. But, Shan or Burman, their religion is the same, the gentle Gaudama's gospel of peace on earth and good-will, not toward men only but toward all living things, a gospel of tolerance and cheerfulness, of kindness to the scoffer, the flesh-eater, or even the defiler of their shrines; for if his gross appetites and brutal instincts should doom him to degradation in his next earthly birth, should not the pious all the more do their best to make his present incarnation a happy one. To Englishmen who have received their Christianity filtered through the stern cult of the Jews and Norsemen, and almost lost it in the process, the attitude of the Burman may seem lacking in reverence. The peasant of southern Italy would perhaps understand it better, for he too has grafted the gospel of good-will direct on to the parent stock, nature-worship, although with less permanent result, and as he chants before the shrine of the renamed Venus, happy in the belief that her good nature will make her overlook his little faults, while judicious flattery will blind her to his graver ones, he would be hardly equal to grasping the Buddhist's friendly tenderness for his Teacher, or his conviction that to laugh, chat, smoke, flirt, to be happy and to give happiness to all things, is to carry on the work for which his Master lived and died.

It rained hard all night, but the sun appeared next morning, and after giving him a couple of hours in which to dry the roads, I started; but as it turned

A Shan Beauty.

out I had overrated his power. Rivulets were still crossing the path at every fold in the mountain-side, and the hunter's track, worn bare, but not flat, by many convoys, was soon scored by transverse furrows as one baggage mule after another, vainly trying to get a foothold in the slime, slid sideways into the jungle below.

I had been told that a few miles farther on I should find a detachment of the Third Burma Regiment engaged in improving the road (a work of piety of which even a Poonjy might be proud), and that with it would be a person or persons capable of interpreting my interpreter, and, should I require it, an escort for myself. So cursing the astuteness of Chinese statesmen who had taken to themselves the smiling valley below, and given us the Sisyphus-fitting hill-side, I gave Miguel and John the rather unnecessary injunction not to hurry, and dismounting hitched my pony's bridle on my arm, and, accompanied by Sutherland and Ma Meing,

started off with the intention of lunching in the detachment mess. At the head of the valley, however, were no signs of the troops, nor, for the matter of that, of their work on the road; but the weather had been so bad that I thought that, fearing fever, the officer commanding had probably taken them up the hill; so started off for Mawsi, a Katchin village an hour and a half's tramp farther on. But here again were no signs of troops, and the Sawbwa being rather anti-English in his sympathies, the people refused to give us any information as to their whereabouts. Two bullets had also whizzed past my head as we climbed the hill, whether intended for me or other *ferœ naturœ* I cannot say, but remembering that I might not find the troops that night, and that all my provisions were with the mules, I thought it better not to run any risk of my baggage being annexed. So sitting in the shade of an overhanging porch I awaited the mules' arrival and examined my surroundings. The house in whose entrance I stood, was, with half a dozen others, situated on a knoll rising some fifty feet above the general level of an almost knife-like spur. Right and left of us the ground, covered with nearly impenetrable jungle, fell abruptly for a thousand feet into deep ravines, rising again in another wooded, village-crowned slope, again to fall and rise until the undulations were lost in the blue haze of a distant range. Immediately in front of me a circle of Katchin men and boys had formed round Sutherland, sturdy little savages of a low Tartar type, dressed in short, dark blue jackets and loose drawers, which may once have been white, with small untidy turbans of dark blue cloth wound round their heads, and all armed with *dahs* slung by strips of rattan from their right shoulders. A few yards beyond them, and crowning the edge of a steep step in the spur, was a row of rude bamboo altars, indicating by their respective shapes their dedication to the spirits of sun, moon, earth, and household; at the foot of this step was a saddle barely wide enough to hold a single row of huts, at the near end of which was a square raised platform of bamboo work, on which some women sat weaving native cloth; beyond the saddle another knoll, lower than that on which I

River Scenery.

sat, and only partly interrupting the panorama of the Namkham and Shweli valleys.

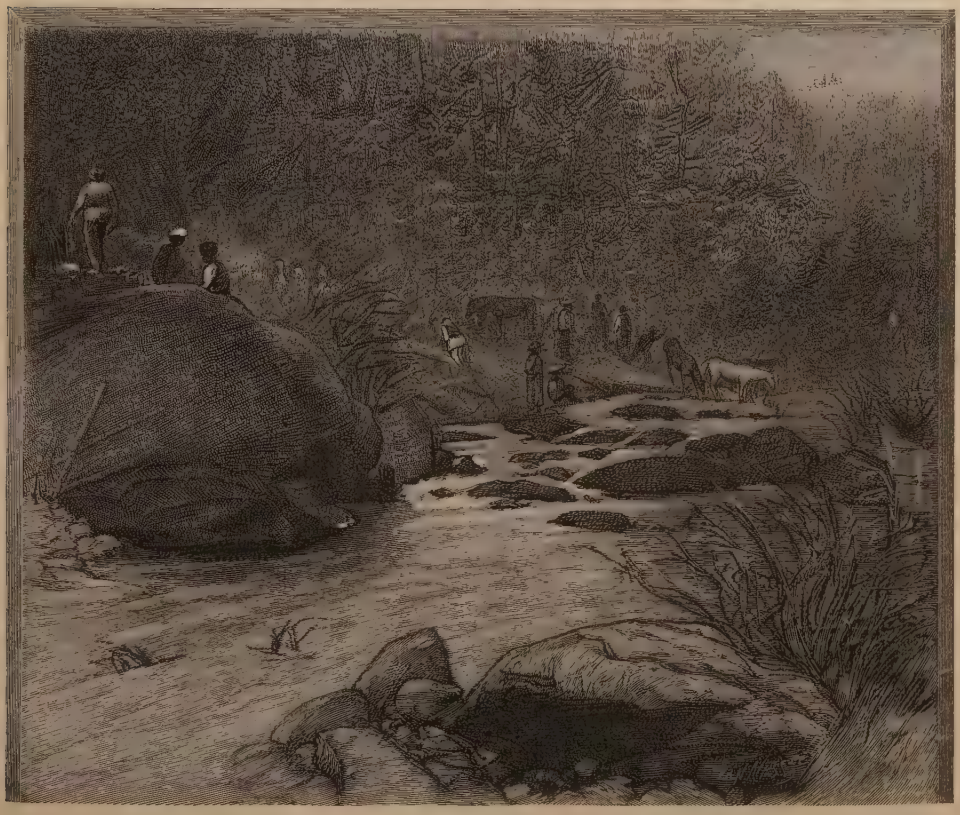
The house at the front door of which I sat, was of the ordinary Katchin type, some eighty feet long by twenty broad,* singled-storied, with thatched pointed roof reaching the ground on the upper side of the hill on which it was built, and coming a little below the floor-level on the other; below the floor-level on the down-hill side was an open space used for the accommodation of pigs, fowls, cattle, etc. The ridge of the roof projected at both ends, forming two porches, but of these only the front one is generally used, the back entrance being reserved for privileged members of the family and the household *nât*, or spirit, who, I cannot help thinking, rather unjustly, severely punishes the family should any unauthorized person avail himself of this private *entrée*—a fact, the knowledge of which, causes the family to take unpleasantly strong measures with such an intruder, and the careful traveller to enter with some diffidence any dwelling into which he has not been invited and preceded by its owner.

A Katchin Woman.

Having safely passed through the proper doorway, generally guarded by traverses of stout posts, the visitor finds himself in a large, barnlike room, the rafters blackened with smoke from a chimneyless hearth, and the matted floor literally dancing with insect life. Sitting down, if he is a brave man, or wears tight knee-breeches and high boots, he tries to take stock of his surroundings, and is just beginning to imagine that he can see something in the London-in-November-like gloom, when one of the young ladies of the house presents to him what at first sight appears to be a piece of field artillery, but which turns out to be a bamboo nearly as tall as herself and about half as thick. Placing one end of this to his lips she tilts the other; but he, feeling that to be fed thus like a baby, out of a bottle, scarcely fits the dignity of his position, seizes it himself, pours half a gallon of water inside his shirt-collar, drops the bamboo, and puts out the fire. Katchin young ladies are rather demure in manner, and if she smiles to herself in the darkness the Hebe does not give any audible vent to her feelings. Not so the males of her family, who with loud guffaws rush forth to return presently whirling glowing embers round their heads, like demons in a Christmas pantomime. On the whole the little accident

*Some Katchin houses are as much as one hundred yards long, but always about the same width.

has done good, for instead of the smouldering log there is now a cheerful blaze, by the light of which the visitor can get some idea of the topography of the fact, the bashful young traveller casts a somewhat timid glance toward the maiden of the bamboo, but she is now curled up in a corner, dreaming happily



Fording the River.

mansion. Out of the hall or general room in which he is sitting, and which is chiefly used by married couples, open two others; at the far end a large one, occupying half the remainder of the house, and reserved for the men of the establishment, and nearer the entrance door a smaller one, set apart for the young ladies; into this neither meddlesome elders nor married persons may enter, but should some young bachelor be fortunate enough to make a favorable impression on the daughter of the house, there is nothing in the *convenances* of Katchindom to prevent her inviting him to spend the evening there.

Having ascertained this interesting of the buffalo's entrails which she was allowed to eat after the last great sacrifice to Chitôn, and with open mouth giving vent to sounds which that unhappy animal might vainly have attempted to equal; so his baggage having arrived and the family showing a disposition to follow the example of their daughter, the wayfarer bids them good-night, carrying away in his mind and on his person many reminiscences of his visit.

It was four o'clock before Miguel, John & Co. arrived, and we were able to start again; then sliding into a valley by a path so closely shaded that it was not yet dry, we crossed the Sun-

na Chaung, climbed another toboggan slide, and descended again into the valley of the Namkham, which we had left at noon, forded the river, climbed over another hill, forded the Namkham a second time, and at seven o'clock found ourselves at Pankaw, a village in plan and position almost exactly the counterpart of Mawsi, but possessing the advantage of more communicative inhabitants. From these Ma Meing learnt that the English troops were at Mansok, about an hour's march ahead. Had John, Miguel, and the mules been consulted we should probably have stayed where we were for the night; but I was anxious to get to a better interpreter, and Sutherland to the companionship of his fellows, while Ma Meing, thinking of his wife and family, was strongly impressed with the idea that one hundred and fifty officers and men of the Burma Regiment would afford better security for his head and feet being found in the morning in their usual relative positions than two Englishmen who might go to sleep at the same time.

After crossing the Namkham for the second time we got into the regular trade route, and the road (of its class) was a good one, which was lucky, as the night was inky dark in the jungle. Once we came to a clearing on a narrow saddle where a *lup*, or conical thatched tomb of a Sawbwa stood out black against the sky, surmounted by a fantastic cross, looking in the gloom like the writhing body of some crucified malefactor. Near it was a scaffold, built of four tall bamboos, towering above the forest trees, but the details of its top lost in the darkness. I could see, however, that it was approached by a rough bamboo ladder, and its whole appearance was somewhat similar to that of early models of the guillotine. I learnt afterward that it was an altar to Yan, the spirit of the sun, and is used by some Katchin tribes for gently reminding their aged relatives of the impropriety of clinging too long to their fleshly tenements. Having been politely and tenderly conducted to the top of the ladder, the old people are prodded with long bamboos, from below, until overstepping the limits of their narrow resting-place, as they had previously done those of life, their souls and bodies take different routes.

I believe all this happens across the Salween River, some sixty miles away, and my friends in this district never do anything so unkind to their relations, as long as they are alive, although their treatment of them when dead must be very trying to a sensitive spirit.

I was never present at a complete funeral ceremony, but once took a modest part in the Saturnalia held while the corpse is still above ground. There is nothing very remarkable about

A Group of Katchins.

it, the main idea being to make as much noise as possible, to frighten away ghouls and evilly disposed *nâts*, and at the same time hint to the newly liberated spirit that his late residence is no place for a serious-minded ghost. With this end in view the whole population proceeds to get uproariously drunk, on rice spirit, and, assembling in the dead man's house, shouts, beats drums and cymbals, dances, and slashes the air with *dahs*, until, unable to drink, dance, beat, and slash any more, it falls into a drunken torpor, the silence of which is only broken throughout the night by the mournful wails of a widow or daughter.

When, an hour later, I arrived at Mansok, many of the inhabitants seemed to think that either from an insufficient supply of food, drink, and good advice, or from natural cussedness, some late lamented had returned to the scenes of his earthly life. They, for fear of the thousand and one spooks and bogies of the woods, would never have dreamt of travelling after dark; while influenced by more earthly fears, the Shans would not venture among the hills even in the broadest daylight, while English troops always finish their day's march in time to settle down comfortably before sunset. Who, then, but a ghost could be the darksome wanderer, who, in excellent Chin Paw authoritatively demanded admission to each house in turn? After all the food and trouble they had spent in trying to persuade him to "never come back no more" it was obviously useless to argue the point now, so putting their heads under their blankets, and their fingers in their ears, they huddled together and tremblingly awaited the next move.

To carry on an argument with a dead man on the further side of a locked door is always a difficult matter, and I do not know by what stratagem Ma Meing at last persuaded one of the inhabitants to listen to him, but at length a door was opened, in the manner familiar to anyone who has had occasion to call on a timid care-taker in an empty London house, and we were invited to enter, and told that the English troops were at Keile, two hours' march farther on.

Coming out of the fresh air, the mingled odors of wood smoke, and what someone has called *esprit de corps*, were suffocating, but we were nearly six thousand feet above the sea, and the last hours of our ride had been bitterly cold, so Sutherland and I gratefully seated ourselves by the smouldering log and awaited the return of Ma Meing, who had gone off in search of the Sawbwa. After a quarter of an hour he returned, and led us to a small pigeon-loft-like house, raised some six feet off the ground on four stout uprights, and whose entrance was approached by means of a notched pole, on which, when later on he had arrived and cooked my dinner, Miguel showed me that in addition to recommending him as a good plain cook, I could honestly give him a character as a first-class equilibrist.

In the meanwhile there was not the slightest indication of the presence of either Miguel or the dinner within the limits of sight or hearing, so entering our new abode Sutherland and I warmed ourselves by a good fire which someone had made, and examined our surroundings. These consisted of four walls of split bamboo, at the bases of which, and resting on a floor of the same material, was a row of woven baskets standing some two feet high and all full of grain, while in the far end stood what an Arab would have called a "father of baskets," a gigantic fellow, capable of accommodating the whole of his progeny and two or three grown up men, but now quite empty; the roof was of bamboo thatch, supported on whole bamboo rafters, black immediately over the fire, pale straw-colored at the points farthest from it, and running through the most delicate gradations of amber and chestnut between the two. A meerschaum pipe-smoker would have been driven to despair at the impossibility of ever equalling these shades in his favorite medium, and I gave way to covetous longings to carry off the whole structure for decorative purposes at home.

These thoughts were interrupted by Sutherland, who had been examining the darkness outside, exclaiming, "There's someone a ordering them about like

anything, sir. I expect it's the Sawbwa," and immediately afterward Ma Meing appeared, followed by an insignificant-looking, wizened old man, dressed in a once white cotton shirt and drawers, who, without any word or sign of salutation or welcome, sat down by the fire and stared hard at me. Having satisfied himself that he would know me again, he, still in silence, took his departure, and presently returned with five eggs, which he presented to me in both hands, held ladle-fashion.

This man was Ma Te, the Sawbwa, or, I believe, more correctly, the chief Pawmaing of Mansok. There is no king of the Katchins, the nation being broken into a number of independent tribes, each under an hereditary chief, known as Da-wa in the north, and in the south as Sawbwa (the Shan word for Prince). Dependent on the temper of his tribe and his own ability, this Sawbwa may be either an absolute monarch, ruling his council of Pawmaings, or an extremely limited one, and mere puppet in their hands. At Mansok, the latter course seems to have been followed to such an extent that Ma Te is always spoken of as the Sawbwa, and I have only the authority of an official publication for the assertion that he is really a head Pawmaing.

Whatever his true status may have been I found him a most pleasant old man to deal with, when we got to know each other better. I think he was rather shy at first, and did not quite know how to treat me, but we became fast friends after spending a day together in the jungle, cutting a new road, which was to cut out a neighboring Sawbwa (he, to wit, of Mawsi), and deprive him of his tolls from passing caravans.

It is this same toll system which accounts for the extraordinary undulations of the roads: Katchin villages being all perched on hill-tops, for defensive purposes, and Katchin chiefs being allowed to collect tolls from passing traders, it is obviously more convenient to them that the trader should have to come to the Sawbwa than the Sawbwa to the trader. I should be sorry to see my Katchin friends mulcted of this means of earning a livelihood, and also to see the roads deprived of the Katchin's care, but the British soldier, the Chinese trader and his mule, all prefer walking round the base of a hill to climbing over the top of it, and I think some arrangement might be made which would suit all parties.

I am sure John, Miguel & Co. were quite of this opinion, as, cold and footsore they trudged into Mansok at half-past ten, and John did not even agree with me as to the rights of Katchins, when, early next morning he rushed up, explaining in the most expressive pantomime that he had been attacked by an armed party and his mules carried off while they were grazing. Having made us understand his story he sat down and howled like a child. Old Ma Te, however, was a man more of action than sentiment, and hastily snatching up a *dah*, and shouting some orders to his men, he seized the Panthay by the shoulders, and, followed by fifty of the villagers, was running down the spur long before John had time to dry his tears. After about an hour they returned, having recovered the mules, but without coming across their abductors, who probably finding themselves pursued by superior force had thought it best to relinquish their booty and make good their escape.

They are early risers in a Katchin village, and although I was up with the sun the village maidens were before me, and when I looked out of my doorway a party of them were already busily engaged in weaving the dark blue cloth of which their dresses are made. Sitting on the slope of a knoll, with their faces toward the summit, they fastened one end of the woof to stout stakes driven into the ground, and the other round their waists, and thus the force of gravitation giving them a tendency to topple over backward, it is always kept tight. Then holding the shuttle in both hands, they rather laboriously pass it backward and forward, producing an infinitesimal amount of cloth after a long day of hard work. The result, when finished, however, is highly satisfactory, and, taking into consideration the labor involved in its

manufacture, fully justifies the high value they set on it, which is so great that it is almost impossible to induce them to sell it.

Katchin women are not prepossessing either in manner or appearance; with pale, large-boned faces, bad, squat figures, generally suffering from goitre, sturdy, uncompromising manners, and none of the "little ways" which girls of even the most savage tribes sometimes possess, there is nothing about them to promote a wish for better acquaintance; while the sight of a woman on the wrong side of forty is enough to frighten away all the *nâts* of the hill-side and forest. Viewed from a respectful distance, however, they are decidedly picturesque, and as I sat in my doorway watching their bright dresses contrasted against the green foliage of the jungle or the inky darkness of the hut interior, my eyes received distinctly pleasurable sensations. The dress consists of a short jacket of dark blue homespun, with short scarlet cuffed sleeves, and ornamented between the shoulders with a large, diamond-shaped patch of red and white design. Under the jacket is worn a dark blue bodice, cut low and square at the neck, the opening often being partly covered by three large silver hoops, which are passed over the head. The skirt is very short, hardly so long as a Highlander's kilt, and is made of the same dark blue homespun, with a deep border on its lower edge, of red and white design. Round the waist is a coil, generally from eight to twelve inches deep, of split black cane, surmounted by one or two strings of cowrie shells. The legs from the knee to the ankle are encased in bandages of red and white cloth, woven in an intricate pattern and surmounted by garters of split black cane. The married women wear rather untidy blue cloth turbans, unmarried girls go bareheaded and wear their hair short, and cut on the forehead in a straight fringe.

As my work was all in the Mawsi direction I did not go on to join the troops at Keile, but sending a note over to let the officer commanding there know my whereabouts and wants, stayed three days at Mansok, riding about the country, and on the fourth day, accompanied by two interpreters (Burmese-Katchin and Hindustani-Burmese), and a Mounted Infantry escort, rode back to Pankaw. Late in the evening Ma Te and a party of his men arrived, armed with *dahs*, and decked with many-colored haversacks. A stranger meeting them would have thought they were on the war-path, so smart and business-like did they look, but their mission was only the peaceful one mentioned above, of cutting a road through the jungle. In this they were joined in the morning by a contingent provided by the Sawbwa of Pankaw, and I set out at the head of quite a smart little Katchin army.

It is said that the Katchins are lazy, and I have no doubt that they have the usual savage objection to digging, and much prefer the excitement of cattle-raiding to such a monotonous means of earning a livelihood. No one who had been with us that day, however, could have accused them of want of energy. We covered a good twenty miles of ground, over ten of which we had to cut our way through thick tree jungle, bridge streams, fill up bogs, cut out paths in the hill-side, and remove fallen trees, and with the exception of half an hour's halt for a handful of rice and a pipe of opium, the men never stopped slashing, digging, and hauling the whole time.

The Katchins have no form of salutation or respect, and up to this Ma Te had always received me without any attempt to copy either European or Asiatic methods; but I had noticed him, once or twice, intently watching the men of the escort when I spoke to them, and was much amused, when he came to wish me good-bye in the evening, to see him attempting a military salute. The result would hardly have satisfied a fastidious drill sergeant, but the old man himself was highly delighted with it. He then announced that the morrow was his birthday, and asked leave to fire guns all that and the following nights. Knowing that his place was a good five miles down wind of me, I readily assented, and off he went in high glee with another grotesque attempt at a salute. He had not been

gone a quarter of an hour before I received a visit from the Sawbwa of Pankaw and suite, who informed me, without any show of regret, that his father was just dead, and begged for leave to fire guns for two nights on that account. With less readiness, owing to his greater proximity, than in the case of the Mansok Sawbwa, I also granted this permission, looking forward to rather a disturbed night, but I had got so accustomed to the popping of bamboos on the camp-fires that I hardly noticed it and was soon fast asleep.

I had had some doubts as to the genuineness of his father's demise, looking upon it as a mere excuse for an orgie, but when, two days later, I returned to Mansok, I passed upon the road a brand new "lup," with newly dug trench and still bloody buffalo skulls, so suppose he had been really so afflicted.

On the 22d of March Captain Elliot, of the Military Police, turned up at Mansok, homeward bound. I had not quite done all I wanted on the watershed, but he was going to try a new route to Bhamo, and as he is a good Burmese scholar and had a Katchin interpreter with him, I could not afford to let the opportunity slip. Starting on the morning of the 23d, we made an easy march to Hopōn, the last Katchin village on our route, and on the following morning, dropping some three thousand feet into the Namya valley, through gorgeous jungle scenery, made a forced march into Bhamo, whence I proceeded by train to Mandalay.

I have rarely lived among savages without regret at having to return to civilization, but when I found myself gliding, all too rapidly, down the Irrawaddy in the steamship Mogaung, through lovely river scenery, halting anon at the little fairy-peopled villages on its banks, I realized that no matter what advantages savagedom may have over the frock-coated civilization of Europe, no one possessing eyes or heart would willingly accept it in exchange for the rosebud culture of a Burman village.

INDIAN SUMMER.

By Archibald Lampman.

The old gray year is near his term in sooth,
And now with backward eye and soft-laid palm
Awakens to a golden dream of youth,
A second childhood, lovely and most calm;
And the smooth hour about his misty head
An awning of enchanted splendor weaves
Of maples amber, purple, and rose-red,
And droop-limbed elms down-dropping golden leaves.
With still half-fallen lids he sits and dreams
Far in a hollow of the sunlit wood,
Lulled with the murmur of thin-threading streams,
Nor sees the polar armies overflood
The darkening barriers of the hills, nor hears
The north wind ringing with a thousand spears

THE PROUD PYNSENTS.

By Octave Thanet.

NE morning in June, when the citizens of a university town begin to be intent on the pomps and glories of "Commencement," Mrs. Harriet Fennimore took her way down street to market.

Mrs. Fennimore is highly esteemed in Wiatioc. She is the widow of Professor Richard Appleton Fennimore, of Harvard. Her widowhood is of five years' standing, but she has only been in Wiatioc a year, that is, since her youth, for the town was her early home, and old inhabitants still like to repeat her father's jokes. He was a professor at Wiatioc, and might have been president had not the luxuriant gift of humor in him swelled beyond the conventional fences. There was a difficulty which ended in Professor Bissell accepting an offer from an Eastern college. His salary—as his wife could not deny herself the pleasure of telling—was nearly twice what he received at Wiatioc. Mrs. Bissell had always felt herself an exile and had not too scrupulously concealed her feelings; she returned with frank joy to "civilization." The black drop in the cup rose to the surface when she discovered that her Western-bred children had the same stifling homesickness for the prairies that she used to feel for the sea. Her son returned to the West on the first opportunity. He made a fortune, but neither the fortune nor his generosity quite reconciled her to his "Western ways." And Harriet, who had married so well and so suitably, not only planned to have her only son go into her brother's business; she went so far as to take him to Wiatioc for his education.

"He is to live in the West," said she; "it is better he should learn something of the people. After he is graduated at Wiatioc he may go to Harvard or to Europe, as he prefers."

So Mrs. Fennimore bought a house and fell as naturally into the life of the pretty little town as if she had never left it. Whether because she was a wise woman, or because she really loved the place, she did not feel it her duty to educate the inhabitants in the more cultured and elegant habits of Cambridge. By consequence she earned a wealth of gratitude from people too abundantly supplied with Eastern missionaries to appreciate their blessings.

Every pleasant day it was Harriet's custom to go down-town to market. "I never could choose meat through a telephone," she told Martin the butcher, at which Martin not only smiled his tradesman's smile of sympathy with a good customer's humor, but often added, "How much you remind me of your father, Mrs. Fennimore!"

She always went down-town by way of Pynsent Street, which might excite comment had anyone noticed the circumstance, since Pynsent is not an attractive street. It is a back street, named after a family whose state waned long ago, and the old Pynsent mansion, to which it was the thoroughfare, has sunk into a second-rate boarding-house. In winter the unpaved roadway is muddy, in summer the dust flies. The houses are the humbler class of cottages; and the few shops that have crept into the street, are of the kind that do not esteem trade flourishing enough to leave at night, so are both shops and dwellings. Over one tiny bakery, where a fly-specked window held never freshened heaps of misshapen bread and pallid ginger-cakes, a vulture rumor flapped its wings, a rumor to the effect that the bakery was a saloon in hiding, with a secret door and passwords and swaggering boy drinkers. Next this reputed den of iniquity was a neatly fenced yard of several acres. It belonged to an estate that awaited a baby's majority for division; and the caretakers had lived in the cottage twenty years.

A stranger would notice that they were parsimonious of pains with their house but lavished them on their

grounds. The house was a stunted-looking cottage in need of painting, and having no relief to its bare outlines beyond an inefficient porch that had sagged on one side and been propped by domestic carpenters. The windows were without blinds; but the shades, inside, were always tightly drawn. Between the house and the street a rough lattice had been built which was covered with a dense growth of honeysuckle. One would say, viewing the house, that the only care bestowed upon it by the inmates was to screen it as much as possible. Not so with the yard. The high fence was freshly painted, and so were the wire wall about the garden and the partitions of lath or wire in the poultry-yard. It was a poultry-yard to catch any eye. Neatly laid out and richly green with creeping plants and sunflowers so long as the Northern sun lets the earth keep her pigments bright, and brilliant even in winter with its vermilion coops and red roofs and whitewashed walls, it was divided into little settlements for the different species of fowls; and turkeys and fowls of splendid plumage and imposing size, strutted and cackled and scratched on the commons of the miniature villages.

Mrs. Fennimore stopped to gaze on the queer, busy little scene. At the same instant an old woman came around the corner of a building. Age declared itself as distinctly in the angles of the figure as in the silver hair under a rusty lace cap or the dim eyes and wrinkles. Yet it was in the woman's face that she had been handsome one day. Were she richly clad and softly tended she would be handsome still; but her shape was muffled in a soiled and splashed blue apron, and she was crooked by the weight of a bucket of whitewash.

Seeing Mrs. Fennimore, she dropped the bucket so abruptly that it toppled, a white puddle, over the grass, straightened herself and walked with a strange air of pride and dignity into the house.

Harriet remained staring at the whitewash on the grass. The healthy color on her full cheeks was disturbed; she bent her handsome brows; the breath came sharply between her lips. Then, with a sigh, she pursued her way.

"Good-morning, Harriet," hailed a cheerful, familiar voice behind her. She did not need to turn her head, for the speaker, with a little pant of exertion, stepped briskly to her side. She was Harriet's old friend and next-door neighbor, Mrs. Allison, a pretty, little, plump woman, so much shorter than her husband that she had acquired the habit of craning her chin in the air, as well as taking longer strides in walking than befitted her short legs, which gave her a fictitious semblance of being in a desperate hurry.

"That was Madam Pynsent," said Harriet in a hushed tone. "I have not seen her for twenty years!"

"Haven't you? But I daresay; she keeps herself so close."

"She is awfully changed!" said Harriet.

"But you have seen Clara. I think she is changed as much; she is our age and she looks ten years older—well, she has gone through enough to make her look old, poor thing! It is a pretty awful thing to have your father condemned to be hanged, even if he dies before the execution."

"I always understood the lawyers expected to have the Governor commute the sentence."

"Well"—Mrs. Allison shrugged her pretty shoulders which were clad in some cotton fabric that had shimmering lines of silk—"lawyers always expect until they are disappointed; but anyhow the poor man died of the wound he gave himself—when he shot himself after he shot that man, you know. And I guess it was just as well."

"I never could blame him so very much," said Harriet, musingly, "Hallerton really led him into those speculations that ruined the bank, and Hallerton made money out of it himself; I think when it all came out, Mr. Pynsent had not the courage to go back to his wife, and the sense of his ruin and disgrace, which was harder, for *him*, was too much for his head; so he killed Hallerton and tried to kill himself."

"I pitied him, too," said Mrs. Allison. "I don't wonder he was afraid to face Madam Pynsent, she was such a proud woman. But I always liked Mr. Pyn-

sent, he was so pleasant and genial; and do you remember how he always was the one to buy the left-overs at the church fairs?"

"I remember how he never refused to give to anything," said Harriet.

"He was so generous in the war too; and poor Phillips volunteered. If he had not been killed, perhaps his mother and sister would have come out differently; he was killed the last year of the war, wasn't it? and Mr. Pynsent's trouble came about eight years later. I remember Madam Pynsent put on mourning and never took it off again; she wore mourning when the trial came off. They had him right here in jail. That must have been the bitterest part of it all to the family, haughty as they were. I can see, now, just how Clara Pynsent used to look, driving by and getting out of the carriage in front of the jail."

"We were gone then; we left just before it happened, you know. I wrote Clara at once. I wrote a good many letters. She never answered any of them."

Mrs. Allison nodded. "That was the way. They treated every one the same. They sort of took the position that they were from that time forth dead to the world; and that the kindest thing they could do for their friends would be to keep absolutely out of their reach. I guess it was Madam Pynsent's notion in the beginning, but Clara adopted it. You know Madam Pynsent gave up all her own property to pay off the depositors. They must have been terribly poor at one time, and yet they were just as proud. I have a mind to tell you something, now we are on the subject. I got so worried about them at one time, for you know while I wasn't intimate with Clara as you were, we were good friends, that one night I lay awake thinking of them, which isn't usual with me, for I am a dear lover of my rest; but I kept seeing Madame Pynsent as she used to be when she wore her black velvet and diamonds to parties and then as I had seen her the day before, in a thin, miserable calico, with a little worsted shawl over her shoulders and her poor face all pinched and blue with the cold, out in the yard chopping kindling wood. It was like those ridiculous newspaper pictures, before taking and after taking, only reversed, a sort of before-misfortune, after-misfortune thing. And what do you suppose I did? Doctor has laughed at me often about it. I got up out of my warm bed, and went down to the pantry and packed up a basket and put in wine and jelly and oranges and such little delicacies as Mrs. Pynsent always used to have, and I made Doctor go in the dead of night as it was and leave the basket at their door. He knocked and ran."

"How nice of you!" cried Harriet.

"Oh, but just wait until you hear the rest of the tale! My dear, how they found it out I never could surmise; but there was nothing happened all next day; and I ate my own dinner with a better appetite for the thinking that Madam Pynsent would have a glass of port with hers; and the next morning when I came down, the cook brought me the identical basket I had sent. Not a thing in it was touched."

"Yes," Mrs. Fennimore agreed, "they are proud."

But she did not offer any dealings of her own with the Pynsent pride, although they were not wanting; and presently she let herself be diverted from the subject by the shapely loaves in a baker's window—not the baker of Pynsent Street. None the less, her thoughts were busy with those estranged friends of the past. She recalled childish pleasures and school-day feasts of which Madam Pynsent had been the good fairy. She remembered her girlish admiration for the great lady, for such Madam Pynsent, with her jewels and her family and her pride, had shone on Harriet's youth; and her heart had the half-ache of tenderness that springs when the ghosts of youthful illusions have flitted through it, like the phosphorescent wake of a vessel. When she walked home she was thinking about the Pynsents still. She glanced through the fence pickets; there was no sign of human life in the yard, though there should have been, since two cockerels were seeking each other's gore with violence.

Inside the shabby little kitchen both Madam Pynsent and Clara sat behind the drawn shades. Or rather Madam

Pynsent sat in the only rocking-chair of the house, and Clara was working at a remarkable-looking piece of furniture, in appearance a cross between a show-case and a donkey engine, in reality an incubator. On the kitchen stove bubbled that healthful preparation of maize known to commerce as "shorts." The kitchen table was spread with newspapers, and at present occupied by nine healthy and active little turkeys, not yet advanced from down to feathers, that rambled over it and talked to each other about getting down. A tenth little turkey was asleep in Mrs. Pynsent's hand.

Presently Clara crossed the room and peered out of the window, herself hidden by the curtain. She was a narrow-chested, deep-waisted woman, who did not hold herself so erect as her mother. Her high forehead, softened by no stray curls, displayed all its severe height. The features below, delicate, aquiline, and haughty, would have been pretty with a becoming arrangement of the glossy dark hair; but the hair, growing thin now, was drawn back in the compactest and most rigid of knots. About the whole person of the woman was a desolate neatness as intolerant of ornament as of untidiness. A dead woman could hardly show less vanity. There was no helping of charms, no hiding of defects. She was clean, she was decently covered with whole clothes, and she seemed to desire no more.

In a woman such stoical disdain of vanity is always pitiful; for it declares the extinguishment of hope. If a woman ceases to try to look her best it is because she has lost her desire to please; and only in a metaphorical or a real coffin does a woman lose her desire to please!

But Clara Pynsent, for many a year, had esteemed her life ended. She scanned the street listlessly, but when she saw Harriet pause and look through the pickets, a kind of sparkle kindled in her eyes. In her pretty young days Clara's eyes were beautiful. They were a dark violet in color, with long black lashes. They had in them that softness and liquid brightness which make the gazer forget whether eyes are large or small, or round or almond. A boy in the university, who put pomade on his hair and made himself ill, occasionally, eating too freely of the plum-cake and mince-pie sent him by a fond mother, but had nevertheless, a poetic soul, used to write sonnets to Clara's eyes.

"When we were girls, together," said Clara, absently, "Harrie had a leghorn hat. She is wearing a leghorn hat, now."

Madam Pynsent did not notice, she went on with her own train of thought. "The Brahmas are out; I heard the hen clucking and the chickens were cheeping; I finished whitewashing the coop for them and the dirt bath is already; seeing Harrie so, put it out of my mind. Mrs. President somehow got over the garden fence and gorged herself with lettuce, and she had another fight with Myra Allison; I think you will have to kill Myra, she is always fighting."

Clara turned from the window. "But she is such a good mother, and don't you remember how she fought off the rat?"

"Yes, but she is four years old, and when a fowl is four years old the books say its usefulness is over and it should be killed."

"I don't care what the books say; there is Harriet Bissell *seven* years old ——"

"Well, you know the editor of the poultry paper said that she was a wonder; but I don't suppose you would have killed her if she were as sick and useless as the first Harriet; and *she* was twelve years old before she died, always fed on the best, and never an egg; you *never* kill Harriet Bissell!"

Clara's faint smile was all her answer; but then it is quite true; she never did kill the hen called Harriet Bissell.

Little did Harriet, whose kindness had been repulsed with such ferocious haughtiness, dream what a vivid interest she was to that solitary soul. Upstairs in the black walnut writing-desk, a relic of ante-bellum opulence, were all those unanswered letters, creased and worn with reading. And pasted on the leaves of an old ledger, mingled with recipes for chicken diseases and notices from poultry journals, of "Miss C. Pynsent's superb exhibits of Asiatics," were half a dozen or so newspaper

items, announcing the appointment of Professor Richard A. Fennimore, "whose charming wife would be remembered by many friends in Wiatioc as Miss Harriet Bissell," to this and that honorable position, announcing Professor Fennimore's death at length, announcing more at length the return of his widow to "her childhood's home," with incidental remarks on the progress of the university. Near the ledger lay a pile of "Scribes." The Scribe is the university paper of which Dick Fennimore is junior editor. Clara had subscribed to it ever since Martin informed her of the latter fact.

She subscribed, also, to the local journal and two poultry papers. During the last five years a few thin blades of human interest had sprouted in the desert.

When the blow fell and two helpless, lonely women who had quarrelled promptly with their kinsmen, faced the problem of earning their bread, it did not enter their heads that they could make poultry-keeping their staff. No, they thought of Clara's beautiful embroidery and needlework. But Clara had amused herself with fowls, and it was not easy to dispose of costly hens at short notice, and eggs are so nourishing, and there was provender to spare in the great empty stables. When they moved the fowls went with them.

They were given the rent of house and land by the cousin who was administrator of the estate. Clara was one of the heirs, but no money was obtainable before the division. Meanwhile, however, the Pynsents lived in peace on the place. A narrow, hard, poverty-smitten peace it was, with often little to eat and the same clothes to be made over each year; but at least there was a roof over their heads, though a leaky one, and a lock on the door. To be alone, out of the reach of pity, was their one hope, then.

After a while the fowls throve and multiplied, as is the kindly custom of poultry with a careful keeper. They began to sell winter eggs and spring chickens; from common eggs and ordinary chickens they grew into the providers of high-bred fowls too valuable to eat and eggs of price. Clara discovered the well known "Wiatioc Cure for Roup," and the "Anti-gapes Mixture," which, as all poultry fanciers of the region can assure you, faithfully applied has never been known to fail. Her flock became celebrated, and the postman began to stop at the gate. Rufe, the black man across the street, who eked out his wife's earnings with politics and odd jobs, was employed more and more, building fences and coops. Compared to their first estate of want they were opulent; they had meat for themselves as well as the chickens; they bought new clothes.

At first Madam Pynsent paid little attention to the poultry. She was a proud woman, who could never forget how often her father's family name was written on the pages of Massachusetts history. Had she remained in the East and mingled with richer and more important personages than herself her family pride would not have passed the bounds of ordinary arrogance; but she went with her husband to a little Western town where they were the richest people; and away from the grandeur of the Phillipses, it steadily grew in her fancy. Year by year she secretly admired the Phillips family and despised the West more intensely, until the crash came. Then, her pride of birth and station denied its customary expression became a torrent to devastate her own haughty soul. She hated the pity that her warm-hearted, unconscious neighbors would have proffered. And since, because of Clara and the Bible, she could not die and escape under the ground, safe from prying eyes, she made herself dead to every interest and enjoyment of life. She kept in the house, never venturing out save after dusk. She worked at the tasks that earned them bread; but, when they were over, she would sit for hours, sunk into a kind of lethargy similar to that which wraps the senses of lunatics. It was well for Clara that she had never visited an insane asylum, or she might have recognized the pose, as her mother sat in the corner away from the window, her beautiful hands, from which all the rings were gone, lying limp on her knees, her head bowed and her face a motionless mask of dead pain.

The turkeys first roused her. It began with her tending some small orphans to help Clara. Then, when the wee, downy, friendly things came hopping at her call or cheeped for loneliness if she left them, insensibly she grew to notice them, and when she nursed the puniest turkey through an attack of roup — that she doubtless brought on him herself, stuffing every chance of air out of his box lest he should catch cold — she surrendered openly.

She had scorned the comfort her chickens were to Clara's affectionate nature, and sometimes when her daughter would come in, a smoking revolver in her hand, a white streak about her lips (because at this time they were so poor that they must kill their own chickens), she would sneer: "Why do you mind it so much? It doesn't hurt; and if it did, haven't you been hurt yourself enough to know it doesn't matter?"

But, after the turkeys began to follow her everywhere, she would not have a turkey killed. It was Madam Pynsent named the hens and turkeys. With a sardonic flight of humor, she named them in caricature of the worthy people whom she had been used to regard complacently, as from a height, and whom she now hated because she judged that they had the right to pity her. But it was Clara who named the very stateliest turkey-cock "Mr. Martin," in honor of the worthy butcher who did all their business. He was a shrewd, kind man, and he did not refuse the commission that they offered him. "Never you mind, Ellie," he said to his wife, who would reproach him, "they'd jest go somewhere else if I wouldn't, and I can make it up to them, some way!"

There is no doubt that he did. In spite of his precautions, the Pynsents were conscious of a kind of homely good angel watching over them; and they were grateful in their own manner. "Martin certainly has been extremely kind and serviceable," Madam Pynsent declared majestically; and Clara made him a present of a thirteen (which for some mystic reason is the poultry dozen) of Indian game eggs and a sitting hen, on the first decent opportunity. Whether the gift can be classed as a kindness may be doubted by the cynical, since Mrs. Martin, who had permitted half a dozen hens and a cock of no particular descent to forage a living in her backyard, on the *laisser faire* principle, the fittest surviving and the unfittest dying in winter, and eggs always a pleasant surprise, was thereby allured into a scientific treatment of poultry, and Mr. Martin was obliged to see the carpenter about a new chicken-house in less than a month. Through Martin, the two recluses heard all their news. It was from him that Clara first learned that Mrs. Fennimore had returned. She came back from her marketing, looking so pale that her mother frowned. "Are you sick, child?" she asked, sharply—Madam Pynsent's generation did not say ill.

"No, mother," Clara answered, listlessly, "just tired. The sun was warm. Mother, whom do you suppose I saw down-town—but she didn't see me?"

"What difference does it make whom you saw? Nobody can be of any consequence to us now." Mrs. Pynsent spoke more wearily than Clara.

"I feel as if I had seen a ghost—the ghost of my youth. Mother," she looked up a little wistfully, "it was Harriet Bissell; she has come back to Wiatioc!"

Madam Pynsent dropped the gown on which she was sewing; there was genuine emotion now in her face, but it was of fear. "Do you think she will come here, daughter? Surely she will not force herself on us after your never answering her letters."

"Oh, there is no danger of her coming, mother! She will most likely have forgotten us entirely by this time."

But there was an accent in the curt words that belied them.

Madam Pynsent drew up her slim shape and bent her once flashing eyes on Clara's pale face. "If she does come, if she has the presumption to force her presence on us because we are poor and defenceless, Clara, it may as well be understood that she must not be allowed to enter the house—not while I am alive! And you will not have any unnecessary words with her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother, I understand. But

there is no danger," repeated Clara. Then she went upstairs and took out the book where were laid the letters that never had been answered, and read them again. She walked over to the cracked mirror and gazed, smiling drearily, at her faded face. "Of course she will not come," she said, "and she would not know me if she did. She always used to be telling me how pretty I was. She wasn't pretty exactly, then; but she is handsome now. Perhaps if I had answered those letters, she would have written some more; we should have kept a little track of each other; maybe I should be glad, now, that she is here."

A slow flush crept over her face and neck; she frowned at the half-scared eyes in the glass. "Now, I am sorry! Very sorry!" said she, firmly.

Because she was sorry, perhaps, she started at every passing shadow that halted before their gate during the next week. But when Harriet really came, she was in the kitchen over the incubator-lamp, and did not see her. She heard the click of the gate and ran to the window. Harriet, looking less cheerful and determined than usual, was walking carefully along the single plank that served for a walk to the house. Clara caught her breath; outside in the shed, she could hear the irregular thuds of the hatchet; her mother was chopping wood.

She walked to the door and opened it, for Harriet had rapped. Harriet thought that she looked like the wooden statue of a woman.

"What can I do for you, Madam?" said Clara. The words, Harriet told her son, sounded as if they had been carved out of her wooden throat.

"Clara," said Harriet, "have I changed so much that you don't know me?"

There is something more affecting about a voice that has been dear than even the sight of a face that we have loved; and for the space of an eyebeam Clara's features relaxed; but she heard the hatchet strokes again, and she answered steadily: "You haven't changed much, Mrs. Fennimore, but nobody can have anything to do with me except about the chickens."

"Very well, Clara," said Mrs. Fennimore, who, to be sure, grew red, "then will you sell me some fowls? I want to set my boy up in chicken-keeping."

Clara asked no questions about Mrs. Fennimore's boy, or whether she had any other children; she asked: "Do you want to buy fowls or a hatching of eggs?"

"Why, I might as well have both, I suppose," said the obliging customer.

"And what kind? I have all the Asiatics, and Dorkings, and Houdans, and Plymouth Rocks, and Leghorns. For a good all-round fowl I don't know anything better than the Brahmas; but it depends something on your run——"

"Are the Brahmas pretty—but Dick will not care for that; I suppose they are good layers?" Harriet confessed to Dick that she had heard the expression somewhere, and determined to be impressive, being, in fact, densely ignorant; and immediately she fell into the pit, for on Clara's response that Brahmas were especially good layers, she added, out of the promptings of folly, "How many eggs will one hen lay in a day?"

Clara's emotionless eyes brightened, though her voice kept its stolid monotony. "I never knew hens to lay but one egg a day; I don't think they can," said she.

But Harriet, who should have been disconcerted, laughed outright. "You see I might better have confessed I don't know a thing about poultry except how to cook it; then I should not have been found out." In this bare-faced way did she meet exposure, and she went on quite easily, describing the poultry-yard that she wanted to have for Dick, while they picked out the fowls. So weak was Clara (as she accused herself later), that she could not resist the lure, and before they parted she had shown her entire yard.

Madam Pynsent looked stern, and Clara felt indescribably guilty when she hurried into the kitchen to prepare supper. "I really could not help it," she explained, deprecatingly, "she did not know anything, and she asked questions, and she bought thirty dollars' worth, mother."

"You could have gotten rid of her had you tried, or I should say had you known *how*," amended Madam Pyn-

sent in her stateliest manner; "it is a *gaucherie*, my dear, to have people intrude conversation on you which you do not desire. And you might have considered how nervous I was every minute, not knowing but she might break in here—she seems to hesitate at nothing. I don't know where this is to end!"

She was so wounded and so indignant that she wouldn't eat a morsel of her pet cornbread which Clara had prepared with an aim of propitiation. Though her kingdom had so shrunken, Madam Pynsent was a despot in it still.

But Harriet Fennimore never overstepped the bounds tacitly laid down in the first interview. She came seldom. Whenever she came, she asked gravely concerning Madam Pynsent's health, to which Clara always answered, in the counterpart of her own tone: "Thank you, mother is as well as usual," leaving it open, as Harriet said to Dick, whether Mrs. Pynsent's usual health was robust or she was a chronic invalid who was simply no worse.

Young Dick came oftener than his mother. He was a tall fellow who stooped a trifle out of sheer laziness, the more inexcusable since he was an athlete. He had a very fair skin like his mother's, and his smile and his voice were like hers. He never recognized any embarrassment in the situation, but came and went as he would have gone to Martin's.

One night, at what to the Pynsents, who rose too early to burn their lamp late, was a most unholy hour—it was ten o'clock, in fact—he knocked them up out of their beds, to beg Miss Pynsent to look at his best Brahma's swelled crop.

"It is a shame to wake you up!" he called at the top of his cheerful voice, "but I saw the light and didn't know, and Lord Eric is in such pain, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind advising me what to do— If you would just put your head out of the window——"

"No, I will come—— Do you think I could go down, mother, or shall I—he could come to-morrow"—— Clara tangled herself up in her distressed phrases; but Madam Pynsent called out of the window: "This is a most surprising hour to come; but as you *have* come, Miss Pynsent will go down."

And go down Clara did, and relieved the suffering fowl with a lancet and a needle, to Dick's huge admiration.

He was profuse in apologies and thanks, and he did show a trace of confusion when he ended his speech. "I don't know what is the proper—fee—but"——

"I don't know either," replied Clara, waiving back his bank-note, "it will have to be thrown in with the chickens. And remember, don't give him any hard food for a few days."

"She dismissed me with quite a regal air," laughed Dick, recounting the episode to his mother, "but really she was very nice; I think we should get very chummy if it weren't for the old dame. And I can tell you something else, mamma, she has been taking advantage of our youth and inexperience, and naturally confiding natures, to sell us eggs and chickens under price, right straight along!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Fennimore, "and I do so want to help them, and I thought this was such a clever way!"

"I don't know," said Dick, shrewdly, "maybe you helped them more than if it had been the other way."

And his mother thought fondly that the lad grew more like his father every day. "Oh, Richard," she cried in her heart, "if you could only see our boy; if I could only have you here with me for a little while to tell you about him!" And then, as that old, old ache of the soul came over her, she thought of Clara, and pitied her because she could never have such a pain. This had been the day before she saw Madam Pynsent.

Clara thought of the Fennimores all day. The accidental encounter between her mother and Harriet, she herself could not have told why, raised her spirits. Perhaps her mother would be more reconciled, now, to Dick's coming; perhaps she would see, since Harriet did not attempt to speak to her, that it was friendship and kindness, not presumptuous curiosity, had brought her old friend to their gate.

She went out in the yard with her mother to attend to the coming Brah-

mas. Then her mother went into the house, leaving her weeding the garden; and it was while she was hoeing the potatoes, which grew nearest the fence, that she saw a paralyzing spectacle. Yet it was a commonplace sight to see a young man crossing the street somewhat rapidly and diving into the low door of the bakery. But Clara grasped the pickets of the fence in both hands and her skin paled and her eyes glazed, because the young man was Dick Fennimore. Not until that moment, when she felt her heart in her throat, did she realize that she had grown fond of the bright young creature.

"Maybe he just went for fun, because someone dared him," she muttered, feebly; "he'll come right out. I know he wouldn't go there to drink."

She waited, hoping to see the door swing open and to hear the jangle of the bell as it would slam behind the tall, light figure. But the door did not move. The sun blazed on the curtainless window making of it a dazzling white smudge. There was no seeing into the shop.

"Well, it isn't any business of mine," she cried; and she began to hoe vehemently. Very soon she halted; she looked over at the bakery. He had not come out.

She leaned on her hoe, but only to fling it aside with a start. This time it was not Dick that disturbed her, but a handsome and dignified gentleman who walked up the street on the opposite side, pausing for a second and looking over at the bakery, before he leaned over Rufe Collins's fence and entered into deep converse with that worthy.

"It is President Carroll," breathed Clara, clasping her worn hands and wringing them unconsciously in her panic, "if he sees Dick——"

What she did next would have seemed to her no longer ago than morning a frantic proceeding, impossible for a decent gentlewoman; but she did it almost with ease. After a single wild searching of the house-front with her eyes, she walked firmly up to that strange man, to whom she had never spoken a word, and said: "This is President Carroll? Mr. Martin tells me you are looking for some Houdans; as you are so near my yard, won't you step in and look at them?"

And she kept the president for at least half an hour until she saw the bakery door open and Dick go out, casting a swift glance to right and left as he went. He had something under his arm.

The president had courteously thanked her, paid her and departed, before Madam Pynsent hazarded an appearance in the yard. She walked very erect. Clara was mending the fence. She did not look up; the very sound of her mother's step on the planks forewarned her.

"You are not hitting your nails on the head, Clara," was the beginning; then, "Clara, why was that man here?"

"That was the president."

"Of course I know it was the president, and I know you deliberately went out to speak to him," said Madam Pynsent, icily. "I am asking you why you did such—such an extraordinary thing?"

Neither of them noticed that Clara, who was kneeling at her work, as she turned knelt before her mother while she told about Dick.

Sternly Madam Pynsent listened, sternly she turned away, saying, "I hoped that you had *some* reason, though a poor one. You are too impulsive. I think you had better look at Dick Fennimore, he sounds roupy to me."

Dick Fennimore was Madam Pynsent's pet young turkey; Clara had built some modest hopes of her mother's softening because of that name, even if the name-bestowal had been accompanied by the sneer, "He has precisely the same hobbledehoy gait of that boy!"

They looked at Turkey Dick together, and Madam Pynsent dosed him, and Clara rubbed him with vaseline; but there was no further allusion to the Fennimores.

At dinner, however, Madam Pynsent deliberately addressed her daughter. "Why don't you eat your stew? Do you suppose Harriet Bissell would lose her appetite if we both were dying?"

"No, ma'am," says Clara, meekly.

"Then what concern, pray, is it of ours if her son does choose to degrade himself by frequenting low saloons?"

"I never saw him go but this once, mother," Clara struck in eagerly, "and I am so much in the yard I surely must have seen him if he did go!"

"Once is once too often," remarked Madam Pynsent. Clara assented, but her appetite did not return. In the afternoon Madam Pynsent came out to watch her sick turkey. It was not customary for her to talk of the past, but she talked of Phillips. His remembrance was the one human, uncorroded part of all her woful memories. He had never given her anything but pride and happiness until he died, and his death was an apotheosis. She described the funeral to Clara, the crowd filing through the church to look at the flag-draped coffin, the soldiers and the "Dead March;" the volley at the grave, and the last weird farewell of the bugle.

"He was only twenty-two when he was killed," she said, "only nineteen when he volunteered."

"That is just Dick Fennimore's age," said Clara. Madam Pynsent frowned.

The afternoon waned. While Clara worked, her lips would now and then quiver. Finally they stiffened; and Madam Pynsent, who never missed a change, looked puzzled.

"Mother," Clara ventured, desperately, "don't you think his mother ought to know?"

A grim smile flickered over the delicate old mouth, as Madam Pynsent answered: "I don't think she will thank anyone for telling her! If you had lived as long in the world as I, child, you would know that."

"But she ought to know; it may be just beginning, and he doesn't know the danger"—but Clara had not the courage to proceed with her entreaty; she wanted to ask to go to Harriet's; when Madam Pynsent shrugged her shoulders the words died on her lips.

"You better shut up the coops, now, Clara," said Madam Pynsent. Clara shut up all the coops. She coaxed the little orphans of the incubator into their resting-place, she visited the hospital where the single occupant, Dick Fennimore the turkey, greeted her with a croaking chirp. Occasionally, when she thought that her mother would not observe her, she brushed her hand hurriedly across her eyes. She could not do this, however, the last part of her rounds, because Madam Pynsent was at her elbow, watching her with a sombre attention, doing nothing herself.

"There is one thing to be said for Harriet Bissell," says Madam Pynsent, "her mother was a lady."

"Yes, ma'am," says Clara, meekly.

"And Harrie meant kindly by those letters."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!"

"But it was presuming for her to come here after we had shown her so plainly, in such a marked way, I may say, that we did not wish to see her. I should almost call it vulgar—yet in most respects Harrie is ladylike."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was inconsiderate, too, that young fellow's coming so late."

"He didn't mean to be——"

"He *was*," replied Madam Pynsent, firmly; "young people never are *meaning* to do things. Thoughtlessness is no excuse for inconsiderateness."

Clara had not the heart to answer; she never did answer her mother's platitudes.

"If you are going to see Harriet Bissell, this afternoon, you better go now," said Madam Pynsent in the same tone, "so you can get home before dark."

Clara gasped; but after such death in life as their existence, expression does not come readily. "I guess I better," murmured Clara.

She hardly knew her own self as she walked to Harriet's. She was in torment at the vision of her reception; she ached with pity for the mother and the boy; her hands were cold and trembled; she felt her heart thumping her ribs as if it were a hammer in a fierce, uncertain hand, but abating fright and pain, was a warm sensation of action, of freedom.

How it chilled and dwindled, however, the instant the daintily curtained windows of the Fennimore house twinkled on her sight! She steadied herself by the gate, for her legs shook under her, and all the blood in her body was thundering on her heart. "Oh, I just *can't* do it," she gasped, "I don't need to!" And she had actually turned;

she might have run back home had not a womanish thought griped her will, and whispered that such a tremendous effort, such violence to every nerve in her, could not be useless ; and Harriet would be allowed to save her boy. It may be that it was a survival in poor Clara, who was very nearly a pagan through her misery and solitude, of the puritan notions of the value of suffering, that she should be persuaded that because her effort was so painful to her, the Lord would surely allow it to help her friend. She flung her head back and walked up to the house as she would have walked upon a rattlesnake.

Before she was half-way down the walk Harriet Fennimore opened the door and ran to her. She held out both her hands, saying, "Clara, do you remember when I used to see you coming I always ran to the gate?"

Clara did not know how it happened ; something tense in her heart seemed to snap ; she let Harriet put an arm about her waist and kiss her cheek and draw her to the porch ; but there she made a stand.

"No, Harrie," she cried, "no, let me sit down here ; perhaps you won't want to ask me in after you've heard why I came. Harrie, no doubt he can explain it all, and it's all right, but this morning I saw Dick go into Jemmy Waller's."

"This morning?" repeated Mrs. Fennimore. She looked up at Clara's burning cheeks, and little mottles of color came and went in her own face ; but she did not loosen Clara's hand which she was still holding.

Clara told her story.

During the recital Mrs. Fennimore remained quite composed ; once or twice she smiled ; but she was grave enough when she answered Clara. "Thank you for coming, Clara. I shall never forget it. But I don't think you need to be afraid that Dick will go wrong that way. He has his faults, but his temptations do not lie in that direction. But I will talk with him. And now that you are once more really in my home, Clara—I have wanted to see you there so long—won't you stay and have tea with me? And see Dick's chickens"—she smiled again and beckoned to a figure in the yard—"he is so anxious to show them to you!"

It lifted a weight off Clara's heart to see Dick coming toward them with every token of sobriety ; but she would not stay. "I will come another time," she said, hastily, hardly realizing her own rashness. And she added : "Come to see me, Harrie, please."

"I guess mother will not be angry," she thought to herself, on her way home. "I couldn't help saying it, somehow! Oh, how kind she was!"

Harriet watched her. Dick had gone back to his chickens, his proffer of escort declined, but Mrs. Allison stepped through the library window out on the porch, with a flutter of draperies and arms.

"Harriet Fennimore," she cried, "I heard every word!"

"Why, so you must," said Harriet, calmly, "unless you put cotton in your ears or moved away from the window you couldn't very well help it!"

"And I did neither," said Mrs. Allison, "you heroic humbug! I got as close as I could get and I listened as hard as I could. Why didn't you tell her that he only went there after the president's dog, because he knew they wouldn't give it to the president out of spite, but they might to him, and the president waited outside, and they were both to dinner and the president told us himself? You let her think Dick went there on his own account. I think that is carrying politeness over the fence, as Dick says. I don't understand it!"

"Don't you?" questioned Harriet, smiling, "well, it wasn't that I enjoy Dick being considered started on the road to ruin, I assure you. But I have been thinking of the Pynsents all day, and my heart was very soft to them ; and when I opened my lips to tell the truth, it came over me what a sacrifice of their pride they had made to warn me ; and now should I show them that what they deemed the greatest of services was only a joke? Myra, I hadn't the heart! It was as if they had put their heads a little, little way out of the suffocating shell their pride has built over them, and I should hit them with a stick and push them back! While let

her really suppose she has done me a kindness, she will be willing, and Madam Pynsent will be willing, to see me and let me see them; and time will help me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but I am not at all sure you are right!" said Mrs. Allison. "I am only sure you are a dear!"

But Clara was going home happier than she had been for twenty years. She did not know it; but she had begun again to live.

LOVE'S GUERDON.

By Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

Love saith: If thou wilt bring
The gracious tribute of a perfect faith,
Each secret thought, each consecrated thing,
If thou wilt bring (Love saith);

If thou wilt freely give
Thy life-work, life itself if need may be;
Or what is more, for my sake dare to live,
My servant utterly;

If thou wilt bring (saith Love)
A single purpose and a broken heart,
And set thy fealty to me above
Thy hopes, thy aims, thy art;

If thou wilt offer me
All thy life's hours and deem the tribute small,
Owning my absolute supremacy,
If thou wilt offer all;

Love saith: If thou wilt dwell
In the low places of the earth, content
To hearken to my voice half audible,
Nor give thy longing vent;

If this, and more than this,
Thou wilt endure for love of me (Love saith),
Hear thou thy lot, how very sweet it is,
The guerdon of thy faith:—

I do adjudge thee fit
To bow in worship at my shrine, but I
Will turn my face with gracious promise lit
On them that pass me by.

Thou all thy weary days
Mayst gaze on me afar by night and morn,
But only they shall look upon my face
That laugh my name to scorn.

Portrait of Mme Roland in the Musée Carnavalet.

MADAME ROLAND.

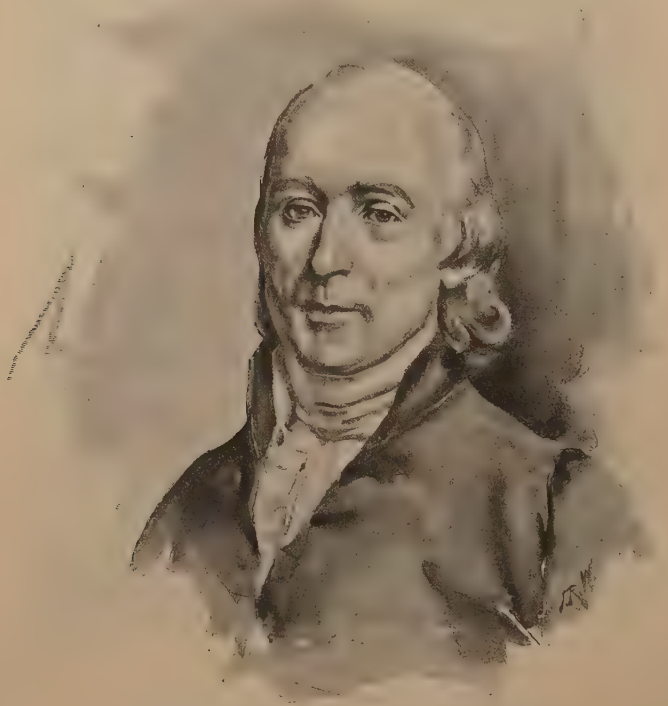
By Ida M. Tarbell.

"In Paris, in order to meet the people you want to see," said the gossiping Mercier a hundred years ago, "all that is necessary is to promenade an hour a day on the Pont Neuf." In those times loungers, gossips, recruiting agents, vendors of all sorts, *saltimbanques*, quacks, men of fashion, women of pleasure, the high, the low, *Tout Paris*, in short, surged back and forth across the bridge.

To-day *Tout Paris* is gone to the boulevards. It is there one stations himself to discover if the person he seeks is in the city; it is there he hears the wittiest *pont-neufs*, those bon-mots and songs which by their very title recall the ancient centre of Parisian wit and gayety. Gone from the bridge, too, is the familiar pump, *La Samaritaine*, with its clock whose hands were always lagging, and its chimes which played at the passing of the king; gone the *Petite Académie*, refuge of pictures refused at the Salon; gone, in short, all the distinctive life of the old bridge. But if the Pont Neuf is no longer the centre of Parisian life, something of its old-time appearance still remains. The masks of Germain Pilon still mock and grin under the cornice, Henri Quatre still sits his steed, and in front of him still stand two old houses, relics of the famous façades in brick and stone with which the good king decorated the Place Dauphine, at the same time that he built the great bridge and constructed the arcades of the Place Royale.

It is for one of these old houses—that

facing the north—that we have come to the Pont Neuf. For, in the apartment of the second story, lived in the Philipon, as she is familiarly called—is to become the Madame Roland of the French Revolution.



Roland de la Platière, after the painting by Hesse.*

eighteenth century a little bourgeois girl whose life here, as recorded in her "Letters and Memoirs," supplies us with the most attractive material we have on her class at that time, the material which, illustrated by the pictures of Chardin, furnishes the de Goncourts of to-day their most striking descriptions. The life of the little girl in the old house has, however, another claim on us. It was here that she developed sentiments, nourished a character, worked out ideals and theories which made her a few years later one of the active forces in the *personnel* which overthrew Louis XVI., secured the adoption of the republican form of government by France, and let loose in her country a revolutionary spirit which a hundred years have not entirely calmed. For the little girl, Marie-Jeanne Philipon—Manon

The life of the small bourgeoisie of France in the eighteenth century was a tranquil, honest affair, a round of the simplest pleasures, the quietest duties. The household of M. Philipon represented most of its virtues, few of its vices. M. Philipon himself was a well-to-do gold and silver engraver whose ambition to be rich had led him to sacrifice somewhat his art to commerce. He was a little selfish, slightly common in his tastes, not always agreeable to live with when crossed in his wishes, but, on the whole, a respectable man, devoted to his family, with too great regard for what his neighbors would say of him to do anything flagrantly vulgar, and too good a heart to be continually disagreeable. What he lacked in dignity of character and elevation of sentiments, Mme Philipon supplied—a serene, high-minded woman, knowing no other life than that of her

* Hesse's portrait is by far the best modern representation of Roland.

View of the Pont Neuf, as Seen from Near the Louvre. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

(The house in which Mme Roland passed her girlhood is that directly over the last arch of the bridge, to the right. The Conciergerie and Pont au Change to the left.)

family, ambitious for nothing but duty. She is a perfect model for the gracious housewife in *La mère laborieuse* and *Le bénédicité* of Chardin, and her face might well have served as the original for the exquisite pastel of the Louvre, Chardin's wife.

Clos de la Platière near Villefranche-sur-Saône.—Side facing the court.

(The apartment occupied by the Rolands at Clos was that at the left in the second story.)

Manon was the only child of seven, left to the Philipon household. She was born in Paris, March 18, 1754, not in the house on the Quai de l'Horloge, but in the rue de la Lanterne, now rue de la Cité, near Notre-Dame. The date of the removal of the family to the Quai de l'Horloge is so problematic that the Paris Committee of Inscriptions has never ventured to put up a commemorative plaque on the house. The probable date, however, is 1755. Uncertain as it may be, it is sure that the first two years of the little girl's life were spent in the country with a nurse—a French custom which still prevails, in spite of Rousseau—and that when she came back to the Île de la Cité she was large enough to be vividly impressed by its brilliant panoramas. It was the Pont Neuf and the quais which gave her her first education—an education soon supplanted by the catechism and masters, the one to prepare her for her first communion, the other to teach her to read and to write, to give her some ideas of history and geography and even of Latin, and to train her to sing, to dance, and to play the guitar and the violin.

The real education of Manon was not what she was receiving in these orthodox ways, she had begun to read—to read with absorption, energy, ardor. The books which passed through her hands were of the most haphazard sorts. Before she was eleven years old she had read the lives of all the saints, the Civil Wars of Appias, a work on the Turkish theatre, Scarron, many volumes of travels and memoirs, a treaty on Contracts, another on Heraldry—and the latter to such good purpose that she amazed her father by criticising some of his work composed against the rules of the art—Tasso, Télémaque, Candide, Plutarch. The passion for reading consumed her. If books failed she reread the old ones. Her conceptions were intense. She became Eucharis for Télémaque, Erminia for Tancred, and she carried Plutarch to church in guise of a prayer-book, weeping that she had not been born two thousand years ago in Sparta or in Athens.

The Same.—Pavilion on the left side of the house opening on the court.

(The apartment occupied by the Rolands included the room in the second story of the pavilion and those at each side.)

Her greed for learning, her sensitiveness were accompanied by equal reflective powers. In an unpublished letter * written to Roland years later, Manon says of this period of her life and of her development:

"Nature made me sensitive, my solitary education, in concentrating my affections, rendered them more vivid and more profound. I experienced happiness and sorrow before I was able to call them by their names; they became the subjects of my earliest meditations. I was active and isolated, and I reflected at the age when one is usually busy with toys."

Religion became her first great enthusiasm, and she begged to go to a convent to prepare for her first communion. Her parents consented and chose for her one of those quiet, peaceable retreats for girls and women of the bourgeoisie class, so frequent in the Paris of the eighteenth century—that of the Dames de la Congrégation, rue Neuve-Saint-Étienne, near the Jardin des Plantes.

The convent did very little for her intellect, but much for her development. It calmed her religious frenzy by giving her plenty of devout exercises, and it furnished her a new outlet for her emotions—a friend, a young girl from Amiens, Sophie Cannet by name. This friendship took at once the form of a passionate devotion, and when the girls parted, they began a correspondence which is undoubtedly the most remarkable correspondence between two girls ever published.† Never were there more ardent love letters written than those of Manon to Sophie. She commiserates all the world who does not know the joys of friendship. She suffers tortures when Sophie's letters are delayed, and, like every lover since the beginning of the postal service, evolves plans for improving its promptness and its exactness. She reads and rereads the letters which always fill her pockets, and she rises from her bed at midnight to fill pages with declarations of her fondness.

This intensity did not prevent Manon including much in her letters which is valuable in a study of her personality. For her to feel, to think, to aspire, was to write. All her life, up to the very evening of the last day, she had the passion for the pen. Her letters to Sophie contain not alone her love, but a detailed and exact, if diffuse, account of her development. Never was person more interested in himself, more given to reflection on human conduct and relations, more determined to develop a sufficient philosophy. She shows remarkable independence in her judgments, comparisons, and criticisms, having flung authority overboard very early. It began with religion. The eternal condemnation of those who have refused, or have never known, the faith was the first stumbling-block. In the unpublished letter quoted from above, she says: "I rejected the authority which forced me to believe a cruel absurdity. The first step taken, the rest of the route was not long, and I examined all with suspicion." She certainly examined all conscientiously, reading dutifully all the apologists of the Catholic Church suggested by her good curé, and also reading immediately after—not by the suggestion of the curé, we may be sure—all the philosophers and sceptics whom they pretended to refute.

The philosophers overwhelmed the apologists. Manon did not, however, abandon the church. She explains that she feared to afflict her mother and to give a bad example to the domestic, if she neglected religious forms. Nor did she succeed in adopting any particular system of philosophy. "The same thing happens to me," she says in one of her letters, "that happened to the prince

* A valuable series of unpublished letters and papers by both M. and Mme Roland were given to the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, in 1888, by Mme Faugère, the oldest of the great-granddaughters of the Rolands. These MSS. fill seven volumes in what is known as the New French Acquisitions of the Department of MSS., Nos. 6238–6244. Among the letters of Mme Roland, those written to Roland before their marriage are of extreme interest. As Roland's letters are in the deposit, we have their correspondence complete at that period. The MSS. are particularly rich in letters and papers of Roland himself from the time when he was an employé at Rouen to the end of his second ministry.

I have also had access to a quantity of unedited MSS. dating from the girlhood of Mme Roland and belonging to M. Léon Marillier of the École des Hautes Études of Paris. It is a pleasure to express here my gratitude to both Mme Marillier and her son for their kindness in aiding me in my search for materials on the life of Mme Roland.

† The best edition of the letters of Mlle Philipon to the Demoiselle Cannet is by C. A. Dauban, Paris, 1867. Henri Plon. It fills two large volumes and extends from 1777 to 1781, the year after the marriage of Mlle Philipon with M. Roland.

who went to the courts to hear the pleas. The last lawyer who spoke always seemed to him to be the one who was right." Her last philosopher was always right. A strange phase in the transformation from Christianity to free-thinking which Manon Philipon underwent, is that she seems never to have experienced any of the suffering, the bewilderment, the grief which loss of faith causes to so many. It was a characteristic of hers to abandon almost without complaint anything which her reason condemned—a characteristic of only unusually self-sufficient and self-complacent natures.

It would be a wrong to Mlle Philipon to give the idea that the religious sense died within her. On the contrary, it remained to the end. She arrived in her solitary studies at that religious idealism which consoles itself with the meaning of things and dispenses with the forms. Without knowing it she became a philosopher. Unaided, she reached to nearly all of the advanced conclusions of the eighteenth century. With Bernardin St. Pierre she became naturalist, and never did he and Rousseau, in their tramps in the environs of Paris, rejoice more profoundly over the beauties of the world, enter more deeply into the mysteries of nature, than did Manon Philipon when in her girlhood she wandered in the allées of the forest of Meudon or of the Bois de Vincennes. With Rousseau she became subjective, cultivator of the *Moi*, confessor of herself. She read Plutarch, studied the English constitution, watched the growth of the struggling new country across the Atlantic, and as a result became, like thousands of young people all over France at that period, a republican enamoured of ideals of republican simplicity, of justice and of virtue, and above all of equality and of liberty for all men. "If before I had been born, I had been given the choice of a government," she writes at twenty, "I should have decided on a republic. It is true that I should have wished it to be different from anything at present in Europe." Though pronouncedly republican in sympathies Manon Philipon was not in her young womanhood a hater of the existing régime, as many have represented her to be from reading her "Memoirs" only. On the contrary, she was a loyal subject of Louis XVI. When that prince came to the throne she wrote to her friend: "The ministers are enlightened and well disposed, the young prince docile and eager for good, the queen amiable and beneficent, the court kind and respectable, the legislative body honorable, the people obedient, wishing only to love their master, the kingdom full of resources. Ah, but we are going to be happy!" And again she declares, "If I were in the position to do it, I should serve my prince with as much ardor as the most zealous Frenchman, though never with that blind devotion for his master with which he is born. A good king seems to me to be a creature almost adorable;" and this she wrote at the time of that visit to Versailles which, as described in her "Memoirs," nineteen years later, has been so often used to prove her to have been, as a girl, envious of all ranking above her and already harboring a hatred of kings and courts. Nor did her ideas of equality at this period make her see in the mass of the common people the equals of those who by training, education, and birth had been fitted to govern. "Truly human nature is not very respectable when one considers it in a mass," she reflects one day, as she sees the people of Paris swarming even to the roofs to watch a poor wretch tortured on the wheel. In describing a bread riot in 1775, she condemns the people as impatient, calls the measures of the ministers wise, and excuses the government by recalling Sully's reflection—"With all our enlightenment and good-will it is still difficult to do well." And again, *à propos* of similar disturbances, she says, "The king talks like a father, but the people do not understand him—the people are hungry—it is the only thing which touches them." Nothing in all this of contempt of the monarchy, of the sovereignty of the people, of the divine right of insurrection.

There is much more to be drawn from the letters of Manon Philipon to Sophie Cannet; charming pictures of bourgeoisie life; glimpses into famous resorts, the Academy, the Salon, the Opera, the court of one hundred years

ago ; excursions in the environs of Paris, as delightful then as to-day ; discussions of the books she reads, numerous lights on the character of Manon herself, her mental superiority, her excessive-sensibility, her brilliant imagination, her lack of humor, her self-complacency, her idealism. But we must leave the letters. Her lovers invite us.

The number of suitors for the hand of Manon Philipon is fabulous. One is tempted to believe that more than one of the regiment which files before the reader of the "Memoirs" and the "Letters" is there only by virtue of the heroine's imagination. She was one of those women who see in every man a possible lover. Only one of the throng shall occupy us here, Pahin de la Blancherie. He is worth attention for two reasons : Manon was very much in love with him, and he is a type of a class which unfortunately did not end with the eighteenth century, the young men of letters who seek to force fame by *chefs-d'œuvre* of audacity instead of art. La Blancherie had been through college and made a voyage to America. At twenty-four he published a work called "Extraits du journal de mes voyages." It is an indescribable account of youthful follies and their distressing results, intended as a warning to fathers and mothers—the last book in the world for a young girl ; but La Blancherie gives it to Manon, who finds in it "My own principles, my very soul. He is not a Rousseau, doubtless, but he is never tiresome." The literary world did not share Mlle Philipon's enthusiasm nor read and reread the book as she did. La Blancherie's next venture was to announce himself as the General Agent for Scientific and Artistic Correspondence, and to open in Paris a salon where he arranged expositions of pictures, scientific conferences, lectures, and literary soirées. After seven years this ambitious undertaking tumbled and La Blancherie went to London. By chance he inhabited Newton's old house. He was inspired to exalt the name of the scientist. His practical plan for accomplishing this was to demand that the name of Newton should be given alternately with that of George to the princes of England, that all great scientific discoveries should be celebrated in hymns which should be sung at divine services, and that in public documents after the words *the year of grace* should be added *and of Newton.*

Mme Roland gives the impression in her "Memoirs" that she had only a moderate interest in La Blancherie. "He interested me and I imagined that I might love him. It was only my head which was at work." But the letters to Mlle Cannet show her thoroughly in love. For some six months after her father had refused the young man's suit she cherished the idea that La Blancherie was working to win her, and she declares repeatedly that if she cannot marry him she will marry no one. Her infatuation was ended oddly enough. Promenading one day in the Garden of the Luxembourg, she met La Blancherie. He wore a feather in his hat—a common enough thing in that day—but such frivolity did not accord with the ideas of republican simplicity, of stern virtue, of high thinking with which she had endowed the young man. To complete the disillusion her companion told her that La Blancherie was known in his circle as "the lover of the eleven thousand virgins." Manon's cure was rapid. La Blancherie was, no doubt, a perfect example of the *petit maître* whose philosophy Marivaux sums up : "*A Paris, ma chère enfant, les cœurs on ne se les donne pas, on se les prête,*" and Mlle Philipon's idealization of him is an example of her incapacity in judging of the real worth of people whose professions, words, ideas, pleased her ; a weakness of judgment essential to understand in considering the relations that she formed in the Revolution.

It was six months before Manon saw the feather in La Blancherie's cap that she met Roland de la Platière. He lived at Amiens, was a friend of the Cannets, and was presented to her by them. Roland was at that time forty-two years old and a self-made man. Having quarrelled with his family, living near Lyons, he had left home at nineteen, and crossed France on foot, intending to sail for America. At

Rouen, however, he found a relative, the inspector of manufactures, entered his service, and rose steadily. At the time Mlle Philipon met him he was inspector of manufactures at Amiens and was well known in the industrial world of France as a valuable writer on commercial and manufacturing topics. Roland had travelled so much and had studied so profoundly, that for Manon Philipon, impassioned for learning, he was a delightful companion. His rigid virtue delighted her, too. He was in fact a man of the sternest integrity, devoted to details, minute in his dealings, almost rustic in his simplicity; but unfortunately so convinced of his virtue and that because of it he could do and say what seemed to him best, that he frequently antagonized people who only find virtue attractive when it is modest. He was, too, extremely careless in dress and indifferent, even impatient, of formalities, a characteristic which, if it allied him in Manon Philipon's eyes with the Spartans, only served to exasperate lovers of the conventional.

Soon after their acquaintance Roland left France for a long voyage in Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and Malta. He wished to embody his observations in a book of travels in the form of letters. He asked Mlle Philipon to allow him to address the letters to her. She was flattered by the request and saw great possibilities in the relation. In an unpublished letter to Roland written after their betrothal, she reviews her feelings to him at this time: "As your travels continued," she says, "I received with eagerness your rare letters. I hoped to find in you a friend. I hastened to give you this title, but I thought I discovered in you a certain coldness which made me suffer. You fell sick and the pain your illness caused me seemed to me to be justified by the name of friend which I had given you. I wrote you with warmth. A silence followed which wounded me and made me believe that I was misjudged;" and so on, showing that she went at least half-way in the early days of their acquaintance.

When Roland came back to Paris after an absence of eighteen months, he received a warm welcome and soon afterward sought the hand of the girl. They were married in February, 1780. The account of her courtship and marriage which Mme Roland gives in her "Memoirs" produces a very different impression from that of the unpublished correspondence between her and Roland. From the first one receives the idea that, while she was sensible of Roland's value, affection had a small part in deciding her to marry him, that when she did it she cherished no illusions in regard to him, and really charged herself with the happiness of two people. The letters, on the contrary, show her passionately in love—if love-letters mean anything—of which there may be a question.

Had she forgotten? Perhaps. And if she remembered, it was only to smile at her illusion. In love the new effaces the old, and when Mme Roland wrote her "Memoirs" she was absorbed by what was the profoundest passion of her life. In the presence of it the love which twelve years before had seemed to her necessary to her happiness, had become an affair which she could smile at disinterestedly and explain philosophically.

Two years after their marriage the Rolands moved to Villefranche, north of Lyons, Roland having been appointed inspector of manufactures in the latter city. His learning, reputation, energy, and character at once gave them an excellent position in the society of the two towns. He was elected member of both the academy at Lyons and that of Villefranche, and seems to have turned off a great amount of work. He devised means for stimulating the decaying manufacturing interests of Lyons; he furnished many articles to the "Dictionary of Manufactures" and to the "Encyclopédie méthodique," and he read frequent articles before the academies. The subjects of the latter were sometimes rather bizarre. In one he proposed seriously (according to the Abbé Guillon) that the Lyonnais, instead of burying their dead, utilize them in the manufactory of oils and phosphoric acid, and he left the Academy of Villefranche because that body refused to adopt as subject for a coming contest, "Resolved, that it would be to the advantage of morals to establish tribunals for judging the dead." The subjects were not

always purely scientific; thus on one occasion he discussed warmly "one of the methods for understanding a woman."

In all of this work Mme Roland took a large part. She had become, indeed, essential to Roland, taking his notes, writing from his dictation, copying, suggesting, polishing. When not with Roland in his library, she was busy with the education of her little girl, her only child, or in directing the household. The family spent a large part of the year at Clos, where they had a country place,* and she led there the life of a farmer's wife, directing the vintage, putting up preserves, looking after the garden, caring for the sick—a busy bucolic existence which, with her love for nature, for the fields and the woods, her taste for botany and zoology, she enjoyed with almost the abandon of a girl. The letters written at this period by Mme Roland to her friend Bosc, are most of them marked by the gayest humor, the liveliest fancy, the healthiest spirits. Indeed, there is no time of her life when she is so natural, so human, so charming as during the years at Clos.

It was out of the life at Lyons that the particular connection of the Rolands with the Revolution came. Their friends, and the position that Roland had taken in the public affairs of the city, were the determining causes. The most important of these friends was Brissot, a Parisian journalist and an ardent reformer, who some time before the beginning of the Revolution had read a work of Roland's, and written a letter to the author praising his principles. A correspondence thus sprang up in which Mme Roland took an active part, and which was continued for a long time without their seeing one another. At Lyons the most important of their friends was Champagneux, a young man of liberal views and some influence. There were three others closely allied to them at this time: Bosc, a friend of Mme Roland's before her marriage, Lanthenas, a friend of Roland's made in Italy, and Bancal des Issarts, presented to them by Lanthenas. It is from the letters written by Mme Roland to Bosc and Bancal that we are able to trace the state of mind with which she faced the disorders before the Revolution of 1789, and her opinions upon the duty of the patriots afterward. In the preliminary struggles she was discouraged, she valued poorly the men at the head of affairs. Necker she called a *charlatan*. The action of the parliament gave her no hope, "Must we vegetate under a single tyrant or groan under the yoke of several united?" she cried. There is nothing for lovers of good government to do, in her opinion, but "wait and see, bless America, and weep on the banks of the river of Babylon."

At the first blow against the Bastile her tone changed. She saw in the sudden revolution the possibility of the realization of all her dreams. Henceforth there is but one course for her, to "watch and preach to the last breath." She and her husband at once availed themselves of all possible means of spreading the revolutionary ideas. Roland joined the club at Lyons and took so active a part there that the Revolutionary party became known as *Rolandists*. The rage for pamphlets had taken possession of the country, and Mme Roland sowed the neighborhood with all the liberal documents she could get her hands on, varying the distribution with gifts of patriotic pocket handkerchiefs on which the famous *Droits de l'Homme* was printed. Brissot had established a paper at Paris, the *Patriote français*, and Champagneux had started the *Courrier de Lyon*, both devoted to the principles of 1789, and Mme Roland became a frequent contributor to both.

In the agitations and disorders which disturbed different parts of France at this time the Rolands recognized only a spontaneous impulse toward liberty, the aspirations of a suffering people toward freedom. That demagogism, a Jacobin machine, was behind a part at least of the disturbances, they did not see, or seeing, justified as a necessary means to a glorious end. Insurrection was now in their opinion a divine right. Their greatest grief was, it was insufficient. A fortnight after the fall of the Bastile Mme Roland wrote to Bosc, "You (the

*Clos de la Platière is about five miles from Villefranche. The place is still in possession of the descendants of Mme Roland, being owned now by her great-granddaughter, Mme C. Marillier, of Paris.

revolutionists of Paris) are only children. Your enthusiasm is only a straw fire. And if the National Assembly does not put on trial two illustrious heads, or some generous Decius does not take them, you are all mad." Brissot in his journal condemns a riot in Lyons. Roland writes a long article defending the people, and to an acquaintance who deplores the bloodshed, remarks that there never has been a revolution yet without slaughter. Mme Roland writes to Bosc in January, 1791: "I weep over the blood spilt, but I am glad there is danger—I see nothing else to whip you and make you go." "Paris," she complains, "has not enough influence on the Assembly to oblige it to do all that it ought to do." "It is not the Palais Royal which must do the work, it is your united sections." Truly, there were few so advanced Jacobins as Mme Roland during the first eighteen months of the Revolution.

A larger field of observation and influence awaited her. In February of 1791, Roland was sent to Paris by the municipality of Lyons. Affairs were in a bad way in that city. State help was essential. Roland was to solicit it from the National Assembly. But he finds his task a slow one, for, as he writes, there were commissioners besieging the Assembly for similar favors from all the towns between Marseilles and Dunkirk. He is in consequence some seven months securing what he wants for Lyons.

During this period they established themselves at the Hôtel Britannique, rue Guénégaud, across the street from the Hôtel des Monnaies. Here a circle of patriots soon gathered, most of them presented by Brissot. The most important of these new acquaintances were Péthion, Buzot, and Robespierre. It was their habit to gather four times a week at Mme Roland's. Of her part in these gatherings she says, "I knew the rôle which suited my sex, and I never forgot it. The conferences were always held in my presence, but without my taking any part in them; yet I never lost a word of what was said, and it happened sometimes that I had to bite my tongue to keep from saying what I thought."

However discreet Mme Roland may have been, she gained in this period a veritable supremacy over the group of patriots. There were many reasons for this. She embodied, in a sort of Greek clearness and chastity, the principles they professed. Her convictions, her eloquence, her sincerity were a constant stimulus. She was inflexible in her determination to push to the end, nor did she shrink before the horrors of insurrection and war. They were sacred necessities, and she pushed her friends steadily, inexorable as a Nemesis.

No doubt the personal charm of Mme Roland had much to do with her influence. All who knew her testify to her attractiveness. Guillon de Montléon, by no means a sympathetic critic, speaks "of her pleasant, piquant face, her active, brilliant mind." Arthur Young, who saw her in 1789, describes her as "young and beautiful." Lemontey says of her: "Her eyes, her head, her hair were of remarkable beauty. Her delicate complexion had a freshness of color which, joined to her air of reserve and candor, made her seem singularly young. I found in her none of the elegant Parisian air which she claims in her 'Memoirs,' though I do not mean to say that she was awkward." And he adds, she talked "well, too well." Indeed, all of her biographers testify to her brilliant conversation. Tissot tells of her "sonorous, flexible voice, infinite charm in talking, eloquence which came from her heart." As the tradition in the family of Mme Roland goes, she was short and stout, possessed no taste in dress, and could be called neither beautiful, nor even pretty. However, vivacity, sympathy and intelligence were so combined in her face, and her voice was so mellow and vibrating that she exercised a veritable charm when she talked. She herself considered her chief attraction to be her conversational power. In one of the frequent passages of amusing self-complacency in her "Memoirs" she repeats a remark of Camille Desmoulins, that he could not understand how a woman of her age and with so little beauty had so many admirers, and she comments: "He had never heard me talk."

Space for one more portrait, that of

the keeper of the prison of Sainte Pélagie :

Marie-Jeanne Philipon,	Height, five feet,
wife of Roland, ex-minister,	Hair and eyebrows dark
aged thirty-nine years,	chestnut,
native of Paris, living	Brown eyes,
rue de la Harpe, No. 5.	Medium nose,
	Ordinary mouth,
	Oval face,
	Round chin,
	High forehead.

During the seven months in Paris Mme Roland followed all that went on in politics. She joined the *Société fraternelle des deux sexes*. She went to hear the Jacobins. She frequented the Assembly, but neither she nor Roland were satisfied with the progress of the new ideas. "We have seen those precious Jacobins," writes Roland to Champagneux; "if in physics objects increase as one approaches them, it is rare that it is not the contrary in morals." "Throw your pen into the fire, generous Brutus, and go and cultivate your cabbages," writes Mme Roland to Brissot, in April, '91; "the Assembly is now nothing but corruption and tyranny, civil war is no longer an evil. It will regenerate or destroy us, and as liberty is lost without it, we need neither fear nor avoid it." After having followed the sessions of the Assembly for two months, she left one day toward the end of April, furious and convinced that it would never again do anything that was not shallow-brained. "I promised myself," she says, in an unedited MS. recounting this experience, "never to see it again—an engagement that I have faithfully kept." * She was disgusted with the new constitution, she distrusted the king's profession to uphold it. When Louis made his weak attempt to escape in June, 1791, she rejoiced. It proved his perfidy, and she and her friends began to say to each other that this was the moment to prove to the people that the king did not want the constitution, and to prepare public spirit for a republic; and while they talk Robespierre, sneering and biting his finger-nails, asks them what they mean by a republic.

When the king was brought back, she declared that "it would have been better if he had not been arrested. Civil war would then have been inevitable, and the nation would have been forced into that great school of public virtues."

She soon after begins to distrust Lafayette. At the same time the press displeases her. She complains that Brissot makes nothing but a newspaper, when he ought to be giving instruction, and she is indignant that the police seize the journal of Marat. Of the people she is equally in despair. "We must have another revolution, but I doubt if there is enough vigor in the people."

And thus, dissatisfied with the march of the Revolution, Mme Roland went back to Lyons in September, 1791, scattering, as she went, a revolutionary address of Robespierre's.

The Constitutional Assembly dissolved September 30, 1791. One of its last acts was to suppress the office of Inspector of Manufactures. Roland had then no other work than that on the "Encyclopédie méthodique." It could be better done at Paris, and they returned there in December, installing themselves in the rue de la Harpe, one of the picturesque old streets of the University quarter — a street of which only a fragment now remains, the rest having been metamorphosed into the Boulevard Saint Michel.

Their old friends seek them, and they introduce many new ones—members of the Legislative Assembly, which had come into session during their sojourn at Clos. This new assembly is composed of 745 *new* men, for the preceding assembly, in dissolving, had voted its members ineligible to the succeeding body. They are young, the majority thirty or under. They have been formed in the clubs of the Revolution. They are eloquent, patriotic, extravagant. They possess much rhetoric, much determination to give France a government of the people, and little practical sense. The chief party among them is known as the Girondins. It is among them that the republican theories are conceived most purely and defended most eloquently. All of them have read Plutarch, Cicero, Rousseau. All of them have been inflamed by the story of the American Revolution. They have come to the

* The MS. from which this quotation is taken was prepared in prison by Mme Roland to replace her "Notices historiques," which she believed to have been lost. Though unpublished, it has been intelligently reviewed by Mme Clarisse Bader, in *Le Correspondent*, June 25, 1892.

Legislative Assembly as Buzot came to the Constitutional, "The head and heart full of Greek and Roman history and of the grand characters who, in those ancient republics, honored most the human race." But what the Girondins have gotten from Plutarch and Rousseau and America is personal aspirations, not clear conceptions. They have formed an ideal of a government where all men shall be free, but how to create and work this government they have no practical idea. They have sublime faith, superb audacity. They are young and brave and virtuous, and they do not hesitate to overthrow whatever exists, trusting boldly to themselves to make a new government out of their ideals. That there is danger to themselves in such hardihood they know, but that is part of the glory of their undertaking. That there is danger to the country, to humanity, to their ideal, they do not see at all.

The Girondins under the lead of Brissot, then at the head of the diplomatic committee, soon came to power in the Assembly, allying themselves with the extreme left—Danton, Robespierre, Couthon, etc. The menaces of the Prussians against France were increasing. The suspicion of the emigrés grew from day to day. The king was forced to dismiss his ministers of the constitutional party and to seek new ones from among the patriots, that is, at the indication of the Girondins. When Brissot and his friends came to make their selection, they decided on Roland for the portfolio of the interior. The appointment was made in March of 1792, and the Rolands moved at once into the Hôtel of the Interior, rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs.

Mme Roland's salon became the rendezvous of her party. To it and to the work of her husband's department she gave all her time, neither receiving nor making visits, and never inviting women to the frequent dinners at which she gathered the ministers, deputies, and all persons whom Roland wished to see. The conferences between Roland and his colleagues were held in her presence. It was she who went over the vast correspondence with the minister, directed the answers to many letters, prepared many of the numerous circulars and reports for the departments and the Assembly, guarded the policy of the journals edited in the interests of the ministry. It was she, above all, who was the impelling force of the new ministry, for she alone knew what she wanted, and had a clear idea of how it was to be secured.

In her opinion, the reforms essential can never be secured through a union with the court. Others may vacillate in their suspicions of the king's intentions; she, never. "I never could believe in the constitutional vocation of a king born under a despotism, raised by it, and accustomed to it." And when Roland, who at the beginning of his ministry was delighted with Louis, goes off confidently to the séances, she tells him: "I never see you go off that way that I am not sure you are going to commit a *sottise.*" And when he comes home with less done than she demands, she declares that the council is nothing but a café, and the ministers the dupes of the king.

She suspected everybody who by birth or training was allied with the aristocratic party. Dumouriez, the most skilful diplomat in the cabinet, and by her own testimony, "diligent and brave —capable of great enterprises," she declared to have a "false eye," and warned Roland against him. When Dumouriez presented to her his first associate, she remarked to a friend: "All these handsome fellows seem to me poor patriots. They have the air of thinking too much of themselves. They prefer themselves to the country, and I can never escape the temptation to shock their self-complacency by pretending not to see the merit on which they pride themselves."

In this relentless attitude there is something more than political principle. In the letter to Sophie Cannet written in October, 1774, where she described her visit to Versailles, Manon Philipon said, "I have a character which would be most harmful to the state and to myself if I were placed at a certain distance from the throne. In my present condition I love my prince because I feel my dependence but little, but if I were too near him I should hate his grandeur." Mme Roland is now at

that "certain distance," where she "hates his grandeur."

Under her influence Roland and his Girondin colleagues soon became factious with the king, "killing him by pin pricks," says Dumouriez.

One of the first duties of the Department of the Interior was "the surveillance and execution of the laws relative to the safety and tranquillity of the interior of the state." Terrible disorders were rending France: grain did not circulate, châteaux were burned, municipalities besieged, men murdered, and Roland, to restore tranquillity, wrote letters and posted up circulars. Of these documents the following is a specimen. It is a reply to a call for troops from a department where the disorders are great. The minister replies that the Department of War has no troops to spare, and that if force is essential they must call on the National Guard.

"But," says he, "must I admit the latter course? . . . . As soon as an administration employs arms in order to execute laws, not only it admits that it has not known how to make itself loved, but that it is never going to do so. . . . Instruct your administrations and if they fail to observe your rules, employ that sweetness which commands so easily, that persuasion which leads necessarily to the repentance of a fault, often involuntary. It is so easy for a superior administration to make itself loved by those it has under its care, that, in truth, I believe I might declare that it is always the fault of the first when harmony is broken."

A letter like that, written in June, 1792, by the French Minister of the Interior, is either a proof of incomparable naïveté or of tacit alliance with the Jacobin idea.

Mme Roland succeeded at last in bringing matters to a focus between Louis and the ministry. War against Austria had been proclaimed in April. It had opened badly, and the terror of the people, suspicious of the court and the émigrés, was great. The disorders caused by the presence of great numbers of priests who had refused to take an oath of allegiance to the constitution, was serious. To meet these difficulties two measures were adopted by the ministry: a camp of twenty thousand men

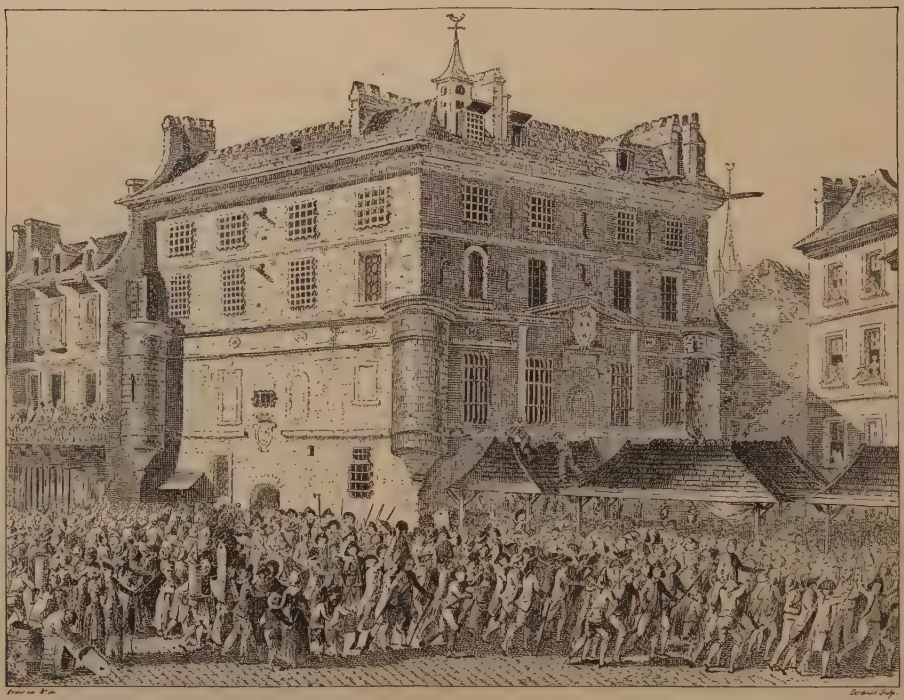
Mme Roland.

(From a photograph made especially for the Magazine, by Nadar, of a crayon portrait in the possession of the family.*)

drawn from the different communes of Paris to protect the city from foes within and without, and the proscription of

* This portrait of Mme Roland is the only surely authentic one which I have seen. The original is in red crayon and much faded, but a faithful copy in black, well preserved, bearing the date of 1822, is in the possession of the great-grand-daughter of Mme Roland, Mme Marillier of Paris. Through her courtesy I was able to secure a reproduction of this latter. If one compares this portrait with that of Heinsius at Versailles, he will see that they have nothing in common. Heinsius's portrait was bought in Louis Philippe's time, and bore the name of Mme Roland up to 1865, when the placard was taken off because nothing proved that it was she. However, it still figures in the catalogue as Mme Roland, and photographs made after it are sold in all Paris shops. The director of the Versailles Gallery writes me that he is about to revise the catalogue, and that then he will take the necessary steps to establish the authenticity of the painting. The family do not regard the picture as authentic, one point they make against it is that it is a full-face view, while according to their traditions Mme Roland never allowed anything but a profile to be made.

The reproduction of the painting at the Musée Carnavalet (p. 561), as well as that of the cameo head (p. 575), I owe to the kindness of the director, M. Cousins. The painting is a new acquisition of the Museum, exhibited for the first time in April last. In my judgment it is more apocryphal even than the picture of Heinsius. It is a picture of the time—that of a very charming woman,



LE PEUPLE DÉLIVRANT LES GARDES FRANÇAISES A L'ABBAYE S^T GERMAIN,
le 30 Juin 1789

The Abbaye of St. Germain. Prison where Mme Roland passed the first twenty-four days of her captivity. (Her cell here was afterwards occupied by Brissot and by Charlotte Corday.)

the priests. Louis refuses both. Mme Roland is determined that the future support of the Girondins to the court shall hinge on the acceptance of these measures. To put the matter clearly, she proposes to Roland that a letter be written to the king by the ministers, stating that they feel that the safety of the country depends upon the acceptance of the decrees, and that if he persists in his veto they must resign. It is la citoyenne Roland who writes the letter. The council discusses it, and declines signing it. Thereupon Madame persuades Roland to send it in his own name. He does so on June 11th, and on the 13th is asked to resign.

but it has almost nothing in common with Mme Roland. The eyes are blue and hers were brown, the hair is lighter, the chin is not so round and firm, the neck is longer. Besides it is a face view, thus contradicting the family tradition. As for the cameo head it is evidently made after the family picture or the engraving of Gaucher, which latter possesses all the characteristics of the former.

The ultimatum had been refused. Henceforth there was nothing to do but bring about the overthrow of the king —a work accomplished on August 10th. This famous day was the work of the Jacobins, but to it the Girondins gave their moral support and their sympathy. Roland attributed it later to the "letter to the king," which had "demonstrated to all France the king's blindness and obstinacy." Mme Roland says that it was in her salon that, after the fall of the ministry, the patriots talked of the possibility of establishing a republic in the south, if the court succeeded in subjugating the north ; that there Barbaroux announced that he had brought the Marseillese to Paris, and that if they were seconded by the Parisians the court would be reduced. She adds, "We were sure without his explaining further that he prepared an insurrection."

Immediately after the fall of Louis

XVI., an Executive Council was formed in which Roland was given his old portfolio. But he and his colleagues found themselves fronting a new power—the Commune of Paris. The demand which Mme Roland had made eighteen months before, "More influence by Paris on the Assembly," "not the Palais Royal, but the united sections," is realized. Paris not only influences but controls, and Roland is immediately engaged in a struggle with the new power. "Persuaded," he wrote in a report made to the Convention in November, 1792, "that the impetuous movements which make a revolution, cannot be long continued without injury to the state, I exercised the greatest vigilance to restore the reign of law . . . the Commune often took measures or made demands which were not legal . . . thus there was established an inevitable struggle between its temporary power acting above the laws and the minister charged to execute those laws."

There was one man through whom the ministry and the Commune might have worked, Danton. He was a colleague of Roland in the council, a power in the Assembly, at the Hôtel de Ville, among the people, but Mme Roland detested him. In her imagination he always appeared, "poignard in hand, exciting by voice and gesture a band of assassins, more timid or less ferocious than he." Before August 10th, such a force was necessary, but now it was not, and inflexible and impractical as an idealist and a woman, she refused the alliance which seems to have been the only safety for the Girondins, and which Danton himself offered, coming to her salon every day, dropping in early to talk before the official diners, and often to beg a soup between times. Before the end of August, however, he had discovered the incompatibility between them and ceased his visits.

The massacres of September completed the proofs of the impotency of Roland in the Commune. Before the slaughter was ended Mme Roland knew that she and her friends were outwitted. "We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat," she writes to Bancal on the 5th. On the 9th the disillusion is complete. "My *friend* Danton directs everything. Robespierre is his mannequin, Marat holds his torch and his poignard. . . . You know my enthusiasm for the Revolution. Ah, well, I am ashamed of it. It is soiled by villany. It has become loathsome. It is humiliating to remain in position."

But it was not alone horror at the September butcheries which oppressed la citoyenne Roland. Repeated reports of Roland show that he excused the beginning of the massacres as the "vengeance" of the people "terrible in their justice," that he was willing to "cast a veil" over the affair. To the horror she felt at the inability of Roland to stop the anarchy, was added the crushing realization that a power infinitely superior to her own was at work, and at war with her. She must have seen, too, that this power was the logical result of her policy and doctrines. La citoyenne Roland and her friends were, in fact, in the position of the keepers of wild animals who, to clear a garden of spectators, let loose their charges. The spectators are driven out, but when the keepers attempt to whistle in the beasts they find themselves in turn obliged to flee.

The Convention succeeded the Legislative Assembly, meeting in September of 1792. Mme Roland hoped much from this new body, in which Buzot was her chief spokesman. Between them there was a relation which

Cameo Head of Mme Roland, at the Musée Carnavalet.

began in 1791, at the time of Mme Roland's visit to Paris, had been continued by correspondence during the time of the Legislative Assembly, and

which—we do not know exactly when, but certainly before the end of the winter of 1792–93—had become a deep and tormenting love. How much this passion had to do with Mme Roland's inflexible attitude toward Danton—a woman in love is never a good politician—with the discouragement and irritability of Buzot in the Convention, and with the pitiful impotency of Roland, is rather the study of a psychologist than a narrator. That it had an influence, however, is unquestionable.

Nargeot's Engraving of Buzot.
(After the portrait worn by Mme Roland during her captivity.)

It never caused anyone of them to shrink from his public duty. Mme Roland did not cease to urge her friends to activity. "If it is too late for us (to save ourselves), at least let us save the rest of the country." Roland's industry was never greater. Buzot was constantly at the front in the Convention. But against the fury of the Commune and the Mountain, their efforts were straws.

It was in vain that Buzot proposed Mme Roland's plan, so effective in the first ministry—the establishment of a guard drawn from the departments to protect the Convention; that he proposed perpetual banishment for the émigrés and the Bourbons, and death for whomsoever should propose under any form the restoration of the monarchy; that he opposed himself to the fury of the Mountain, attacked Robespierre, proposed a decree against those that incited to murder, signaled the abuses of power, declared himself weary of despotism.

It was in vain that Roland poured forth circulars telling of his virtue, courage, and the exactness of his accounts; that he urged the priests to stop singing the *Domine salvum fac regem* and to translate their services into French; that he managed a vast correspondence through his Bureau of Public Opinion and recommended a national revolutionary costume.

They were disillusioned at last. "It is useless to deny it," says Buzot, "the majority of the French people sighed for the royalty and the constitution of 1791." "This people has been made republican by the strokes of the guillotine," but "*our dream was too beautiful to abandon.*"

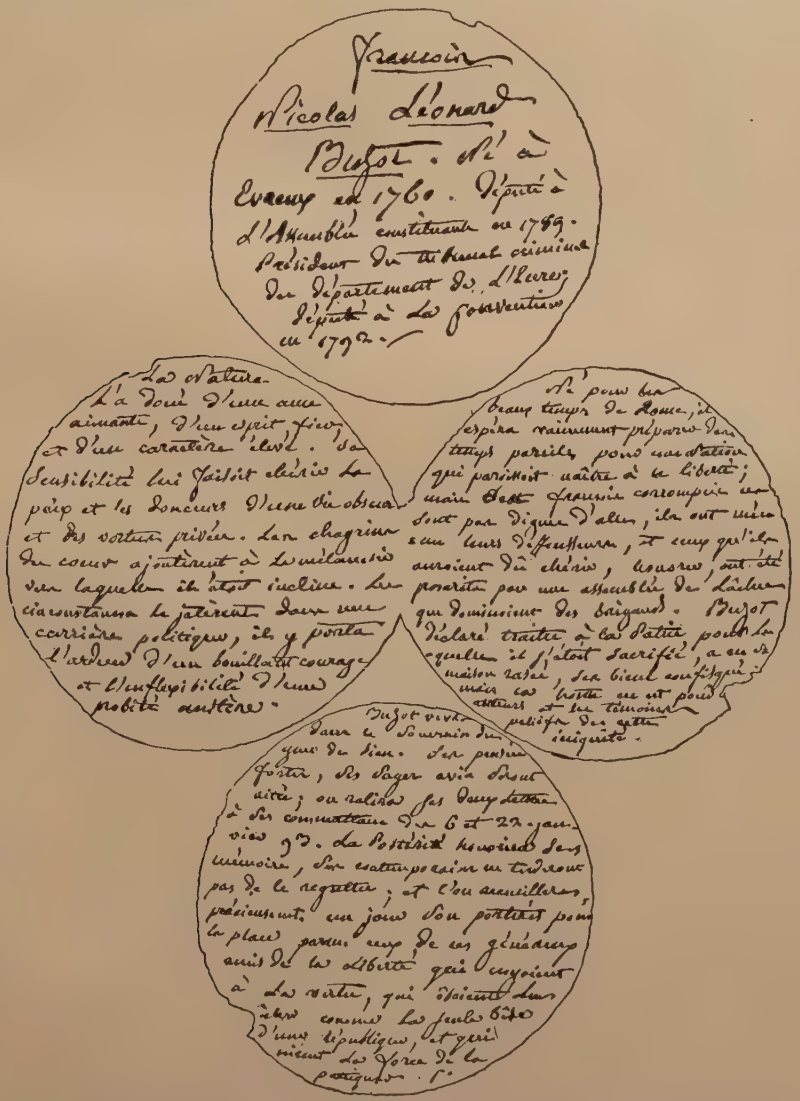
Roland remained in position until January 22, 1793. The persecution of the Commune and the Mountain, which had begun on the night of September 2d with an invasion of the Hôtel of the Interior and an order for his arrest, had not ceased. Mme Roland had been ridiculed in the Convention and insulted in the journals of Marat and Hébert. Their lives had been in danger, the most false and absurd charges were made against them: misuse of funds, theft of state treasures, extravagance, federalism, royalism, corruption of public opinion. Roland was *le roi Roland*, Madame *la reine Roland;* at last, in sheer weariness of his impotency, Roland resigned.

His enemies were not done with him. On the night of May 31st he was pre-

sented with an order of arrest, but succeeded in evading the officers and escaping from Paris.

Mme Roland never saw her husband again. The same night she was arrested and taken to the prison of the Abbaye, just behind the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Twenty-four days afterward she was released. She flew home to the rue de la Harpe and had started to ascend the stairs, when she heard a call, "Citoyenne Roland!" She turned to be presented with an order of re-arrest. That night she slept at Sainte Pélagie, a prison still in existence, and only a stone's throw from the convent where as a girl she had prepared for her first communion.

She remained for four months at Sainte Pélagie. But no imprisonment could break her spirit. From her cell she wrote to Buzot, "Continue your generous efforts, my friend. Brutus on the fields of Philippi despaired too soon



Inscription written by Mme Roland on the Back of the Portrait of Buzot which she Carried while in Prison.

of the safety of Rome." With a sang-froid incomparable she arranged her quarters, sending out for flowers and books. She divided her time systematically, studying English and drawing. She even tried an interesting experiment in regard to her diet. During her imprisonment she wrote her "Notes on the Revolution, Portraits and Anecdotes," and her charming "Memoirs." It was only when the news of some new atrocity was brought to her ears that she broke the current of her firm, smooth narratives to record her hatred of the tyranny which was disgracing France, or to sigh for a refuge in America. It is almost never that the woman appears and one sees tears on the pages.

What was the secret of this intrepidity? this superb indifference? this self-sufficiency, which at times is almost irritating? Courage, natural and nourished by a life of devotion to duty; profound faith in her ideals, a faith which no shock of experience ever destroyed; still profounder faith in herself; consciousness that she was living and writing, poring for posterity; a belief that the future would vindicate her and her friends; and the exaltation of love, the love that made her "not sorry to be arrested," and which led her to write to Buzot from the Abbaye, "Since I owe it to my jailor that I can reconcile my love and my duty, do not pity me." She was not to be pitied. Life and death were kinder to her than they are to the most of those upon whom falls the supreme misfortune of loving where law and convention forbid love to go. They took the struggle out of her hands.

On the first day of November, 1793, la citoyenne Roland was taken to the Conciergerie. On the eighth she came out from the Revolutionary Tribunal condemned to death, as "author and accomplice in a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and against the liberty and safety of the French people." The cart awaited her in the prison court.

Standing on the Pont au Change and looking down the Seine, is one of those fascinating river views of Paris where a wealth of associations dispute with endless charm the attention of the loiterer. The left of the view is filled by the Norman towers of the Conciergerie, the façades of the prison, the irregular fronts of the houses facing on the Quai de l'Horloge, and ends in an old house of Henry IV.'s time. It is the house where Manon Philipon passed her girlhood. When the cart drove across the Pont au Change Mme Roland had before her the window from which as a girl she had leaned at sunset, and "with a heart filled with inexpressible joy, happy to exist, had offered to the Supreme Being a pure and worthy homage."

She faces death now as she faced life then. The girl and the woman, in spite of the drama between, are unchanged: the same ideals, the same courage, the same faith. Not even this tragic last encounter with the home of her youth moves her calm, for she passed the Pont Neuf, writes one who saw her, "upright and calm—her eyes shining, her color fresh and brilliant—a smile on her lips; trying to cheer her companion, a man overwhelmed by the terror of approaching death."

(Pen-and-ink drawing by Louis Morin for his "Les amours de Gilles.")

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS.

By F. N. Doubleday.

II.

AS Jeanniot and Courboin are intensely modern, two other illustrators, Maurice Leloir and Louis Morin are as famous for work identified with the last century. Leloir's paintings are so well known that no word need be said of the charming qualities of his illustrations, done in water-color for the most part, though his work in pen and ink and in pencil has a grace and prettiness as strongly characteristic; he is as familiar with the men and women of the last century as Jeanniot is with his dandies of the Boulevards. Gay cavaliers, *grandes dames* in their sedan-chairs, flower-girls, lords and ladies in bright dresses, are inseparably associated with Leloir's name. He is not a prolific illustrator: work in many directions makes his drawing for publication less of a profession; his water-colors, so many of which have been reproduced by photogravure delicately colored, are more often picture reproductions, than illustrations.

Leloir has repeatedly refused, notwithstanding unusual temptations, to undertake illustration which he himself considers ever so slightly outside of his own chosen province. It goes without saying, therefore, that the serious illustration which he does undertake is produced only after the most diligent study. Few artists are so conscientious as he in considering the literary side, and no better example of it can be cited than his drawings made to accompany "Manon Lescaut;" though these are decorative rather than pictorial, consisting of head-pieces to the chapters and the frontis-pieces.

Morin is not less a student of the eighteenth century, and he is literally saturated with his subject. From his home in the Avenue Rochegrosse he sends forth his drawings and stories; for he writes nearly as much as he draws, as witness his important books, "Les amours de Gilles," "Jeannik,"

(From a pen-and-ink drawing by Maurice Leloir.)

and "Le cabaret du puits sans vin." He strives to be in unison with the very soul of the age he chooses to represent. As a pen draughtsman he has wonderful facility, his grotesque figures—more characteristic of the artist sometimes than they are of any life we know—show a gayety, a grace, and dash which is like the work of no other illustrator in France. His creations are so clever that they must be enjoyed whether one cares for the period chosen or not. The Carnival of Venice is a passion with him; he paints it, draws it, and writes about it, and is certain not to contribute many pictures to any publication without sooner or later coming to the Carnival of Venice. Of late M. Morin has been doing much in pastel under the advice of Jules Chéret, putting forth the most bizarre creations of fancy; but the reproductions of these are soft and effective, showing a striking change from the drawing in strong lines so identified with his name.

(Heads by Louis Morin.)

Alexandre Lepère is another artist who practises more than one profession. Exceptionally virile as a draughtsman, whose pictures in and about Paris are favorites among the lovers of the city, he engraves his own work with a line as strong and as individual. Lepère is not an engraver who has learned some small skill in drawing, but an artist rather who has learned to engrave so that he could render by his own hand on wood the effects gained on paper. He does not engrave all his own work, as this would prove a serious check to much spontaneous drawing; and we find some of his best things reproduced by Michelet and Florian. To please the artist, the engraver must always have a difficult time; how much more serious a piece of business it must be then to please an artist like M. Lepère, who is also skilled as an engraver!

In the life of the city he shows himself at his best, in the crowded streets and quays. The wall along the Seine is a favorite subject of his, and he revels in those scenes of stone embankments crowded with the people of lower Paris, if you please; but the people who, in summer, live along the river, taking their outings and their pleasures upon the ramparts and bridges. The artist's etchings and pen-and-ink drawings show in their outlines his strength as a draughtsman. They are the sort of compositions which we should expect from an illustrator rather than from a painter, and indicate his genuine intimacy with the life he has studied to such great advantage.

There is a group of artists in Paris who perhaps belong outside the tightly drawn line of illustrators, but whose work appears at more or less regular intervals in the pages of *Figaro illustré*, *Revue illustrée*, and other journals appealing to the same audiences. One seldom sees their work in the weekly press, or indeed in the strictly technical channels of most professional

(From water-colors by Maurice Leloir.)

illustrators, yet they have all illustrated books, and are accustomed to appear often in print under conditions which they themselves choose to dictate. Among them F. H. Kaemmerer is a high favorite—born Dutch, but now French, or so regarded. Like Lynch, he is a painter of women—never by any chance plain or ugly women—and his popularity has led his pictures through many forms of reproduction which offend the eye of the connoisseur as much as the original is likely to delight it; but of late years his work has appeared in the pages of *Figaro illustré*, where his delicate colorings and graceful drawings have been reproduced in admirable fashion. Any one fortunate enough to visit him in his studio will see more of the intimate work of the artist than ever comes out of it; numberless sketches in washes, studies of girls and women without number, reveal the preparation and method of the clever pictures which adorn a goodly number of the print and stationers' shops of Paris. Many a drawing has lit Kaemmerer's and his friends' cigars. He works when put to it, but he does not turn out nearly as many pictures as his publishers would like, while the quantities of studies and sketches made seem to interested eyes a wild extravagance. He is a charming fellow, and popular among his contemporaries, notwithstanding that at least one of his friends, Georges Cain, calls him a good business man.

He tells with enthusiasm a story of a fellow-artist, which is worth repeating, since it concerns two such widely known illustrators.

He was working hard one day in his old atelier when a visitor was announced. Rather put out at being disturbed, Kaemmerer nevertheless turned about to put a smiling face on the matter, when, to his utter disgust, he saw standing in the doorway what seemed to be the very image of a broken-down actor. There was an air of the shabby genteel about the man; and while the latter crossed the atelier, at the artist's invitation, he had time to take in a few details of his costume: a *chapeau à claque*, that had evidently seen better days, though now entirely out of date, and here and there a little battered, was set

M

(Original sketch in oil by F. H. Kaemmerer.)

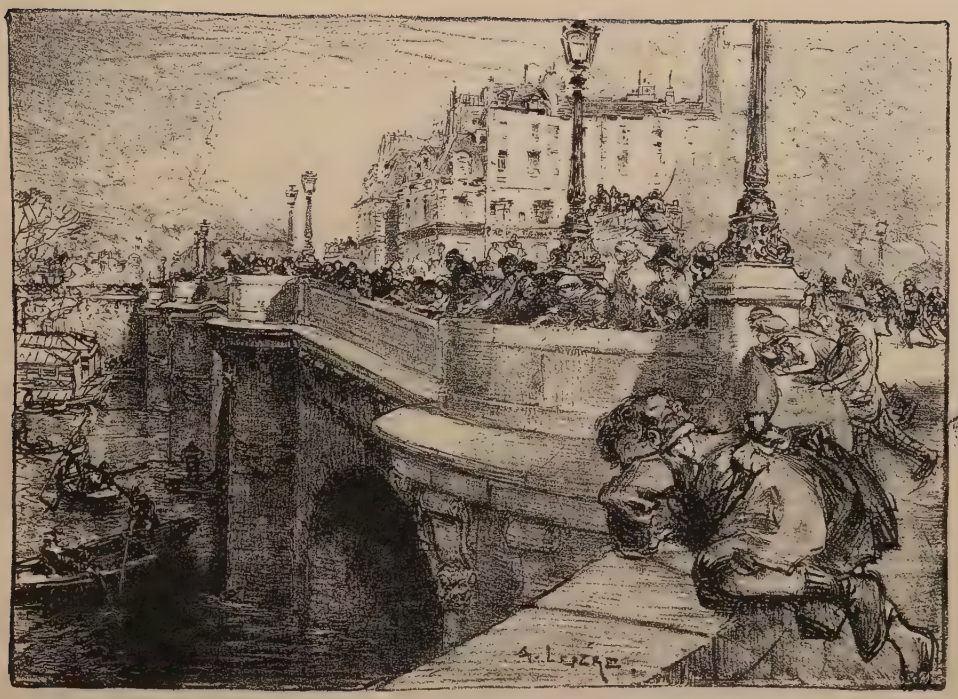
(Original sketch in crayon by F. H. Kaemmerer.)

slightly on one side, as though the owner had been apt to set it so, jauntily, in palmier times; a frock-coat of rusty light color, very threadbare, but correctly buttoned across the chest (that is to say, as much as the few remaining buttons would allow), a pair of trousers, very baggy at the knees and a perfect fringe around the bottom; the boots were in keeping with the rest.

"I did not at all like the appearance of my visitor as he came nearer," said Kaemmerer, as he told the incident, "especially as he had a knack of keeping his eyes out of my direction and of speaking in a dull, muffled way. Little by little I got at his history: a poor singer; lost employment through sickness; would be so grateful to be taken as model. Just then I caught a glimpse of his eye—such an inquisitive look he gave me—and like a flash it went through my mind, 'I *know* that face.' The man went on with his history, and the more he talked the less I liked him, for he avoided looking at me more and more and his tones were so muffled as to be almost unintelligible; and I asked myself over and over again, 'Where *have* I seen that face?' No, I knew no one with a face shaved like that. I must be mistaken; but still it seemed very extraordinary. 'No,' I told him, looking hard all the time, 'I did not want a model just then, but he might call again.' Just then he raised his eyes full to mine. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses. Yes, there he was down in the arm-chair—he had been standing before—laughing as heartily at my expense as ever a man laughed; there he was, I say—Delort in person. 'Delort, you wretch!' was all I could say to him, for his evident enjoyment of the joke had affected me, and I was also having a good laugh. With his eyes hidden and his muffled voice, his own mother might have been excused for not knowing him. Delort was always fond of a joke, but that one was the most complete I ever saw. He once actually got himself engaged as model in one atelier, and went away without making himself known. Of course, it was the shave and the closely cropped head that did it. Why, look at the two photographs, you would hardly think it was the same man. Add to that the old clothes, and you may imagine what he looked like."

(From a water-color drawing by Madeleine Lemaire.)

The photographs referred to were two of Delort which he had had taken, not even remotely resembling each other; copies of both he was always glad to present to mystified friends.



On the Bank of the Seine.
(Original drawings by A. Lepère.)

Since popular favor must be a matter of degree, perhaps the palm is carried off by Jean Béraud, whose bright illustration, published a year or more ago, called "Nous rentrons," burst forth in splendor upon the senses of New York recently in the form of a theatrical poster ten feet square or thereabout; truly a tribute of appreciation seldom paid to a French artist. The drawing, a simple composition enough, represented a lady about to enter her coupé; the figure, with dainty boot and stocking, in a setting of embroidered and fluffy skirts, was a bit out of a Paris Boulevard degraded to a use quite foreign to its purpose. Indeed, the Boulevards and the Paris *cocher* seem prime favorites among Béraud's subjects. Another picture almost as popular, "Arrêtez!" shows a cab careering wildly down the Champs Élysées near the Arc de Triomphe, the occupant of the coupé (a lady, of course) half out of the door, in imminent peril of her life. A whole range of pictures, very *chic* and occasionally alarming to English eyes, has appeared in *Figaro*, and as often as not on the cover, a position which some French artists seem to regard as the most appropriate for *outré* effects too startling to be confined in the pages within. More serious work was contributed by M. Béraud to *Les lettres et les arts*, many of them water-colors charming in execution and sentiment.

A pleasure of much the same sort is given by the water-colors of François Flameng, and one regrets to see them less and less in the French books and magazines. The more Flameng paints the

less he illustrates, and the author is fortunate who can get him now and then to undertake such work. Yet he has painted so much for reproduction that should he never again touch brush to paper in connection with the ideas of another man, he has still done too much ever to be forgotten in this field. At present he is at work upon the illustrations for the history of Napoleon, which promise to be his most important series of drawings made to accompany text. The subject appears to be one of especial fascination, and recalls one of his best illustrations, made familiar by the reproduction in photogravure. It represents Napoleon, when scarcely more than a boy, at the Palais Royal talking with a young woman with the unmistakable Flameng type of face.

He has always been to a great extent his own master, taking his impressions from the broadest range. M. Georges Cain, one of his fellow-students, tells how difficult it was to keep Flameng in the beaten track.

"In spite of his success at the Beaux-Arts, Flameng was not satisfied," says M. Cain. "A certain timidity, disguised under rather a frowning air, did not make his stay at the atelier especially agreeable to him. I still remember with shame how we used all to victimize him with our stupid tricks. It was better that he should work at home in the quiet atelier with his father, Leopold Flameng, the eminent engraver, an artist of the first order. There all was consecrated to the culture of the beautiful, to art and to work; there he studied diligently the painter's art, digging away furiously and piling up canvases one after another. And all these years the father and son, the two best of friends, went joyously together whenever they could, as comrades, to study in the art galleries of Europe."

Flameng works in a quiet studio—more like a small public hall, one might think from its size, set in the middle of a garden in the Rue d'Armaillé. Here he has collected the pictures of others with catholic breadth of taste, and gathered decorations in stuffs and furniture which reappear in his own paintings. A self-contained man, almost Teutonic in his calm, a prodigious worker—stopping for nothing, and happy chiefly in his work."

(Unpublished sketch by Jean Béraud.)

There are few women illustrators in France, as elsewhere, and the only one in this group just now thought of is the artist best known in England and America by the drawings which added charm to Halévy's "L'Abbé Constantin"—Madeleine Lemaire. The originals of these illustrations were exhibited some time ago in Paris, and established the artist among the recognized set of illustrators of the first class — if indeed she needed additional reputation in this branch of color-work. As an artist, Mme Lemaire does a little of everything. Among her pictures sent to the exhibitions each year are flowers and portraits, which might be regarded as the two extremes of subject; and her picture of Mme Pasca is an example of her real power of portraiture. One hears sometimes of her painting fans for the fashionables of Paris who can afford a "Lemaire fan;" but

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

The Chestnut Vender.

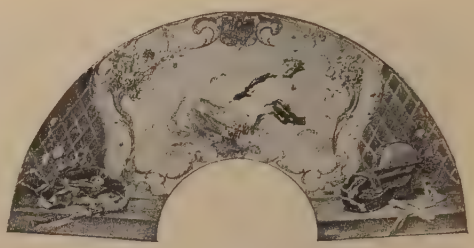
(From a drawing by Jean Béraud, published by permission of Boussod, Valadon et Cie.)

always more or less of her illustration appears each year.

The studio of a famous woman artist is perhaps more interesting than most ateliers, and the artistic workshop of Mme Lemaire is as characteristic as one expects it to be. It is separated from the house by a dozen feet or more, set in a little garden back from the street, guarded by a concierge of unrivalled discretion and "unlimited authority to refuse;" and here, in the heart of Paris, she works, away from the noise and bother. The chief artistic ornament of the room is the oil-painting of her daughter by Chaplin, Mme Lemaire's master, given in exchange for a panel of flowers, almost the only painting of hers saved by the artist from the wreck by the Germans during the war. So much of her time has been devoted to fan-painting and to illustrating subjects scarcely worthy of her powers, that it is to be hoped that some occasion may soon present itself which will lead to another collection of serious illustrations, giving as great a scope for the delicate skill and imagination as that which Halévy's novel offered.

(Unpublished sketch by L. Vallet.)

Mme Lemaire is a charming hostess, who speaks of her work as an incident, though she is not unlikely to tell her interviewer, with more than common interest, of her start in painting. She lived at Dieppe, and her first water-colors were put in the window of the local stationers. "They were nothing much," said a friend—M. Louis Ganderax—telling of them, "but their handling was at once correct and frank, their tones delicate and transparent. The oranges—skin and flesh; the flowers—petals, leaves, and stalks; they had the elasticity and the brilliant colors of life. In France it is never loss of time to give a minute or two to art, to look at whatever may come in one's way and take one's chances."



(Fan design by Madeleine Lemaire.)

It was M. Dumas *fils* who noticed them one morning, and seeking out the young matron secured one of the pictures and gave praise which raised new ideals for its artist.

For seriousness of work no artist is more impressive among these occasional illustrators than Besnard. It is not so often that one sees him in print that he is not easily remembered, since all that he does shows the thoughtfulness of the artist whose work represents the literary as well as the artistic quality. Like Vedder, he contributes but little to the current publications, but whatever is given for reproduction is pregnant, studied, and noteworthy. He has lived in England, has travelled much, and has an artistic courage which knows no bounds. A good example of the seriousness and depth of purpose shown in his drawings may be found in the pictures which accompany Rambaud's *Force psychique*, published two or three years ago in Paris—an excursion into his favorite realm, the mystical.

Some time it is to be hoped that a great work will present itself to Besnard which will offer the same suggestiveness and incentive which brought from Vedder the series of drawings illustrating the Rubaíyát of Omar Khayyám. Some one has proposed Poe; but as these same tales have been urged upon Vierge and almost every other serious modern illustrator, it is not likely that they will be considered, even if, in subject, they were more suitable than they are. The artist has already illustrated at least one book for a rich amateur, whose pleasure it has been unfortunately to keep the water-color drawings unpublished.

Before the Ball.

(Drawn by François Flameng for *Paris Illustré.*)

But the difficulty continually arises, in speaking of any group of illustrators, not to be guilty of omissions which make the reference seem absurdly inadequate. To refer to the artists who "sometimes illustrate," if they may be so designated, and to make no mention of such men as Rochegrosse, Le Blant, Moreau, Cain (who writes of his contemporaries so delightfully), Rossi, Clairin, and a host of others, seems wellnigh impertinent. And though the subject is so inexhaustible, at least some mention must be made of one or two of the men who work especially in black and white—the main-stay of the best illustration printed month by month in France.

Luna.
(From a drawing by A. Besnard.)

For the most part these artists have attached themselves in a pleasantly inconsequential way to some publication which often, fortunately for them, seems to be as inconsequential as themselves. Even so great a man as Vierge, it will be remembered, was connected with *Le Monde illustré* for nearly a dozen years and published in its pages some of the best and most striking drawings to be found in all the range of his numberless illustrations. In the same way J.-L. Forain is known by his contributions to those two journals impossible outside of Paris—*Le Courrier français* and *Le Fifre*. For a long time he did but one notable work in book illustration, his *Croquis Parisiens;* but about 1888 Quantin suggested to him a book on the cafés-concerts which contains some of his most characteristic drawings; and since then several collections have been made of his contributions to the journals—one of the most recent of which, "Les temps difficiles," deals with the Panama scandals. The admiration for Forain is likely to find almost its exclusive expression among the French themselves; to general readers his work is likely to appear a wild exaggeration of characters with which most people

are scarcely familiar. As one of his friends expresses it: "Forain's idea is to paint the woman who is seen at the theatre, the concert, the café, the shops; the contemporaneous girl, the sly glances of her wide-open eyes, the *chignon trempé*, the glorious piling up of her hair, etc."

Something of the same *abandon* distinguishes Maurice Bonvoisin, whose pictures signed "Mars" have for years been conspicuous in the pages of *Le journal amusant* and later in *Charivari;* and he supplies not only the pictures but the text which accompany them. Unlike most of his contemporaries "Mars" has not confined himself to the Paris types of figure in the comic papers. He has been a great traveller, speaks nearly all the continental languages, and draws his inspirations from a widened vision. He is almost the only French artist in the field of the comic whose work has found general appreciation in England and America. "Mars's Albums," as he calls his collected pictures grouped by subjects into occasional books, are a perpetually popular series and their publication is a regularly looked-for event in many quarters. Extraordinarily dexterous are some of these, especially where the artist touches off the characters of the good, the true, and the humorous of other nations as represented by their tourists.

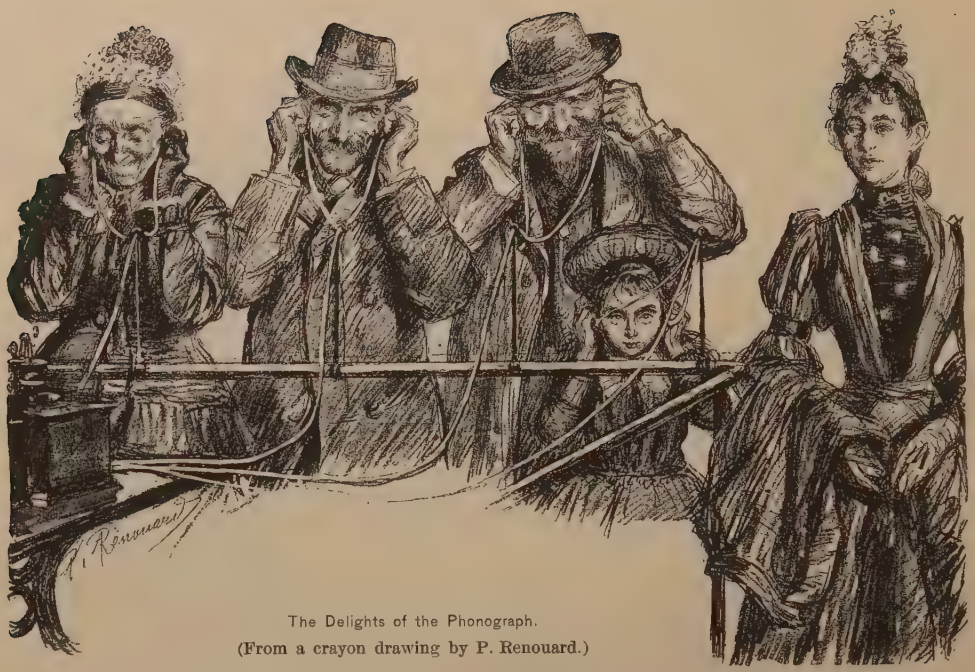
Louis Vallet, who has an individuality

Pigeon-shooting Stand at Monte Carlo.
(From "Mars's Album.")

The Concert Singer.
(Drawn by J.-L. Forain for *Revue Illustrée.*)

in a field of work already full of clever artists, hit off his own best description when he wrote recently of himself: "I never care to draw anything but women (Parisian ones, of course) and horses and soldiers;" his gift of clear-cut, sharp, and accurate portrayal is the quality one most attaches to him. Vallet's pictures are seen more and more outside France; he follows the fashions with the devotion and enthusiasm of a Worth, and his drawings present the modern dress to the latest hour. His industry is extraordinary. Within a year he illustrated three volumes and wrote one —the later, "Chic à Cheval," is a book which contains some three hundred illustrations. His drawing of horse women, published originally in *Les lettres et les arts*, in colors, will be remembered as representing him at his best, a fact not surprising, as he says: "The things I love best are horses, cats (I have four), and the Parisians."

One illustrator who cannot be omitted from the briefest sketch is Paul Renouard, a man of broader powers and greater originality than almost any of



The Delights of the Phonograph.
(From a crayon drawing by P. Renouard.)

the working illustrators of to-day. Lepère is fortunate in being able to give expression to his own work by his own hand on wood, and Paul Renouard gains the same end, but less laboriously, through the etcher's needle, which is only one of the methods he is master of. A singular contrast is offered by his broad charcoal drawings, genuine studies of character, and the delicately etched lines he so often affects. Among the subjects of his plates, the theatre in general and the ballet in particular are perhaps the most frequent. His great folio book, "L'Opéra," with a preface by Ludovic Halévy, containing scores of pictures, pen-and-ink sketches, etchings and bright drawings of the ballet individually and collectively, is an extraordinary example of the skill of the artist in depicting so many sides of this life, which most artists would confuse in a single type. The *corps de ballet* as Renouard studied and set it forth shows us its personnel portrayed with the utmost fidelity. These young women, divinities of an *outré* fashion, are often but touches of figures, carrying an uncommon spirit, lightness, and effervescent grace. In other plates we have dogs, chickens, ducks, etc., studies assuredly from life, representing a really marvellous amount of individuality in each small creature. With Renouard's book illustration he shows himself in a more serious light. The series of drawings for his volume, "Rome in Holy Week," is an example of spontaneity carried through a large number of pictures true to the original purpose, varied and illustrative.

Paul Renouard is one of the very few illustrators who have visited America and drawn pictures from its life. The American illustrator who does not visit Paris is practically unknown; and in these days when so many evidences are presented of the interest of American readers in French illustration, it is a pity that others like M. Renouard do not find a benefit in turning aside to the study of the life of a people who have shown themselves to be among the French artists' most discriminating patrons.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By Augustine Birrell, M.P.

NEVER to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow is an excellent maxim of conduct for busy men, since, if carried into practice, it leaves you free to do to-day what cannot be put off till to-morrow, and thus you marshal your time on sound and equitable principles. None the less, and great as are the merits of procrastination, I am most genuinely sorry I did not several months ago comply with the editor's request and write this paper on that branch of our supreme and sovereign Legislature known as the House of Commons; for had I then done so, I should have both begun and ended my task with a light heart and an unstained memory. But now, try as hard as I may, there swims before my eye, nor can I banish from my mind, a hateful and horrid scene of men scuffling and fighting, striking one another, and swearing on the very floor of the House itself, though happily not under the Speaker's eye.

The violation of traditions which have been centuries in the making, which have borne the stress of revolution, is in all circumstances and under any conditions a terrible thing; and hence it was that no sooner was the miserable and vulgar scuffle over, than a deep sense of shame and degradation came over the whole assembly.

To discuss the origin of the brawl was a task fitly left to those newspapers which, though called "Evening," in reality cast a gloom over luncheon; for it is but to burrow in the dirt. It sprang from bad language, bad temper, and bad breeding; but the disgrace of it was not so much because it proved the presence in the House of Commons of braggarts and swashbucklers—for probably such men have always had a place there in small numbers—but that the traditions of centuries had become so relaxed as to give such creatures the opportunity of behaving after the manner of their kind on so august a theatre.

So great was the shock, so profound and genuine the disgust caused by this incident, at once so hateful and so squalid, that it is not too much to trust that no living Englishman will see the like again.

The House of Commons, regarded as a legislative assembly, is at present composed of 670 members, who are for the most part far gone in middle life. Of these, 461 come from England, 34 from wild Wales, 72 from Scotland, and 103 from the unhappy spot of earth mortals call Ireland, and sentimentalists "the Sister Isle." The 643 constituencies these gentlemen represent vary enormously in size and importance. Some of them have an electorate of 17,000 voters; others fall below 3,000, and are remarkable for nothing except that they do return a member to Parliament and are ineradicably corrupt.

If the present distribution of seats, as constituencies are popularly called, were viewed as a device for giving each elector an equal share of Parliamentary power, it is little short of imbecile, as the following figures show. Ninety thousand men return 31 members for 31 different constituencies, while 180,000 men return only 16 members for 16 different constituencies. The fact is we are always outgrowing our Constitution, which still bears traces of the time when the House of Commons was not regarded as representing units, but districts; some of them remote and almost unknown, whose members came to Westminster to see, hear, and tell, and at the close of the session rode home again to report to their neighbors how well or ill their interests were served in London. In these days of County Councils, reformed municipalities, penny papers and postage, cheap trains and perpetual motion, a member of Parliament has small legiti-

mate concern in the purely local concerns of his constituency. Equal electoral districts cannot long be delayed. "One man, one vote," and "One vote, one value," are the *formulæ* which convey or are meant to convey the sublime truth that one voter ought to be as good as another.

The 670 members themselves make an interesting study.

It is easy enough, and in sundry moods 'tis pastime, for the wits of college common-rooms and other "cloistered" intelligences to sneer at the House of Commons as being composed of wealthy Philistines, block-headed country gentlemen, dull and greedy office-seekers, selfish lawyers, foolish philanthropists, and self-intoxicated and self-elected representatives of "the working man." Add to these half a score or more of bores in a high state of preservation, and you will get, so it is often said, a very good notion of the kind of man who, under present day conditions, goes to the poll and wins.

But though it is perfectly true that all the classes just mentioned have their representatives in the House—there are the bores, sure enough, and the blockheads (no need to run again through the whole list), staring you in the face, wasting your time, and spoiling your temper — but they do not, either individually or in the aggregate, make up that House which no one of these superfine gentlemen who sneer would rise to address for the first time without trepidation. The House of Commons has to put up with a great deal of fatuity, but it is never put down by it. Ignorance, inaccuracy, conceit on the one hand, and sincerity, simplicity of purpose, genuine humor, and real wit on the other, are almost instinctively appreciated with a judgment which rarely errs, and certainly knows no party bias.

This critical capacity is no doubt partly due to the fact that after all most members of Parliament, and probably more so now than ever, are men who, whatever may be their shortcomings, have proved their capacity in some one way or another. It is a common-place of the lobbies that whatever you may want to know, there is always somebody in the House who can tell you all about it. Taken as a whole, no body of men within our realm have led more interesting, instructive, typical, and often romantic lives than have our members of Parliament.

But of more avail than this are the traditions of the House itself. Men recognize, as they enter it, that they have not come to a public meeting, but to a law-making and governing assembly. To make laws, and to control by the power of censure and expulsion the Executive, are the two great duties of the House of Commons, and their joint educative effect has made it what it has been and still is. Remove either, the moral structure will topple to its fall.

Regarded as a chamber, the House of Commons is a rectangular high-roofed hall sixty-two feet long, of no architectural pretensions, but of splendid acoustic properties. Its green benches are arranged longitudinally down each side, leaving a passage in the middle. It has galleries, those at each end being reserved for strangers of different kinds and sexes. The fire of 1834 having destroyed the old Houses of Parliament, it became necessary to build new ones, and hence the great pile of Westminster Palace, known to all travellers. Two humorous incidents may be mentioned in this connection. Having decided that the buildings should be of the Gothic character, our senators entrusted the job to an eminent architect of classical proclivities: joke No. 1. This gentleman, having to provide accommodation on the floor of the House of Commons for six hundred and fifty members (which was then their number), all of whom by strict rules were bound to attend the proceedings, built a room which barely holds five hundred: joke No. 2. If I were in search of a third joke I might find it in the fact that despite the inconvenience and the discomfort which are the necessary results of overcrowding, members have grown fond of the latter anomaly. It jumps with their humor. It is undesirable that members should be too comfortable while in discharge of their duty. It might prolong debate. They are much better outside, in the lobbies and read-

ing-rooms. *Trop de zèle* is ever an abomination in British eyes.

The work of the House of Commons is done "upstairs and down." By the expression "downstairs" the actual chamber is referred to. By "upstairs" is meant the work of inquiry upon both private and public bills and other specific matters, which is done by committees composed of a handful of members, who embody their conclusions in a report to the House. Thus "blue-books" are manufactured. A great deal of useful and a reasonable proportion of useless work is done by these bodies. Much of their utility depends upon the business capacity of the chairman. To be recognized as a good chairman of an "upstairs" committee is to achieve a Parliamentary reputation, and amply atones for half a century of silence "downstairs." Your Parliamentary chatterer and babbler seldom finds himself in this honorable position.

Downstairs the sittings are either of the House or of the whole House in Committee. Over the first the Speaker presides, sitting in his throne, in full-bottomed wig and robes. A gilt mace at the foot of the clerks' table indicates his presence. When the House is in committee neither Speaker nor mace are visible, but the chairman of committees (or one of his deputies) presides. He has no wig, and sits at the clerks' table, cheek by jowl with the clerks, who do wear wigs (but not full-bottomed ones). The only external signs of authority possessed by the chairman are such as a swallow-tail coat and a white tie are able to impart to his person.

In committee the work chiefly consists of discussing the details of bills which the House has already read a second time (thus adopting the principle), considering amendments thereto, and in desultory talk over the money it is proposed by the Government to raise for the various public services during the year. This is called "Committee of Supply." It is venerable, it is important, and it gives rise to more silly talk and bumptious pretension than all the other proceedings of the House put together.

There is one unfortunate distinction between the House and the committee. With the Speaker in the chair, no man, be he ever so great, may, except by permission and for explanatory purposes, speak more than once in the course of the same debate; but in committee, any man, however small, may speak as often and as long as he likes—provided always he sticks closely to the specific matter (or question, as it is called) before the committee; he must speak to the question, and if he wanders or swerves, he is (oh, joy to the weary!) out of order and may be bidden by the chairman to hold his peace.

While, therefore, the ideal Speaker is a man of lofty mind and stately manners, with a fine sense of honor and decorum, it is of the essence of the situation that the chairman of committees should be a quick-witted creature with very positive manners. If at the same time his cast of countenance is habitually contemptuous and the curl or pout of his lip contumelious, it would be so much the better; for nothing is better calculated to choke off empty talk than that it should have to be addressed to a man with an unsympathetic and scornful countenance. Impartiality is alike required in Speaker and chairman. "The popularity which is followed after," as opposed to "the popularity which follows," must be shunned by both; though perhaps a chairman of committees is entitled to secure for himself that small measure of popularity which will undoubtedly be his, if he snubs the occupants of the two front benches (ministers and ex-ministers occupy these seats) by not always calling upon them to speak when they rise, as in the opinion of the back benches they are too apt to do.

The ordinary duration of a Parliamentary session is from early in February till the middle of August, with brief vacations at Easter and Whitsuntide. There are such things as autumn sessions, but of these I will not speak.

The work "upstairs" begins at 11 A.M., and is supposed to conclude at 3 P.M., when the House begins its sitting. It is only a small portion of the total number of members who at any one time are engaged in committee work.

Roughly speaking, the House meets

every day (except Wednesdays and Saturdays) at 3 P.M., when prayers are read by the Speaker's chaplain. The average attendance at this hour is scanty, except when an important debate is expected—then it is considerable; when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill, last March, there was not a vacant seat. The reason for this is an odd one and unconnected with religion. No member, unless he be a minister or a Privy Councillor, has any claim to any seat anywhere in his own right; and as there are not seats enough for everybody, and very few good seats, any member who wishes to take part in an impending debate, or to listen to it, must do what he can to secure one. The law on this subject has been codified. A member who has attended prayers is entitled to reserve for his own use throughout the entire evening the seat he has thus occupied. His card slipped into a receptacle in the back of the bench is his title-deed to this right of possession. On this rule has been grafted another. Before prayers a member may reserve a place for himself at prayers by putting his hat upon a seat; but the hat must be the only hat he has upon the premises, and having deposited it on the seat, he must remain within the precincts of the building until prayers, which he must attend.

These seemingly trivial matters are deemed by the House to be of the utmost importance, and the solemn tones of the Speaker are not infrequently heard expounding to a gravely attentive House the law of Parliament on the great hat question.

On Wednesday the House meets at noon and adjourns at 6 P.M. On Saturday it does not meet at all. On Wednesday evenings the member of Parliament is left free to dine out, while on Saturday he can flee into the country. These are his usual recreations, poor fellow!

The public business of each day usually consists of what are called orders of the day and notices of motion. An order of the day is a bill or other matter which the House has ordered to be taken into consideration on a particular day, but Her Majesty's ministers have (except on Wednesdays) the right to place Government orders or notices of motion at the head of the list. This in effect hands over to the Government of the day all the time of the House except Wednesdays, when priority is given to the bills of non-official members. On Tuesdays and Fridays private members have some rights too insignificant to deserve mention.

The orders of each day are printed, and sometimes number fifty, but under ordinary circumstances the Government orders absorb all the time which is available for discussion.

Before the Speaker calls upon the clerk to read the first order, questions have to be disposed of. These have become an intolerable nuisance, and usually occupy more than an hour. Thirty years ago there was not one question a month put to ministers, but now there are seldom less than fifty a day, except on Wednesdays, when none may be put. They are of every possible kind and degree of importance and insignificance. One will seek to pry into the mysteries of the Triple Alliance, while another will be directed to the churlish conduct of some Church of England parson who has snappishly sought to maim the burial rites of a dissenter. A question in the House has become almost as recognized a method of ventilating a grievance as a letter to the *Times* newspaper. An Irish member was lately requested to rise in his place and ask the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant why the Ballycannon Union had so long delayed to supply Biddy O'Haragan, a pauper resident, with a wooden leg. To his honor, he refused to ask the question.

As some compensation for this new nuisance, it must be remembered that the House has got rid of an old one—viz., the habit of presenting petitions in a speech. This used to consume an intolerable deal of time. It was on an occasion of this kind that Lord North made a celebrated retort to Alderman Sawbridge, who had in a speech of great coarseness presented a petition to the House from Billingsgate. "I cannot," said North, "deny that the honorable alderman speaks not only the sentiments but the very language of his constituents." I quote this story because it

is an excellent example of a House of Commons retort. Even Mr. Chamberlain could not improve upon it. Now, though petitions may be and sometimes are publicly presented by a few pompous persons, no speech is allowed. Decent people are content to put these documents into a bag which abides behind the Speaker's chair.

Questions over, real business begins by a debate either on the second or third reading of a bill, or on the report stage of a bill which has been read a second time, and having passed through committee has been reported to the House; or possibly some member may move the adjournment of the House on a matter deemed by him and forty of his friends to be of urgent public interest, or a vote of censure may be moved, or the like. Or the Speaker may at once leave the chair, and the House resolve itself into a committee to consider amendments or to chatter over Supply.

I must now refer to two great facts or features of present-day Parliamentary life, which were unknown to our predecessors. I mean the twelve o'clock rule and the closure.

By the operation of the twelve o'clock rule (which, however, has important exceptions), no opposed business can be taken after midnight. This means for the great majority of members, bed by one o'clock. This rule struck a great blow at the traditions of the House of Commons. We all have read how on one occasion, the early morning light streamed upon the face of Mr. Pitt, and suggested to that ingenious orator an exquisitely felicitous quotation in the Latin tongue. We have changed all that, and members now expect to catch the 12.15 train on the Underground Railway, and grumble grievously if they have to wait for the 12.40. The early morning light, save on rare occasions, now streams into an empty house.

The rule has destroyed the private member's chance of legislation on his own account; for, as his order of the day is never reached (unless he gets the first place on a Wednesday) until after midnight, and as the opposition of a single member can then prevent discussion, he is left repining, having accomplished nothing by waiting except the loss of the 12.15. Some old hands assert that the Rule has increased that bugbear of all ministries, obstruction; for, say they, it is much easier to prolong a debate from night to night which automatically is adjourned at 12, than when it is bound to go on into the small hours. But the rule will never be altered, though on particular occasions it is suspended. Blessed is the man who invented sleep, and though it is happily possible to slumber in the House, bed is best.

The closure is a still more remarkable instrument of government. The late Mr. Smith invented it. He was the mildest-mannered man who ever led the House of Commons; yet he introduced the gag. He was made leader because of the contending ambitions of other persons who, when the poor, innocent, unambitious man died of exhaustion, outvied one another in praise of his devotion. I am always sorry for the *Tertium Quid* in politics, unless he be a peer, when he gets on well enough. However, Mr. Smith made an excellent leader, and introduced the closure. He was the first minister who ever used the now familiar words, "I move that the question be now put." He was not an orator, but much practice had made him perfect in this little speech.

Whenever this motion is made it is put without debate, unless the Speaker or Chairman considers it an abuse of the rules or an infringement of the rights of the minority. If he puts it and a division is challenged, the motion is lost unless carried by a majority, and unless at least one hundred members vote in that majority.

It is obvious that the duty cast upon the Speaker or Chairman, of deciding whether or not the motion is an abuse of the rules or an infringement of the rights of the minority, is a difficult one. A strong man in the chair, who attentively follows the debate, makes up his mind on the merits of each case; but a weak man, whose attention flags, is apt to be governed by the position of the member making the motion. If he is an important man, he puts the question. If he is not, it is refused. The late

Chairman, Mr. Courtney, more than once refused the closure to Mr. Smith.

But with all its disadvantages the closure is a plain necessity, as is proved by the fact that it is always popular with the party in power. The House having once tasted of its joys will never consent to be deprived of it. It is a dangerous weapon, but in these days it would, if improperly used, prove more dangerous to those who so employed it than to those whose parliamentary mouths were shut by it. No minister, however imperiously inclined, can shut the country's mouth, or prevent his legislative proposals being discussed on platforms, in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and even books. There is no real analogy between the closure and the guillotine. Nothing prevents a silenced member from publishing and circulating the speech he would have made had the question not been put when it was. But no doubt the closure is a good argument for a second chamber of some kind.

All I am here concerned to say is that the closure, like the 12 o'clock rule, is now an established parliamentary institution; that it may have far-reaching and serious consequences I readily admit, but that the river of talk must be dammed somehow is no longer controverted.

One other parliamentary practice must be mentioned, and then I shall have done with procedure—I mean the Division Lobby. The House of Commons is surrounded on all sides by lobbies or corridors, none too well ventilated. Entrance into the House from these lobbies is gained through two doors, one at each end of the chamber. One door is behind the Speaker's chair, and the other at the opposite end, in front of the chair. When the time to vote has arrived, either by nobody rising in his place to continue the discussion, or by the beneficent operation of the closure, the Speaker or Chairman puts the question in a way which admits of its being answered either with an "Aye" or a "No." The Ayes shout "Aye," and the Noes, "No." If it is a "Government division," the Speaker or Chairman always declares that the Government side has it. If it is not, he makes a rough guess which cry was the louder, and declares accordingly that either the ayes or the noes have it. The malcontents may thereupon challenge this decision by crying out that they had it. If they do this with determination there is no option but to clear the House for a division; but if they do not challenge a division, or do so in a faint-hearted manner, the Speaker or Chairman may repeat his original assertion, which then becomes effective.

If a division is challenged, bells begin ringing in all directions in the various purlieus and haunts of members—tea-rooms, smoking-rooms, library, and the like. No sooner do members hear this summons than "oft, I fear, with muttered curses," as Calverley sweetly sings, they abandon their pursuits, their books, their tea, their cigars, and stream hurriedly into the House. They have need to hurry, for but two minutes is allowed from the time the Speaker clears the House with the cry, "Strangers will withdraw," to the time when the outer door of the House leading into these inner lobbies is closed. Unhappy is the wight who, all unpaired, rushes up just too late to join his brethren within, who are about "to score a division." As soon as the outer door is closed the Speaker or chairman once again puts the question, once again invites the rival cries of "Aye" and "No," once again declares for either one or the other; once again his decision is challenged (though sometimes it is not, and then the members baffled of a division rush back to their tea-cups), and then if it is challenged the Speaker or chairman cries, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left," and names four tellers, two of each side. The "Aye" voters pass into the lobby behind the chair and pass down the lobby on the Speaker's right and reappear in the House by the door opposite the chair. The "Noes" go out at this last-mentioned door and, turning up the other lobby on the Speaker's left hand, re-enter the House behind the chair. In each lobby are two clerks standing by a desk, by which the members must pass, who tick off on a printed list of all the members of the House the names of those taking part in the divi-

sion. Two tellers, one belonging to each side, stand at the exit door of each lobby and count the men as they pass through. When the last man is counted the figures are made up, and the senior teller of the victorious side reads out the result, which he then hands to the Speaker or chairman, who repeats it in a loud voice and declares accordingly that either the Ayes or the Noes have it.

This genial pastime absorbs, if the division is a full one, no less than twenty minutes of public time. A more economical method could easily be invented, but the system has sunk deep into the Constitution. It is a welcome relief, an agreeable variety, and affords opportunities for conversations and combinations. The confidences and the scandals of the division lobby are amazing. When the division is obviously a close one and the fate of a ministry depends upon it, the excitement is increased by the delay, and the dramatic effect of the final announcement is artistic and great.

Some frivolous persons there are who consider the terrace by the River Thames a Parliamentary institution, and certainly of late years it has become the daily practice for this agreeable place to be invaded by ladies, who there drink tea and devour strawberries (when in season) and chatter to their hearts' content. These fair Goths and sprightly Huns are to be seen everywhere about the House—in the outer lobbies, drinking tea on the terrace, dining in the vaults; but up to the present time, the House itself and its surrounding corridors know them not. How long will it be before they storm this last retreat of their tyrant and oppressor?

The general tone and temper of the House of Commons is peculiar and fascinating. It is a strange compound of stern decorum, iron rule, and perfect freedom. Egotisms and *amour propre* have had naught to do with the fashioning of its traditions. You may sit in any attitude you deem comfortable or becoming; your hat may be on your head, except when moving about or while addressing the House (unless you are speaking to a point of order pending a division, and then it must be worn); you may sleep, you may chat with your neighbor, but you must not read book or newspaper, or aught but the orders of the day; you may go in and out, bowing to the chair, when and so often as you choose, no matter who is speaking, but you must not pass between the orator and the chair. In brief, you are under no kind of obligation to pay the slightest attention to anybody.

In the matter of interruption it is impossible to lay down any rules. Ill-mannered interruptions are always out of order, but a happy interlocutory remark finds great favor. Ironical cheering, if not rudely persistent, is permissible and is a great comfort to the harassed listener. It is not thought rude to roar with laughter at the most obvious slip of the tongue. A wearied House is allowed, within limits, to indicate to the orator that it has withdrawn its attention from him. This is usually done by cries of "Divide! Divide!"

In actual speech there is great latitude; at least a wily person with a copious vocabulary need find no difficulty in telling his enemy that he is a liar, a knave, or a fool. A clumsily sincere person frequently fails to employ the recognized language of debate, and has to apologize and withdraw it. It is unparliamentary to call a member "a mercenary," or to speak of his conduct as "grossly impertinent" or of his language as "habitually false;" but there is no objection to saying that his politics are only worthy of "Tammany Hall," that his legislative proposals are "fraudulent," that he himself is a "traitor." A little linguistic skill, and some study of Parliamentary dialectics and the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, are all that is necessary to give a Parliamentary tyro free scope for his tongue.

Oratory is no doubt a tradition of the House of Commons. What are we to say about it? In America you seem still to love talk for its own sake. I am told that in the States grown men and women really enjoy sitting still and being talked to in a loud voice. You love to hear the rolling sentence and the lofty and familiar sentiment. We don't. It cannot be denied that even

common juries dislike what a few decades ago would have been considered very passable eloquence. As for our judges, their abhorrence of a full-mouthed sentence is morbid. It is daily growing upon us, this dislike of being talked to in a lofty vein—or, indeed, in any vein. The fact is that most men nowadays can make a speech. There never was a House of Commons either so impatient of speech or containing so many men capable of making a good speech as the present one.

But real eloquence will always move, just as a plain-spoken, well-arranged, well-informed, honest speech will always be effective and give pleasure.

Mr. Gladstone is of course our one great orator. It is monotonous praising him, for he has been surfeited with praise; but one cannot get out of it. Let me, however, employ the language of another. More than twenty years ago an accomplished and uneffusive critic, the late Mr. Hayward, Q.C., wrote of Mr. Gladstone as follows:

"The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. It is 'Eclipse' the first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction or Mr. Disraeli's humor and sarcasm, but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup. His lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, and unaffected. He is a great debater, a great party speaker: with a shade more imagination he would be a great orator. . . . In one of the Cattle Plague debates he discussed the dues of the river Weaver with a spirit, a breadth, and a felicity of application that will associate that river in oratorical reminiscences with the Rhone and the Saône."

Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli are dead and gone, but Mr. Gladstone's oratorical crown still glitters unchallenged on his brow. For one good speech Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour may make, he makes twenty. He is versed in every artifice of oratory; he is practised in every mood and method of debate. He has the temperament and the equipment of a great orator, though Mr. Hayward made a good point when he wrote the words, "a shade more imagination." Yet, before admitting Mr. Hayward's qualification, I would prefix the adjective "poetic" to the noun "imagination," for Mr. Gladstone's imagination is most active. As a man of business he is inspired. Let his theme be a great trade or industry; let the subject of his voluminous discourse be railway rates, bimetallism, the opium traffic; let him unfold his mind and unroll his memory before his audience—do but hearken to his illustrations and follow his discursions, and when, to your sorrow, he sits down, you will observe with amazement the fingers of the clock.

It is said to be true that no man is indispensable; but when Mr. Gladstone leaves the House of Commons, that assembly will most assuredly cease to be the place of æsthetic entertainment it now is.

Mr. Chamberlain, as a speaker, undoubtedly is next in rank to Mr. Gladstone. He is often called a great debater, but I should prefer to describe him as an unrivalled discusser or argufier. A great Parliamentary debater—in the sense of taking up a speech of an opponent on the spur of the moment and pulling it or appearing to pull it into bits then and there, in the face of the very audience who a short while back were applauding it to the echo—I do not account him to be. Either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen is his superior in this Parliamentary quality; but as a man to argue on his legs, to state a series of propositions, to unravel a tangled web of pros and cons, Mr. Chamberlain is superb. His limitations and restrictions are too obvious to require statement.

But I must now make an end of this, and as perorations are out of fashion, I will do so *sans phrase*.

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

A BLAZING sun and a clear limpid sky, a long lagoon, gray-green and silver, a noble flight of steps serving as water-landing for half a dozen gay-colored gondolas, a grand balustrade protecting a broad platform leading to the porch and entrance of the most exquisitely beautiful building of modern times—the Art Palace of the Great Exposition!

From the corner of this balustrade a red rag of an awning, torn from an old tarpaulin, is stretched to an oar, its black shadow spilling down the white steps. Under this awning, flat on his back, sound asleep, lies a gondolier, fresh from Venice. Despite his nondescript costume of brigand's leggings and cavalier's cap I cannot mistake that broad chest and sunny face, the crisp black hair, and the fine lines of the throat and thigh.

"Espero!" I call out in glad surprise.

"*Commandi Signore,*" comes the quick reply, as he springs to his feet.

Other gondoliers join us: Marco, who at home plys a boat at the *Traghetto*, just above the *Salute;* and Luigi, who for five years past has won at the Annual Regatta on the Grand Canal—a superb fellow is Luigi, as handsome as a Venetian, and every inch a gondolier; and Francesco, his brother, first gondolier to the Countess, whose palace fronts the *Accademia.* For the instant I am in Venice again, while they all talk to me at once, telling me of their friends and mine whom we have known there—subjects far more absorbing than all the surprises of this new world. Five minutes later we are swinging up the Lagoon, Marco bending his oar aft, Espero on the cushions beside me.

There is to me a seeming fitness in entering the Court of Honor reclining in a gondola and rowed by a gondolier. No other craft that floats could so perfectly harmonize with these surroundings; none so dainty, so graceful, so dignified. There are no other oarsmen who could move with such ease and finish. These stately water-birds of Venice and

Dome of Horticultural Building at Night.

their masters add, too, an element of the picturesque. They are to the lagoons what the flowers are to the esplanades, or the swans to the smaller inlets. The launches, noiseless as they are, seem out of place here and jar upon your senses; they are too new, too suggestive of progress and revenue and time-saving. But the gondola revives the traditions and customs of those earlier centuries, when this great White City of the Lake was still in its glory. Moreover, it is the only sort of princely craft which these noble families, whom you feel sure have lived for centuries in these great palaces, could use in their magnificent goings and comings.

For whenever I stand on the bridge of the Peristyle and look across the Court of Honor, surrendering myself to the magic spell of its beauty, I cannot help yielding to the conviction that this noble quadrangle is surrounded by palaces of marble which have taken centuries to perfect; that the grounds and walks, stretches of grass, masses of flowering plants, and bold colossal statues have all been added from time to time, as in other palace gardens of old, when opportunity or royal whim dictated; that this great city was built ages ago, long before the time of the Greeks, who modelled their own temples along their classic lines; and that not only were its builders the ablest and most learned men of all ages, but that their descendants, those who live beneath these roofs, are the wisest, the most cultured, and the most artistic men and women of their time.

To me, moreover, the City is never evanescent nor unreal; never like a house built upon the sands. It is, when I look at it in amazed delight, not only entirely genuine, but firm and solid as the marble which it resembles. It is too vast, and the elements of atmosphere, perspective and proportion enter too largely into its *ensemble* to make it appear other than genuine. When, for instance, you stand in Athens, near the Parthenon, and your eye falls on a broken column at your feet, you *see* that it is marble, and you *know* that it is heavy. But without this sample stone in the foreground, and your knowledge of the character and quality of the material, the whole temple is to you, from where you look, only a film of light, now ivory, now alabaster, now lost in purple shadows. Here, about the White City, there is no broken column as an eye test, there are only superb façades, reaching skyward, and great stretches of columns and arches, relieved by gilded domes and sculptured frieze. They are never close to you—no comprehensive view is possible nearer than two hundred feet, and who can tell "staff" from marble at that distance—but far away, across the shimmer of the Lagoon, or over the massing of foliage or clustered roofs.

The Peristyle.

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

The Court of Honor—Dome of Administration Building.

There is, in addition to all this element of reality, a reality which every one must feel for himself, still another charm —an undefinable quality that constantly surprises and delights you. To this is united a majestic picturesqueness investing these superb palaces and royal gardens with a distinction never attained by any of their predecessors. This does not seem to be due so much to colossal proportions nor to the never-ending series of buildings piled one behind the other, as to the skill shown by architects and landscape gardeners in the general plan. Especially is this charm felt in the absence of rectangular lines of construction; in the winding in and out of the lagoons; in the neglected fringing of untrimmed foliage skirting the water's edge; in the half submerged bits of islands where the ducks plume their feathers; in the informal formality of great massing of plants; in the dotting of broad stretches of gray-green water with gay-colored gondolas; and in the colossal proportions of superb decorative statues, so that a glimpse of Venice can be caught between the forelegs of a huge sculptured bull, and the columns of a classic temple be outlined over the back of some water-sprayed mermaid.

It is easy while under the spell of this Ancient City to persuade myself that in this their festival year, these nobles who dwell here are holding high carnival, with much feasting and merry-making, and illuminations at night. That they have bidden all the nations of the earth to join them in these gracious festivities lasting many months; and that as an especial honor, and for the delight and entertainment of these distinguished guests, they have decreed that a great fair shall be held where may be seen many strange people from the uttermost parts of the earth, who, with barbaric dancing and weird music may depict the manners and customs of their climes. That this Fair of the Festival Year shall be placed, not within the lines of the Palaces but outside the walls of the Great City, at the end of a broad highway, rolled out like a huge carpet of many colors.

. . . . .

Rousing myself from these reveries, I bid Espero good-by, join the throng, follow through the gates and so out upon this broad highway, the Plaisance. My dreams are all true. Along the crowded thoroughfare move half the wild tribes of the earth—Javanese, Esquimaux, natives of the Soudan, Bedouins from beyond the Great Desert, Algerians, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Turks. Fringing each edge of this gay promenade I find the huts of the Javanese nd Soudanese, the tents of the Bedouins and Arabs, and the more pretentious booths and structures of the Algerians and kindred people. Here, too, are the quaint gateways and open squares of old German and Austrian towns; the low-roofed, deftly constructed houses of the Japanese; the intricate carvings of India covering the booths, and, draping the doors of the Eastern bazaars the rich stuffs, rugs, and tapestries of the Orient.

Near the entrance to the Turkish village, tucked away on one side of the highway, just out of the rush of the never-ceasing throng, and yet close enough to be within call, rises the dome of a small Mosque. Above this a single, snow-white minaret shoots up into the blue.

When the sun is gone there leans from a tiny balcony high up on this needle of a minaret, a white-robed priest. Suddenly above the whirl and hurry there filters down through the soft twilight air the Muezzin's call for prayer:

"La Ilah Ell-Allah Muhammed Rassoul Ell-Allah."

To me there is nothing so simple, nothing so impressive, nothing so devout, as a Muhammedan standing in the presence of his God. There is a childlike faith, a manly trust, a sincere belief evinced and experienced by these believers, that never seems to predominate in any other form of religion.

How often, in a great cathedral, do you come upon a figure silently leaving the confessional, and catching a full view of the face, detect a lingering trace of sorrow, or anxiety, or doubt. But watch the faces of these Muhammedans, these poor sedan-chair carriers, and of that broad-shouldered Arab, who has been moving great boxes of unpacked goods on his back all day. How tired they all look as they enter the Mosque,

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Distant View of Dome of the Horticultural Building.

bowing low with reverent awe, and prostrating themselves wearily to the pavement. It is as if each penitent had brought his very burden within these sacred precincts, supplicating for relief.

Now look, when the silent service is over, and study these same faces as, with a light-hearted spring, each man rises from his knees and with serene expression, and calm, restful eyes takes up once more the burden of his life.

This exquisite and picturesque little Mosque—it is the prototype of the purest bit of Eastern architecture in Stamboul—these thoroughly genuine people, this sacred service—not as a necessary part of the Oriental exhibit, but as an essential, indispensable part of the life of the natives themselves—this combination of the genuine and the picturesque is to me the true keynote of the Great Exposition.

II.

My old and valued friend, Far-away Moses :—What a superb old Shylock he is ; not in the sense of "three thousand ducats and for three months," but in the unique quality of the character itself ! Neither Irving nor Booth ever conceived so fine and fitting a costume as this old man wears every day in and out of his bazaar, and along the streets of his transplanted village ; a costume of soft material, with an under-vest delicately embroidered, the over-jacket a coat of brown camel's-hair with dark red voluminous waist-sash and the wide Eastern skirts covering his still sturdy legs.

My old and valued friend, Far-away Moses, I say, invited me to dinner. I have enjoyed this especial privilege very often in his own bazaar in Stamboul, and the aroma of the Mocha and the soothing qualities of his Narghilehs have haunted me ever since. Now, thanks to his courtesy, I can enjoy them every day. There is nothing missing in the surroundings of his own bazaar here on the Plaisance. The walls are hung with the wealth of the East. Divans are scattered about. On a low table, octagon-shaped and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, lie yataghans and Turkish arms, embossed with silver and enriched with quaint design. The light struggles in through the small windows and half defines the odd interior, quite as it does in his shop along the Bosphorus. I throw myself upon a pile of Eastern rugs and begin adjusting the pillows in true Oriental fashion.

The old man claps his hands, and instantly, as if rising through the rug itself, an attendant appears, receives an order in Turkish, and vanishes. Not a gentleman, if you please, in a soiled necktie, frayed shirt-front, and hired-by-the-month swallow-tail coat, but a swarthy Turk in gold-embroidered vest and the rest of it, who reappears in a flash with one of those exquisite squatty little tables that might serve in a baby house. Then more clapping of hands, and more Turks, one a gorgeous fellow in a solid gold jacket (the light is dim), undervest of purple and silver, sash brilliant scarlet, and so on, down to his magnificent slippers of red morocco, very much turned up at the toes. And then an inlaid tray with two dainty little cups, mere thimbles, into which is poured from a long-handled brass pot, sizzling hot over a charcoal fire, two mouthfuls of fragrant Mocha. Then the Narghilehs, with their long flexible tubes, amber mouth-pieces, and the bits of burning coal, keeping alight the little heap of Turkish tobacco on the top of the slender caraffe-shaped glass.

We talk of the old days in Stamboul and of the morning we spent at the Bath, where I was parboiled and rubbed full of holes by two insufficiently clad Greeks ; and then of the festival night at Saint Sophia when, as a member of his household, I entered the Sacred Mosque barefooted and befezzed. Later on a lighted lantern is brought in, and we follow another gorgeous slave into the mysteries of my host's private apartments where a repast of kebabs and boiled rice is served.

After dinner other lights are fixed against the walls of an outer court, and a dozen or more of his retinue—Far-away and his *confrère*, Roberto Levy, count five hundred and fifty followers—with weird song and gesture, throw themselves with perfect abandon into one of their wild native dances.

This small army of the Faithful eat, sleep, and dress precisely as they do at

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

In Old Vienna.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

home. The Bedouin women huddle in the dust outside their tents, baking their wafer-like bread over rounded pans covering heaps of live coals; the men smoke and lounge on the mats; the dancing-girls from Damascus and Syria, in the intervals of their stage work, shut themselves up in their curtain-closed rooms, attended only by their women.

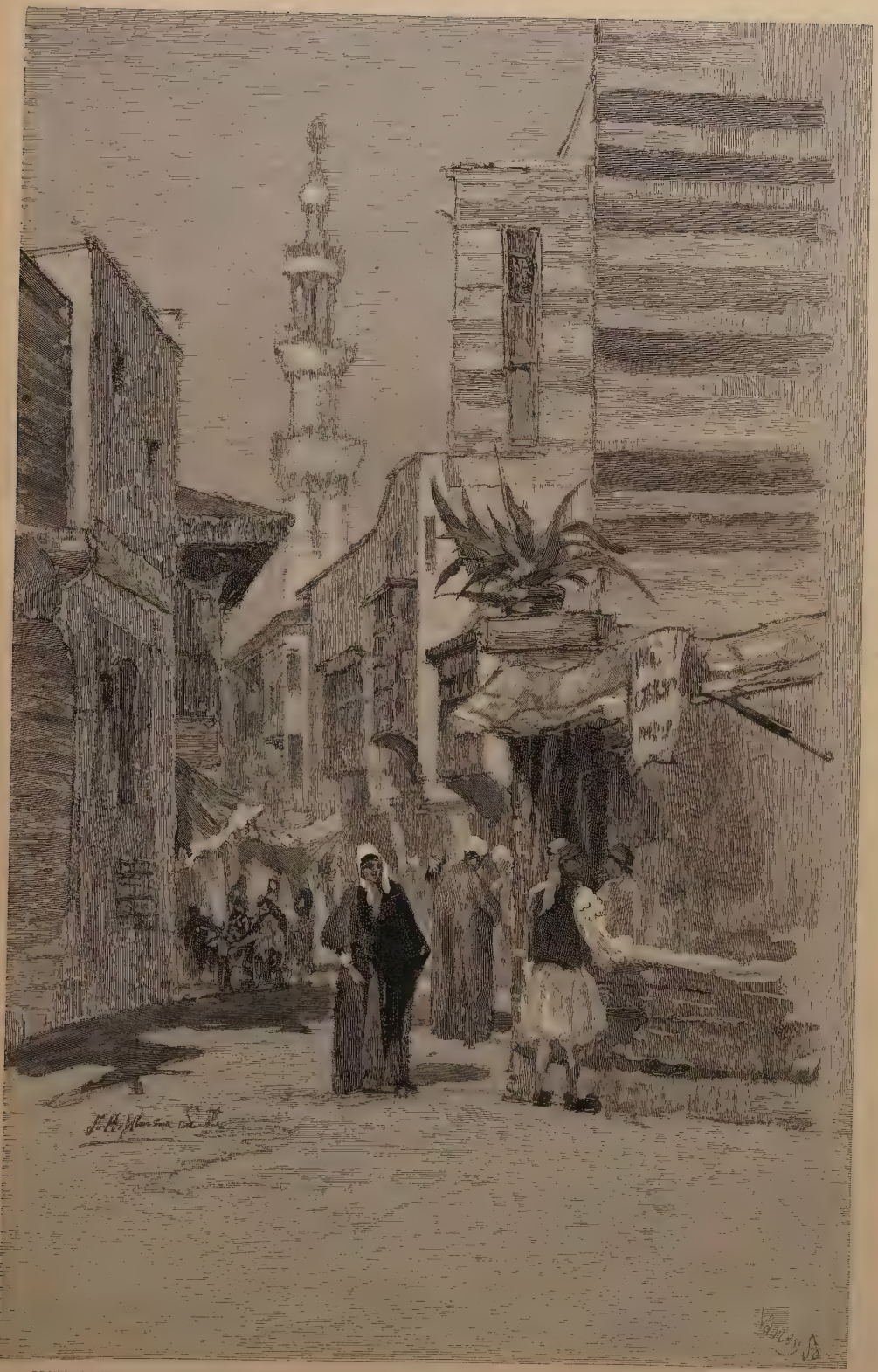
They allow no difference in their surroundings or atmosphere; there is no hurry nor rush nor noise; only the indolent, lazy life of the East. Had the genie of the lamp been summoned from space to work these marvellous effects it could not have been better done.

"Far-away Moses."

But the picturesque does not end with the Turkish village, its mosques, bazaars, café, theatre, and attendants. Enter the gates leading to the little toy houses of the Javanese, and stop for a moment at one of the doors. Half a dozen of the dancing-girls are cuddled together in the middle of the floor. There is no light except through the open door. Some are smoking cigarettes. One is painting the eyebrows of a comrade, who in turn is combing the other's hair. Two are stretched out on either side of the entrance lolling lazily. They smile courteously, and when one rises and trips away to the next miniature house, she drops you a slight deferential courtesy as she passes—not to attract your attention, but as challenging permission—to cross in front of you.

If you, an admirer of Western civilization, offer some one of its subjects a piece of silver, you receive either the customary gruff thanks or the incredulous stare. If you have doubts about the courtesy, the refinement, and the charm of the semi-barbarous East, try the same experiment on one of these little Javanese maidens, fully of age and yet hardly as tall as the curly-haired daughter that you hold in your arms. When you tender her the coin she walks to where you stand without the slightest trace of either forwardness or timidity, drops on one knee—clasping the money in her right hand—crosses both arms over her bosom, places the piece on her head, and then bowing low, her face toward you, retraces her steps into the bungalow. With each gesture she intends some graceful service—she is your slave—her heart is always true, her head in subjection. It is only her way of saying thank you—this poor little half-clad, half-civilized, Javanese maid; but it is so gracefully, so charmingly done, it is so naïve and sincere, that if you leave the door of her hut with a cent in your pocket you should be sentenced to spend a month in her village to learn better manners.

As you are still in search of the picturesque, follow that barefooted Arab with fez and long yellow gown, who has just saluted with such respect and humility Roberto Levy (chief commissioner of all these Muhammedan people), touching his heart and lips and forehead after the manner of his race. He has some complaint to make or grievance to right. You note that the man enters a gate farther down on the Plaisance, above which you catch the minaret of another mosque, overlooking "A Street in Cai-



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

In Cairo Street.

ENGRAVED BY VARLEY.

ro." Later on you discover that this barefooted Arab drives a camel along this tortuous thoroughfare.

Mosque of the Sultan Selim.

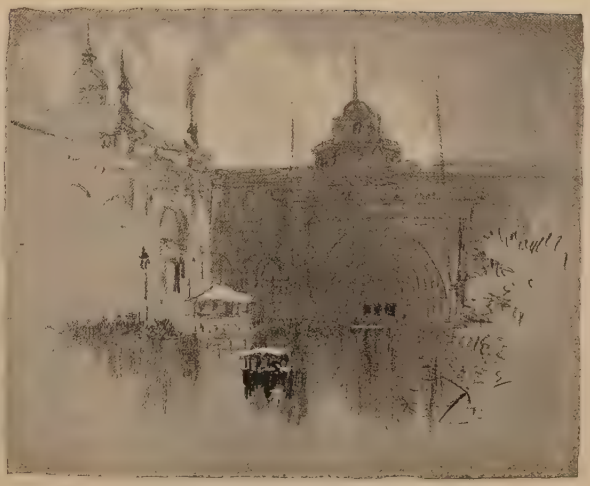
Here again the quality of the picturesque is inseparably joined to the quality of the genuine. The street itself is a fair reproduction of the original, with its overhanging latticed windows, iron gratings and decorations; but the motley crowd that throngs through its crookedness is the native element itself. Camels with the dust of the desert ground into their scarred hides, every knot in the harness a guarantee of long service; donkeys and donkey boys; women closely veiled or wearing the *burgi*—a wooden spool bound over the nose, with a heavy fringe of black thread falling below the chin; rows of idlers in dirty garments sprawled along the edges of the houses hugging the shade; Nubians, black as ink, in white burnoose and long gowns; pedlers, street venders in odd Eastern costumes, and scattered throughout the curious throng the man from Maine and the gentleman from Texas.

Everywhere you find the same element of the picturesque, everywhere is evident the same quality of the genuine. To accomplish these results space and time seem to have been annihilated.

"It is I who went up into the Soudan country and brought out this family, come in and see," says a dark, black-

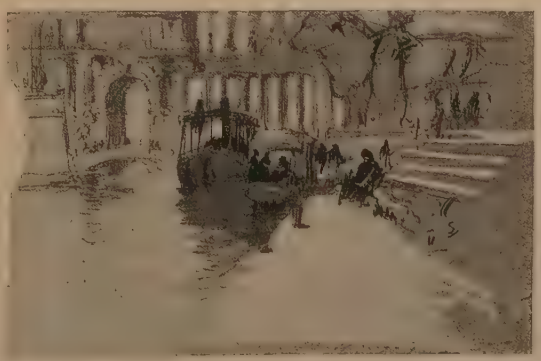
bearded man, who might have the blood of all the races of the East in his veins.

I thrust my head and shoulder through a narrow slit in the hut, shaped like an inverted teacup, and am confronted by a girl wearing a single garment of coarse cotton cloth, such as would cover a sack of salt. Behind her, squatting on the earth-floor, sit her husband and father, beating rude drums covered with skins. The girl instantly advances, lifts up her face and gazing into mine with half-closed eyes, gives herself up with slow movement of her feet to that peculiar spell which seems to possess all Eastern women when under the influence of the dance. The inmates are all uncleanly, unkempt, and, but for the earnest face and fawn-like eyes of the Soudanese girl-wife, forbidding and repulsive. Of one thing, however, you are sure: had you wandered into the heart of their country and entered any one of their huts, you would have found the exact counterpart of what is before you now.

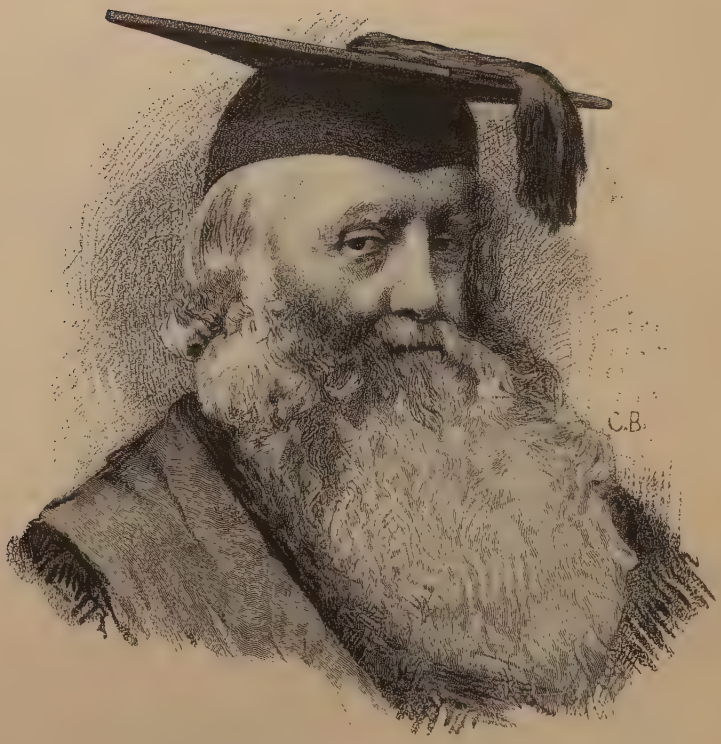


Doorway of the Transportation Building.

So with the Algerians and Nubians, the Chinese and natives of Ceylon, Dahomey and the South Sea Islands, the Esquimaux even down to the glass-blowers from Murano: they are not a part of a show—they are the people themselves. How long this unconscious individuality will continue and what degrading effects our civilization will produce on these strangers is a question which cannot be settled until the Fair is over.



It is safe to say that never in the lives of the present generation will these things be repeated. Before the summer comes again the beautiful city will fade away like the frost-work of an early morning. This broad highway, teeming with life and color, will be but a neglected waste, while the lovely lagoons will once more yield themselves up to the ever-encroaching lake. Every square foot of the wide enclosure should be sacred to every American, as marking for them and for the intelligent world a point in civilization never before reached by any people; as marking the dawn of a new era in the progress of the Republic; a new light in architecture, in mural decoration and sculpture; in the weaving of exquisite stuffs, in the glazing of porcelains, the making of glass and perfecting of all the lesser arts that serve to beautify our homes and gladden our lives; and in the proving, by comparison with the best work of the other nations of earth, the high standard reached by our own artists, and the fixing forever of that position in the art of the world.



Professor Edward Augustus Freeman.
(Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith, from a photograph.)

MR. FREEMAN AT HOME.

By Delia Lyman Porter.

IN the southwestern corner of England, in the county of Somerset, lies the beautiful little town of Wells, and within two miles of the cathedral and palace, for which it is so well known, is Somerleaze, which for most of his life was the home of the "Sage of Somerset." There Mr. Freeman most loved to be, there in his great library he wrote most of the histories which have made him famous, thither, after he was made professor at Oxford, he was always longing to return.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the spring of 1882 that Mr. Freeman, on his return from America, saw again this beloved home. From the little station at Wells, we drove through the quaint narrow streets, and then through the rich, rolling country for which Somersetshire is so famed, till in about twenty minutes we reached the gate of Somerleaze. There under an arch, which bore the welcoming words :

"May the dews of Heaven fall thick in blessings,
Fair be all their hopes and prosperous be their life!"

we entered by a winding driveway, the beautiful grounds which led to the house.

The accompanying rough sketch, which Mr. Freeman drew, gives an idea of the form, though not of the charming coloring, of the low-set, rambling gray house, which was almost completely covered on the front wall

with ivy, a climbing clematis with its great purple flower, and a luxuriant tea-rose vine. In front of the low porch was a gravel tennis court, and to the right stretched a fine park of very beautiful old trees, through the openings in which were enchanting views of the blue Mendip hills just across the valley. Beyond the hedge was the picturesque and ancient parish church of the little village of Wookey. There Mr. Freeman was always called "the Squire," and there Mrs. Freeman was a veritable Lady Bountiful in her ministrations to the sick and aged.

The first set of steps around the corner of the house lead to Mr. Freeman's library. To the right of that is the great oriel window of the drawing-room, which he put in himself, and in which he took great satisfaction. Next to this are the tall windows of the dining-room.

Turning then to the left, one comes upon another view which Mr. Freeman has also illustrated with his own pencil. At the left is a window of the dining-room and a flight of steps leading to the morning-room. From these steps the view of the grounds was entirely different from that through the park, and yet quite as beautiful. On the soft, velvety English turf, were several tennis-courts, along one side of which a winding path led to a pretty pond with a little island in it and white ducks gracefully swimming on its surface. To the left a long walk past an old-fashioned flower-garden led up to Ben Knoll. This wood-clad hill, with its ivy-covered tree-trunks, its winding paths, and rustic summer-houses was Mr. Freeman's favorite haunt. A lovely spot it was, wrapped in the peaceful quiet of an English country scene, with its views of hill and dale, and its daily concerts from the birds who sing there as only English birds can sing. Specially beautiful, too, were the sunsets from Ben Knoll, lighting up, and then gradually dying away behind the Mendips.

Inside the house, the great drawing-room, with its oriel window, was undoubtedly the finest room, but the most interesting was Mr. Freeman's library. Every foot of its high walls was covered with books, among them being many rare old chronicles and copies of the principal original historical MSS. of the British and Bodleian Museums. Mr. Freeman was always amused at the question he was often asked in America, "How can you write your histories so far away from the original sources in the London libraries?" for he rarely had to use a manuscript of which he had not a copy. Through the broad

Facsimile of a Sketch by Mr. Freeman of his Home "Somerleaze."

windows at the only lighted end of the room, was a beautiful view of the park.

Three large tables were covered with papers, each for a different purpose. One was for the main work on which he was engaged. Another was for the flowers, and how the climax was capped when an enthusiastic Greek, rushing through a window — his only way of entering the crowded house—threw his arms around the astonished historian and overwhelmed him with kisses.

Another View of "Somerleaze."
(Facsimile of a sketch by Mr. Freeman.)

magazine and newspaper articles which he was constantly writing, as political events stirred him to do so. He was never too busy to champion the cause of the oppressed, whether in Ireland or Greece or Bulgaria. No man ever had a more intense zeal for the cause of freedom, and nothing can exceed the eloquence with which he wrote on the Eastern Question, his fiery denunciations of Francis Joseph of Austria, Lord Salisbury, the Berlin Council, the Turks, and all oppressors of those long persecuted Eastern lands along the Adriatic. Nor was this interest in the cause of freedom expressed only in words. When Greece specially needed help in her war with Turkey in 1881 he raised, by his own personal efforts, a quarter of a million dollars for their assistance. His next visit to Greece was an ovation. I remember the enjoyment with which he told me how, one day, he was entirely surrounded by his grateful admirers and covered with wreaths of

On a third table in his library, Mr. Freeman wrote his letters in a most peculiar way. There you might see a half dozen letters spread out, all kept going at the same time. He had a curious habit of stopping at the end of a page, perhaps in the middle of a sentence, then going on to another letter, and returning after several days (with the new date in brackets at the top of the next page) he would conclude the sentence and continue the letter. He wrote with a quill pen, using the blackest of black ink and the heaviest of white paper, which, with a characteristic disregard for such small things as postage, he used with equal freedom for foreign letters. His handwriting was difficult to read until one became familiar with it. He was an amazing correspondent, writing numerous and very long letters, bright, and often playful in style, full of honest opinions of the great events of the day, expressed in his strong, vigorous way.

This suggests one of his strongest characteristics—his intensity of nature. He was a man of intense likes and dislikes, and never had a half-way opinion of anything about which he had any opinion at all. He was either entirely indifferent or knew his mind very positively.

Furthermore, he was absolutely honest in his opinions and judgments. In answering a question I once asked him as to whether a lie is ever justifiable, after enumerating several instances in which, theoretically, it might be, he declared: "But in any of these cases I, personally, should find it physically hard to utter the thing that is not." He never feigned to know a thing which he did not know, never hesitated to avow what he did.

Among those things of which he was absolutely and curiously ignorant was how to do the common things of life, such as managing luggage and like details in travelling. "My tastes have their drawbacks," he wrote, in 1887. "I get to dislike all human affairs, mine own and those of anybody else, and to leave them to anybody that will do them for me." He was equally frank in avowing his lack of practical mechanical knowledge. In replying to a letter in which I explained to him the making of a composite photograph, he wrote: "Your explanation of the many-girl photograph is too scientific for me. I don't know about 'foci' and 'negatives.' I believe I have not any notion *how* anything is done except making a book, rolling up a book packet, and making a fire burn with crumbling turf. I can do those three physical things and no others." Another interesting confession of his own limitations was in speaking of a brilliant young girl: "Her writings are very wild and untamed, thought I, but full of real imaginative power. You know I don't profess to invent myself, only to fish things out and set them forth after I have fished them. But this lassie had got hold of things that I can't guess where she caught them; so I suppose they grew in her own brain."

But this plain-spokenness of Mr. Freeman was sometimes amusing. I well remember an instance of this when we were paying visits in Wells. We had rung the bell at the house of a distinguished church dignitary. The maid who answered it told us that Dr. —— was not at home, but Mrs. —— was. "Oh!" was Mr. Freeman's instant ejaculation, "we shall *have* to go in, then!" which, if repeated by the maid to her mistress, must have somewhat amused her.

To return to his library, the drawers of his letter-table were full of interesting letters from distinguished men all over England. His unbounded generosity was shown by his giving the writer free permission to abstract for her autograph-collection any which she wished. Besides those of Dean Stanley, Bishop Stubbs, Merivale, John Bright, Anthony Trollope, and many others of equal note, he insisted on her also taking one which, in her eyes, was the prize of all—a letter from Gladstone containing a complimentary opinion of Mr. Freeman himself. This was the more remarkable, as he was an ardent admirer and supporter of Gladstone's. His generosity was utterly without stint, and the same man who was so often thought gruff and brusque in general society could not do enough for his friends. He delighted to entertain them in his house and overwhelmed them with kindness. To really know Mr. Freeman one should have seen him at his own table surrounded by those who knew and appreciated him.

It must be acknowledged, however, that he did not extend the same heartiness to most strangers or to people in general, partly, I think, through shyness and partly from a singular inability to talk any of the small talk which is so often needed in beginning an acquaintance with a stranger. "When I know nothing at all about a man who is brought up to me, what in the world can I say?" he more than once said to me in a perfectly helpless way. And in one of his letters, he writes: "What on earth do you find to say to people? Many must be fools, and I fancy that I never mastered the apostolic suggestion or counsel of perfection—for a direct precept it is not—to 'suffer fools gladly?' Only you seem not only to suffer fools gladly, but positively to rejoice in

them, which I cannot fathom." But introduce to him one who had an interest in any of his special subjects—history, architecture, or archæology, and a rich stream of delightful talk would flow forth.

Though those three were Mr. Freeman's special subjects, a glance around the walls of his library showed that he read other books besides. Of fiction there was not much. He liked the reality and truth to life of George Eliot's works, but curiously failed to appreciate Dickens. "I read 'The Mill on the Floss' years ago, but not lately," he wrote in 1885. "'Adam Bede' I read again this year. George Eliot's people are all real people. You have seen such people, or you feel you might have seen such—so utterly different from the forced wit and vulgarity of so many, I should say, of Dickens." Of Henry James, he wrote: "I am trying to read 'Washington Square.' It strikes me as an elaborate description of nothing; as if a painter should paint a pair of boots very like real boots."

Among essayists, he also failed to appreciate Emerson, partly for the occasional lack of clearness in his writings, and partly for his poetical way of treating some historical events, which roused Mr. Freeman's impatience. "I took up a thing of his the other day," he wrote, "and his notion of the Norman Conquest was that 'twenty thousand thieves founded the House of Lords!!!' He seemed to come into England not knowing anything whatever about anything."

As to poetry, his fondness for a clear, direct style made him unable to appreciate such a poet as Browning. "Bother Browning and Emerson and all people who write not to be understood!" he wrote, in one of his letters. I well remember his enjoyment of the amusing incidents which we saw on Commemoration Day in Oxford in 1882, when Browning received his honorary degree. Of all the witty and absurd sallies which came from the students in the upper galleries of the Sheldonian Theatre that morning, none evoked so much laughter as those which met Robert Browning as he stood in his scarlet doctor's robe, during his presentation to the Vice-Chancellor. From the gallery a red cotton nightcap fastened to a string (referring to his "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country") was dangled over the heads of the Vice-Chancellor and other dignitaries, as they sat in all their magnificence below, and was at last skilfully landed on the head of Browning himself. At the same time a huge cartoon was also let down, on which was a comical caricature of the poet with an enormous head on a very little body, and beside him a similar figure of a member of the Browning Society, imploring him in a rhymed couplet to show him how to understand his poetry. Mr. Freeman sympathized heartily with that member of the Browning Society, for he could not get hold of Browning's poetry, though personally he liked him. In April, 1884, he wrote:

"At that dinner I sat opposite to Browning, and found that in private life he was much like another man. I had thought that his *Comitatus*, the Browning Society, would follow him everywhere to explain what he said. But if a man can talk to be understood, why can't he write to be understood? But those things are not in my line—Homer and Macaulay for me—them I can understand."

Macaulay certainly does not need a society to explain his poems, and of his "Lays of Ancient Rome," Mr. Freeman was exceedingly fond. He liked their stirring lines and fine musical cadence. He knew them all by heart, and often, as we walked over the hills on a summer afternoon, he would recite, with great feeling and fine effect, poem after poem. He liked Byron's poems, too, for the same reasons.

These preferences of his show a marked characteristic of his own style. He was so averse to any lack of clearness, that in his own writings he almost went to the other extreme, and is often accused of too much repetition. To avoid all ambiguity he frequently repeated a word several times instead of using its pronoun, or "the former" and "the latter."

Arising also from this natural simplicity of style was his preference for good strong Anglo-Saxon words and his dislike of Latin derivatives where a pure-

ly English word could be used. "Do not say, 'I *commence* my letter,' but 'I *begin* it,'" he wrote, and in like manner more than once. So also he objected to the common use of French endings for the names of English or American towns. Writing to me when I was in Leadville, Col., he said: "But *Leadville* — Plumbapolis! What a name! Did they not know that the English tongue has such endings as *ton, burgh,* and a dozen others, that they must needs run off to a French *Ville!* Whitneyville, Varietyville, and (more wonderful than all) Washingtonville; but here in Middle England some are as bad—Pittsville, and Cliftonville—every bit as bad as Washingtonville."

But it was not so much his style that made some of his historical descriptions so thrilling, as the passionate earnestness which he threw into the writing of anything which really stirred him. He actually re-lived again the stirring scenes of his favorite periods of history, his heroes were all real living people to him, and his enthusiasm for his favorites unbounded. Of a visit to Normandy, he writes in verse:

"The same full moon
Casts wide her lights and shadows on the works
And homes of bishops, burghers, priests, and counts
Who seem to me like living friends and foes."

I remember how one evening at Somerleaze he was mightily stirred by reading in an English magazine a criticism of one of his books which referred to him as being "cold and calm" in his style. He rushed off to the library, brought back a volume of the "Norman Conquest" and read with so much fire and eloquence, so much feeling and excitement, the stirring account of the battle of Senlac, that had his critic been present he could hardly have described him as "cold and calm" again. He had a fine bass voice and was an excellent reader. In the little parish church it was interesting to see him on a Sunday morning, in white robes and scarlet Oxford hood, reading the lessons of the day, according to a common English custom that the principal layman of the church should thus assist the vicar.

To return to his Somerleaze library, on his shelves were, of course, many books on architecture. No one in England, perhaps, was more of an authority in this line than Mr. Freeman, for besides his great learning on the subject, and his keen æsthetic taste, he always looked at it from an historical point of view. He never considered that he could write the history of any locality till he had carefully examined himself every trace and survival of its ancient monuments. His special field was the Romanesque or Norman architecture, and he had personally examined almost every remaining work, great or small, of that glorious style. From Normandy, in 1888, he wrote:

"It is very hard to give any notion of the inside of these churches with their vast height, utterly beyond all comparison with anything in England, though English churches certainly out-do them in some other points, as length and outline. You know that after all, it is the Romanesque churches and Romanesque work generally that I go in for, because that is my real work, bearing on Normans and Franks, and all that I have to do with. The latter, the Gothic buildings, I sit and gaze on with delight, but they are not part of my business. Neither William nor Harold ever saw them, nor yet King Roger. But in Saint Remigius, at Rheims, you see the pillars and capital which Gyrth must have looked at when they were new, as he came back from his pilgrimage to Rome."

Of English Norman work the noble cathedral of Durham was his special delight, and I shall never forget the hour when he led me into the nave with its great pillars and noble arches, and the wonderful impression of the massiveness and everlastingness of the work of these old builders, which is hard to match elsewhere. We were both silent for a long time. Mr. Freeman was too much moved for words. I remember his interest in the fine Norman work and curious mosaics of the Sicilian cathedral of Monreale, and the churches of Palermo, where I first met him in the winter of 1877–78. That visit was, I think, the first of the many which he made to that island, collecting the vast amount of material which he was work-

ing into his great history of Sicily, when his death cut all work short in 1892. He wrote, in 1887:

"How this glorious island takes hold of one and keeps one bound. I once meant only to do the Norman kings here to match the Norman kings in the other great island, Roger to balance against Henry, but the whole story lies so together that I find I must tell it from the beginning. Tell it I must in two shapes, as I have let myself in to do it for 'the Story of the Nations,' besides something much bigger."

I remember a visit to an old Greek town near Palermo, of which Mr. Freeman told us more than our guide-books. Indeed the sight-seeing of an ordinary traveller was as different as could be imagined from Mr. Freeman's. Though rather stout and not light of foot, he would climb to the most inaccessible point of some old Norman ruin if a better notion of some historic scene could be gained. He "stepped out," as he called his careful tracing, many a mile of old broken-down and partly buried wall, by his skill and archæological knowledge discovering the identity of many historic remains previously unknown. It was anything but easy work, but he loved it.

"You don't know how worked I am here," he wrote. "I have said once or twice 'I have no time to sleep or to write letters,' and it really is something like it. I dare say some blinded people think that I am taking what they call a 'holiday' in Sicily. If a 'holiday' consists in hard work—and I sometimes think it does—I suppose I am. To be sure I like the work very much; but it is work all the same. I have every day to go see this and that, to scramble up and down this and that place, to read what the Greek writers wrote about it, and what the German commentators say about it now, and to work it all into the proper place of my great Sicilian book." And again, "I am glad to turn from anything to my direct Sicilian work; that now draws me before all, and Thucydides, Diodorus, and Plutarch (with endless Germans to turn to) must be what Macmillan advertises as 'Books for the Seaside.' Anyhow, 'tis a blessed thing to be in Sicily." He was especially fond of Syracuse, rich as it is in natural beauty and historic treasures. "Truly, Syracuse is the place to make one young and lusty as the (Sicilian) eagle, or by a better similitude, as a kid of the goats skipping up the rocks. Will you believe it? I walked and *clomb* right to the top of the hill—*clomb*, I say, yea, I did more than once of set purpose forsake the main road to go up steps and stony paths that seemed more fit to go into Henna by. But I played no such tricks coming down, pacing down in a canter, with rain and wind and lightning and thunder to help me on." In the same letter, speaking of going home, he says: "I think we shall not go to Malta. 'Tis but a jingo island, full of Swashbucklers, British Empire, and all that."

But to return to his home at Somerleaze, as he himself was always more than glad to do, perhaps a more vivid impression of his habits and methods of work and recreation may be gained from a brief account of his every-day life.

Mr. Freeman was always an early riser and did, as he expressed it, "a good bit" of work before breakfast. "A wonderful deal," he wrote me, "may be done by method and by *getting up early;*" and this fine start in the fresh morning hours was one reason why he turned out so much work. At half-past eight the household, including all the servants, gathered in the dining-room to hear "the Master," as Mr. Freeman was always called by them, read family prayers.

After Mrs. Freeman had distributed the large morning mail, we began that pleasant and most informal English meal—the breakfast, after which Mr. Freeman always took me for a ten-minutes' walk in the garden to get freshened up for his morning's work. We were generally accompanied by Foochow, Mr. Freeman's favorite dog. Foochow was brought from China by, I think, the Governor of Hong Kong, as a gift to Mr. Freeman. He used always to accompany his master on his walks, unless he was specially forbidden. Writing from Oxford in 1885, Mr. Freeman said of him: "He has sense to know that when I set out in

cap and gown he is not to come. If I go out without them and do not take him, he thinks himself wronged, but when on Commemoration Day I appeared clothed in scarlet [his doctor's gown], that he could not make out at all." Another pet was a large peacock which used to strut up and down in front of Mr. Freeman's windows, often mounting the steps and thrusting his head into the library in the hope that his kind-hearted master would stop writing, as he often did, and give him something to eat.

After our little stroll Mr. Freeman shut himself up in his library, donned his scarlet study gown, and settled down to the day's work. He never felt satisfied unless he had worked his full quota of hours. He showed me once the blank-book in which he checked off for each day the number of hours he had worked. If the number for one day was short he always tried to make it up at another time, and this persevering method was another reason for the great amount which he accomplished.

In giving me some advice about studying English history, he wrote, in 1883 : "The thing is to get the habit of real application, which is so hard to all you lassies. You are quick enough when you do give your minds to a thing, but it is so hard to get you to give your minds to anything steadily. When you can refer to an original writer, do ; both Johnny [Mr. Green] and I in our notes will give you some notion of them. It is a really important and difficult business to grasp the truth that there are original writers. Some seem to think that we have it all revealed to us or spin it out of our own heads." And later he wrote : "I think love of work grows on one as one gets older—that is, if one has been used to it always. And I find that power and judgment get stronger and stronger, but mere memory weakens ; indeed, it is weakening all through life ; one does not remember anything so well as what one learned as a child."

His advice on the subject of studying history reminds me of a story Mr. Freeman enjoyed telling of a young Oxford student who was studying American history neither wisely nor too well. "Do you take in the *Federalist?*" asked Mr. Freeman, meaning as a book in the university course of study. "No," he answered, "only Scribner's Monthly, taken in at the Union [Club]." Just here may be inserted one or two references in Mr. Freeman's letters to some other American journals : "I am asked to write something for the *Youth's Companion* of Boston. The *Youth's Companion*, I take to be the Maid, and there is a picture of her sliding down a steep place in a kind of sleigh. Then the *Independent* of New York, writes again to me about Columbus discovering your land. Now, he didn't discover your land—Sebastian Cabot, of Bristol, did that, good luck to him for so doing!" "Have you seen ——'s new Illustrated Magazine? It is nothing like so good as the *Century*. Your side has certainly the pull in wood-engraving."

Another five minutes' stroll in the middle of the morning broke the long hours before dinner, which in the summer was about two o'clock. After that more work in the library till half-past four or so, when we all met in the drawing-room for a cup of afternoon tea. Sometimes a long drive occupied the whole afternoon, to Cheddon Cliff or the beautiful ruin of Glastonbury, or one of the many other historical spots near Somerleaze. But more often the drive came after the tea hour, bringing us home in the long English twilight to "high tea," a hearty and specially pleasant meal, at eight o'clock.

More often, still, however, Mr. Freeman would take Foochow and me, about five o'clock, for a long, delightful tramp over the hills. The country in Somerset is wonderfully lovely, and has much of the more famed beauty of its southern neighbor Devon. The valley in which Somerleaze lies, is bounded on one side by the Mendip hills, and along its surface are scattered many small mound-like hills, of which Ben Knoll is one. Up and down these hills we wandered, crossing one stile after another from field to field, where the velvety green of the grass was like that of a fine American lawn. The air was fragrant with hawthorn or cowslips, and later with the pleasant odors of new-mown hay. Flocks of sheep lay quietly resting un-

der the trees till Foochow, pursuing his favorite amusement, rushed among them and scattered them in every direction, no chiding from Mr. Freeman inducing him to give up this bit of fun, dear to the heart of a dog.

As we walked, Mr. Freeman told me many an interesting story of his early life. From one of the hills he pointed in the direction of Brean Down. "The first thing in the world that I can remember," he said, "was a thunderstorm on Brean Down about the year 1825 or 1826, when I was two or three years old." Another time he told me of knowing Mrs. Hannah More when he was a little boy. In August, 1889, after the hundredth anniversary of the beginning of her work in Cheddar, he wrote of her: "She was a mighty good woman who patted me when I was a small child, as she had patted Macaulay about twenty years before; only little Tommy, aged four years, offered her a glass of old spirits, which little Edward never ventured to do. She set up schools, wrote tracts, and did a great deal more, and as the beginning was at Cheddar in 1789, we held a feast to her at Cheddar in 1889, and had some prayers and provender, sermons and speeches, of which last I was the only one put forward, as the only man who remembered her in the flesh."

His mention of Macaulay suggests a story he told in a later letter of the Rev. Churchill Babington, a relative of Lord Macaulay's whom he was visiting. "He in his boyhood was bidden of T. B. (afterward Lord) Macaulay to catch a sheep and, failing in that undertaking, said boldly to the great man: 'Catch it yourself, Mr. Macaulay!' He is now a round man with a bald head, and looks quite unsuited for the catching of sheep, save haply in a pastoral sense."

During our walks Mr. Freeman also talked much of his special friends. For Mr. J. R. Green, whom he always called "Johnny," he had a strong affection. Mr. Freeman was fourteen years his senior, and had known him ever since his boyhood, when he carried him on his shoulders. I remember the day in May, 1882, when he took me to lunch at Mr. Green's house in London, and there I saw for myself how much the elder and the younger writer were to each other. It was only the year before Mr. Green's death, and he looked very frail. He wore a little black skull-cap. His eyes were bright and his manner and talk particularly charming. That he shared Mr. Freeman's vivid sense of the ludicrous, was shown by the frequent laughter at that lunch-table. Among other things which amused him, was Mr. Freeman's declaration that he never let a man die at the end of a chapter in the "Norman Conquest," because Johnny told him not to. Mrs. Green, who was an equally charming hostess, wore a leather strap buckled on her wrist, because she had lamed it writing, at his dictation, the "Making of England." She told me among other things, that when Mr. Henry James asked Mr. Green one day for a definition of a novel, he said: "History without documents—nothing to prove it."

In one of his later letters Mr. Freeman wrote: "Seeley's [Professor at Cambridge] great grievance seems to be that Johnny Green won't be dull. Poor dear Johnny, I fear he is very weak." And after Green's death, he wrote: "He said once or twice that I 'made him,' which is perfectly true, I really believe; but it was nice of him to remember it when he had been so much run after of late years." In a long poem on which Mr. Freeman was engaged about that time is this reference to his friend:

"Oft walked I on the hills,
With him so keen to mark each nook, each turn
That spake of the old times he loved so well,
When England was a-making. We have strayed
At Val-es-dunes and Senlac; in the choir
Where Harold lay, and where no stone is left,
To mark the choir that sheltered him. With him
On either side the narrow seas I sought
The spots where dwell the names of dukes and counts
Whose deeds he dreamed of telling. Now that tale
Must bide untold. The hand that would have traced
With more than limner's craft the living forms
Of Fulk and Geoffrey, never more may trace
A line to teach or cheer us."

Another friend of whom Mr. Freeman often spoke was Mr. Stubbs, then

Regius Professor at Oxford, and now Bishop of Manchester. Mr. Freeman had for him the greatest admiration and affection, and declared that he knew more than any man in England. He told me a saying of his which showed the perfect simplicity of so great a scholar. "Some one once asked Mr. Stubbs how he had managed to do so much really great work in constitutional history. "I have got to get some money for the children," he answered, smiling, "and when I do a thing I like to do it well." Mr. Freeman specially enjoyed a squib which Mr. Stubbs wrote about Froude and Charles Kingsley, soon after Froude's Rectorial Address at St. Andrews:

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth:
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries;
'History is a heap of lies!'
What cause for judgment so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

This mention of Froude brings to mind the well-known fact that Mr. Freeman was as hearty in his dislikes as in his likes, and toward those of whom he could not approve he was as severe as to his friends he was loyal and devoted.

"I send you," he writes, "a wicked '*World*,' to show you what they say of Froude. What a charming state of simplicity Kosmos must be in, to think that the speeches and despatches in Froude are genuine."

Before putting aside the letters from which most of these quotations are made, I want to add one which shows a side of Mr. Freeman's inner self of which he rarely gives any glimpse. "Ought I not to do something more personally for others than I ever do?" he writes. "Yet I suppose everyone must do according to his own gifts, and I don't believe mine lie in the way of very active ministrations in my own person. (I mean like Lord Selborne or Lord Hatherly, teaching in a Sunday-School.) I don't think my work is wholly selfish, I do believe I have done something honestly for truth and for right, and that may be the line meant for me, and which I may do better by sticking to than by trying other lines where I might only make a mess." And in the poem just quoted:

"And I have wrought and toiled, and as my heart
Would fondly dream have something done for truth
And something done for freedom. I have heard
The voice of eager nations greet my steps
As one who in their eyes had waged a strife
For them and for the right."

Concerning the last days of his life, in Spain, where he had gone to gather more material for his history of Sicily, the following details may be interesting to those who have seen only the brief newspaper notices.

Mr. Freeman with his wife and two of his daughters left Oxford, February 19, 1892, for a trip in Spain. He was as well as usual until Valencia was reached, where he complained of feeling a little weak. They next went to Alicante, hoping the sea air would do him good. There he enjoyed the warm sunshine and the view of the grand rock of Alicante, towering far above the town. The next evening he saw a doctor who, not till the next evening, hinted that the slight rash on his forehead might be small-pox. Such it proved, and after an illness in bed of only five days, he died on March 16th. In accordance with what was felt to be his wishes, he was buried in the quiet little Protestant cemetery of Alicante.

And there in Alicante we must leave him, but with many others we can but feel that a resting-place in Westminster Abbey would be more fitting for the remains of the greatest English historian.

THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

XII.

ABNER and Esther stood for a bewildered minute, staring at the rough unpainted boards through which this astonishing inquiry had come. I scrambled to my feet and kicked aside the tick and blankets. Whatever else happened, it did not seem likely that there was any more sleeping to be done. Then the farmer strode forward and dragged one of the doors back on its squeaking rollers. Some snow fell in upon his boots from the ridge that had formed against it over night. Save for a vaguely faint snow-light in the air, it was still dark.

"Yes, she's here," said Abner, with his hand on the open door.

"Then I'd like to know——" the invisible Jee began excitedly shouting from without.

"Sh-h! You'll wake everybody up!" the farmer interposed. "Come inside, so that I can shut the door."

"Never under your roof!" came back the shrill hostile voice. "I swore I never would, and I won't!"

"You'd have to take a crowbar to get under my roof," returned Abner, grimly conscious of a certain humor in the thought. "What's left of it is layin' over yonder in what used to be the cellar. So you needn't stand on ceremony on *that* account. I ain't got no house now, so't your oath ain't bindin'. Besides, the Bible says, 'Swear not at all!'"

A momentary silence ensued; then Abner rattled the door on its wheels. "Well, what are you goin' to do?" he asked, impatiently. "I can't keep this door open all night, freezin' everybody to death. If you won't come in, you'll have to stay out!" and again there was an ominous creaking of the rollers.

"I want my da'ater!" insisted Jehoiada, vehemently. "I stan' on a father's rights."

"A father ain't got no more right to make a fool of himself than anybody else," replied Abner, gravely. "What kind of a time o' night is this, with the snow knee-deep, for a girl to be out o' doors? She's all right here, with my women-folks, an' I'll bring her down with the cutter in the mornin'—that is, if she wants to come. An' now, once for all, will you step inside or not?"

Esther had taken up the lantern and advanced with it now to the open door. "Come in, father," she said, in tones which seemed to be authoritative. "They've been very kind to me. Come in!"

Then, to my surprise, the lean and scrawny figure of the cooper emerged from the darkness, and stepping high over the snow, entered the barn, Abner sending the door to behind him with a mighty sweep of the arm.

Old Hagadorn came in grumbling under his breath, and stamping the snow from his feet with sullen kicks. He bore a sledge-stake in one of his mittened hands. A worsted comforter was wrapped around his neck and ears and partially over his conical-peaked cap. He rubbed his long thin nose against his mitten and blinked sulkily at the lantern and the girl who held it.

"So here you be!" he said at last, in vexed tones. "An' me traipsin' around in the snow the best part of the night lookin' for you!"

"See here, father," said Esther, speaking in a measured, deliberate way, "we won't talk about that at all. If a thousand times worse things had happened to both of us than have, it still wouldn't be worth mentioning compared with what has befallen these good people here. They've been attacked by a mob of rowdies and loafers, and had their house and home burned down over their heads and been driven to take refuge here in this barn of a winter's

night. They've shared their shelter with me and been kindness itself, and now that you're here, if you can't think of anything pleasant to say to them, if I were you I'd say nothing at all."

This was plain talk, but it seemed to produce a satisfactory effect upon Jehoiada. He unwound his comforter enough to liberate his straggling sandy beard and took off his mittens. After a moment or two he seated himself in the chair, with a murmured "I'm jest about tuckered out," in apology for the action. He did, in truth, present a woful picture of fatigue and physical feebleness, now that we saw him in repose. The bones seemed ready to start through the parchment-like skin on his gaunt cheeks, and his eyes glowed with an unhealthy fire, as he sat, breathing hard and staring at the jumbled heaps of furniture on the floor.

Esther had put the lantern again on the box and drawn forward a chair for Abner, but the farmer declined it with a wave of the hand and continued to stand in the background, looking his ancient enemy over from head to foot with a meditative gaze. Jehoiada grew visibly nervous under this inspection; he fidgeted on his chair and then fell to coughing — a dry, rasping cough which had an evil sound, and which he seemed to make the worse by fumbling aimlessly at the button that held the overcoat collar round his throat.

At last Abner walked slowly over to the shadowed masses of piled-up household things and lifted out one of the drawers that had been taken from the framework of the bureau and brought over with their contents. Apparently it was not the right one, for he dragged aside a good many objects to get at another, and rummaged about in this for several minutes. Then he came out again into the small segment of the lantern's radiance with a pair of long thick woollen stockings of his own in his hand.

"You better pull off them wet boots an' draw these on," he said, addressing Hagadorn, but looking fixedly just over his head. "It won't do that cough o' yours no good, settin' around with wet feet."

The cooper looked in a puzzled way at the huge butternut-yarn stockings held out under his nose, but he seemed too much taken aback to speak or to offer to touch them.

"Yes, father!" said Esther, with quite an air of command. "You know what that cough means," and straightway Hagadorn lifted one of his feet to his knee and started tugging at the boot-heel in a desultory way. He desisted after a few half-hearted attempts, and began coughing again, this time more distressingly than ever.

His daughter sprang forward to help him, but Abner pushed her aside, put the stockings under his arm, and himself undertook the job. He did not bend his back overmuch, but hoisted Jee's foot well in the air and pulled.

"Brace your foot agin mine an' hold on to the chair!" he ordered, sharply, for the first effect of his herculean pull had been to nearly drag the cooper to the floor. He went at it more gently now, easing the soaked leather up and down over the instep until the boots were off. He looked furtively at the bottoms of these before he tossed them aside, noting, no doubt, as I did, how old and broken and run down at the heel they were. Jee himself peeled off the drenched stockings, and they too were flimsy old things, darned and mended almost out of their original color.

These facts served only to deepen my existing low opinion of Hagadorn, but they appeared to affect Abner Beech differently. He stood by and watched the cooper dry his feet and then draw on the warm dry hose over his shrunken shanks, with almost a friendly interest. Then he shoved along one of the blankets across the floor to Hagadorn's chair that he might wrap his feet in it.

"That's it," he said, approvingly. "They ain't no means o' building a fire here right now, but as luck would have it we'd jest set up an old kitchen stove in the little cow-barn to warm up gruel for the ca'aves with, an' the first thing we'll do'll be to rig it up in here to cook breakfast by, an' then we'll dry them boots o' yourn in no time. You go an' pour some oats into 'em now," Abner added, turning to me. "And you might as well call Hurley. We've

got considerable to do, an' daylight's breakin'."

The Irishman lay on his back where I had left him, still snoring tempestuously. As a rule he was a light sleeper, but this time I had to shake him again and again before he understood that it was morning. I opened the side-door, and sure enough, the day had begun. The clouds had cleared away. The sky was still ashen gray overhead, but the light from the horizon, added to the whiteness of the unaccustomed snow, rendered it quite easy to see one's way about inside. I went to the oat-bin.

Hurley, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, regarded me and my task with curiosity. "An' is it a stovepipe for a measure ye have?" he asked.

"No; it's one of Jee Hagadorn's boots," I replied. "I'm filling 'em so't they'll swell when they're dryin'."

He slid down off the hay as if someone had pushed him. "What's that ye say? Haggydorn? *Ould* Haggydorn?" he demanded.

I nodded assent. "Yes, he's inside with Abner," I explained. "An' he's got on Abner's stockin's, an' it looks like he's goin' to stay to breakfast."

Hurley opened his mouth in sheer surprise and gazed at me with hanging jaw and round eyes.

"'Tis the fever that's on ye," he said, at last. "Ye're wandherin' in yer mind!"

"You just go in and see for yourself," I replied, and Hurley promptly took me at my word.

He came back presently, turning the corner of the stanchions in a depressed and rambling way, quite at variance with his accustomed swinging gait. He hung his head, too, and shook it over and over again perplexedly.

"Abner 'n' me'll be bringin' in the stove," he said. "'Tis not fit for you to go out wid that sickness on ye."

"Well, anyway," I retorted, "you see I wasn't wanderin' much in my mind."

Hurley shook his head again. "Well, then," he began, lapsing into deep brogue and speaking rapidly, "I've meself seen the woman wid the head of a horse on her in the lake forninst the Three Castles, an' me sister's first man, sure he broke down the ditch roundabout the Danes' fort on Dunkelly, an' a foine grand young man, small for his strength an' wid a red cap on his head, flew out an' wint up in the sky, an' whin he related it up comes Father Forrest to him in the potaties, an' says he, 'I do be surprised wid you, O'Driscoll, for to be relatin' such loies.' 'I'll take me Bible oat' on 'em!' says he. ''Tis your imagination!' says the priest. 'No imagination at all!' says O'Driscoll; 'sure, I saw it wid dese two eyes, as plain as I'm lookin' at your riverence, an' a far grander sight it was too!' An' me own mother, faith, manny's the toime I've seen her makin' up dhrops for the yellow sicknest wid woodlice, an' sayin' Hail Marys over 'em, an' thim same 'ud cure annything from sore teeth to a wooden leg for moiles round. But, saints help me! I never seen the loikes o' *this!* Haggydorn is it? *Ould* Haggydorn! *Huh!*"

Then the Irishman, still with a dejected air, started off across the yard through the snow to the cow-barns, mumbling to himself as he went.

I had heard Abner's heavy tread coming along the stanchions toward me, but now all at once it stopped. The farmer's wife had followed him into the passage, and he had halted to speak with her.

"They ain't no two ways about it, mother," he expostulated. "We jest got to put the best face on it we kin, an' act civil, an' pass the time o' day as if nothing 'd ever happened atween us. He'll be goin' the first thing after breakfast."

"Oh! I ain't agoin' to sass him, or say anything uncivil," M'rye broke in, reassuringly. "What I mean is, I don't want to come into the for'ard end of the barn at all. They ain't no need of it. I kin cook the breakfast in back, and Janey kin fetch it for'ard for yeh, an' nobody need say anythin', or be any the wiser."

"Yes, I know," argued Abner, "but there's the looks o' the thing. *I* say, if you're goin' to do a thing, why, do it right up to the handle, or else don't do it at all. An' then there's the girl to consider, and *her* feelin's."

"Dunno't her feelin's are such a

pesky sight more importance than other folkses," remarked M'rye, callously.

This unaccustomed recalcitrancy seemed to take Abner aback. He moved a few steps forward, so that he became visible from where I stood, then halted again and turned, his shoulders rounded, his hands clasped behind his back. I could see him regarding M'rye from under his broad hat-brim with a gaze at once dubious and severe.

"I ain't much in the habit o' hearin' you talk this way to me, mother," he said at last, with grave depth of tones and significant deliberation.

"Well, I can't help it, Abner!" rejoined M'rye, bursting forth in vehement utterance, all the more excited from the necessity she felt of keeping it out of hearing of the unwelcome guest. "I don't want to do anything to aggravate you, or go contrary to your notions, but with even the willin'est pack-horse there is such a thing as pilin' it on too thick. I can stan' bein' burnt out o' house 'n' home, an' seein' pretty nigh every rag an' stick I had in the world go kitin' up the chimney, an' campin' out here in a barn—My Glory, yes!—an' as much more on top o' that, but, I tell you flat-footed, I can't stomach Jee Hagadorn, an' I *won't!*"

Abner continued to contemplate the revolted M'rye with displeased amazement written all over his face. Once or twice I thought he was going to speak, but nothing came of it. He only looked and looked, as if he had the greatest difficulty in crediting what he saw.

Finally, with a deep-chested sigh, he turned again. "I s'pose this is still more or less of a free country," he said. "If you're sot on it, I can't hender you," and he began walking once more toward me.

M'rye followed him out and put a hand on his arm. "Don't go off like that, Abner!" she adjured him. "You *know* there ain't nothin' in this whole wide world I wouldn't do to please you—if I *could!* But this thing jest goes ag'in' my grain. It's the way folks are made. It's your nater to be forgivin' an' do good to them that despitefully use you."

"No, it ain't!" declared Abner, vigorously. "No, sirree! 'Hold fast' is my nater. I stan' out ag'in' my enemies till the last cow comes home. But when they come wadin' in through the snow, with their feet soppin' wet, an' coughin' fit to turn themselves inside out, an' their daughter is there, an' you've sort o' made it up with her, an' we're all campin' out in a barn, don't you see——"

"No, I can't see it," replied M'rye, regretful but firm. "They always said we Ramswells had Injun blood in us somewhere. An' when I get an Injun streak on me, right down in the marrow o' my bones, why, you mustn't blame me—or feel hard if—if I——"

"No-o," said Abner, with reluctant conviction, "I s'pose not. I dare say you're actin' accordin' to your lights. An' besides, he'll be goin' the first thing after breakfast."

"An' you ain't mad, Abner?" pleaded M'rye, almost tremulously, as if frightened at the dimensions of the victory she had won.

"Why, bless your heart, no," answered the farmer, with a glaring simulation of easy-mindedness. "No—that's all right, mother!"

Then with long heavy-footed strides the farmer marched past me and out into the cow-yard.

XIII.

If there was ever a more curious meal in Dearborn County than that first breakfast of ours in the barn, I never heard of it.

The big table was among the things saved from the living-room, and Esther spread it again with the cloth which had been in use on the previous evening. There was the stain of the tea which the Underwood girl had spilled in the excitement of the supper's rough interruption; there were other marks of calamity upon it as well—the smudge of cinders, for one thing, and a general diffused effect of smokiness. But it was the only table-cloth we had. The dishes, too, were a queer lot, representing two or three sets of widely differing patterns and value, other portions of which we should never see again.

When it was announced that break-

fast was ready, Abner took his accustomed arm-chair at the head of the table. He only half turned his head toward Hagadorn and said, in formal tones, over his shoulder, "Won't you draw up and have some breakfast?"

Jee was still sitting where he had planted himself two hours or so before. He still wore his round cap, with the tabs tied down over his ears. In addition to his overcoat someone—probably his daughter—had wrapped a shawl about his thin shoulders. The boots had not come in, as yet, from the stove, and the blanket was drawn up over his stockinged feet to the knees. From time to time his lips moved, as if he were reciting scripture texts to himself, but so far as I knew, he had said nothing to anyone. His cough seemed rather worse than better.

"Yes, come, father!" Esther added to the farmer's invitation, and drew a chair back for him two plates away from Abner. Thus adjured, he rose and hobbled stiffly over to the place indicated, bringing his foot-blanket with him. Esther stooped to arrange this for him and then seated herself next the host.

"You see, I'm going to sit beside you, Mr. Beech," she said, with a wan little smile.

"Glad to have you," remarked Abner, gravely.

The Underwood girl brought in a first plate of buckwheat cakes, set it down in front of Abner, and took her seat opposite Hagadorn and next to me. There remained three vacant places, down at the foot of the table, and though we all began eating without comment, everybody continually encountered some other's glance straying significantly toward these empty seats. Janey Wilcox, very straight and with an uppish air, came in with another plate of cakes and marched out again in tell-tale silence.

"Hurley! Come along in here an' git your breakfast!"

The farmer fairly roared out this command, then added, in a lower, apologetic tone: "I 'spec' the women folks 've got their hands full with that broken-down old stove."

We all looked toward the point, half way down the central barn-floor, where the democrat wagon, drawn crosswise, served to divide our improvised living-room and kitchen. Through the wheels, and under its uplifted pole, we could vaguely discern two petticoated figures at the extreme other end, moving about the stove, the pipe of which was carried up and out through a little window above the door. Then Hurley appeared, ducking his head under the wagon-pole.

"I'm aitin' out here, convanient to the stove," he shouted from this dividing-line.

"No, come and take your proper place!" bawled back the farmer, and Hurley had nothing to do but obey. He advanced with obvious reluctance, and halted at the foot of the table, eying, with awkward indecision, the three vacant chairs. One was M'rye's; the others would place him either next to the hated cooper or diagonally opposite, where he must look at him all the while.

"Sure, I'm better out there!" he ventured to insist, in a wheedling tone; but Abner thundered forth an angry "No, sir!" and the Irishman sank abruptly into the seat beside Hagadorn. From this place he eyed the Underwood girl with a glare of contemptuous disapproval. I learned afterward that M'rye and Janey Wilcox regarded her desertion of them as the meanest episode of the whole miserable morning, and beguiled their labors over the stove by recounting to each other all the low-down qualities illustrated by the general history of her "sap-headed" tribe.

Meanwhile conversation languished.

With the third or fourth instalment of cakes, Janey Wilcox had halted long enough to deliver herself of a few remarks, sternly limited to the necessities of the occasion. "M'rye says," she declaimed, coldly, looking the while with great fixedness at the hay-wall, "if the cakes are sour she can't help it. We saved what was left over of the batter, but the Graham flour and the sody are both burnt up," and with that stalked out again.

Not even politeness could excuse the pretence on anyone's part that the cakes were *not* sour, but Abner seized

upon the general subject as an opening for talk.

"'Member when I was a little shaver," he remarked, with an effort at amiability, "my sisters kicked about havin' to bake the cakes, on account of the hot stove makin' their faces red an' spoilin' their complexions, an' they wanted specially to go to some fandango or other, an' look their pootiest, an' so father sent us boys out into the kitchen to bake 'em instid. Old Lorenzo Dow, the Methodist preacher, was stoppin' over-night at our house, an' mother was jest beside herself to have everything go off ship-shape—an' then them cakes begun comin' in. Fust my brother William, he baked one the shape of a horse, an' then Josh, he made one like a jackass with ears as long as the griddle would allow of lengthwise, and I'd got jest comfortably started in on one that I begun as a pig, an' then was going to alter into a ship with sails up, when father, he come out with a hold-back strap, an'—well—mine never got finished to this day. Mother, she was mortified most to death, but old Dow, he jest lay back and laughed—laughed till you'd thought he'd split himself."

"It was from Lorenzo Dow's lips that I had my first awakening call unto righteousness," said Jee Hagadorn, speaking with solemn unction in high, quavering tones.

The fact that he should have spoken at all was enough to take even the sourness out of M'rye's cakes.

Abner took up the ball with solicitous promptitude. "A very great man, Lorenzo Dow was—in his way," he remarked.

"By grace he was spared the shame and humiliation," said Hagadorn, lifting his voice as he went on—"the humiliation of living to see one whole branch of the Church separate itself from the rest—withdraw and call itself the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in defence of human slavery!"

Esther, red-faced with embarrassment, intervened peremptorily. "How *can* you, father!" she broke in. "For all you know he might have been red-hot on that side himself! In fact, I dare say he would have been. How on earth can *you* know to the contrary, anyway?"

Jee was all excitement on the instant, at the promise of an argument. His eyes flashed; he half rose from his seat and opened his mouth to reply. So much had he to say, indeed, that the words stumbled over one another on his tongue, and produced nothing but an incoherent stammering sound, which all at once was supplanted by a violent fit of coughing. So terrible were the paroxysms of this seizure that when they had at last spent their fury the poor man was trembling like a leaf and toppled in his chair as if about to swoon. Esther had hovered about over him from the outset of the fit, and now looked up appealingly to Abner. The farmer rose, walked down the table-side, and gathered Jee's fragile form up under one big engirdling arm. Then, as the girl hastily dragged forth the tick and blankets again and spread them into the rough semblance of a bed, Abner half led, half carried the cooper over and gently laid him down thereon. Together they fixed up some sort of pillow for him with hay under the blanket, and piled him snugly over with quilts and my comfortable.

"There — you'll be better layin' down," said Abner, soothingly. Hagadorn closed his eyes wearily and made no answer. They left him after a minute or two and returned to the table.

The rest of the breakfast was finished almost wholly in silence. Every once in a while Abner and Esther would exchange looks, his gravely kind, hers gratefully contented, and these seemed really to render speech needless. For my own part, I foresaw with some degree of depression that there would soon be no chance whatever of my securing attention in the *rôle* of an invalid, at least in this part of the barn.

Perhaps, however, they might welcome me in the kitchen part, as a sort of home-product rival to the sick cooper. I rose and walked languidly out into M'rye's domain. But the two women were occupied with a furious scrubbing of rescued pans for the morning's milk, and they allowed me to sit feebly down on the wood-box behind the stove without so much as a glance of sympathy.

By and by we heard one of the great

front doors rolled back on its shrieking wheels and then shut to again. Someone had entered, and in a moment there came some strange, inarticulate sounds of voices which showed that the arrival had created a commotion. M'rye lifted her head, and I shall never forget the wild, expectant flashing of her black eyes in that moment of suspense.

"Come in here, mother!" we heard Abner's deep voice call out from beyond the democrat wagon. "Here's somebody wants to see you!"

M'rye swiftly wiped her hands on her apron and glided rather than walked toward the forward end of the barn. Janey Wilcox and I followed close upon her heels, dodging together under the wagon-pole, and emerging, breathless and wild with curiosity, on the fringe of an excited group.

In the centre of this group, standing with a satisfied smile on his face, his general appearance considerably the worse for wear, but in demeanor, to quote M'rye's subsequent phrase, "as cool as Cuffy," was Ni Hagadorn.

XIV.

"He's all right; you can look for him here right along now, any day; he *was* hurt a leetle, but he's as peart an' chipper now as a blue-jay on a hick'ry limb; yes, he's a-comin' right smack home!"

This was the gist of the assurances which Ni vouchsafed to the first rush of eager questions—to his sister, and M'rye, and Janey Wilcox.

Abner had held a little aloof, to give the weaker sex a chance. Now he reasserted himself once more: "Stan' back, now, and give the young man breathin' room. Janey, hand a chair for'ard—that's it. Now set ye down, Ni, an' take your own time, an' tell us all about it. So you reely found him, eh?"

"Pshaw! there ain't anything to that," expostulated Ni, seating himself with nonchalance, and tilting back his chair. "*That* was easy as rollin' off a log. But what's the matter *here?* That's what knocks me. We—that is to say, I—come up on a freight train to a ways beyond Juno Junction, an' got the conductor to slow up and let me drop off, an' footed it over the hill. It was jest about broad daylight when I turned the divide. Then I began lookin' for your house, an' I'm lookin' for it still. There's a hole out there, full o' snow an' smoke, but nary a house. How'd it happen?"

"'Lection bonfire—high wind—woodshed must 'a' caught," replied Abner, sententiously. "So you reely got down South, eh?"

"An' Siss here, too," commented Ni, with provoking disregard for the farmer's suggestions; "a reg'lar family party. An', hello!"

His roving eye had fallen upon the recumbent form on the made-up bed, under the muffling blankets, and he lifted his sandy wisps of eyebrows in inquiry.

"Sh! It's father," explained Esther. "He isn't feeling very well. I think he's asleep."

The boy's freckled, whimsical face melted upon reflection into a distinct grin. "Why," he said, "you've been havin' a reg'lar old love-feast up here. I guess it was *that* that set the house on fire! An' speakin' o' feasts, if you've got a mouthful o' somethin' to eat handy——"

The women were off like a shot to the impromptu larder at the far end of the barn.

"Well, thin," put in Hurley, taking advantage of their absence, "an' had ye the luck to see anny rale fightin'?"

"Never mind that," said Abner; "when he gits around to it he'll tell us everything. But, fust of all—why, he knows what I want to hear about."

"Why, the last time I talked with you, Abner——" Ni began, squinting up one of his eyes and giving a quaint drawl to his words.

"That's a good while ago," said the farmer, quietly.

"Things have took a change, eh?" inquired Ni.

"That's neither here nor there," replied Abner, somewhat testily. "You oughtn't to need so dummed much explainin'. I've told you what I want specially to hear. An' that's what we all want to hear."

When the women had returned, and Ni, with much deliberation, had filled

both hands with selected eatables, the recital at last got under way. Its progress was blocked from time to time by sheer force of tantalizing perversity on the part of the narrator, and it suffered steadily from the incidental hitches of mastication; but such as it was we listened to it with all our ears, sitting or standing about, and keeping our eyes intently upon the freckled young hero.

"It wasn't so much of a job to git down there as I'd figured on," Ni said, between mouthfuls. "I got along on freight trains—once worked my way a while on a hand-car—as far as Albany, an' on down to New York on a river-boat, cheap, an' then, after foolin' round a few days, I hitched up with the Sanitary Commission folks, an' got them to let me sail on one o' their boats round to 'Napolis. I thought I was goin' to die most o' the voyage, but I didn't, you see, an' when I struck 'Napolis I hung around Camp Parole there quite a spell, talkin' with fellers that'd bin pris'ners down in Richmond an' got exchanged an' sent North. They said there was a whole slew of our fellers down there still that'd bin brought in after Antietam. They didn't know none o' their names, but they said they'd all be sent North in time, in exchange for Johnny Rebs that we'd captured. An' so I waited round——"

"You *might* have written!" interrupted Esther, reproachfully.

"What'd bin the good o' writin'? I hadn't anything to tell. Besides, writin' letters is for girls. Well, one day a man come up from Libby—that's the prison at Richmond—an' he said there *was* a tall feller there from York State, a farmer, an' he died. He thought the name was Birch, but it might 'a' been Beech—or Body-Maple, for that matter. I s'pose you'd like to had me write *that* home!"

"No—oh, no!" murmured Esther, speaking the sense of all the company.

"Well, then I waited some more, an' kep' on waitin', an' then waited ag'in, until bimeby, one fine day, along comes Mr. Blue-jay himself. There he was, stan'in' up on the paddle-box with a face on him as long as your arm, an' I sung out, 'Way there, Agrippa Hill!' an' he come mighty nigh fallin' head over heels into the water. So then he come off, an' we shook han's, an' went up to the commissioners to see about his exchange, an'—an' as soon's that's fixed, an' the papers drawn up all correct, why, he'll come home. An' that's all there is to it."

"And even *then* you never wrote!" said Esther, plaintively.

"Hold on a minute," put in Abner. "You say he's comin' home. That wouldn't be unless he was disabled. They'd keep him to fight ag'in, till his time was up. Come, now, tell the truth—he's be'n hurt bad!"

Ni shook his unkempt red head. "No, no," he said. "This is how it was. Fust he was fightin' in a cornfield, an' him an' Bi Truax, they got chased out, an' lost their regiment, an' got in with some other fellers, and then they all waded a creek breast-high, an' had to run up a long stretch o' slopin' ploughed ground to capture a battery they was on top o' the knoll. But they didn't see a regiment of sharp-shooters layin' hidden behind a rail fence, an' these fellers riz up all to once an' give it to 'em straight, an' they wilted right there, an' laid down, an' there they was after dusk when the rebs come out an' started lookin' round for guns an' blankets an' prisoners. Most of 'em was dead, or badly hurt, but they was a few who'd simply lain there in the hollow because it'd have bin death to git up. An' Jeff was one o' *them*."

"You said yourself 't he had been hurt — some," interposed M'rye, with snapping eyes.

"Jest a scratch on his arm," declared Ni. "Well, then they marched the well ones back to the rear of the reb line, an' there they jest skinned 'em of everything they had—watch an' jack-knife an' wallet an' everything—an' put 'em to sleep on the bare ground. Next day they started 'em out on the march toward Richmond, an' after four or five days o' that, they got to a railroad, and there was cattle cars for 'em to ride the rest o' the way in. An' that's how it was."

"No," said Abner, sternly; "you haven't told us. How badly is he hurt?"

"Well," replied Ni, "it was only a

scratch, as I said, but it got worse on that march, an' I s'pose it wasn't tended to anyways decently, an' so—an' so—"

M'rye had sprung to her feet and stood now drawn up to her full height, with her sharp nose in air as if upon some strange scent, and her eyes fairly glowing in eager excitement. All at once she made a bound past us and ran to the doors, furiously digging her fingers in the crevice between them, then, with a superb sweep of the shoulders, sending them both rattling back on their wheels with a bang.

"I knew it!" she screamed in triumph.

We who looked out beheld M'rye's black hair and brown calico dress suddenly suffer a partial eclipse of pale blue, which for the moment seemed in some way a part of the bright winter sky beyond. Then we saw that it was a soldier who had his arm about M'rye, and his cap bent down tenderly over the head she had laid on his shoulder.

Our Jeff had come home.

A general instinct rooted us to our places and kept us silent, the while mother and son stood there in the broad open doorway.

Then the two advanced toward us, M'rye breathing hard, and with tears and smiles struggling together on her face under the shadow of a wrathful frown. We noted nothing of Jeff's appearance save that he had grown a big yellow beard, and seemed to be smiling. It was the mother's distraught countenance at which we looked instead.

She halted in front of Abner, and lifted the blue cape from Jeff's left shoulder, with an abrupt gesture.

"Look there!" she said, hoarsely. "See what they've done to my boy!"

We saw now that the left sleeve of Jeff's army-overcoat was empty and hung pinned against his breast. On the instant we were all swarming about him, shaking the hand that remained to him and striving against one another in a babel of questions, comments, and expressions of sympathy with his loss, and satisfaction at his return. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should kiss Esther Hagadorn, and that Janey Wilcox should reach up on tiptoes and kiss him. When the Underwood girl would have done the same, however, M'rye brusquely shouldered her aside.

So beside ourselves with excitement were we all, each in turn seeking to get in a word edgewise, that no one noticed the approach and entrance of a stranger, who paused just over the threshold of the barn and coughed in a loud perfunctory way to attract our attention. I had to nudge Abner twice before he turned from where he stood at Jeff's side, with his hand on the luckless shoulder, and surveyed the new-comer.

The sun was shining so brightly on the snow outside, that it was not for the moment easy to make out the identity of this shadowed figure. Abner took a forward step or two before he recognized his visitor. It was Squire Avery, the rich man of the Corners, and justice of the peace, who had once even run for Congress.

"How d' do?" said Abner, shading his eyes with a massive hand. "Won't you step in?"

The Squire moved forward a little and held forth his hand, which the farmer took and shook doubtfully. We others were as silent now as the grave, feeling this visit to be even stranger than all that had gone before.

"I drove up right after breakfast, Mr. Beech," said the Squire, making his accustomed slow delivery a trifle more pompous and circumspect than usual, "to express to you the feeling of such neighbors as I have, in this limited space of time, being able to foregather with. I believe, sir, that I may speak for them all when I say that we regret, deplore, and contemplate with indignation the outrage and injury to which certain thoughtless elements of the community last night, sir, subjected you and your household."

"It's right neighborly of you, Square, to come an' say so," remarked Abner. "Won't you set down? You see, my son Jeff's jest come home from the war, an' the house bein' burnt, an' so on, we're rather upset for the minute."

The Squire put on his spectacles and smiled with surprise at seeing Jeff. He shook hands with him warmly, and spoke with what we felt to be the right feeling about that missing arm; but he

could not sit down, he said. The cutter was waiting for him, and he must hurry back.

"I am glad, however," he added, "to have been the first, Mr. Beech, to welcome your brave son back, and to express to you the hope, sir, that with this additional link of sympathy between us, sir, bygones may be allowed to become bygones."

"I don't bear no ill will," said Abner, guardedly. "I s'pose in the long run folks act pooty close to about what they think is right. I'm willin' to give 'em that credit—the same as I take to myself. They ain't been much disposition to give *me* that credit, but then, as our school-ma'am here was a sayin' last night, people've been a good deal worked up about the war—havin' them that's close to 'em right down in the thick of it—an' I dessay it was natural enough they should git hot in the collar about it. As I said afore, I don't bear no ill will—though prob'ly I'm entitled to."

The Squire shook hands with Abner again. "Your sentiments, Mr. Beech," he said, in his stateliest manner, "do credit alike to your heart and your head. There is a feeling, sir, that this would be an auspicious occasion for you to resume sending your milk to the cheese-factory."

Abner pondered the suggestion for a moment. "It would be handier," he said, slowly; "but, you know, I ain't goin' to eat no humble pie. That Rod Bidwell was downright insultin' to my man, an' me too——"

"It was all, I assure you, sir, an unfortunate misunderstanding," pursued the Squire, "and is now buried deep in oblivion. And it is further suggested, that, when you have reached that stage of preparation for your new house, if you will communicate with me, the neighbors will be glad to come up and extend their assistance to you in what is commonly known as a raising-bee. They will desire, I believe, to bring with them their own provisions. And, moreover, Mr. Beech"—here the Squire dropped his oratorical voice and stepped close to the farmer—"if this thing has cramped you any, that is to say, if you find yourself in need of—of—any accommodation——"

"No, nothin' o' that sort," said Abner. He stopped at that, and kept silence for a little, with his head down and his gaze meditatively fixed on the barn floor. At last he raised his face and spoke again, his deep voice shaking a little in spite of himself.

"What you've said, Square, an' your comin' here, has done me a lot o' good. It's pooty nigh wuth bein' burnt out for—to have this sort o' thing come on behind as an after-clap. Sometimes, I tell you, sir, I've despaired o' the republic. I admit it, though it's to my shame. I've said to myself that when American citizens, born an' raised right on the same hill-side, got to behavin' to each other in such an all-fired mean an' cantankerous way, why, the hull blamed thing wasn't worth tryin' to save. But you see I was wrong—I admit I was wrong. It was jest a passin' flurry—a kind o' snow-squall in hayin' time. All the while, right down't the bottom, their hearts was sound an' sweet as a butter-nut. It fetches me—that does—it makes me prouder than ever I was before in all my born days to be an American—yes, sir—that's the way I—I feel about it."

There were actually tears in the big farmer's eyes, and he got out those finishing words of his in fragmentary gulps. None of us had ever seen him so affected before.

After the Squire had shaken hands again and started off, Abner stood at the open door, looking after him, then gazing in a contemplative general way upon all out doors. The vivid sunlight reflected up from the melting snow made his face to shine as if from an inner radiance. He stood still and looked across the yards with their piles of wet straw smoking in the forenoon heat, and the black puddles eating into the snow as the thaw went on; over the farther prospect, made weirdly unfamiliar by the disappearance of the big old farm-house; down the long broad sloping hill-side with its winding road, its checkered irregular patches of yellow stubble and stacked fodder, of deep umber ploughed land and warm gray woodland, all pushing aside their premature mantle of sparkling white, and the scattered homesteads and red

barns beyond — and there was in his eyes the far-away look of one who saw still other things.

He turned at last and came in, walking over to where Jeff and Esther stood hand in hand beside the bed on the floor. Old Jee Hagadorn was sitting up now, and had exchanged some words with the couple.

"Well, Brother Hagadorn," said the farmer, "I hope you're feelin' better."

"Yes, a good deal — B — Brother Beech, thank'ee," replied the cooper, slowly and with hesitation.

Abner laid a fatherly hand on Esther's shoulder and another on Jeff's. A smile began to steal over his big face, broadening the square which his mouth cut down into his beard, and deepening the pleasant wrinkles about his eyes. He called M'rye over to the group with beckoning nod of the head.

"It's jest occurred to me, mother," he said, with the mock gravity of tone we once had known so well and of late had heard so little — "I jest be'n thinkin' we might 'a' killed two birds with one stun while the Square was up here. He's justice o' the peace, you know—an' they say them kind o' marriages turn out better'n all the others."

"Go 'long with yeh!" said M'rye, vivaciously. But she too put a hand on Esther's other shoulder.

The school-teacher nestled against M'rye's side. "I tell you what," she said, softly, "if Jeff ever turns out to be half the man his father is, I'll just be prouder than my skin can hold."

THE END.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS IN FRANCE.

By Katharine de Forest.

"ONLY the literature of a country teaches us to understand its institutions," says M. Weiss, the French critic; but when we go to modern French literature to find out something about one of the most significant and characteristic of French institutions — the *jeune fille* — we come away not much more enlightened than we went.

The lives of young girls are so shielded in France, so free from any dramas of love or passion, that they furnish almost no material for the realistic novelist of the day; and so it happens that while stories of English and American life have given us the Newnham girl, and the Vassar girl, and the result of every possible type of education for the English-speaking young woman of the period, for our ideas of French girls we must depend on tradition, or on the heroines of writers of the romantic school like Octave Feuillet, or George Ohnet; those superior young persons who seem so little made of common clay like the rest of us, that we cannot imagine their ever having felt the need of any education whatever.

This, too, is at a time when internationalism has so increased that hundreds of American girls come to Paris every year to study, and when Madame Juliette Adam, in a recent article in the *North American Review*, has said that French girls were becoming emancipated through the influence of English and American example. If this be true, one cannot help wondering what the inverse influence is likely to be on America. What can our girls learn from the French, and what are the educational advantages for girls like, in France?

Any attempt to consider the educational advantages of a country, which we naturally compare with a preconceived standard in our own minds, would be useless, unless we first looked at the object each proposed to accomplish.

The tendency of education in America is more and more to put girls on a level with boys; to make them capable

of forming their own judgments, directing their own lives, supporting themselves if they wish, and using their talents and higher education to make themselves independent of men, and to compete with men on their own ground.

On the other hand, in France, girls are always regarded as beings of an entirely different order of capacity from boys, whose power and responsibility are to be exerted in a totally different sphere from that of men. Education aims to preserve their individuality of sex; to develop to the highest degree their intelligence and capacity, but never at the expense of the feminine side of their natures; and as it is as a married woman that it is considered they will best fulfil the purposes of their existence, its primary object is to fit them to be wives and mothers.

The French girl never looks forward to being independent of men. The end and aim of her existence is to be married; but marriage is not to limit her career; it is merely to enlarge her power and influence. She looks forward to being, in the most literal sense of the word, the partner of some man in all his plans and projects; and, in general, French women are so far the advisers and confidants of their husbands, that, like Mme Boucicault, of the Bon Marché, they are capable at any moment of placing themselves at the head of affairs and going on with them alone.

So we must not start out with the idea that the tendency of French education is to emancipate, or "Americanize" girls. As has been said by Mr. Brownell, in the chapter on Women in his admirable "French Traits," that would imply an independence that exists neither in their character nor in the influence of their environment.

On this subject I specially interviewed—if a little talk may be dignified by the name of interview—the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Assumption; one of the nuns in charge of the Convent of the Sacred Heart; the principals of two of the largest *cours*, or schools, for girls in Paris, one of whom was an officer of the Academy; the editor of a well-known newspaper, and a society woman with daughters; and they all spoke from the same point of view.

"Instruction for girls has greatly changed in France during the last twenty years," they said, "but the education will never change. Our girls could not be given the independence and liberty of yours, for our men are not like yours, and our society is constructed differently. Besides, we do not like your American ways for our girls"—and they invariably ended with that untranslatable sentence which is the keynote to French conservatism, *ce n'est pas dans nos mœurs*. A woman at all emancipated was considered by them to occupy so eccentric a position, that her views would be regarded as exceptional.

The French always make this distinction between "instruction" and "education." Instruction means what the girls study, while education includes manners, breeding, customs, conduct, habits, ideas, and any amount of learning without this education, in their sense of the word, means nothing to them at all.

In this connection I remember something said to me by a French lady, whose father had been a superior officer in the army and a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, but who had died leaving his daughter without fortune, so that she was obliged to add to her income by taking young girls into her family to teach them French.

"I confess that I instinctively judge of their family and education by one thing," she said, laughingly; "I look at their combs. You know at St. Denis, the school for the daughters of the Légion d'Honneur, where I was educated, the girls were made to stand in long lines every morning and hold their combs up so that the light could shine through them, and it could be seen that they were immaculate. And nowadays, if anybody says anything against St. Denis, people answer, 'Well, there's one thing to be said about the girls who come out of that school: their combs and brushes are always clean.'"

This is rather an extreme instance of

the French point of view, but it is natural to suppose that for this education, as they understand it, nobody could be more careful, or take so much interest as a mother; and add to this the fact that when a man proposes for a girl in France, he expects her mother to be able to account for every hour of the daughter's life, and you will understand why, above everything else, the education the French prefer for their daughters is that received at home.

It is the training of which Montaigne tells us in his essays, where, until his studies are finished, the child is taught by masters whose lessons the parent overlooks and corrects. All through his life it seemed to Montaigne that his father lived beside him. "His souvenir enveloped me like a mantle," he writes.

In families of the very highest wealth and nobility mothers always prefer to keep their daughters by them if possible. This is the case on the rare occasions when they appear in novels of Parisian high-life, as in one of M. Paul Bourget's last stories, "Terre Promise." The little *fiancée* has not much individuality; we do not seem to have a very clear idea of her, even at the end of M. Bourget's four hundred and fifteen pages, but we see her up to the age of nineteen, in the old Hôtel of the Boulevard des Invalides, bending over her lessons, preparing them for masters, and "learning the customs of the fine aristocracy" at her mother's side.

Not all of the nobility, however, can bring their daughters up in this way, for it implies private lessons from the most expensive teachers, mothers who are not too much absorbed in society to give attention to their daughters, and, even when the aid of an English governess is called in, houses large enough to furnish a little cote where the doves may be penned away from the life about them, so that it is within the scope of but few.

The next thing for the nobility is to put their daughters into convents; but it must be remembered that the whole tenor of the French thought and literature of the day is against clericalism.

In Provence, the convent schools are still almost the only good private schools. In Paris, the royalists and imperialists and the *dévotes* of all parties prefer Catholic education for their children; but as the great mass of the French people nowadays are neither royalists, nor imperialists, nor *dévotes*, all over Paris have sprung up what are called *cours* for girls, which correspond to our fine private schools, and are the schools "in the movement;" that is, those which are most in harmony with the spirit of the age.

Besides these, there are three *lycées* for girls, founded by the state, in which there are, perhaps, a thousand pupils altogether, and there is the *école communale*—the common school for the poor. The French say that while the instruction is excellent in the *lycées*, the girls get no education at all; that is, they do not get the ideas and *tenue* which fit them for their position in life, so they cannot be said to be popular with the upper classes. There is one *école communale* for every arrondissement of Paris, and it is worth noticing that in connection with each is an excellent public library, free to all the inhabitants of the arrondissement.

As a rule lessons are not prepared in the *cours*. Girls do their work at home with their mother or a governess, and go with their mother or a governess to school to take lectures given generally by the professors of the boys' *lycées*. They prepare notes on these lectures in which they are examined every fortnight by the directress of the *cour*. They never go to school alone, nor are they left there without a chaperon.

The course of study everywhere is practically the same. During the rise of the French Republic there has been a great change from the old-fashioned education whose requirements were laid down by the Abbé Fleury in that treatise that served as a model for Fénélon in his celebrated work.

"It would be almost a paradox," he writes, "to say that girls ought to learn anything but the catechism, sewing, and *divers petits ouvrages*, to sing, dance, and dress *à la mode*, to make reverence well and speak civilly. They have no need of either Latin or Greek, and if some more envious than others

have wished to learn these they have only extracted vanity, which made them odious to women and despised by the men."

It is a long way from that to the present day, where every school and convent in Paris prepares pupils for the state examinations. The influence of the Republic has been so far levelling that the daughter of the Baron de Rothschild goes to the Hôtel de Ville, and sits side by side with the daughter of her concierge, to compete on the same terms for a brevet or diploma.

These brevets are of two degrees: the brevet *élémentaire* and the brevet *supérieur;* and it is interesting to examine their list of requirements and see what the State of France considers necessary for the daughters of the nation.

A girl of sixteen, which is the age required for the brevet *élémentaire,* must have arithmetic, including the metric system, and the measure of surfaces and volumes; the history and geography of France; an elementary knowledge of science and physics; and a very thorough knowledge of the French language and literature, including French composition.

Above everything else a Frenchman insists that his children shall be able to write and speak their own language, not only correctly, but with elegance; and the amount of training this implies can be appreciated by anyone who has ever tried to write elegant French himself. Is it not that brilliant journalist, Émil Bergerat, who says that there are past participles round which to this day he makes respectful circuits?

The French, as a nation, speak well. Heine writes of the "perfume of politeness" even in the speech of the common people. "But independently of this politeness the language of the *peuple,* in France," he says, "has for me I do not know what stamp of distinction about it; a woman of the Halles speaks better than a German canoness, proud of her sixty-four generations of ancestors."

This comes partly from the training. And besides this thorough education in French, the brevet *élémentaire* demands solfeggio, gymnastics, a sketch of any usual object, such as a chair or a table, and sewing, including the cutting and fitting of dresses.

Perhaps there are not many American girls who would not have an inward quaking if they were required to go solemnly to the court-house of their respective towns, and be examined in hand needlework, including hemming, over-and-over stitching, a tailor and an ordinary buttonhole, binding, feather-stitching, hemstitching, eyelet-holes, *point Anglais,* tucking, putting in a patch with four corners, mounting a wristband, and simple and fancy darning. Whatever else a girl may know in France, she must know how to sew, and in all the most fashionable schools you will see specimens of exquisite hand needlework done by the pupils framed and on exhibition.

The brevet *supérieur,* for girls eighteen years of age, requires general geography and history, advanced arithmetic and practical geometry, physics, chemistry, and natural history. It is a mistake to suppose that French girls do not study science. One can see the tendency of the age from the fact that even in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the most conservative institution of the kind in France, they told me they had one of the finest laboratories for scientific work in Paris, and used the latest text-books; and the Assumption is no less well-equipped. It does not follow that, from a secular standpoint, the instruction in these branches is superior, but at least the convents aim to be up with the times.

As usual, by far the most attention in the brevet *supérieur* is paid to French. At the examination the candidate must spend three hours on a composition on French literature or philosophy, and four hours on a French composition on natural and physical science. She is examined in the history of literature, and in the principal works of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Thiers, and Michelet. She must spend three hours on a composition in drawing, from a model in relief, an hour and a half on a composition in one of five living languages, and translate at sight any twenty lines

that may be given her in the same language.

We see that girls do not spend all their school years in studying sewing. They are simply examined in it at the age of sixteen, and then the subject is nominally dismissed. At no time of a girl's life, however, are sewing and other domestic arts lost sight of, and it is only necessary to look at the structure of French society to see why they are of so much importance.

Every girl is fitted to be married, and in an old world, where conditions are established and fortunes are not, as a rule, to be made suddenly, the mass of men are born into a certain environment which will never change. A man has his education and his *carrière;* that is, a position or profession that brings him in an income that so long as he lives may never be much larger. So he must solve the problem of existence according to Carlyle's theory of lessening the denominator rather than increasing the numerator.

When he marries, in order to guard against the possibility of leaving his wife and family unprovided for in case of his death, the wife must have a little sum of money, called a *dot,* which will provide for her in case the morrow brings misfortune; and she must be able to manage domestic affairs with such economy that every year the two may put by half their income to educate and provide for their children. The four articles of a woman's faith, according to Halévy, the French Academician, used to be, "To fear God, love her husband, keep an exact account of her expenses, and save half her income for a *dot* for her daughters."

Of course I am not speaking now of the very rich; but nowhere is society constructed for the very rich.

In France, the wife considers herself as much responsible for the success of the family as the husband, and in every grade of life understands the art of making the most of their common means. After the recent dynamite explosion, a reporter for the *Figaro,* who visited the family of Troutot, one of the victims, commented on the exquisite order and economy that prevailed in that little interior, where husband, wife, and three children lived on $30 a month.

But aside from this domestic economy, the French-woman knows that a great part of her success in life, her power and influence in her world, will depend on her feminine attractiveness. Any education that has been at the expense of that will have been a failure from her standpoint. So girls must be brought up to know how to make themselves look as charming as possible on the very smallest possible expenditure of money.

It does not seem to me that French girls think any more about dress than other girls, but they go to work at the problem more scientifically. They know how to make the most of themselves, and it becomes as instinctive for them to care for their appearance as it is for them to brush their hair. The little shop-girl, who goes to her work at nine in the morning and stays till nine at night, will achieve a toilet so dainty, fresh, and suitable, that it is the envy of many a foreign patron.

However great may be the elegance and luxury in general society in France, the girls, in proportion to their parents' income, never spend much money on dress. I know at least a dozen, with *dots* of $20,000 each, who have an allowance of $200 a year for their clothing, and on that they will dress with taste and style and go into society. This leaves a small margin for dressmakers' bills, but, as a matter of fact, half the girls have no dressmaker, properly so-called.

M. Larroumet, the brilliant professor of the Sorbonne, in talking about the *jeune fille* in one of his last lectures at the Odéon spoke of her idea of marriage as something that was to give her a dressmaker and let her go out alone. French girls have but few gowns at once, and half the time make those themselves, with the aid of a maid or a little sewing-woman at eight sous an hour, and their fingers are so trained—they have so much natural aptitude—that they will turn them off as easily as other girls would a piece of fancy work.

Even in the most fashionable society they must not have the appearance of

being expensive. It would not only be considered very "bad form," but it would ruin their prospects of marriage. They may not wear jewelry, unless perhaps a single pearl, and their gowns must be conspicuous for their simplicity, and depend for their elegance on their lines and cut. Education must not be at the expense of health, for it would also ruin their prospects of marriage to have it said that they were not strong physically. A French girl whom I once asked if her family were going to Nice as usual that winter, answered no, that her mother had decided to marry her that season and it would not do to have people saying she was delicate. The French girl is rarely "born tired."

With marriage as the end and aim of all classes in France, we can see that it would never do to lose sight of this training of eyes and fingers and capacity, which is quite as important in a girl's education as what is learned from books, and which is not at the expense of the intellect, but goes on at the same time with her intellectual training.

Paris itself is a great factor in education, and since all France is dominated by the capital, this influence is felt everywhere. Mme Alphonse Daudet shows us how her artistic nature was awakened and stimulated by her walks about Paris when she was a little girl. In speaking of the Gallery of the Luxembourg, in "Promenades," she writes:

"But what charmed me above everything was the museum opening on the parterres, and the '*on ferme*,' of the guardians sending one precipitately out of the picture-galleries into the alleys of the garden, at the hour when twilight rendered equally obscure the pictures and the trees. Although only a little girl, one came out of there with, I do not know what attention to things connected with art, a susceptibility to impressions that made her look at the gas-jets glimmering through the mist, or the bunches of violets spread out on a low basket, as though she saw them for the first time in a new Paris."

It is this artistic development in a thousand directions that impresses us in the clever French girl—the type that one sees with her mother at the lectures of the Sorbonne, or the "classic Thursdays" of the Odéon, or the Théâtre Français—rather than her learning. At the same time, many French girls go in nowadays for a degree, and the Sorbonne and the Collége de France are open to women on exactly the same terms that they are to men, as well as the schools of law and medicine.

According to the *Figaro* there are now thirty-five French-women practising medicine in Paris, and three practising law. It cannot be said, however, that this invasion of the masculine professions by women is viewed with great favor.

When Mlle Jeanne Chauvin tried last summer to read her thesis before the law-school in order to receive her degree as doctor of laws, precisely the same scene was enacted that was predicted by Michelet twenty years ago: "The Church declared in the fourteenth century," he writes, "that if a woman dared to cure without having studied, she was a sorceress and must die. But how could she study publicly? Imagine the scene if the poor savage should risk entering the Écoles! What a *fête*, and what gayety!"

After vainly trying to make herself heard above the uproar of the students in the little amphitheatre of the École de Droit, and after the fruitless efforts of the judges to restore order, it was found impossible to go on with the sitting, and Mlle Chauvin read her thesis on another day with closed doors.

The *femme savante* is no more popular in France in the nineteenth century than she was in the time of Molière, in the seventeenth. A woman may know as much as she pleases, but she must not show it.

"De son étude, enfin, je veux qu'elle se cache,
Et qu'elle ait du savoir sans vouloir qu'on le sache,"

wrote Molière, and we do not find the writers of the present day expressing ideas far different.

"People are mistaken," said Rénan, "if they think we want to lead women to our philosophical opinions. What

we search for in the other sex is the opposite of ourselves. It suffices if they let us suppose by a little dissimulation that in the bottom of their hearts they understand us, and agree with us."

"Let the will of God be done in everything," he adds. "The world is good as He made it. On my last journey into Brittany I was glad to see that the young girls were just as modest, as well-bred and as charming, as they were fifty years ago. My only desire is that this continue. It would console me after my death to know that women were just as beautiful, and love just as sweet, as in the past."

It is *l'éternel féminin* that the French seek in woman, and they do not suffer that anything shall interfere with their conception of that. In the world of letters, we find brilliant women like Mme Rénan, Mme Michelet, Mme Littré, Mme Edgar Quinet, and a long list of others, collaborating with their husbands in their literary work, but perfectly satisfied with a silent partnership in it; and even Mme Alphonse Daudet, herself a writer of rare charm, is contented to be best known through her share—by no means small—in her husband's novels.

When we come to consider the question of French training for American girls, we see at once that the principles underlying it are so little in harmony with our own ideas and conditions that, from every standpoint, American education is surely best for Americans.

At the same time it is getting to be more and more the fashion for American girls to come to Paris for special things, like art, music, and the language. Even our Columbian Exposition cannot furnish a more striking comment, on America to a Frenchman—who rarely gets as far from home as across the Channel—than the spectacle of a young girl travelling alone from California or Oregon, a six days' journey by land and six by sea, to Paris, to study.

It is difficult to generalize on the much-discussed question of whether the girls should come alone, because so much depends on the individual.

With respect to their daughters, it is certain that most mothers would agree with what the judge said to the bank directors after the cashier had absconded with the funds.

"We had such confidence in him," said the directors.

"But you were not appointed to have confidence in him," said the judge. "You were appointed to direct him."

So far as the French are concerned, girls can come with perfect safety, for the French make extremely nice distinctions between types of women. They have the most perfect respect for a student, or a *femme sérieuse* of any kind, and they always take her seriously, unless she gives them some reason not to, and treat her with the greatest courtesy.

It is certain, however, that no very young girl can be left alone in any large city, especially one like Paris, that makes no provision for the *jeune fille* in its organization, without losing a little of what the French would call her "duvet morale," and we the "bloom on the peach."

Art students generally form a little colony by themselves, have the independence of their profession, and are old enough to take care of themselves. Other students need a chaperon in name at least. The best thing for them is to go into some one of the small boarding-schools, of which there are many in Paris, generally patronized by English and Americans. They are organized much on the plan of the best schools in New York; masters and professors come in from outside, and the pupils are taken to the galleries and salons, the Sorbonne, and generally put in touch with the best there is within their reach. This is decidedly the quickest way of getting the language, for even though English-speaking girls are thrown together, so much pains is taken with them, and they are held so strictly to French, that I have seen one of my friends take a brevet in a school, while another in a family had hardly got beyond first principles. Languages should be used as a means, not an end. They can be perfectly well learned in America; and too often through not knowing how to use the advantages round them, girls get a smattering of French at the expense of all their intellectual development at home.

The cost of a high-class boarding-school in Paris is about half what the same thing would be in New York. A convent costs $250 a year. The nuns are superior women, the convents are beautifully kept, and the food is excellent, but if one can afford anything better, the life is too narrow to give one the best of Paris or French thought. The *lycées* cost about $60 a year, and a *cour* from $50 to $100, according to the age of the pupil. Board in a private French family costs from $40 to $60 a month, not including French lessons. But it must be remembered that it is not a French custom to take strangers into the family, and when it is done it is purely to make money; so, as the old Scotchman said, one must look out for a "do" at the bottom of it. There are many French families and ladies in reduced circumstances, who make a business of teaching French to foreigners, but one should know all about them to begin with, and be very careful about committing one's self without a trial in any case.

As to what we are to learn from the French: we must learn their language from them, for one thing, for even if that universal tongue is realized toward which optimistic reformers tell us we are so rapidly progressing, it will be long before anything but French is spoken in the best society on the Continent.

"Why do you never talk Russian in your salons?" I once asked a Russian.

"Because it is *disgracieux*," was the answer.

French is not only *gracieux*, but gayety and *entrain* seem to be part of its very essence; and it has that happy faculty of glancing over a thousand subjects with such a delicate play of wit and irony that nothing seems too serious, and no one's prejudices too much worth while. It is the ideal language for the salon, and will never be superseded during our day at least.

Cosmopolitanism has so increased, that every well-educated person needs some knowledge of the most useful of all the foreign languages, but it does not follow from that that we need to import French ideas. We do not want French ways for our girls any more than they want our ways for theirs.

Their system of *dots* too often turns marriage into a purely commercial affair, and it is not necessary to make woman an endowed institution in America, where the conditions are so different from those in France. Men do not lose here three of the best years of their lives in military service; they have the splendid opportunities of a new world; but there is one thing to be said for the French, their attitude toward girls is much more logical than ours.

Either girls and boys ought to be put on exactly the same level, and each trained with the perfectly distinct understanding that, arrived at years of discretion, they are to choose an occupation or profession and make themselves independent, or, as soon as a daughter is born, parents ought to follow the French plan, of putting by a little something for her every year, out of the reach of speculation, so that she may not live with that sword of Damocles hanging over her head, that at any moment may descend and throw her out into the world, armed, no doubt, with courage and energy, but utterly unprepared with practical weapons with which to fight the battle of life.

To do this we need to live with more simplicity, and to learn a just proportion between income and outlay. Men go through life in a mad race for making fortunes, increasing their denominators, and as a nation we sometimes lose sight of the equally important problem that the French have solved so well, of keeping down expenses and lessening the numerators so as to put by money not only to provide for the rainy days, but to give us repose enough to enjoy some of the sunny ones.

To do this we must educate girls not only into brilliant teachers and professional women, who can take care of themselves, but into equally brilliant domestic women, who are trained to take care of their husbands and children; and we must not forget the most important *rôle* of all for a woman is the one which she has played through the ages so well, that for her own sake she does not need to desire another one.

A LAGGARD IN LOVE.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

"Yes, sir, my grandfather was a stirring man. When he set his head to it, I tell you, something had to be done."

Major Hartwell said it with an air of challenge, albeit his surroundings were such as might tame the most warlike spirit. The big, square sitting-room was warm and bright, with a leaping log-fire, and four good tallow candles in tall, shiny, brass candlesticks. A thick rag carpet covered the floor; with a rug tufted in a pattern of impossible red roses, in front of the clean hearth. The fire-shine flung rose shades upon white, homespun curtains, with netted fringe at their edges, and played at hide-and-seek with the dark claw-foot table, and the brasses of the high black secretary at the room's farther end. A stuffed lounge, with gay woollen coverlid, likewise homespun, stood under the south window. If the chairs were, for the most part, of unpainted wood, they had yielding splint-bottoms, and were scoured to a fresh whiteness. Two or three Windsor chairs, brave in black paint, gilding, and gorgeously flowered backs, sat a-row along the outer wall, too uncomfortably fine for use. The cherry candlestand held a big, leather-bound Bible, with Wesley's Hymns resting upon its upper lid.

Major Hartwell himself sat in the fireside's warmest corner, an elbow on either knee, his eyes intently fixed on the rosy apple in his fingers, from which a curling peel was swiftly lengthening under his skilful knife. As it fell, with a faint flick, into the splint apple-basket between his feet, he sat upright, stuck the peeled apple on the end of the knife-blade, looked contemplatively at it, and went on:

"Yes, sir! He knew his own mind —and made other people do the same. Why, when his first wife—my grandmother—died, he gave her a funeral that was the talk of the county—mahogany coffin, silver handles, a bishop to preach the sermon, and dinner for all the crowd. Then he waited a year, never looking at or speaking to a woman, out of the common. But when he did set out it meant something; the finest clothes in Petersburgh—he lived in Virginyeh, Dinwiddie County—gold-rimmed spectacles, a new saddle, bridle, and blanket. Then, bright and early one morning, he put out cross-country, to see a widow he'd heard of, but never seen. He knew, though, she had a good farm, and niggers, and money ahead. Up he rides—hellos; a lady opens the door. Says he:

"'Mrs. Johnson, I presume?'

"'The same, sir,' says she. 'What's your business?'

"'Madam,' says he, 'my name is John Langley, of Langley Grove, and I've come here to court you. Will you marry me?'

"'Light, and come in, Mr. Langley,' says the widow. In three weeks they were married. Folks knew their own minds then—didn't hum and haw from New Year to Christmas."

"Well! I don't think it was so much to their credit. If I married in such haste I should surely expect to repent at leisure," Mrs. Hartwell said from the other chimney-corner, a touch of asperity in her tone, and in her withered cheek a flush so faint and wavering as to seem but the reflection of the quick red leaping in the girl-face close at her elbow.

The room's other occupant smiled, not openly, but in the covert of his tawny mustache, the deeps of his sleepy-lidded blue eyes. A tallish young fellow, well-made, and well-looking, he sat at ease in front of the fire, his spurred heels stretched to rest upon the hearth's edge. Steam rose from the soles of his fine, well-cut boots, and more than one mud-splash showed on their glossy uppers. Evidently he was new come from the outer world, where harsh winds roared through the darkness, harsh clouds pelted the earth with pouring rain—such weather indeed that the bare coming through it, ought to have been

accepted as a declaration of serious intentions.

That is, regarding a normal young man. Dabney Fane was exceptional. From boyhood he had never done the thing that was expected of him. So really it was not so wonderful that now for two years past he had spent at least a third of the time "dangling after" Betty Hartwell, when it was notorious that Miss Amelia Patten, *the* heiress of the country-side, would "marry him at the drop of a hat, and drop it herself."

Miss Amelia was tall, dark, fine-looking, if a trifle coarse, beside Betty's lithe, angular grace, her peach-blossom cheeks, and eyes just the brown clearness of a still pool in the swamp. The two were of an age—just turned nineteen. The heiress had, though, a certain rare-ripe maturity, a graciousness of curve and manner that put the other often at disadvantage.

Notwithstanding, Dabney Fane so ignored her that she was fain to salve the slight, the hurt, by refusing a dozen other men each year of her life. Well-landed he was, but with next to no money, and a very great capacity for spending what he could lay hands on. By and by he would realize which way lay ease and advancement—if meantime "that girl" did not rivet his chains with a promise. They had been boy and girl together—he and Miss Patten—and she knew that, though he was wavering of purpose, once his word was passed he was steadfast in keeping it.

Now he half-turned in his chair for a long look at Betty. She sat so straight, so slim, her long throat rising from a cup of white crimped ruffle about the neck of her dark green gown. A tiny foot peeped from under the front of it, the fingers that sent the needles flying around a gray sock's top were taper and rose-tipped enough for a princess of the blood. "Thorough-bred, and fine as silk," was what Dabney Fane had said to himself upon first looking at her. To-night he was more than ever inclined to echo the saying.

After a minute he turned to her father with, "How I wish, Major, that your grandfather's directness ran in the family. I proposed to Miss Betty five—no, I think it was ten minutes after we met—yet am still in a state of mortal uncertainty as to whether she will leave me or have me."

"It must be dreadful to live in fear of—the last," Betty said, with a laugh that was not quite so merry as she tried to make it. Her mother half-frowned, saying,

"The fire is getting too low, Betty; call Tom to bring in a stick of wood."

"I let Tom go to his brother's festival—I'll bring the wood myself," Betty said, stepping into the hall outside, where lay a heap of round hickory logs, four to five inches through. Before she could lift one, Dabney Fane was beside her, had put her gently away, grasped a log in either hand, and was looking down into her eyes, saying,

"Betty, Betty——"

"Open the door, Betty—leave it open—then go and see about supper," came in Mrs. Hartwell's thinnest, most edged voice. Betty flung wide the sitting-room door, darted across the hall, and was about to vanish through a corresponding one that led to the dining-room, when faint but distinct through the rush of rain and wind, "Hello! hello! hello the house!" came from the inner gate.

"There—your great grandfather's ghost has come to shame you—or maybe its some mortal body on an errand like his. If it is, Betty, will you ask him to 'light and come in?" Fane asked rapidly, almost under his breath. Betty raised her eyes to his for a breath's space, but dropped them as she answered in his own key,

"I think I will."

"Why, somebody's helloing—travellers lost in the storm—or turned back by the creek—it must be swimming, from the way it booms," Major Hartwell said, hurrying toward the door as a second hail reached even his ears.

As Betty threw open the outer door her father pushed past her, went down one of the porch steps, and sent a hospitable cry through the gusty darkness. Before it was answered he struck a ringing blow on the suspended ploughshare that served him as a gong to summon his hostler.

"They're dead beat—man and horse—must be, out in such weather," he said

over his shoulder, betwixt vociferous invitations to the unknown. Mrs. Hartwell stood back of her daughter in the doorway, a candle upheld in either hand. The falling light made a bright square, within which Betty stood framed, a moving silhouette of vivid youth. Presently the gleam of a lantern swung around the house-corner—a faint red blur, that barely served to make visible the dash and hissing of the sheeted rain.

"Come on, sir—you're precious slow," Major Hartwell shouted to the lantern-bearer, himself splashing down across the wet gravel walk. Dabney Fane stepped in front of him, saying, "I'll go with Jack, Major; remember your rheumatism—nobody is quite worth your risking a winter of that."

"Much obleeged, young man—very much obleeged—but hospitality don't go well by proxy," the Major said, stumping off into the darkness. Fane made as if to follow him, but stopped at the porch's edge. Major Hartwell had turned, less than ten steps away; and came back out of the night, the storm, with a tall man, young, strong, black-haired, heavily bearded, who fixed upon Betty a long glance, so intense as to take no cognizance of any other presence. As he set foot on the uppermost step a savage flaw of wind blew out both candles, leaving all the space dark.

"Come in, sir—this way, never mind the wet," Major Hartwell said, pulling his dripping guest within doors.

Fane whispered in Betty's ear:

"Have your mind made up, young lady. This, I am sure, is a man after the grand paternal pattern. Tell me, Betty—in strict confidence—is it going to be yes or no."

"You are tiresome," Betty said; "worse even than papa. I simply hate a man who——"

"Doesn't know enough to go in when it rains. You should be merciful to the poor fellow, Betty. Remember he was coming to see you."

"Coming to see me! About as much as—you are—and nothing on earth brings *you* here, but your wish to spite—well—some people."

"Who are they, Betty dear?"

"You know without my telling."

"Upon my conscience I do not."

"You had better swear by something that has actual existence."

"Sarcasm, Betty dear, is unbecoming a young person, but let that pass, and tell me truly who it is that I am trying to spite."

"My mother—for one."

"I fear she does disapprove of me—that all her prayers are for my translation to another sphere. Now tell me—quick—who else?"

"I shall do no such thing—you know more of Miss Patten than I do—besides, mother is calling me—I must go——"

"Not till you tell me what you think of the fair Amelia!"

"Oh! I think you will marry her—one of these days."

"So does she. I'm sorry you agree with her. I myself had quite other views."

The sitting-room door swung sharply open. Mrs. Hartwell came through it and led her daughter within. Walking slowly behind them, Dabney Fane saw the stranger rise from the fireside, bend his head in stately fashion, and lift Betty's hand till it brushed his lips; heard him say, with a liquid half-drawl that sounded oddly incongruous from such a mouth: "So this is my cousin Betty. I am more glad to see her than even the fire or the light, after such storm and darkness."

Betty looked at her father with eyes of wonder. He was coming toward them with his great-grandfather's liquor-case in his hands. The opening of it Betty knew to be always in the nature of an event. It was a square mahogany affair, on four upright legs, with spaces inside for a nest of twelve big bottles. Each of them held a different liquor. The open top had six gold-sprigged wine-glasses, nestled each in its nook of faded velvet.

"To-night we're all Langleys—so your health must be drunk from Langley glasses in true Langley style. What shall it be—port, Madeira, peach-and honey, Jamaica rum, apple-brandy, or whiskey older than Betty there?" Major Hartwell said, setting the case upon the rug. The glasses are a bit dusty—fetch a towel please, Betty. Mr. Fane, I make you acquainted with Mr. Langley

Inge, of Alabama—his grandmother was a Langley, sister to mine, and he has come all this way to see his kin. I know you'll drink to him with a right good-will. What'll you take, sir? The best in stock is not good enough for the occasion."

Simultaneously Fane and the stranger held out their hands. Betty put into each, one of the glasses, from which she wiped the dust of the five years since last they had been used. As the ripe golden liquors brimmed their clear round, the Major said, joyously:

"Here's to the Langley blood—may it always run thicker than water, and never in the veins of less than a gentleman."

"My thanks," said Mr. Inge, with another deep bow. "Fill up again, please. I have come to Tennessee for—a wife. Drink all, that I may not go back without her."

Again the glasses clinked—the precious thimblefuls went down the throats of the good company; all that is, save Mr. Fane's, who choked and said, betwixt coughs, aside to Betty:

"A clear judgment on my hypocrisy. I deserve strangling for even pretending to wish him success."

The night was thereafter to Dabney Fane but a succession of very bad quarters of an hour. For two years he had hung about Betty, making love so openly as to proclaim himself in jest. She had seemed to him such a child, forever at her mother's elbow, more than obedient to the lightest word or look, it gave him a sense of bitter, burning amazement to find her thus full-flowered in womanhood—sought in marriage of another man. Mr. Inge's meaning was clear—his purpose admitted not the slightest doubt. Like Isaac of old, he sought a wife from his own people. Nor would he seek in vain. He was well-bred, well-looking—disgustingly so, thought Fane. He made no boasts, but as the night wore on a word dropped here or there showed him to be a man of estate and substance—a personage in his own community. Major Hartwell hung, open-mouthed, upon his words. What was much worse—for Fane—Mrs. Hartwell listened with an approving smile—and more than once gave a little contented sigh, as she saw the eyes of this new kinsman fixed in admiring regard upon her daughter's face.

Clearly Inge—confound him—would have plain sailing. Betty herself heard him as one charmed. The very worst of it was Fane himself could not wonder at it. The fellow had seen much, and knew how to tell the story of it. New York, London, Paris, or the iron town of Birmingham, it was all one to him. To his country kinsfolk, who thought fifty miles a journey, he must seem a veritable Admirable Crichton with a dash of Monte Cristo—just as he, Dabney Fane, must appear in their eyes the most flippant trifler alive. Almost he admitted that he deserved to be so regarded. A *man*, he told himself angrily, would not thus have let slip the chance of winning the one woman in all the world. Yet up to Mr. Inge's coming he had not even known his own mind regarding Betty; nay, had let himself contemplate the not remote possibility of some day establishing his fortune with the Patten thousands. Now, many and golden as they were, they were as naught in the scale against Betty—Betty, who if he won her, must come to him almost empty-handed.

Win her he would—in spite of everything. Over and over he swore it to himself through the long night hours, with wind and thunder making the old house rock and roar, with the rain beating tattoo on the sloped guest-chamber wall above his bed. Opposite, Mr. Inge, of Alabama, slept the sleep of the weary, even snored a little now and then. "My Cousin Betty is worth coming a thousand miles to see," he had said when they two were alone, and Fane had answered indifferently, "Oh, she's fair-looking; but wait till you see the rest."

Now, as he tossed restlessly upon his high feather-bed, he saw himself, his actions, in a new light far from pleasant. He had wilfully sought this girl as he might have done a singing-bird, a butterfly, a wood-side flower; solely because of her present charm, with no thought, no care whether or no she might take hurt of the contact. No wonder the mother had looked at him askance—that Betty herself had shown him always a guard he could not beat down. If she

despised him even, he could not complain. But before another night fell she should say him, seriously, yea or nay.

In the calming of that resolution he fell asleep. He awoke to find the clock on the stroke of eight, with rain still pouring, low clouds hurrying over, on gusty wings of storm. The other bed was empty—black Tom, whose coming in had disturbed his slumbers, made haste to inform him "Dat ar new gentemun, suh, he wus up airly—same lek ole he-pea-fow-el. Dee done et breakfus down sta-ars long time ergo; him an' Marse Major's settin' dar, in dee two cheers by de fier, talkin' an' er talkin'—an' dat ar gentemun he look smilin' as er basket er chips on er cold frosty mornin'."

"Where's Miss Betty?" asked Fane. Tom grinned audibly.

"She dar too—an' I yere um say in de kitchin, while I 'us takin' in de hot batter-cakes, dat Miss Cath'ern pintedly did 'low ter Aun Viny, when she wus a gibin out breakfus, dee gwine be weddin'-cake ter bake yere, in dest erbout three shakes of a dead sheep's tail."

"Sooner, I hope," Fane said, laughing, as he drew on his boots, freshly shining from Tom's brush. Dropping a coin in the boy's hat upon the floor, he went down the stairway whistling softly, "My Love She's but a Lassie Yet."

As the sitting-room door shut behind him, he heard Mr. Inge saying: "Some men—most men indeed—would make a mystery about it, but it is not my way to beat about the bush. I am thirty years old, rather more than reasonably well-off, so six months ago I made up my mind to marry. Oddly enough, just as I came to that conclusion I met a man from your neighborhood, Colonel Barker——"

"Yes—yes—fine fellow, high-toned gentleman," Major Hartwell broke in. The other went on complacently.

"He told me about her, and at once I decided that she was the wife for me. Now will you tell me frankly what chance I have, in your judgment. to go in and win?"

"H-m—I hardly know; maybe Betty or her mother—" Major Hartwell said, looking tentatively at his womenkind. Betty's cheeks were rose-red, her eyes dancing, as with some wild elation. She alone had caught sight of Fane, standing at attention, all his easy suavity gone, his face full of new purpose and meaning. Her mother knit faster than ever, and said, with a little deprecatory cough, "That's a hard question to answer, Cousin Langley; one that I would like to answer yes, but nobody, not even herself, sometimes, knows what a girl's mind will be. But I can tell you she's a treasure, and wish you success with all my heart."

Major Hartwell nodded emphatic approval, adding, as his wife finished speaking:

"My advice, sir, is that you speak with your mind made up not to take no for an answer."

"And you?" Mr. Inge asked, as his eyes fell on Betty's face. She gave him a heavenly smile, and said, slowly:

"I—really, Cousin Langley—it is so funny, you asking us all about such things. The only body who can say anything to the point is—Miss Amelia Patten herself."

"Quite right," Fane said, crossing the floor at three strides, to station himself back of Betty's chair. "But my advice, Mr. Inge, is, that before you propose you tell the young lady I am to marry your Cousin Betty."

Bending, he kissed Betty lightly on the cheek, and said, circling her shoulders with his arms, "I thought I had lost you, Betty. Now I will never let you go."

Betty's breath came hard and fast. Tears gathered in her eyes, she tried to rise—to speak coldly—to push away those clinging arms. But love, for so long masked and chidden, now claimed a holiday. Trembling through and through, she hid her sweet eyes in her lover's breast, while her father said, a break in his cheery voice, "It's like your impudence, Dabney, confound you! to court and carry off my girl thus, under my very nose."

HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE NOMINATION OF LINCOLN.

By Isaac H. Bromley.

THE Chicago Convention of 1860 was much more than an organized body of delegates; its work much more than that of nominating candidates. Its transactions overshadowed in importance, outreached in consequences, and transcended in results those of any assembly of men that was ever gathered on this continent. I shall not stop to answer the reader's rising thought of Philadelphia and 1776. Difference in perspective creates illusions that may be left to time to dispel. May 18, 1860, was the turning-point of time, and this Convention the very pivot upon which swung—what? Some question of form of government, method of administration, burden of taxation, right of representation, or of the occupancy of several hundred or thousand offices? No, these are but trivialities. On that pivot swung vastly more than the ambition of a party, the hopes of a people or the welfare of a continent. All mankind—the whole human race, everywhere—had a stake upon it. Civilization and barbarism were coming to a grapple, and upon the turning of events here—as everyone now sees, though no one guessed it then—it depended whether the "irrepressible conflict" should be fought to a finish and civilization should march on over the dead form of barbarism that had offered it battle, or be only a tournament display carried on with courtesies and diplomacies, to end with compromises and awards and new lease of life to the savagery which flaunted itself before the world, affronting the intelligence and shocking the moral sense of mankind. The Chicago Convention, without knowing it, was selecting the leader for a long war. And without knowing it, in that inscrutable fashion in which God makes mockery of all our logical processes, it was selecting out of all the world His chosen instrument. It almost takes one's breath away to think what would have happened had Mr. Seward, to whom the logic of events most strongly pointed, or any other of the twelve candidates voted for in the Convention, been nominated. Imagine the dislocation in history that would have resulted had Essex, Fairfax, or Manchester, each of whom, according to all human reasoning, had superior claims, stood in Cromwell's shoes, or had Charles Lee or John Hancock been preferred to Washington.

The background or stage-setting of the Convention was an array of political conditions never known before or since. They were unique, phenomenal. Out of political chaos kindred elements were coming together, finding each other, settling into orderly arrangement, taking form, crystallizing. The slavery question had been "finally" settled in 1850. The Whig Party tried hard to believe it, and choked itself to death in the effort in 1852. In 1854 Mr. Douglas had reopened the question in order to make the "finality" more final, and had split the Democratic Party wide asunder. In the disintegration which followed, two or three new parties had arisen which did not contain separately the quality of cohesion, or the promise of permanence. These elements began coalescing in 1856. The process was reaching its conclusion here.

The Second Republican National Convention met at Chicago on May 16, 1860. Not since the foundation of the Government had the political outlook been so threatening to the stability of the Union and the continuance of peace. Congress had been five months in session, two of which had been entirely occupied with the Speakership contest, and the rest spent in wordy wrangling

that frequently came perilously near to blows on the floor of the House in open session. For the Southern Democrats, who had come up to Washington in a white heat of passion over John Brown and Harper's Ferry, were fuller than ever of bluster and bravado, and the North had begun to send men to Congress who talked back and could not be bullied. Threats of disunion punctuated all the debates, and not infrequently there were personal collisions that set the country all agog with rumors of impending duels; though "the Code" was getting a little out of fashion since Burlingame's selection of Canada as the place and rifles as weapons, in answering Preston Brooks's challenge, reduced the latter to the absurdity of refusing to go to Canada because he would be exposed to personal violence on his way through the North. But Pryor, of Virginia, had challenged Potter, of Wisconsin, only recently, and the latter had convulsed the whole North with a broad guffaw by accepting, and selecting bowie-knives as the weapons—at which point that matter ended. This was fresh in memory. One of the sights at the Tremont House was a bowie-knife, seven feet long, suitably inscribed, which the Missouri delegation had brought with them to present to Potter. It may be noted in passing that while the country was girding itself for the bloody business of a death grapple with slavery, as a preliminary it made short work of its twin relic of barbarism by simply laughing it out of court. Burlingame and Potter pulled off its lion skin and revealed its ears with a *reductio ad.* Since then in this country a challenge is a bray only.

The first elections of the Presidential year had taken place in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The Democrats had made a desperate fight in Connecticut, the narrow margin by which their opponents had carried it for seven years encouraging them to believe that with Thomas H. Seymour, their most popular man, as candidate for Governor, they could break the line of the almost solid North. Had they succeeded, the South would have taken new heart and hope; there would have been no breaking up of the party at Charleston, and the war might have been postponed. No State election was ever watched with such interest in all parts of the country, none ever more strenuously contested. It was the key-note of the Presidential year. Then originated the "Wide-Awake" associations which in the National campaign blazed out over all the North with a semi-military organization that attracted thousands of young men, who thus, without knowing it, were preparing themselves for the much more serious work ahead, when they should change torches for muskets. Connecticut was lost to the Democrats, and the South thereon determined that it had no longer any use for the Democratic Party. The National Convention of the party at Charleston had spent the last week of April in noisy contention and fruitless balloting, and at the end of it fallen asunder, one wing adjourning to meet at Richmond on the 11th, the other to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June. Meantime the fragments of the Old Whig Party, uniting with the Southern wing of the American or Know-Nothing Party, had held a Convention at Baltimore on the 9th of May, under the name of the Constitutional Union Party, at which they nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President, after adopting a platform of one resolution, in which, in the same determined spirit with which Mrs. Partington went against the Atlantic Ocean with a broom, they pledged themselves to maintain the Constitution and the Union, and frown down sectional parties. It was a Convention that knew it was respectable, and could not understand how, being so respectable, it could be ridiculous.

With the Democratic Party hopelessly disrupted, and the whole trend of affairs in the Free States toward a union of all the elements of opposition to that party, it was not strange that the delegates came together at Chicago in high spirits and with a confident feeling that the nominee of the Convention would be the next President of the United States. No one looked farther than that. The fixed purpose of the party was to bring Kansas into the Union as

a Free State, and set definite bounds to the institution of slavery. That was all. It did not enter into the dream of the most radical opponents of the institution to interfere with it where it already existed. If anyone had said that within the next Presidential term slavery would be abolished, and the slaves made free citizens, he would have been listened to very much as one would who predicted that the Mississippi would presently run north. Simply to restrict the institution to existing limits seemed easy enough; and though threats of secession were louder and more general than ever in the South, it was the belief of most people at the North that it was only bluster and that nothing would come of it. What these delegates saw, then, was a Presidency within easy reach and the usual acquiescence of the defeated party in the result. They were not free from selfish ambitions nor unfamiliar with the arts by which these ambitions are promoted. They were altogether human; and whoever believes, on account of what followed their work, that they were saints or even unselfish philanthropists, that they pursued no devious ways, resorted to no intrigues, and drove no sharp bargains, makes a mistake.

The Convention met in an enormous building with a capacity capable of holding ten or twelve thousand people; a barn-like structure, made of rough timber, decorated so completely with flags, banners, bunting, etc., that when filled it seemed a gorgeous pavilion aflame with color and all aflutter with pennants and streamers. It was the first of its kind, and itself something of a wonder. The stage proper was of sufficient capacity to hold all the delegates, who were seated on either side of a slightly elevated dais occupied by the presiding officer, the secretaries being just in front, and beyond them, occupying the space to the edge of the platform, the representatives of the press. The parquette below was occupied by alternates and holders of special tickets distributed by the delegates. The galleries were reserved for ladies accompanied by gentlemen, and the miscellaneous public to the number of four or five thousand stood in the aisles and all the available unoccupied space. The peculiarity of this arrangement, it will be seen, was in its breaking the Convention proper in two, and seating it on each side, instead of in front of the presiding officer. The advantage of it was that the Convention was staged so that the delegates could be seen from all parts of the auditorium and none of the proceedings lost by the audience. Something of convenience was sacrificed to dramatic effect. The Convention was just then "the greatest show on earth."

It was indeed a grand spectacle. When Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, called the Convention to order, he faced the largest audience that had ever assembled within doors in the country. Governor Morgan was not an impressive speaker. He read from manuscript the few sentences with which he formally opened the proceedings in a rather perfunctory way; but he was regarded with interest as the Governor of New York, and as representative of the successful merchants and wealthy men of business who had laid aside their timid conservatism and put themselves heart, soul, and purse—the last not being least important—into the new movement against slavery extension and slave-holding domination. During these preliminaries there were the ordinary hand-clapping and applause with which large assemblages amuse themselves and hold impatience in check. The naming of David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, for temporary Chairman induced a general outburst of enthusiasm—for David Wilmot, by the accident of having offered an amendment to a bill appropriating money for the purchase of territory from Mexico in 1846, which provided that slavery should be forever prohibited in the purchased territory, had been famous in all the years of slavery agitation since that time as the author of the "Wilmot Proviso," which was long the rallying-point of the opponents of slavery extension. No man in the Convention was better known by name than he. The commonplace speech with which he took the chair was well received by the good-natured

audience, who by this time had perceived that by a piece of good luck the acoustic properties of the Wigwam were excellent, so that the speakers could be heard without difficulty in every part of it.

Then followed the humdrum of organization, the calling off the names already agreed upon for the several committees by the various State delegations, during which the vast hive was in a buzz and flutter and the galleries occupied themselves with finding and pointing out the men of note on the platform. Considering the greatness of these transactions, and their epoch-marking character, it is almost a disappointment, in recalling the scene, to find that there were so few men of great fame in sight. The great soldiers who, a few years later, made their names immortal, were unknown; they were in the egg on which this Convention sat and unconsciously cackled. A man in uniform on that stage would have been viewed curiously, for our people had then no idea that military trappings were for anything but show. A year later it is not improbable that from a quarter to a half of the male citizens in the Wigwam were in military uniforms, with a thorough realization that they meant a great deal more than show.

Sitting by my side at the same table was a newspaper editor, who called me "Ike," as I called him "Joe." He was running over with enthusiasm. When the nomination was made he interrupted himself in his hurrahing to say to me, who looked on in wide-eyed silence, "Why don't you hurrah?" I don't know why I did not; but I remember that I felt queer and only said, "I can't hurrah; I should cry if anyone touched me." I came nearer crying when, in less than twelve months, I saw him in uniform at the head of the first Connecticut company that answered the call for troops. He was afterward a Brigadier-General, Governor of his State, and Member of Congress, and has lately been elected to his third term as United States Senator. There were probably other similar cases. It was Joe Hawley who sat at my elbow.

I have said that our people at that time had little notion that military paraphernalia was for anything but show, or that marching movements or exercises in the manual of arms signified anything more than symmetry and prettiness in certain mechanical operations by groups or masses of men. The circumstance is recalled that on one of the evenings of Convention week there was an exhibition drill in the Wigwam of an organization called the Chicago Zouaves. It was more an athletic club with military organization, drill, and discipline, than an ordinary militia regiment. Its picturesque uniform, which has since become familiar, was then so novel and unusual as to constitute in itself an attractive feature, while the remarkable acrobatic performances, of which the drill largely consisted, and the rapidity and precision with which they were executed by the whole regiment, as if by one man, lent to the exhibition all the charm of the circus of the period. It might have been remarked that, pretty as it all looked, it was not all prettiness, but that every step of it, though a dancing-master's, meant business. Very few did remark it until later. The colonel was a young lawyer named Ellsworth. The Chicago people thought very well of him, because of his talent for organization, and the ability he had shown in perfecting this pretty machine. They had no idea, though, that he had done it for any but show purposes, or that he was an earnest person engaged in serious work. In one year and six days from the day of the Convention's adjournment he lay dead in his uniform at Alexandria, Va., one of the first who fell in the war, having earned, with an undying fame, the everlasting gratitude of his country for the single-hearted service he gave her, and the inspiration of a heroic example.

It was a thick curtain that hung before the Chicago Convention of 1860. Behind it were preparing the most bewildering transformations that ever dazzled the eyes of mortal man.

But though the heroes of the war were not there in uniform, there were, in the various groups upon the platform several figures of national prominence—targets for the galleries' index-fingers. It seems to me, as I recall it,

that Horace Greeley was the most conspicuous, as he was certainly the most picturesque, figure on the platform. He did not need pointing out. Everybody in the audience seemed to know him at sight. The most frequent exclamation was, "There's old Greeley," with no disrespect, but only a rough fondness in the adjective. He was full of business. The New York delegation was for Seward to a man. And for him absolutely, unreservedly—first, last, and all the time, without any second choice. To them Mr. Seward seemed the central figure of the whole movement, its prophet, priest, and oracle. Not even Henry Clay before him, or Grant or Blaine after, had such a following of blind idolaters. They had worked themselves up into the belief that the new political party would collapse if it did not take the highest ground of principle, and choose as its leader the foremost anti-slavery statesman in the country; the man who had described the relations between freedom and slavery as an "irrepressible conflict" between two opposing and enduring forces, and whom they fondly called "Old Irrepressible." Without him it would be the play without Hamlet. They were vociferous, aggressive, boisterous, and they had brought with them from New York outsiders and workers and brass bands who filled the streets with processions and the nights with music to such an extent that the Seward enthusiasm seemed tumultuous and all-absorbing. Conspicuous among these was the famous prize-fighter Tom Hyer, a sort of white blackbird, who, though prize-fighter and gambler, was an active member of what had begun to be called "the party of moral ideas." He was one of the most quiet and gentlemanly persons in the crowd. The outsiders did the torchlight, brass-band, and Roman-candle business, with oratorical punctuation from hotel balconies, while the delegates proper were engaged in the more quiet and more important work of effecting combinations and making bargains to insure their favorite's success. This part of the programme was largely directed by that consummate politician, Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Greeley was an ill-balanced man. He was great, partly because and partly in spite of his eccentricities. He was, on most occasions, extremely inopportune. In the present conjuncture of circumstances, by the logic of all his political teaching, and his whole life, he should have been for Seward. Seward stood for conscientious conviction, sturdy adherence to principle, and uncompromising hostility to the aggressions of the slave power. *The Tribune* stood for that too, and *The Tribune* was Greeley. The younger reader, and possibly some older ones, may find it difficult to understand, in view of subsequent events, that Seward represented the radical, uncompromising, anti-slavery element in 1860, and that the more conservative, timid, and time-serving of the party chose Mr. Lincoln for the simple reason that it was easier to unite the opposition to Seward on him than on any one else. That is the simple truth. Personal differences with Seward and Weed, growing, strangely enough, out of political ambition, from which he was supposed to be absolutely free, had estranged Greeley from his natural leader. So here he was, fighting him with all the intensity of his nature and all the resources at his command. He was not idle a moment, and, wherever he happened to be, was surrounded by a gaping crowd. Some mischievous fellow pinned a Seward badge on his coat-tail; it amused the crowd for a moment without giving him the slightest disturbance. The Oregon delegation, not being full, his name was put on the list as a delegate from that State. On the same list I may say, in passing, was the name of Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, another eccentric politician, who, accepting the doctrine of popular sovereignty, had taken practical steps toward beating the slave-holders at their own game, by organizing Emigrant Aid Societies to colonize Kansas with Free-State settlers. He is not much remembered now, but the enterprises he originated saved Kansas from slavery, by filling the Territory with a majority of anti-slavery settlers.

Greeley and Thayer, as delegates from Oregon, raised a smile as the list

was read; but no serious objection was raised to their sitting in that capacity. There was no disposition to enforce strictness as to credentials from the Northern States, though a question was raised as to the admission of delegates, not well accredited, from Southern States where there was notoriously no Republican organization. It was really a question of Seward and Anti-Seward, as indeed all others were upon which there was any division. The Seward men carried their point, and they were admitted.

Next to Greeley the Blair family—Francis P., Sr., and his two sons, Montgomery and Francis P., Jr.—seemed to attract most attention. The two former were delegates from Maryland, and "Young Frank," as he was called, led the Missouri delegation. The senior Blair had been an intimate friend and confidential adviser of Andrew Jackson, and there had not been a turn or a twist in national politics for thirty years that he had not been more or less concerned in. Like Thurlow Weed, whom he somewhat resembled in his relations to politics, he had never held public office, but his name was a household word, and here he was held in high honor because of the invaluable service he had rendered in organizing and building up the new party. "Young Frank" had been making so plucky a fight against slavery in the border State of Missouri, for five or six years past, that he had already a national reputation. Montgomery's distinction at that time was only that he was one of the famous family. The Blairs were all opposed to Seward.

William M. Evarts, then in the prime of life and the full vigor of his physical powers, his smooth-shaven, classical features and strong profile distinguishing him somewhat from the vulgar crowd, was at the head of the New York delegation: the dignity of his carriage and repose of his manner in marked contrast with the fussy and uneasy Greeley, who went shambling around in an aimless, disjointed way. Evarts had not been in public life except in the practice of his profession, but of that he was one of the leading members, and his reputation as a learned lawyer and brilliant advocate was already national. In the event of Seward's nomination it was whispered that Evarts would succeed him as Senator. He was the chairman of the delegation—its recognized spokesman and mouthpiece. The management of the Seward canvass was left to others; he was its figure-head.

Near him sat the deep-eyed, scholarly George W. Curtis, quiet, observant, taking in the whole scene and surroundings with the eye of the philosopher and the serenity of the scholar, but the manner, none the less, of a seer who, in the midst of the turmoil, was profoundly conscious that out of all the hurly-burly the elements were gathering for a stately and orderly forward movement in the history of the Republic and the enfranchisement of universal man. He had been for many years a familiar figure on the lecture platform: a forum which had been increasing in influence and power since 1850, and at that time in all the cities and large towns of the North was more popular than theatre or concert, and more influential than the pulpit upon public opinion. The step from the lecture platform to the political stump in the period opening with the Kansas agitation was, for a man of his profound convictions and sincere character, easy and natural. During the Fremont campaign he had been a leading attraction in the great popular gatherings, and had added to the reputation of a polished and accomplished platform lecturer the fame of a powerful and eloquent political orator. Whatever may have been the motives of other actors on this stage, it was known that he at least was above personal ambition or the reproach of selfish purposes. He seemed indeed but a silent and inactive spectator. He spoke but once, as I remember, and then with greatest brevity; but in the two minutes he occupied, as will presently appear, he exercised more influence upon results than any of the score or more who addressed the Convention, or all of them combined.

An extremely active person who seemed full of business was skipping round from one delegation to another, particularly among those known as

Anti-Seward, with whom he held frequent whispered consultations. When he sat down for a moment it was at the head of the Indiana delegation. It was Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana. He was very much in earnest, for he said, and kept saying, that with Seward as the candidate Indiana was lost, while Lincoln's nomination would save the State.

In the Massachusetts delegation John A. Andrew sat at the head, almost unknown, but just coming to the front, and now mentioned as the probable candidate for Governor.

Among the Pennsylvanians, next to Wilmot, the man most talked about was Andrew H. Reeder, who had been the first territorial Governor of Kansas, and become famous by his sturdy opposition to the efforts of his party to force slavery into the Territory. He cut no figure, however; was simply pointed out. In the delegation sat Thad Stevens, not much known then outside his State, taking little active part, but indulging in occasional quaint suggestions or sarcastic comment.

In the Ohio delegation were two notable men. Tom Corwin had been in public life forty years, and after being United States Senator had been a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet. He had been a familiar figure on the political stump all his life, and always counted one of the best drawing cards of the Old Whig party. He had a swarthy complexion and wore a rather serious expression. But his fame was chiefly as story-teller and humorist. Joshua R. Giddings sat near him. He, too, had been about forty years in public life, but they had been stormy years of hard up-hill fighting against the heaviest odds; years filled with conscientious devotion and self-sacrifice that had brought him only obloquy, abuse, and persecution. The old man was deeply interested in everything that happened, and every word that was spoken, for this Convention seemed to him the fruit of his own labors, the culmination of his long life work. He had waited for it like Simeon for the consolation of Israel, and now that it was at hand he watched it, not with exultation, but with devout seriousness and a certain sense of personal responsibility for the outcome. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was D. K. Cartter, who was constantly addressing the chair. He was more frequent than fluent; he stuttered. He was afterward appointed to a judgeship in the District of Columbia by President Lincoln, and died in office during President Harrison's term.

Scattered around among the delegations, were some who came into prominence afterward, but were then comparatively unknown beyond their own States. Gideon Welles was chairman of the Connecticut delegation; David Davis and O. H. Browning worked together for Lincoln in the Illinois delegation. Caleb B. Smith sat in the Indiana seats; James F. Wilson and John A. Kasson in those of Iowa, and at the head of the Wisconsin delegation was Carl Schurz, who was the recognized leader of the German voters of the West and Northwest.

The roll of delegates having been read and the preliminary committees having been appointed, the Committee on Permanent Organization reported without delay. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was the permanent president. Wilmot appointed Carl Schurz and Preston King, of New York, to escort him to the chair. Ashmun was a handsome man, of dignified presence and winning manners, and an admirable presiding officer. A party of moral ideas could hardly have had a fitter figure-head. In personal appearance he was not unlike Horatio Seymour. He looked the Puritan; as he held the gavel he might have been Speaker of the Long Parliament. In fact he was not Puritanic nor austere. He had been prominent in Massachusetts politics as a Whig; had served in the Legislature and in Congress, and was known as the intimate and confidential friend of Daniel Webster. He had been practically out of politics since 1852. He represented here the Conservative Whigs, who had been holding aloof from the Republicans until now, but had been drawn into the movement by the pressure of events. After his speech on taking the chair, the Con-

vention adjourned till the following day.

The event of the second day was the adoption of the platform. There was some skirmishing over the committee reports, particularly over the rule concerning the number of votes required for a nomination; whether a majority of the delegates present, or a majority of the whole number entitled to vote if all the States were represented. The former course was adopted. These preliminary questions were, as a rule, settled not so much on their merits as on the probable effect upon the Seward and Anti-Seward canvass. In almost every one the Seward men, who were playing their game very cleverly, won. All through the day they were in high spirits, and absolutely confident that the Convention was in their hands. They were playing for pawns; the other fellows let the pawns go, but made every move count for a checkmate. It was tactics against strategy.

I have never seen a National, nor hardly a State Convention, of any party, in which the report of the Committee on Resolutions was not awaited with more or less anxiety and a nervous haste to get it out of the way. There was rather more, than less, of the usual feeling here. Since the Democratic breaking up, the conviction had deepened that this party had the Presidency within reach. The nearness of it made everybody uncommonly fearful of losing it. The consequence was that this body was disposed to be conservative to the point of timidity. All shades of opinion on the slavery question, from the out-and-out Abolitionists like Giddings, to men like Eli Thayer who accepted the popular sovereignty theory, had to be harmonized. There was danger in touching at all the tariff question, and yet it could not be ignored entirely; and most difficult of all was to bring together the representatives of the American or Know-Nothing party and the great mass of foreign-born voters, chiefly Germans, who constituted the strength and the dependence of the party in the Western States. To steer through such dangers and besetments called for skilful pilotage.

The Committee had done its work well. It had made it its chief purpose to define, with absolute clearness, the attitude of the party on the issue of the hour, so that by no ingenuity of sophistry could it be held responsible for John Brown or any invasion of State rights, or desire to interfere with slavery in its existing limits. This was made clear. The party stood opposed, not to slavery, but to slavery extension. All other issues were treated as subordinate or unimportant. The reading was interrupted with cheering at some passages. As it ceased there was a pause of a very few seconds. The instinct of a Convention at such moments finds expression in the call for the previous question to shut off debate and all the risks of wrangling. Cartter, of Ohio, was on his feet in an instant, and moved it with a stutter. But it's a dangerous thing to undertake if it has the appearance of choking anybody off who is of consequence. Mr. Giddings was not entirely satisfied with the report—had an amendment to offer. He appealed to his colleague with great solemnity to withdraw the call, to which Cartter answered, somewhat curtly: "I did it to cut you off and all other amendments and all discussion." The Convention was not with him; by an overwhelming majority the previous question was voted down. It was but a short triumph for Giddings, however. His amendment, which was simply a reassertion of the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration of Independence, tucked in after the first resolution, was voted down in spite of the old man's almost tearful appeal. It was in the first platform of the party, he said; the party had grown up on that idea, and to leave it out would be cowardly abandonment of first principles. But the Convention shied at it. It might be construed as taking ground against slavery *per se*, when the purpose was only to oppose its extension. It would lose votes. Down it went.

And then—think of it—this old man, who had devoted almost his whole life to the fight against slavery, with never, up to the birth of this party, the slightest hope of doing anything except talk in a vague, scolding way against it, rose

up and started for the door, because his whim had been disregarded. His amendment—afterward adopted—made no difference, and his going out would have made none; but that, with what followed, constituted the dramatic episode of the day, and is so remembered. I shall take leave to say that the Giddings part of it was childish, and that the Convention itself was truly great when, a little later, it humored his weakness, and with a tender consideration for his years of faithful service and conscientious devotion to principle, not often seen in such bodies, retraced its steps. The old man was stopped by the New York delegation on his way out, and assured that another effort would be made to save the Declaration of Independence for him, but he went out inconsolable. Like other Abolition leaders who had been all their lives bombarding slavery at long range with artillery that was only noisy and never effective, he mistook this movement for a reinforcement, when it was really independent, elemental, seismic; a new force; original, spontaneous, reinforcing nothing, but gathering in its wake whatever was akin in sympathy or aim. The report being open for debate by the defeat of the previous question, two or three attempts to amend were made, and more or less eloquence was expended in discussing them. But with a general notion that the work of the Committee could not be improved, all were voted down, until George W. Curtis rose and offered anew the Giddings amendment. The report had been safely steered through all difficulties and left intact, and there was less disposition than ever to amend it, for the discussion had lasted all day and people were tired. There was a murmur of disapprobation, and the point of order was raised that the amendment had once been voted down, which the chair at first sustained. Upon the explanation, which was really only an evasion, that the amendment was now offered to the second, instead of the first, clause of the resolutions, it was pronounced in order. Then Curtis made a speech of about three minutes. Not a word was wasted. There was such earnestness in his manner, such pathos of entreaty in his tone, that the audience stretched out and listened to him as it had listened to no one before. When he said, "I have to ask this Convention whether they are prepared to go upon the record and before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence?" cries of "No, no," came from all over the house. "I rise," he said in closing, "simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertions of the men in Philadelphia, in 1776—before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that these great men enunciated." The Convention went off its feet. Without another word the amendment was adopted, with hardly a dissenting voice, amid applause that shook the Wigwam.

This brief speech of Curtis's was, next to the nominations themselves, the feature of the proceedings around which most interest centred; it was high-water mark. As to the effect of it, I suppose it was simply to shake up and put courage into men who were beginning to walk pussy-footed and shy at shadows. "Well, Curtis," said Evarts, afterward, with a twinkle in his eyes, when speaking of Seward's defeat, "at least we saved the Declaration of Independence."

The resolutions went through by acclamation about six o'clock in the afternoon, and amid whirlwinds of noise that exceeded all previous demonstrations, the Convention adjourned till next day. There was not much sleep for anybody that night. The streets were alive all night with processions and brass bands, while the delegation head-quarters at the hotels had oratory on tap and were in constant eruption. The real business was going on, however, without noise or demonstration. It was the commerce between Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania that night that made Mr. Lincoln President, and put Caleb B. Smith and Simon Cameron in his Cabinet. In these negotiations Mr. Greeley was not consulted. Edward Bates was his candidate, but "Anybody to beat Seward," his motto. The deal made by David Davis and N.

B. Judd with Pennsylvania and Ohio was not suspected by the Seward men, who were in high feather over the admission of delegates from Virginia and Texas, and at the opening of the third day's session more confident than ever. Impressed by their confidence Greeley had given up the fight, and wired *The Tribune* that Seward's nomination was certain. And that indeed was the belief of everybody except a few persons who had been up all night at the Tremont House, without any brass bands.

"We entreat Thee," said the clergyman in his opening prayer, "that at some future but no distant day the evil which now invests the body politic shall not only have been arrested in its progress, but wholly eradicated from the system. And may the pen of the historian trace an intimate connection between that glorious consummation and the transactions of this Convention." Prayer and prophecy!

There were few preliminaries. The Convention was impatient of suspense. The vast Wigwam was crowded to the last inch of its capacity, and the streets on all sides were packed with people, who stood through the balloting awaiting the result with intense expectancy. There had been, up to that time, in point of mere numbers, no such assembly of men on the continent. Looked at from the stage, the shimmer of its gay decorations and the flutter of its constant movement dazzled the vision, while the confused and inarticulate buzz of voices and hum of conversation bewildered the sense. It was not easy to untangle one's self from it sufficiently to get the scene in perspective.

The candidates were put in nomination, and at mention of each name applause more or less loud and prolonged broke forth. The great demonstrations were at the names of Seward and Lincoln. When either of these was mentioned the audience seemed to go wild. One might have supposed that the choice between them was to be governed by volume of sound. In these lung contests the Lincoln men had the advantage of his being the local favorite, and having, consequently, a more numerous claque. But the Seward men were good howlers, and the match was not far from equal.

The formal placing of candidates in nomination being over, the roll-call began with Maine, proceeding in geographical instead of alphabetical order. The vote of the New England States was anxiously watched. The Seward men counted on some solid delegations and a majority of the total vote. Maine started off with 10 for Seward and 6 for Lincoln; New Hampshire gave Seward but 1 and Lincoln 7; Vermont gave her 10 votes to Collamer. With each vote the countenances of the Seward men fell and the hopes of the Lincoln men rose. The votes of the three States had been simply turned in by the several chairmen in an undemonstrative matter-of-fact way. Massachusetts was called. John A. Andrew was chairman of the delegation. In his view Massachusetts was something more than a numeral in a mathematical process, or a platoon in a procession. He understood dramatic effect too well to stand up and simply hand in a few figures. He did not address the Secretary. He stood on his chair, said, "Mr. President," and waited till Ashmun said, "The gentleman from Massachusetts." The Old Bay State having got wheeling distance and distinct audience, he said, "Mr. President, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts casts 21 votes for William H. Seward and 4 votes for Abraham Lincoln." The cheers that followed were more for the dignified presence and impressive manner of the man than for either of the candidates, and all joined in it. The vote was slightly disappointing to the Seward men, who hoped for the solid delegation. Then came Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the reporters' pencils swiftly made the New England footing, which showed that out of 81 votes Seward had but 32, while Lincoln had 19, and all others 30.

The Secretary called New York. Only one delegation had cast a solid vote, and Vermont's vote for Collamer was known to be merely complimentary. Everybody knew what New York's vote would be; but Evarts had no less appreciation of dramatic effect than John A. Andrew. He too

stood on his chair, and looking beyond the Secretary said: "Mr. President." "The gentleman from New York," said Ashmun. There was stillness, but not absolute silence. "Mr. President," said Evarts, slowly, "I wait until the Convention is in order." A few strokes of the gavel and there was a hush undisturbed by a whisper. Every eye was fixed on Evarts, every head bent toward him. Again Ashmun: "The gentleman from New York has the floor." Then Evarts, with slow, deliberate utterance that gave each word the weight of a great argument: "Mr. President, the State of New York casts 70 votes for William Henry Seward." Straight went the audience off its feet and for several minutes there was wild applause.

Then New Jersey gave a solid vote for William L. Dayton; Pennsylvania hers, nearly solid, for Cameron, and presently Virginia astonished the Seward men by giving 14 votes for Lincoln and only 8 for Seward. Ohio gave Chase three-quarters of her vote, and then Indiana gave the Seward men another surprise by a solid vote for Lincoln. Missouri was solid for Bates. The first glimmer of comfort the Seward men had had for some time came when Michigan gave him her 12 votes. Their cheering was drowned when the next State was called, and Illinois added 22 to the Lincoln column. As the list tailed off, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and Kansas voted solidly for Seward, and the hopes of his friends revived. The count showed 465 votes, with Seward and Lincoln leading; the former having 173½, the latter 102, and the rest divided between ten candidates. It was settled that either Seward or Lincoln would be nominated. The question for the Seward men was whether they could detach the 60 votes they needed from the opposing candidates before the latter could combine.

Everybody watched with intensest interest the changes on the second ballot. Vermont led off with the transfer of her solid vote to Lincoln, to the great disappointment of the New Yorkers, and when the six New England States had been called, Lincoln was found to be leading with 36 to Seward's 33. Presently Pennsylvania carried out the arrangement made the night before, and put 48 votes to the Lincoln column. A gain of a vote or two here and there helped swell the total, so that in the summing up Lincoln was only 3½ votes behind Seward, who lacked 49 of a majority. The pencils that ran swiftly up and down the columns could not find that 49 so easily as they could 52 for Lincoln out of Ohio's 29 for Chase, Missouri's 18 for Bates, and New Jersey's 10 for Dayton. To the experienced observer it was now only a question of one more ballot, or two.

While the third ballot was in progress there was a great deal of hurrying back and forth, swift consultations, pulling and hauling, and hubbub generally. But the demonstrations were not so noisy, loud, and prolonged as in the earlier stages of the proceedings. The excitement was too intense, the nervous strain too severe, to relieve itself in noise. The break in New England continued, Lincoln having now 42 to Seward's 31. There was no change of blocks of votes on this call, but a gradual crumbling away of support from the scattering candidates and a drawing toward Lincoln. Seward was ahead once, when New York with 70 blotted out the Lincoln lead of 11 in New England, but the next moment Pennsylvania plumped 52 for Lincoln, and presently the Western States pushed him far to the front, a sure winner.

The experienced press correspondents and reporters on the stage had from the beginning of this ballot confined themselves to the tally of a single column, the totals of which they kept in hand as the call went on. The last call—the District of Columbia—had hardly been answered, when from half-a-dozen seats came the report, "Lincoln 231½; he lacks a vote and a half." Ohio had still a reserve of 15 votes that had been given to Chase, and Missouri 18 that had gone for Bates. In an instant there was a scramble to get in on the winner. The stuttering Cartter was ahead. As soon as he could be heard, he changed four votes from Chase to Lincoln. Everybody was on his feet

and everybody apparently shrieking a change of votes, none of which, except Ohio's, was ever recorded. Everybody? No, not everybody. In the New York seats everybody sat dumb. Michigan made no stir, and only a part of the Massachusetts delegation contributed to the din—oases of silence in a Sahara of sound.

I thought I had heard noise and seen wild excitement before, but this was the grand climacteric. On the platform near me Henry S. Lane was executing a war-dance with some other dignified delegate as partner; the Indiana men generally were smashing hats and hugging each other; the Illinois men did everything except stand on their heads; hands were flying wildly in the air, everybody's mouth was open, and bedlam seemed loose. The din of it was terrific. Seen from the stage it seemed to be twenty thousand mouths in full blast, as if that startling figure of La Guerre on the Arc de Triomphe had been kindled into life and, repeated twenty thousand-fold, poured out upon this arena. I have seen conventions carried off their feet before and since, but never anything like that. I was so overcome with the spectacle that the contagion of it took no hold. I could not shout, I simply caught my breath and stared at it. It seemed as if it never would stop. Over the desk of the reading clerk was a skylight, and men stationed there had reported to the packed masses in the streets from the edge of the roof the results of the balloting. On the roof there was also a loaded cannon ready to convey the news when the nomination was reached. The four Ohio changes had hardly been recorded when it belched its fire. The cry, "Lincoln is nominated," went over the roof into the streets and the streets went wild. So, when the inside tempest lulled an instant, the roar from the outside came in like an echo and the storm was renewed; the waves of noise rolled back and forth till from sheer weariness the shouters sank into their seats.

There was something almost painful in the stillness which fell, when the chairman at this point recalled order with a stroke of the gavel, and looking to the New York delegation, where all eyes followed him, said: "The gentleman from New York." In a few well chosen words, listened to with profoundest attention, Mr. Evarts, on behalf of the New York delegation, accepted the result and moved that the nomination be made unanimous. It was seconded by John A. Andrew, Carl Schurz, and Austin Blair, of Michigan, in speeches that contained more sadness than exultation, and was passed, to be followed by another tumultuous outbreak.

So Abraham Lincoln was nominated, and Christendom, without knowing it, had entered behind the curtain of a new epoch and into the dawning of a new day. The unconscious instruments of a Higher Power, little as they knew of the grandeur of the opportunity they had opened, knew less of the greatness of the man to whose hand they had linked it. They had nominated the plain, every-day, story-telling, mirth-provoking Lincoln of the hustings: the husk only of the Lincoln of history. It took four fearful years to give the event its true relations and right proportions, and it was not until the veil was drawn by an assassin's hand that the real Lincoln was revealed.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THIS is a year in which we have touched the picturesque at more than one point, and touched it more closely than at any other time in our career; and a future ethical philosopher will date many things from the fact. It is a year in which we shall also be expected to have learned much. And this being so, the good American will be eminently sensible to give an attentive ear to the more thoughtful utterances of the stranger just now within his gates. Not that the stranger always understands. Sometimes he does not. But even his errors may serve to illumine certain native situations, otherwise dark to ourselves. It has been interesting, for example, while our whole country has revelled in the delight of those white Neo-Greek buildings by the waters of Lake Michigan, to ponder the point of view from which the French critics of our Exposition have regarded these architectural achievements; and interesting to consider the possibilities, in other directions, which these same critics hold that we have neglected for the architectural dream in question. That it is a dream of great beauty there is as much accord among our foreign critics as among ourselves. Yet are we made to feel that, in their view, we have missed our opportunity. What was our opportunity for these much talked-of Exposition buildings, in the estimation of the intelligent Paris correspondent at Chicago?—and one is constrained to listen to him, for, after all, he represents, more or less perfectly, the outlook of the nation which leads at this moment the artistic perceptions of the world. His verdict is that Chicago "had no right to go backward." The opportunity we have missed was that of making a striking experiment in those new architectural formulas which will dominate, it is supposed, the twentieth century.

The Parisian, who had already had his Eiffel tower, came to Chicago expecting "cyclopean erections of iron, pyrogranite, and tiles," monstrous spans and scaffoldings of sub-structure, alternated minarets of steel-like solidity, forged, as it were, in a nether world, and thrown up to the surface of the Chicago plain to house the straining industry, to typify the gigantic efforts of the toiling millions of the New World. This notion in his mind was partially satisfied, on the way, by the mammoth beehive apartment-houses, the towering fire-proof constructions, floor upon floor, which are one truly American invention, born of an era of utility, of a time of industrial and social agglomeration. But the Renaissance palaces of the White City, put up to represent what we could do at our best and when on trial, threw him back upon himself. This was not the intensely *fin de siècle* dénouement that had been anticipated. It was a beautiful spectacle, but —it was reactionary. To have been reactionary, just now and just here, was to have been inadequate. Let us give the very bottom of his thought—it was to have been a trifle childish.

None of the great European nations, planning buildings for a Universal Exposi-

tion, would have had the aspiration, at this day and hour, to conform them to a classic ideal. Water that has once passed through the mill does not pass again. To have been shaped by an exalted experience is often to be prepared for something, not necessarily better, but different. This fact is not sufficiently taken into account by the passionate American art-lover who sees Venetians or Florentines placidly co-operating in the destruction of the beauties of their native cities. It does not explain all of their indifference, but it explains some of it. The countries which have most thoroughly realized their dream of art and beauty have taken up the lessons the fruition yielded into their blood and marrow, but are now most eager, at least theoretically, for the modern, the new. Moreover, to have lived in intimate national contact with temples, churches, and palaces that came into being when beauty and art were the very breath of life, is to acquire a certain sense of fitness—of true values—that precludes a fancy for imitation. The Latin, who *feels* that the centuries have added, with their suns and stains and their breaking waves of human life, to the genuine palace or temple, may be excused if he find the Italo-French Renaissance domes, and the Greek peristyle, of our Exposition a trifle "dépaysés" by the gates and waters of Chicago. He admires, but it is with moral reserves; and we feel his pleasure when he escapes again to those things in which we show ourselves, according to his idea, once more American.

Yet this stranger's point of view, intelligent as it is, is not intelligent to the end. A deeper knowledge of us would show the inevitableness of our Neo-Greek buildings at this moment; would make clear how profound an expression they are of our innermost state. Having incalculable material resources, and every condition of phenomenal progress, the time has come for us, in the course of things, to have our dream of a classic beauty, in turn. It was in the brains and veins of our architects, sculptors, and painters, and it urged them on, spontaneously and almost unconsciously, to materialize the vision desired of their countrymen. They were not troubled with the scruples which would have stayed the hand of their brothers-in-the-craft of the Old World; they set to work with a fine naïveté, happily obtuse to certain insuperable obstacles, and with that magnificent aplomb in the realization of an ideal which is the splendid sign of youth. And from Western towns and New England villages, where the inhabitants are more tragically ignorant of beautiful things than in any other spot of the civilized world, pilgrims will hie them thither who will never be quite the same starved beings again for what they have seen. Not all Americans go to Europe; and, if they did, to the mass, the nearer, self-evolved, national, object-lesson would still be a thousandfold more instructive. Let our foreign critics but have a little patience. In fifty years from now we shall probably not put up pseudo-classic buildings for an Exposition. When we are a little older we shall do more truly modern things.

We have it on the authority of Thackeray that you have to wait until forty years before you know the worth of a lass. The knowledge would not then appear to have much value; and it is fortunate that science now presents an exact means of determining the worth of a lad at any age. The last census officials, or some other infallible authority, have had his constituent ingredients weighed, appraised, and filed away as a permanent standard of value in the archives of the National Museum at Washington—much as the Smithsonian Institution or other grave authority preserves the standard yardstick or the standard quart. It is somewhat of a relief thus to find the value of an every-day 154-pound young man placed by the Government as high as $18-, 300. We had not deemed they took so exalted a view of human nature at Washington. But they give us chapter and verse for the same; or, rather, weight and measure; for they have the body of such a man neatly decomposed and put up in jars or bottles on the shelf.

So much as ninety-six pounds of him is pure water, says Mr. René Bache. (This solution is too simple; why not have taken a Kentuckian?) There is no alcohol; and only three and one-half ounces of brimstone in this model young man. But the sugar is there—three pounds; with three pounds more of white of egg and ten pounds glue,

a pinch of salt, and fifty-one ounces of calcium.

It is in this last that his value principally consists, for, when used for lights, or whatever other more satisfactory purpose than to make mere Christians, this substance is worth $300 the ounce. Mr. Bache well remarks that few of our fellow-citizens realize they are worth so much intrinsically; and it is well they should not, lest, *à la Chinoise*, they attempt by suicide too rapidly to realize their assets. They further contain one foot cube of carbon, purest diamond; and it is still more lucky that even their dissolution would not leave their corpses to become a gem of that size. Alas, the happy and the selfish would find but a handful left of them in this vale of tears—and be surrounded in their solitude by building-stones of brilliants!

Still, even at $18,300, man appears valuable enough. Even as a voter, he has not yet approximated that sum in the government markets. As a slave, his body and soul were hardly worth a twentieth as much. It is true, some girls are said, in romances, to be worth values far exceeding this; but there are functions of one variable, and him a fool; at least, so the best literature tells us. And according to the best poetical economics (and we read none others) such value is not exchangeable. And Mr. Mill it was who told us value without exchangeability to be a phrase without meaning.

It is sad to have these great truths of science dropped upon us when we have so lately been told, by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Frederic Harrison, Rénan, and Strauss, other disappointing verities. Just when we have disproved the iridescent future, we have to face these awful facts about the present. No wonder Mr. Ruskin has gone mad, and Tolstoi making shoes. With all our development of the soul through Greece and Florence, and the heart through twenty Christian centuries, the body remains still more valuable when the one is absent and the other stilled. Dear me! or rather, cheap me. The soul still handicaps us; and none but the exceptionally souled add value to their carrion. The average wealth of the United States is far less than eighteen thousand dollars *per capita*. How many dead fathers would "cut up" to that extent?

What is the conclusion—that we eat, drink, and die? Nay, nay, mistakes are made even in scientific appraisals. One doubts if even the quantitative analysis would have sold "ex-soul" the corpse of Lincoln, Dante, Father Damien. And if we cannot be these we can possibly make our worth as much as $19,000 to one or two others. For science makes mistakes; even a Jew once took too low a price for a life in thirty pieces of silver.

THE contemporary reader is thought to be in pretty deep waters, and doubts are now and then expressed as to his ability to keep his head above them. A century ago there was a little library of classics that he read at more or less, and if he could lay hands on a weekly newspaper he read that, too. Two generations ago he was taking a daily paper, and perhaps an eclectic magazine made up from the British monthlies. The civil war upset his habits and set him to reading all the newspapers he could afford to buy, and weekly picture-papers and a monthly magazine besides. The cheapening of the cost of white paper and the lowering of the price of "news" has confirmed him in the habits he learned then. Such an amount of reading is offered him now for two cents that he feels that he cannot afford to take in less than two or three newspapers, and the magazines are so cheap and so admirable that he must read one or two of them every month. And all the time books keep tumbling out from the presses faster than ever, and, of course, a man who thinks that he has a mind is bound to feed it part of the time on books. No wonder that the contemporary reader is embarrassed, and complains that he cannot keep up, and wants to know what to do about it.

There is nothing more serious really the matter than that the conditions under which he is struggling are novel, and that he has not yet adapted himself to their requirements. In primitive times when men wandered about in the woods and roosted in trees at night, they ate what they could find wherever and whenever they found it. As food grew more plentiful they only ate when they were hungry, and gradually they got the habit of being hungry at stated in-

tervals. Then as the variety of victuals increased they developed the civilized practice of using certain kinds of food for particular meals, and came gradually to the sophisticated method of having things served by courses, and varying their diet according to the hour of the day and the state of the market. No civilized New Yorker complains because there are more kinds of fish in Fulton Market than his palate can test or his stomach accommodate. If he has smelts for his breakfast and salmon after his soup at dinner, he is thankful and tries not to eat overmuch of either of them. He must teach himself to take his literature in the same enlightened manner, reading according to his appetite and his necessities, as he would eat; not gorging himself because the market is generous; not eating a pie for breakfast nor beginning his dinner with coffee, but taking things as they ought to come.

And especially, if he is an intelligent man and wants to make the most of his day, he must read his newspapers with intelligence, doing it quickly while his mind is fresh, wresting the news out of them like the meat from a nutshell, and discarding the rest. It is easy for him, if he allows himself to do so, to read the newspapers and nothing else, just as it is a simple matter to support life on hog and hominy. But if he is going to read to the best purpose he must have a system about his reading analogous to that which regulates his diet. If he reads the newspapers as he ought to read them, and does not spend his eyes on "miscellany" and spun-out gossip, he will have time to get through them and keep the run of the magazines besides. If he reads the best of what is in the magazines he will read most of the best new fiction before it gets between covers, and will supplement usefully the current information that he gets from the newspapers. If he reads in the magazines only what appeals to him, he will still have time every day to read something in a book; and if he makes a point of reading something, however little, every day in a book that is worth reading, his library will be bound to pay him high interest on its value.

Above all things the modern must adapt his reading, in bulk and quality, to his personal circumstances and individual wants. The very multitude of new books destroys the obligation to read many of them. There is nothing any longer except the Bible and Shakespeare that the contemporary American need blush not to know. If he has intelligence and reasonable culture the presumption will be that if he has not read this it was because he was busy reading that, or was more profitably occupied than in reading either. Books are not much of a bugaboo in these days,—there are too many of them. We look more and more to results and boggle less and less about processes. If so be the mind is alert and discriminating, and can choose what is good, and grasp it wherever it finds it, there is no vain questioning as to the particular books on which it gained its edge.

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

IN THE CITY OF SALAME.

—See *The Source*.

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THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

By Robert Grant.

THOMAS WIGGIN, or Tom Wiggin, as everyone called him, sat alone in his bachelor quarters on Christmas-eve waiting for a carriage. The carriage was not late, but Tom, who was a methodical man in everything he did, had finished his preparations a little sooner than need be. His fur coat and hat and gloves lay on a chair beside him, ready to put on the moment Bridget, the maid, should knock at the door and tell him that Perkins, the cabby at the corner, was blocking the way. Tom had already taken out of his pocket two ten-dollar gold pieces and laid them on the centre-table beside an array of packages done up with marvellous care in the whitest of paper and the reddest of ribbon. One of the gold pieces was for Bridget and the other for Perkins. Twice the sum would not have replaced the crockery and objects of virtu which the Hibernian handmaiden, who brought up his breakfast and was supposed to keep his room tidy, had smashed since he had tipped her last; and Tom had, only two months before, undergone the melancholy experience of falling through the bottom of Perkins's coupé, because of the pertinacity with which that common carrier of passengers clung to the delusion that no repairs to a vehicle were necessary until it dropped to pieces. But as Tom would have said if interrogated on the subject by a subtler mind, Christmas comes but once a year, and though Bridget's best was her worst, she had tried to do it, and Perkins, shiftless as he was, had driven his poor old nag one day into a pink lather in endeavoring to catch a train for him, which he had just missed after all.

Besides, Tom had had a remarkably good business year, so that a ten-dollar gold piece did not seem to him the dazzlingly large sum he had regarded it ten years earlier. He had lived in these same bachelor lodgings for ten years, and during that time had built up a very neat business by his own unaided effort, as his contemporaries (and contemporaries are apt to be stern critics) were ready to admit. He had worked hard and steadily, taking only enough vacation to enable him to keep well, and shunting everything to the background which threatened to interfere with the object he had in view—that is, everything but one thing. And this one thing he had made up his mind five years ago was out of the question. Consequently he had shunted it to the background with everything else, and devoted himself more unreservedly than ever to the real estate business.

Ten years is quite a piece out of any man's life, and though Tom Wiggin was the picture of health, he was, as we say colloquially, no longer a chicken. He was stouter than he had been and had lost some of his hair, which gave him rather a middle-aged appearance, or at least suggested that he never would see

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thirty-five again. When he had taken his present room he had been a slim and almost delicate-looking stripling without a copper whom any girl might be likely to fancy. To-day, in his own estimation and in that of his friends and acquaintances, he was a well-seasoned old bachelor who was not likely to ask any one feminine to share his comfortable competency.

Christmas comes but once a year, and Tom had for several years past been in the habit of recognizing the fact in his special way. He was extensively an uncle. That is to say, he had two married sisters, one with five and the other with three children of tender age, and each of his two married brothers had presented him with a nephew and niece of the name of Wiggin. Categorically speaking, he had seven nephews and five nieces to provide with Christmas gifts, not to mention his two sisters and his two sisters-in-law, all of whom had grown accustomed to expect a package in white paper tied with pink ribbon and marked "with love and a merry Christmas from Tom." Here were sixteen presents to begin with, and there were apt to be almost as many more. On this particular Christmas evening there were thirty-five parcels in all, each done up with immaculate care, for Tom, like most old bachelors, prided himself on doing everything in a thorough, deliberate fashion. He had made his last purchase a fortnight ago, and had spent two entire evenings in putting the array of toys and fancy goods in presentable order. They were of all sorts and sizes, for Tom had paled neither before bulk nor price. There was a safety bicycle for a nephew who had set his heart on one, and the tiniest of gold watches for his eldest niece. There was a warm fur-lined cloak for his dead mother's oldest friend, a spinster lady who had small means wherewith to keep herself comfortable in a cold world, and a case of marvellous port for his old chum, Belden, who would see that it was not wasted on unappreciative palates. Everything was ready for the summons from Perkins, the cabby, and Tom, bald-headed bachelor that he was, was fuming a little in spite of the fact that it still lacked three minutes of the hour appointed for departure.

Alone in his bachelor quarters on Christmas-eve.—Page 663.

The clock in the neighboring church tower, whose tones were plainly audible in the sky parlors which he called his home, had only just struck five when the tramp of feet followed by a knock announced the joint arrival of Bridget

and Perkins, to whom he had intrusted the duty of helping him to carry his precious parcels down three flights of stairs to the attendant cab. This was certain it was genuine; then Bridget, taxing her intelligence for a suitable expression for the wealth of feeling at her heart, exclaimed:

The wreaths of holly were the nearest semblance to faces, and they seemed almost to grin at him.—Page 670.

the sixth consecutive year which Bridget and Perkins had done the same thing, and they thought they knew what to expect. But they had counted without their host. A year ago they had chuckled for forty-eight hours over a five-dollar bill apiece. Now, when they opened the door and presented their grinning countenances, their benefactor, after shouting at them a merry Christmas, proceeded to daze their intellects, of every particle of which they stood in sore need for the purpose of a safe descent, by tossing to each of them a gold coin of twice the denomination. For some moments they stood in bewildered, sheepish silence examining their treasure, as though to make

"And sure, Mr. Wiggin, it's Bridget Lanagan that's hoping that before the good Lord brings another Christmas-day the proudest lady in the land will be yer wife. It's me and Perkins would be the first to say God bless her, though we lost a good job by it." At this prodigal outburst of expectation Tom Wiggin's countenance grew rosy-red, notwithstanding the incredulous laugh with which he received the blessing of his warm-hearted handmaiden and the nods of the less nimble-witted cab-man. Then a shadow crossed it as though of unhappy recollection, and there was a tinge of real hopelessness in his half-jocular protestation.

"Many thanks, Bridget, for your

good wishes, but there's no such luck in store for me. I shall live and die an old bachelor such as you see me now, and you and Perkins will be able to count on a ten-dollar gold piece on Christmas-eve for the rest of your lives. That is," Tom added by way of timely warning, "provided you don't smash any of these things of mine in carrying them downstairs. You remember that the pair of you last year between you broke a teacup worth its weight in gold, and the year before that large vase broke itself. If everything were to go down safely I should almost begin to believe that what Bridget hopes might come true. Careful now, and be sure not to lay that bicycle right on top of the gilt-edged dinner-plates for my sister Mary."

Whether it was that Tom's strictures in regard to the clumsiness of his assistants were exaggerated, or they were bent upon causing him to repose trust in Bridget's prophecy, the thirty-five packages reached the cab and were stowed within and without, under their owner's supervising eye, without a single casualty.

"Faith, Mr. Wiggin, they'll be taking yer this time for Santa Claus, sure," said Perkins when the last precious parcel had been deposited. "Yer'll have to ride outside, sir, as yer did last year."

Evidently the gaping file of small boys which had formed itself on each side of the doorway was of the opinion that, if the gentleman in the fur coat was not Santa Claus, he was one of his blood-relations, for, as Tom climbed carefully to his post beside Perkins so as not to hazard the safety of the bicycle and the box of port, for which there was no room inside, they broke out into a shrill hurrah. Perhaps they too, or at least some of them, knew what they had to expect, for before Santa Claus seated himself on the box he plunged his hands into the side pockets of his fur overcoat, and then reproducing them, seemed to toss them high to the winds, as he cried, with gay good-will:

"Scramble now, you little devils, scramble, and wish you merry Christmas!"

What Tom flung to the winds was neither his fingers nor his thumbs, but a plethora of bright nickels which he had drawn from the bank for the express purpose. As the glittering shower of brand-new five-cent pieces fell to the icy sidewalk, the band of urchins threw themselves upon it with a shout of transport which drew tears from the eyes of the tender-hearted Bridget, who had remained to witness this established ceremony, and ought to have warmed the cockles of the donor's heart, if indeed they needed warming. Twice again he replunged his hands into his pockets and twice again the yell was repeated. Then seating himself beside Perkins, Tom gave the signal for departure, and as the cab rounded the corner a score of little lungs gave him back his merry Christmas with all their might.

It was a genuine Christmas-eve. The ground was covered with snow and the sleigh-bells were jangling merrily. The lamps were already lighted and many a parlor window gave out the reflection of wreaths of holly, and now and again sparkled with little rows of candles in token of the precious Christmas anniversary. Perkins's coupé was on wheels, and his equine paradox was imperfectly caulked into the bargain, so that the world seemed to be rushing by them as they jogged along. Tom had a list which he from time to time consulted by the allied light of the moon and the street-lamps, in order to see that his itinerary was accurately followed and no one forgotten. At every house he dismounted in person and handed in his present. When he reached the residence of his sister, Mary Ferris, who was the mother of the five children, he had to make four trips up and down the door-steps. His sister, who was listening, recognized his voice and came into the vestibule to meet him, and her children, bounding in her wake like an elated pack of wolves, shouted with one tongue,

"Hurrah! it's Uncle Tom."

Mrs. Ferris sent them scampering upstairs in double-quick time on pain of dire penalties if they peeped or listened, and fondly drew her brother into the small sitting-room which opened out of the hall.

One of those icy glances which made him yearn to cut his throat.—Page 672.

"I can't stop, Mary," he said, "I'm on my annual circuit. Now let's see if I've got everything. Here's the bicycle for Roger, junior. They call it 'a safety,' and I trust it may prove so. And the Noah's ark, the largest one made, for Harry; and a musical box, which plays eight tunes, for Dorothy; and a doll which sings 'Ta-ra-boom-de-ay' for little Mary; and a woolly lamb for baby Ned. And here's a trifle in the crockery line for you, my dear. If you don't like the pattern you can change them. Now I must be off. How's Roger, senior? Give him my love and a merry Christmas."

"He'll be at home very soon, Tom, and dreadfully sorry to have missed you. The children are just crazy about their stockings, and little Roger had given up all hope of a bicycle. You are too generous to them and to all of us. And, oh, Tom," she added, laying her hand upon his arm, "I feel dreadfully that we shan't have you with us at dinner to-morrow, but old Mr. Ferris depends on Roger and me for Christmas. He says it may be the last time, and that Christmas is the Ferris day. Thanksgiving is the Wiggin day, you know, and we did have a jolly time then; yet I just hate to think of your not dining with one of us on Christmas. How can it be helped, though, if all the things-in-law have family parties?"

"Why, that's all right, Mary. As you say, Thanksgiving is the Wiggin day, and things-in-law have rights, as well as those they marry. Merry Christmas, dearest, and let me go, or I shall never get through my list."

"Ah, but, Tom love, I do wish you were married," she cried, putting her arms around his neck to detain him. She was his favorite sister, and free to introduce dangerous topics with due discretion. "You would be so much happier."

"Do I seem so miserable?" he inquired, as he looked down at her and stroked her hair. "That's an old story, Mary. I've heard you express the same wish every six months for the last ten years. Every family should have one

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

"Come in, George, don't be afraid," said Tom. "They won't bite."—Page 676.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

old bachelor, at least, and I shall be ours."

She was silent for an instant. "Do you ever see Isabelle Hardy, nowadays?" she asked, with brave insistence. "I have sometimes thought"—she stopped, deterred from completing her sentence by the shadow which had come over Tom's face.

He gently, but firmly, removed his sister's arms from his neck, and answered gravely, almost stiffly, "Very rarely indeed." Then, with a fresh access of gayety, as though he were resolved that nothing foreign to the occasion should mar its spirit, he cried lustily, "A merry Christmas to you, Mary!" and departed.

Continuing steadily on his round, Tom delivered safely the case of port, and the fur-lined cloak, and brought up in the next street, in front of his brother Joe's house. Here he was to leave the gold watch for his eldest niece, a generous box of bonbons for his sister-in-law, a tool-chest for young Joe, and a first edition of "Vanity Fair" for Joe himself, who, though not particularly well off, was a rabid book collector. Tom had dogged an auctioneer for two days to make sure of obtaining the volume in question, which, so far as he could see, was like as two peas to the subsequent issues of the same book to be bought anywhere for a song. He was convinced of his mistake when he saw his brother's face light up at sight of the treasure-trove and heard his delighted inquiry, "Where on earth did you pick this up, Tom? You couldn't have given me anything I'd rather have."

"Glad you like it, Joe. If it isn't the real thing, I'll have the hide of that fellow, Nevins, who sold it to me."

"The real thing? It's a genuine first edition and a splendid specimen. It's adorable. I say, old fellow, it's an outrage that we're to dine with Julia's father to-morrow and leave you out in the cold. Another year I mean to strike and have a Wiggin Christmas dinner, Thanksgiving or no Thanksgiving. Mary and I were comparing notes yesterday and vowing it was an infernal shame."

"Now, it's all right as it is, Joe. I've just left Mary, and I understand perfectly. You've got enough to do to digest your father-in-law's mince pie and Madeira without having me on your stomach."

"A regular old-fashioned ten-course feed, where you sit down at seven and get up at half-past ten feeling like lead. Ugh! Where are you going to dine, Tom?"

"No matter. That's my secret. I shall have a good dinner, never you fear. I must be off now and deliver the rest of my goods."

"It's an outrage—an infernal outrage," growled Joe. "Before you go, old man," he said, hooking his arm into his brother's, and dragging him in the direction of the dining-room, "we'll have a drink. I put a pint of fizz on the ice this morning for your special benefit. It won't take two minutes to mix the cock-tail." Thereupon Joe gave the bell-handle a wrench, and directed that the bottle in the ice-chest should be brought up together with the cracked ice which he had ordered to be in readiness, and in a very short space of time the white-capped maid reappeared with a waiter laden with all the necessary ingredients for the delectable beverage in question. Joe carefully measured out some bitters, pop went the cork of the Perrier Jouet, and presently the brothers were looking at each other over two brimming glasses.

"Wish you merry Christmas, Joe."

"Wish you merry Christmas, Tom. And here's to *her*." Joe paused an instant before he drank to add, "It's a big mistake you're not married, Tom. All I can say is some girl is losing a first-class husband. I say here's to *her*."

Tom, who had waited at the words, raised his glass solemnly. "There is no her and there never will be," he said, with quiet decision. "Still, since you give the toast, Joe, I'll drink it. It's not poisonous," he added, with a wry smile—"so here's to *her*." He drained his glass and set it down on the waiter, then for an instant stood ruminantly with his back to the open fire. "The drink was better than the toast in my case, Joe. My her must have died in infancy."

"Honest Injun, Tom?" asked Joe, as he gripped his brother's hand held out for a parting shake and looked into his face.

Tom's eyes quailed before the honest gaze. His lip quivered. "I'm an infernal liar, Joe, and you know it. But what's the use? She wouldn't have me, man—and there's no one else whom I want to have. So, merry Christmas, Joe, and God bless you and yours."

As he went out into the frosty night the clock in the hall struck half-past six. There were only five parcels left and the coupé was nearly empty. Tom opened the door and stepping inside, lay back wearily. Presently he picked up one of the parcels—it was a book apparently, from its shape—and laid it at his side. When Perkins drew up the next time, Tom gathered the remaining four and ran up the steps with them. They were for his sister Kitty and her little company, and he spent a few moments indoors to explain matters. When he reappeared he said to his conductor, "114 Farragut Place, and then to the Club."

Tom sat inside with the remaining package resting on his lap, nervously watching for the cab to stop. They halted presently before a spacious house, the old-fashioned aspect of which was heightened by the curved iron railing which ran along the flight of steps leading up to it. Just before the cab stopped, Tom had taken a note from his breast pocket, and after looking round him stealthily in the darkness, had kissed the envelope. Now he tucked it under the red ribbon of the remaining package and walking gravely up the steps, rang the bell. There was nothing in the envelope but his visiting card, on which he had written, "with best wishes for a merry Christmas." When the servant came to the door Tom said, "Will you please give this to Miss Isabelle Hardy." Then the door closed in his face and he went solemnly down the steps again. On reaching the now empty cab he glanced over his shoulder as though in hope of catching a face at the window, but every shade was down, and the wreaths of holly were the nearest semblance to faces, and they seemed almost to grin at him. And well they might. It was the fifth year in succession that he had gone through exactly this same pantomime. Tom heaved one deep sigh; then he straightened his shoulders and passed his hand across his eyes as though he were sweeping away an unprofitable vision.

"To the club," he repeated sturdily to Perkins. "And now," he said to himself, as he shrouded himself in his fur coat and put up his feet on the opposite cushion, "the question is how to make the best of a devilish poor outlook. I mean to have a merry Christmas somehow."

II.

Though it was dinner time, there were few men in the club when Tom entered it. Still there was a half-dozen familiar spirits lounging in the sitting-room, most melancholy among whom was Frazer Bell, a bachelor far gone in the forties, an epicure, but poor as a church mouse.

"Just the man," said Tom to himself, and he drew him aside.

"Will you dine with me to-night, Frazer?"

"Er—I have just ordered dinner, but——"

"Then I'll countermand it," interposed Tom blithely, by way of relieving his would-be guest from the quandary of accepting the invitation without loss of self-respect. "It's Christmas-eve and this is my outfit; I'm going in for as good a dinner as they can give us in honor of the occasion. I say, old man, will you do me the favor to order it? You know fifty times better than I what we ought to have to get the best."

Frazer Bell grinned melodiously. One could almost see his mouth water.

"I'll do it if you like," he said.

"I wish you would. And be sure to put down the finest there is, and to pick out something gilt-edged in the way of wine; something cobwebby and precious."

"I'll try," said Frazer, with another grin, and he ambled off in the direction of the office.

Tom went into the reading-room and picked up a magazine. Presently he

passed his hands across his eyes again, for the wreaths in the windows of the house in Farragut Place were grinning at him still. He said to himself that he guessed he needed another drink, and pressed the electric button at his side.

"Ask Mr. Frazer Bell what he'll have and bring me a Martigny cocktail," he said to the servant. Then he shut his eyes and the grinning wreaths changed into a girl's face, a face which had haunted him day in and day out for seven years. He knew that he ought to brush that away also, but he could not bring himself to do it on Christmas-eve. He would give himself that little luxury at least, before he tried to obliterate it by talking gastronomy with Frazer Bell. Nearly seven years, verily, since he had seen her first! She was then a girl of nineteen, and he at the bottom of the real estate ladder without a dollar to his name, as it were. He had been crazy to marry her, and for two years he had followed her from ball-room to ball-room with a feverish assiduity which threatened to revolutionize his business habits and make light of his business principles. He was not the only one in love with her; there were half a dozen; but the one whose devotion he dreaded most was Charles Leverett Saunders, a handsome dashing beau, a scion of a rich and conspicuous house. He had watched her behavior toward his rival with the eye of a lynx, and as he compared the notes of one evening with the notes of the next he had felt that she was more gracious to Saunders than to him. And yet sometimes she was so sweet and kind to him. But then, again she would be cold and distant, almost icy, in short; on which occasions he had felt as though he would like to cut his throat. A half-dozen times he had made up his mind to offer himself to her and know his fate, but somehow his determination, which was so prodigious in other affairs, had failed him. So matters had gone for a year and a half, and he had seemed no nearer and no less near to the goal than ever. He had said to himself severely that this thing must not go on.

On December 31st, just five years ago, there was to be a famous ball, the crack party of the season. He had resolved that before the old year was out he would know his fate once and for all. Ten-dollar gold pieces did not grow for him then on every bush, but he ordered from the florist the handsomest bouquet of roses and violets which native horticultural talent could devise, and sent it to Miss Isabelle Hardy on the eve of the ball. She had promised to dance the German with him, and when he entered the ball-room his eyes saw no one until they rested on her. A frown had creased his brow, for she was on the arm of Charles Leverett Saunders, and was looking up into his face with a smile of happy excitement which had suggested to Tom that he was as far from her thoughts as the Emperor of Japan. What was more and worse, she carried three gorgeous bouquets, but his was not among them. Where was it? Had it not been sent? If so, he would ruin that florist's trade for ever and ever. Or had she left it at home on purpose?

He fought shy of her until the German and there was no longer an excuse for him to keep away. Almost at once she thanked him for his lovely flowers.

"But you have not brought them."

"No," she said, sweetly. "I was unable to—I," and she had paused in her embarrassment.

"There were so many, of course."

"No, it was not that, Mr. Wiggin, I assure you." But she had looked a little hurt at his gruff words. "I had a very good reason for not bringing them."

There had been a piteous look in the girl's eyes as she spoke, which he had often recalled since; but then he had thought of nothing but his anger and the slight which had been put upon him. He felt like asking why she had not left Charles Leverett Saunders's flowers at home instead of his. It was clear that she did not care for him, and it became clearer and clearer in the course of the evening; for after a while they had sat almost tongue-tied beside each other. He had tried his best not to be disagreeable, but in spite of himself cynical sentences had slipped from between his teeth in close succes-

sion. He had seen that she was hurt and he had rather gloried in it, and presently an embarrassed silence had followed, broken by the arrival of his rival with a magnificent favor which he proffered beamingly to the girl of Tom's heart. She had sailed away, and looking back over her shoulder, given Tom one glance—one of those icy glances which made him yearn to cut his throat. That was bad enough, but to crown all, when her turn came to bestow a boutonnière she made Tom carry her straight up to Leverett Saunders, in the buttonhole of whose coat she proceeded to fasten the rosebud for which Tom would have given twelve months of his life.

Five years ago on the first of January! He had gone home that night certain that Isabelle Hardy did not love him, and resolved that she should play fast and loose with him no longer. In the first hours of the new year he vowed that he would forget her, and devote himself to his business heart and soul. Henceforth he would close eye and brain to all distractions. He would cease forever to be a plaything for a woman's caprice.

He had kept his word. That is to say, his attentions had ended from that hour. The festivities which had known him knew him no more. He went nowhere, and the reason whispered under the rose was that Isabelle Hardy had given him the mitten. The whispers reached him, but little he cared that rumor was not strictly accurate. Was it not practically so? She had to all intents and purposes thrown him over, and he had stamped her image from his heart and gone on with his business, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Occasionally he passed her in the street, and on every Christmas-eve since the night of his resolution, he had left a trifling remembrance at the house in Farragut Place, just, as it were, to show that there was no ill feeling. Otherwise they never met, and here he was to-day, an old bachelor close on the confines of forty, getting bald and set in his ways, with a splendid business and a secret ache at his heart. And she? Tom had never known why she had not married Charles Leverett Saunders, as everybody expected and said she was going to do. Yet suddenly, without warning, that dashing gallant had gone abroad and had remained there ever since, doing the Nile, and Norway, and hunting tigers in the jungles of India, according as the humor seized him. And she? She was beginning to show just a little the traces of time, to suggest what she would look like if she never married and remained after all an old maid. He had been struck by it the last time he had passed her in the street. An old maid! Isabelle Hardy an old maid! There was bitter humor in it for Tom, and he laughed aloud in the reading-room, then, starting at his own performance, looked around him confusedly. He was alone, and his untasted drink stood at his elbow. No one had heard his harsh, strange outburst. He tossed off the cocktail and sank back in his easy chair to confront the vision. An old maid. And he was an old bachelor. And it was Christmas-eve. And what a gloomy, diabolical anniversary it was for old maids and old bachelors. They had no things-in-law to invite them to dinner. They were out in the cold and their room was better than their company. Jokes? Jollities? They were all matrimonial and centred about baby's teeth or Noah's arks. The only thing for an old bachelor or old maid to do was to ransack toy shops and then stand aside. Merry Christmas? How in the name of Santa Claus was an old bachelor or an old maid to have a merry Christmas? And why in time shouldn't they be merry if they could?

Five minutes later, the servant had to announce twice that dinner was served before Tom turned his head, which caused that functionary to reflect that Mr. Wiggin was getting a little deaf. He was looking straight before him into the fire, as though he were interested in the processes of combustion or the price of coal. He turned at the second summons with a start.

"What's that, Simon? Mr. Bell waiting for me? Oh, of course; dinner is ready. Tell him—tell him," he added with a feverish, excited manner as he sprang to his feet, "that I'll be with him in a moment. I must use the tele-

phone first. I'll put it through," he added to himself as he dashed from the room, "if it takes a leg."

Whatever Tom was bent on almost cost him a bone of some sort at the start, for just beyond the door of the reading-room he bumped full into George Hapgood, a stout, dignified-looking man of about fifty. When Tom realized who it was his eyes gleamed joyously, and in lieu of an apology he blurted out:

"You're just the man I'm looking for, Hapgood. Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-morrow? Now don't say you can't, for you must."

"To-morrow? To-morrow's Christmas, isn't it?" was the inquiry, with just a shade of melancholy in the tone.

"Yes. And we're out of it—two old bachelors like you and me. I'm going to bring a few choice spirits together to prove that the things-in-law can't have all the fun. Say you'll come. Here, at seven."

"I—I was going to dine with my brother, but I got a telegram from him this afternoon saying that the children had broken out with scarlet fever and——"

"I understand, old man. So did mine. I mean—we're all in the same boat. Then I shall count on you at seven."

"Thank you kindly, Wiggin. I'll be glad to come," answered Hapgood, with a grave, courteous bow. Tom remembered having heard it said that Hapgood had never really smiled since his lady-love, Marian Blake, married Willis Bolles twenty-five years before. He was a brilliant lawyer and an influential man, but he had never been known to smile, and he habitually fought shy of all entertainments where the other sex was to be encountered, as though he feared contagion.

"I thought I wouldn't tell him that there might be women. It'll do him good to meet a few," chuckled Tom, as he pursued his way to the telephone box.

"Is that Albion Hall?"

"Yes, seh."

"Is Mr. Maxwell there?"

"No, seh, Mr. Maxwell is gone home."

"Who are you?"

"The janitor, seh."

"Is the hall engaged for to-morrow night?"

"Can't say, seh. Haven't any orders. You mean Christmas night, seh?"

"Yes, to-morrow, Christmas."

"Likely not, seh."

"Where does Mr. Maxwell live?"

"Plainville, seh."

"Humph! Do you wish to make a ten-dollar bill, janitor? Very well. Take a carriage and drive out to Plainville as tight as you can fetch it, and find out if Mr. Thomas Wiggin—he knows me—can have the hall to-morrow night. Tell Mr. Maxwell that if he'll meet me at my rooms at eight o'clock to-morrow, Christmas morning, I'll add twenty-five per cent. to the price. Do you understand? Now repeat what I've said to you. That's right. Go along now and report to me at the Blackstone Club as soon as you get back, and for every five minutes which you take from an hour and a half I'll add an extra dollar to the ten."

Tom looked at his watch reflectively. It was a quarter past seven. He must dine first, if only not to break faith with Frazer Bell, whom he had kept waiting abominably long already. He stopped an instant, however, at the office on his way to join Frazer, so as to make sure that he could have the large green dining-room for the following evening.

"To-morrow's Christmas, you know, Mr. Wiggin?" suggested the steward, respectfully.

"I know it, Dunklee. Is there any reason why I shouldn't give a dinner party on Christmas day?"

"No, sir, of course not. I merely thought that perhaps you were going to dine elsewhere and had forgotten it was Christmas day."

"I dine here, and—I wish a dinner for, say sixteen—I can't tell the precise number yet—a ladies' dinner. And I wish it to be as handsome as possible. You mustn't fail me," he added, noticing that the steward looked rather dismayed. "Start your messengers at once and spare no expense, if you have to drag the butchers from their beds to get what you need. I'll see to the flowers myself; I have a green-house in my mind's eye which I intend to buy solidly for the occasion."

"Very well, Mr. Wiggin, I'll do my best, though it's late to begin, sir."

Frazer Bell was sitting before his raw oysters the picture of polite despair, seeing in his mind's eye the delicate dinner which he had ordered being done to death and getting lukewarm.

"My dear fellow, I owe you a thousand pardons, but I had to telephone. If our dinner is spoiled, or whether it is or not, I want you to promise to dine with me to-morrow night. I have evolved a scheme while we were waiting, which I will unfold to you presently. Go on with your oysters. I hope you will forgive me."

"To-morrow, Christmas?"

"Yes. I propose to give an entertainment to all the old bachelors and maiden ladies of my acquaintance, if they'll come. A dinner here followed by a dance at Albion Hall, and Dunklee is arranging for the dinner. I'm going to invite all the old timers, and I need your advice as to the list. For a starter I'll put down the three Bellknap girls."

Tom whipped out his pencil and proceeded to utilize the back of the bill of fare which Frazer had had drawn up to gloat over.

"See first what you're going to eat, old man."

"It's sure to be admirable if you ordered it. It has always been a matter of wonder to me that neither of those Bellknap girls have married. Then there's Georgiana Dixon, in the same block. Glad I remembered her. Charming girl too. She ought to have been married years ago. Come to think of it, you used to be a friend of hers, Frazer."

"Yes, I did. What on earth are you up to, Tom? Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. I tell you there's a tacit conspiracy in this town—I dare say it's all over the planet—against us poor wretches who are old enough to be married and haven't, and they—the married ones I mean—like to keep us out in the cold, as a sort of punishment, may be, because we've chosen to remain single. I'm sick of it for one, and I'm going to organize a revolution. I'm going to have a grand family meeting of all the poor lonely spirits like you and me and the Bellknap girls and Georgiana Dixon and George Hapgood, and—and the things-in-law may go to the devil. Now put your wits on this thing, Frazer, while you disintegrate your terrapin. Come, girls first."

"Do you suppose they'll ever come?" asked Frazer, with an amazed grin. He was essentially a conventional man without a spark of imagination, and he could scarcely believe that Tom was really in earnest.

"They've got to come. Why shouldn't they come?"

"They'll think it queer."

"It isn't queer. It's righteous."

"All right. Put down Miss Mamie Scott. She will never see thirty again."

"Capital. Poor soul! A girl to make any man happy."

"There's Susan Davis."

"To be sure. She isn't pretty, but she's good. Joe Elliott used to be partial to her before he ran a rig with that smug-faced doll who jilted him. What a fool he was! We'll ask him too."

To tell the truth, even the gastronomic Frazer Bell, in spite of the fact that the dinner was very far from spoiled, presently forgot what he was eating and drinking in the absorbing process of selection. By the time the cheese and a rare glass of Burgundy arrived the list was finished, and Tom was eager to escape to the reading-room to prepare the notes of invitation, which must be sent at once. There were forty-six in all to be invited, out of which he hoped to secure enough for a full-fledged dinner-party. Those who could not come to dinner were to be urged to join them at Albion Hall later.

The matter of wording the invitation was a serious one, and Tom sat feeling of the bald spot on his crown for several minutes. At last, with a desperate air he plunged his pen into the ink-stand and wrote as follows to Miss Madeline Bellknap:

"My dear Miss Bellknap: I beg as a favor that you and both your sisters will honor me with your company at dinner to-morrow, December 25th, at the Blackstone Club, at seven o'clock. I

am bringing together, in celebration of a bachelor's Christmas, a number of kindred spirits who have no things-in-law to cater to their sympathetic needs, and yet who have a no less equal right to a merry Christmas. After dinner we shall adjourn to Albion Hall to dance, to which I trust that you or some of you, if unable to dine with me, will come at ten o'clock. With the compliments of the season and the sincere hope that you will oblige me, I am,

"Very sincerely yours,
"THOMAS WIGGIN."

"How is that, Frazer?"

"I guess it's all right," said Frazer, in a tone which suggested that he was far from sure whether it was not all wrong.

"Perfectly respectful and to the point, isn't it?"

"Yes. Hold on, Tom. How about a chaperon? They won't come without a chaperon."

Tom bit his lip. "I won't have a chaperon. I'll be — if I will have a chaperon." He puckered his brow gloomily; then, with a sudden wave of his hand, he cried,

"I have it."

Thereupon he dashed off this postscript:

"P.S. We are all old enough to take care of ourselves."

For the next two hours Tom and Frazer devoted themselves with feverish industry to the task of writing the two-score invitations. In such an emergency forgery seemed allowable, and, without attempting to imitate the Wiggin chirography, Frazer boldly signed the name of Thomas. As soon as every half-dozen notes were finished they were hurried to their destination by special messengers. The clock struck half-past ten when the last was done. Tom handed over to the boy in attendance the final batch, all save a single one. While he was writing this he could have written half a dozen of the others, and now that it was written and addressed he drew it from the envelope to read once more the words which he had penned so carefully. Their tenor was essentially the same, but he had stricken out a phrase or two here, and added a phrase or two there, to make sure that she would understand the nature of the invitation. Then he arose with it in his hand and said, "Good-night, Frazer. A thousand thanks. I'll leave this one myself. Wish you merry Christmas."

III.

AT half past six on the evening of Christmas day Tom Wiggin stood in the large green dining-room of the Blackstone Club, surveying a magnificently appointed table. Roses, pansies, and violets from the green-house which he had bought out at ten o'clock that morning, lay tastefully banked and scattered upon the cloth, intertwined with masses of evergreen and holly gay with berries. Christmas wreaths and festoons were lavishly arranged around the walls. Dunklee had assured him that there should be no dearth of palatable viands, and, most important fact of all, there had been twenty acceptances for dinner, happily just ten men and ten women, and nearly a dozen more acceptances for the dance. He had been in a mad whirl since daybreak, but he believed now that he had accomplished everything except to arrange the seats at table, which needed a little quiet reflection.

The answers had begun to arrive shortly after breakfast. The first had been a refusal, a little curt and stiff in tone, as though the lady in question, notwithstanding the fact that she had promised to dine with one of her family, wished to give him to understand that she took herself too seriously to accept such an invitation under any circumstances. Tom's heart sank within him, and he said to himself that he had made a mess of it. Five minutes later his features were as complacent as those of a Cheshire cat. The Misses Bellknap were coming, all three of them. They had ordered dinner at home, but were coming notwithstanding, to help Mr. Wiggin pass a merry Christmas and confound the things-in-law.

"They are three noble sports," Tom had said to himself, as he danced around his apartment waving the mildly-scented note.

Other answers came thick and fast. Of course many had engagements, but most of these expressed deep regret at their inability to attend, and several who could not come to dinner promised to put in an appearance at the dance. There were a few other chilling refusals. Miss Susan Davis, whom Tom had characterized as not pretty but good, let him perceive very plainly that she considered the invitation indelicate. On the other hand, Miss Mamie Scott, who would never see thirty again, had written him spiritedly that it was a comfort to know that she was old enough to take care of herself, and that she was coming without her mother for the first time in her life.

And she? Tom had not heard until nearly noon, and he had realized, as he held the little neatly-sealed note in his hand, that if she was going to fail him his pleasure in the whole business would be utterly gone. His wrist shook as though he had the palsy, and he hated to look. She was coming; yes, she was coming. Her father and mother were going to dine with her brother-in-law, and though she had promised to do the same she thought she would enjoy better the very original dinner to which he had invited her. "And, as you say," she wrote in conclusion, "we are certainly old enough to take care of ourselves." She was coming; yes, she was coming, and whatever happened now, he was going to have a merry Christmas.

And how was he to seat them? It was rather a nice problem. To begin with, Tom sandwiched in George Hapgood between the eldest Miss Bellknap and Miss Mamie Scott, which was as delightful a situation as any man could wish to have. Frazer Bell must go beside Georgiana Dixon, and Harry Abercombie, who had been dangling for years in the train of Angelina Phillips until everybody was tired, should take her in and have the second Miss Bellknap on his other side. Tom was making pretty good progress, but what really troubled him was whether it would do for him to place Isabelle Hardy next to himself. Would not such a proceeding be quite inconsistent with the vow which he had been living up to for the past five years? What sense would there be in putting himself in the way of temptation, when he knew perfectly well that she did not care a button for him? What use, indeed? And yet, as he said to himself, Christmas comes but once a year, and this was his party, and—and had not she herself stated that they certainly were old enough now to take care of themselves? Why shouldn't he sit next to her? He was no longer the sentimental, hot-headed boy of five years ago. They would enjoy themselves like any other sober bachelor and old maid. It would only be for one evening, and beginning with to-morrow he would stick to his vow as sturdily as ever. Yes, he would take in the eldest Miss Bellknap, who would be the oldest woman present, and he would put Isabelle Hardy on his left.

When he had made this important decision Tom found the arrangement of his other guests a simple matter, and after one final scrutinizing, but tolerably contented, glance around the table, he walked into the ladies' drawing-room to await the arrival of his company.

Punctually on the stroke of seven, the three Misses Bellknap swept into the room in a merry flutter. They were tall bean-poles of girls, who had naturally a prancing style, and they were in their very best bib and tucker, which included great puffed sleeves and nodding plumes in their hair. In one breath they told Tom that they considered it a grand idea, that they had been practically nowhere for years, and that it was a real pleasure to be thought of and taken down from the shelf, if only for a single evening. It was evident that they had come determined to have at least a good time, if not a riot, for when their eyes rested on George Hapgood standing in the door-way the picture of blank amazement, all three giggled convulsively as though they were eighteen.

"Come in, George, don't be afraid," said Tom. "They won't bite."

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

"Wish you merry Christmas and—and here's to *her!*"—Page 678.

"We really won't hurt you, Mr. Hapgood," said Miss Madeline, the eldest; "do come in."

It was too late for the woman-hater to draw back now, so, like the man he was, he braced his muscles and faced the music. He bowed with grave courtesy to the youngest Miss Bellknap; he bowed with a faint smile—just a ghostly glimmer, but, nevertheless, a smile—to Miss Arabella, the second Miss Bellknap; and when he faced the eldest Miss Bellknap, who happening to be the furthest away from him was the last to be reached, his features broke down completely, and he positively laughed—laughed for the first time in twenty years.

"Do shake hands, Mr. Hapgood," said Miss Madeline, "this is like old times."

And now everybody began to arrive in a bunch in the midst of a general handshaking and chorus of merriment. The arrival of each old stager, masculine or feminine, was greeted with fresh exclamations of delight, and a spirit of contagious frivolity was rampant from the very start.

Tom was already bubbling over with enjoyment, but his eyes were glued on the doorway. There she was at last, looking—yes, looking younger and prettier than he had ever seen her in his life, and dressed bewitchingly. An old maid! It was impossible. It was monstrous.

"It was very good of you to come, Miss Hardy."

"I am very much pleased to be here, Mr. Wiggin."

Most conventional phraseology, and there was really no reason why Tom should keep repeating the words over to himself in a dazed sort of fashion until he was called to account by the opening of the doors.

"Dinner is served, sir."

Then readjusting his faculties, Tom gave his arm to Miss Madeline Bellknap, every Jack did the same to his appointed Jill, and the company filed gayly into the dining-room.

Beginning with the oysters, there was almost a pandemonium of conversation, and tongues wagged fast and eagerly. There were to be no speeches—Tom had determined on that—or rather only a single one, and this was an after-thought. When the champagne was passed, and all the glasses were filled, Tom rose in his seat. Everyone stopped talking, and there was an expectant hush.

"I wish to offer a toast," he said, "a toast for the old bachelors to drink. Wish you merry Christmas and—and here's to *her!*"

There was a brief pause, and then George Hapgood, and in his wake the whole table, rose like one man and emptied their brimming glasses.

"Here's to *her!*"

Tom did not look to right nor to left, not even out of the corner of his eye, as he drained to the last drop the sparkling wine. He would keep to his vow and drink to her in secret. Some of the ladies giggled slightly, and all looked at their plates. It was just a little awkward, even for the most unattached, until Miss Madeline Bellknap rose, glass in hand, and said valiantly, with a wave of her napkin:

"My dears, I give you a toast for you to drink. Wish you merry Christmas. We are old enough to take care of ourselves; and—and here's to *him!*"

Then there was babel. The women stood up to a woman, and the toast was consummated.

Miss Hardy laughed gayly with the rest. Presently she turned to Tom and said, as if it had suddenly occurred to her, though they had been sitting side by side talking commonplaces ever since dinner began:

"I have not really seen you for years, Mr. Wiggin."

"I have been busy—very busy," said Tom, in a tone which, though he did not intend it to be so, was almost brusque.

"So I have heard. I understand you have been very successful in your business."

"I have stuck to it, that's all."

"I really don't think we have met so as to talk together since Mrs. Carter's ball, and that was—let me see—five years ago this coming New Year's eve. I remember we danced the German together, and—you sent me some flowers which I didn't carry. Perhaps you have forgotten all about it, for five years is a long time and you have been so busy;

but I should like to explain to you about those flowers—why I didn't carry them. We are both old enough now to take care of ourselves, so there can't be any objection to my telling you, and—and you won't be offended at this late day, I'm sure. I had several bouquets that night, and Fannie Perkins, who was staying with me, had none. Fannie was shy and sensitive, and it occurred to me to offer one of mine to her. She wouldn't think of it at first, but mother urged her so strongly that she gave in at last. 'Which shall I take, Isabelle?' she asked. I thought a moment and then said, 'Take your pick, Fannie.' And she chose yours. And that is why I didn't carry it to the party. But I think you have forgotten all about it, Mr. Wiggin."

Tom looked as though he had. His chin rested on his collar, and he seemed to be staring at the table-cloth.

"I remember it as if it were yesterday," he said, sadly. "I was a fool."

Miss Hardy colored. "We were both young," she answered, "but now that we are older and wiser, I don't mind admitting on my side that it was stupid of me, to begin with, to give one of my bouquets to anybody, and stupid when I saw that you were put out not to tell you the truth. But wisdom is the reward of years, isn't it?" She talked easily, almost gayly. Tom suddenly realized that he had made a piece of bread which he had been clutching into a sodden ball.

Quite contrary to the spirit of the occasion, he was down on his knees.—Page 680.

"I'd like to ask you a single question." He was trying to talk easily too. "Why did you let Miss Perkins have her pick? Did you value them all equally?"

"It was because I did not value them all equally that I told her to choose. I did not wish her to think that I cared for one more than the others."

"And whose was that?"

"Five years is a long time, Mr. Wiggin. You said a single question, and

this is two. Alas! It is the only point in the story which I have quite forgotten."

"Then why did you tell me?"

"Because I hoped that we might be friends again. When people get to be as old as you and I we value our old friends. There are none exactly like them."

"And that is all?"

"What more is there, Mr. Wiggin? Except to thank you for your lovely book, and to wish you a merry Christmas."

"The carriages are waiting," said a servant in Tom's ear.

The dinner was over and it was time to set out for Albion Hall. The ladies filed into the drawing-room in order, as Miss Madeline phrased it, to give the old bachelors a chance for a short cigar. When that was over Tom bundled his company into carriages, and away they all went in the gayest of spirits.

Whatever belonging to the greenhouse had not been spread over the dinner-table adorned the walls of the dancing-room, and presently as joyous and hilarious a company as anyone would wish to see was tripping to the rhythm of the waltz over a perfect floor. There was just the right number for delightful dancing, no young inexperienced couples to bump into everybody, no things-in-law to stand in the way and look stupid; no one but genuine old stagers taken down from the shelf for one last glorious frolic. You should have seen George Hapgood spinning round with Miss Madeline! How Frazer Bell grinned as he whirled Miss Mamie Scott from one corner of the hall to the other! And Tom? Where was Tom?

As some of you who have danced at Albion Hall may remember, there is a very small bower-like ante-room, or offshoot, or whatever you choose to call it, a sort of adjunct to the supper-room, fit for just one couple to withdraw to. On this Christmas evening it was a veritable hiding-place, for the entrance to it was screened by two noble evergreens which stood as sentinels to demand a pass-word. If the gay company suspected that Tom Wiggin was there, no one was rash enough to peep within and ascertain. Tom Wiggin *was* there, and quite contrary to the spirit of the occasion, he was down on his knees unbosoming the love which he had been smothering for five years to the girl of his heart. Only think of it! And he, a bald-headed old bachelor, and she an old maid old enough to take care of herself. There she sat with her hands before her and a smile on her face, letting him go on. And then, strangest part of all, when he had finished and told how miserable he had been while he was so very busy and absorbed in his business, she suddenly remembered whose bouquet it was she had valued most five years before, although she had declared an hour earlier that she had totally forgotten. And then—but the rest is a secret, known only to the sentinel evergreens and themselves. That is, the rest save one thing. It was after they had agreed to live as bachelor and maid no longer, and Tom was sitting looking at Isabelle as if he had had no dinner, he remarked, with a sudden outburst, as though he was angry with destiny and a much outraged being:

"Why on earth did I not find out five years ago that you loved me?"

"Because," said the pretty spinster in question, "you never asked me, Tom, dear."

Tom Wiggin looked a trifle sheepish in spite of his joy. "I never thought of that," he said. "I'm afraid I never did."

A SEARCH FOR DELLA ROBBIA MONUMENTS IN ITALY.

By Allan Marquand.

Arms of the University Council of Merchants, at Or S. Michele, Florence.

(By Luca della Robbia.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL pursuits have a new charm when we can leave behind books and other such sources of information and open our eyes in the presence of the objects themselves.

My interest in Italian Renaissance sculpture had been aroused by a study of the fine Robbia altar-piece in the Metropolitan Museum. I had made a careful examination of this monument, and determined its probable authorship and date by comparison with photographs of other works. But I was conscious of the fact that photographs at the best give us an inadequate notion of objects; and I wished to examine other originals of the same kind, in order to test the validity of my conclusions.

I sailed for Genoa from New York on May 6, 1892, having provided myself with a good camera and a sufficiency of celluloid films, knowing beforehand that there were many of these monuments which had never been photographed, and were consequently imperfectly known.

I could not well have selected a more interesting field for observation. The monuments of the Robbia school are well distributed throughout Tuscany; they are found also in the Marches and in Umbria, and as far south as Rome and Naples. Many of them have travelled to the museums and private collections of northern Europe, and a few have reached this country.

These sculptured monuments are made of terra-cotta, and covered with an opaque stanniferous glaze, in which the colors are mixed as in enamel. The figured reliefs are sometimes white against a blue background, but often

S. Sebastian, in the Hospital at Montalcino.

(Della Robbia School.)

Lunette, at S. Maria della Quercia, Viterbo.
(By Andrea della Robbia.)

exhibit a variety of colors. The popular impression — for which Vasari is responsible — that the art of making these glazes was discovered by Luca della Robbia, that it was preserved as a secret and perished with his school, has proved to be unfounded. Opaque glazes were applied to sculpture during the Gothic period in Spain, and found their way to Italy long before Luca della Robbia was born. They disappear in the late Renaissance — partly because paint and varnish produced brilliant effects on terra-cotta with less labor, and partly because stucco and paintings on canvas were cheaper than sculptures in marble and terra-cotta. The spirit of the age also demanded brilliant reds and naturalistic flesh colors, and these were impossible in opaque glazes. To the art historian these monuments afford many an interesting and perplexing problem. They differ widely in style and artistic merit, and it is no easy task to assign to each its proper historical position.

Happily for me, a catalogue of three hundred and fifty Robbia monuments in Italy had been compiled by Cavallucci and Molinier; so I was enabled, with the assistance of geographical dictionaries and government maps, to plan a tour of several months' duration, which would enable me to see them all. Many of the works of this school are found in cities, but a large proportion are in remote country villages; and the search for them carried me over mountains and into valleys, quite out of the track of the ordinary traveller.

On arriving at Genoa, I found in the Palazzo Bianco an interesting altar-piece in glazed terra-cotta, representing the Coronation of the Virgin; but it is difficult to attribute it to an author. At Massa there are some polychrome fragments of an altar, representing the Nativity; but they are precious fragments for our purposes, for they are authenticated as the work of Benedetto Buglioni, the most talented pupil of Giovanni della Robbia. They represent finer workmanship than his "Coronation of the Virgin," at Pistoia, and his "Samaritan Woman at the Well," in Perugia.

In the Camposanto at Pisa I found also an authenticated altar, the work of Giovanni della Robbia, finished in 1520. It is an Assumption of the Virgin in the presence of SS. James, Peter, Mark,

Lunette, in the Via dell' Agnolo, Florence.

(By Luca della Robbia.)

and Ansano. It has been much injured by repainting; but, even in its original condition, it represents a degenerate stage of the art. It falls far short of the works of Luca and Andrea della Robbia, and is inferior even to some of the works of Buglioni.

In the chapel of the Castle, now a prison, at Lari, is a Madonna and Child, very highly praised by Baldinucci, and ascribed to Giovanni della Robbia. It certainly does not deserve to be singled out for special honor, being one of the later, lifeless products of the school; and there are several replicas of it in various museums. In the court-yard of the Castle we saw, embedded in the wall, coats of arms in glazed terra-cotta of the early sixteenth century. Armorial bearings of this character are found in many Italian towns. They occasionally enable students of sculpture to fix a date for some neighboring monument.

There were two valleys which deserved a visit before I started for Florence; one of these is the valley of the Serchio. I started from Lucca, having examined the Robbia monuments in S. Frediano, S. Concordio, and the Palazzo Publico, and drove up the valley. It was a dusty drive as far as the Baths of Lucca; but I found a fine altar-piece of S. George and the Dragon at Pieve di Brancoli, and a charming tabernacle at Anchiano. At Anchiano I had my first experience of the excitement produced in a small Italian town by the arrival of a stranger. The men are idly seated in the principal thoroughfare, and they all rise and follow a stranger into the church. The amateur photographer is still a curiosity in Italy. I seldom carried my camera into a country church without being followed by twenty or thirty men, women, and children. It is interesting to notice that the women take advantage of such occasions to kneel down and say their prayers, habit enabling them to count their beads and satisfy their curiosity at the same time.

From the Baths of Lucca the scenery is wilder as we journey up the valley to Gallicano and Barga and Castelnuovo. The Robbia monuments in this valley have a fine quality and uncommon character. Of these places Barga is by far the most interesting. In the Cathedral is a square marble pul-

Tabernacle at Barga Cathedral.

(Atelier of Andrea della Robbia.)

S. Francis, at La Verna.
(By Andrea della Robbia.)

pit of the thirteenth century, elaborately carved with representations of the Evangelists, the Adoration of the Magi, the Annunciation, and the Nativity. It is a magnificent specimen of Lombard Romanesque sculpture, than which there is none finer in all Italy. Barga has also the good fortune to contain several fine altar-pieces, statues, and a tabernacle (page 685), which I attribute to Andrea della Robbia. During the years 1489 and 1491 we find Andrea making a lunette for the Cathedral at Prato, and a beautiful frieze for the church of S. Maria delle Carceri, in the same town. We feel the influence of both these works at Pieve di Brancoli, and think it probable that he settled for a while in the neighborhood of Barga. The locality still called Fornace may have been the spot where he set up his furnace.

In his earlier works Andrea had treated terra-cotta as a substitute for marble, and his figures are white against a blue background. Here his altars are substitutes for painting; they are more pictorial in composition, and show a variety of colors beneath the glaze. They set the fashion for the polychromatic works of his son Giovanni and subsequent members of the school. In many a country church in Italy we find small wall tabernacles containing the symbols of the Sacred Host. Several of these have found their way to the National Museum at Florence, but there is none more beautiful than the tabernacle at Barga. The acolytes, with candelabra standing on either side, have something of the dignified beauty of Luca della Robbia's creations; the winged cherub below and the angels drawing back the curtains are characteristic of Andrea; while the adoring cherubs, between which the infant Christ is standing on the chalice, may be regarded as prototypes of the cherubs which surmount Giovanni's much-admired *lavabo* in the sacristy of S. Maria Novella, Florence.

There is another valley in this region which it was worth while to visit. It is in the Pistoian Alps, extending from Pracchia to Cutigliano. Somewhere in this region there may still exist two authenticated altars by Santi Buglioni,

The Adoration at La Verna.

(By Luca della Robbia.)

The Annunciation, at La Verna.
(By Luca della Robbia.)

the sculptor named by Vasari as the latest representative of the school. It was important to secure, if possible, some indications of his style of work, for he was employed upon the celebrated frieze of the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoia, and was doubtless the author of many altars in the region around Florence. Twice I journeyed to this valley in search of a chapel at Croce all' Alpe, which contained these authenticated altars. But though I crossed the high mountains, I could not find a trace of the chapel, or any one who knew of its existence. The monuments at Gavinana, Lizano, and Cutigliano are artistically inferior to those in the valley of the Serchio, but they tell us of the style of Santi Buglioni. We see in them the influence of Santi's master, Benedetto Buglioni; and in the two altars at Gavinana especially there are points of contact with the lost altars at Croce all' Alpe.

I cannot easily forget my experience with the peasants of this retired town. I endeavored to keep them out of the church while I was engaged with my photography; but this was impracticable, and they flocked in to watch my operations. In posing the camera it became necessary for a moment to secure a balance by putting one foot upon the high altar. This was no sooner done than an old man shouted out, "*Ignorante! Ignorante!*" I immediately admitted the

Madonna and Child, in the Museo Nazionale, Florence.

(By Luca della Robbia.)

Coronation of the Virgin, at the Ceppo Hospital, Pistoia.

(By Benedetto Buglioni.)

act of sacrilege, and endeavored to atone for my offence : but the old man refused to be comforted, and, had not the sacristan come to my rescue, I might have been ignominiously ousted from the church. It is needless to remark that I learned henceforth that a photographer must respect the objects which the people reverence.

From one end of Italy to the other I was asked if I had seen the frieze of the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoia. From its prominent position, its extensive character, its interesting subjects, and its bright coloring, this frieze impresses the modern Italian more strongly than the many worthier productions of the Robbia school. Its authorship is still a matter of discussion, though the records name only Giovanni della Robbia and the two Buglioni as having received payment in connection with the work. A comparison with his authenticated works will show that Giovanni was the author of the medallions below the frieze. The Assumption of the Virgin, which is reproduced on page 693, is a thoroughly characteristic example of Giovanni's work. But the frieze itself shows a scheme of coloring, modes of composition, and plastic forms by quite another hand. Of Benedetto Buglioni, the documents tell us that he made a *Nostra Donna* for the Ceppo Hospital. As the medallions are unmistakably by Giovanni della Robbia, this reference fixes for us the authorship of the lunette over the side-door representing the Coronation of the Virgin. Above is a photographic reproduction of this lunette, and the reader who is familiar with Florence will at once recall the similar but more elaborate Coronation over the door of the Ognissanti, and be able to refer it to its proper author. It is not impossible that Benedetto was engaged upon the frieze itself, since the figures of the Virtues bear a resemblance to his work ; but it is probable that the frieze as a whole was designed, and in great part executed, by Santi Buglioni. He died before it was finished, and a local painter, named Paladini, some sixty

Madonna della Cintola, at La Verna.

(By Andrea della Robbia.)

years later, is responsible for its final and least interesting portion.

I cannot give more than a passing mention of Andrea's lunette over the cathedral door at Pistoia and of the attractive panelling with which he decorated the ceiling of the cathedral porch (page 694); nor can we linger at Prato, though its cathedral possesses an important lunette by Andrea, and several other churches contain monuments from his workshop. We must hasten on to Florence.

Ciborium, at Galatrona.
(Atelier of Giovanni della Robbia.)

Nearly all the works which Italy contains by the elder Luca may be found within a radius of ten miles from Florence. Strangely enough, Andrea della Robbia is poorly represented here. To become acquainted with his work we must visit Arezzo, La Verna, Prato, Pistoia, Siena, Foiano, and Viterbo. His son Giovanni left some of his most important works in Florence, and we may here trace Giovanni's style from the beautiful *lavabo* in S. Maria Novella to the monstrosities in the Museo Nazionale. The neighborhood of Florence abounds in the works of the Buglioni and other members of the school; so it requires some discrimination to discover the important works. The cathedral and its museum show us Luca's skill as a worker in bronze and marble, though the bronze doors of the sacristy are not entirely by his hand, and the architectural setting of the famous marble sculptures of singing boys is largely a modern, though admirable, restoration. The cathedral also contains Luca's earliest dated works in terra-cotta, the Resurrection (1443) and the Ascension (1446). The visitor is less likely to see two beautiful statues in the second sacristy. These represent acolytes bearing candelabra (page 695) superior in dignity and power to the candelabra-bearing angels by Niccolo dell' Arca and Michelangelo at Bologna. But I must restrict myself to pointing out a few of the works of the elder Luca.

The visitor to Florence is not likely to miss seeing Luca's medallions in the Pazzi Chapel and at S. Miniato. He will also visit Or S. Michele; but here is not so likely to appreciate at their full value the beautiful medallions (page 681) that encircle its exterior. Two of them, though mentioned by Vasari as works of Luca della Robbia, have never been photographed before. Owing to their elevated position, it is difficult to see them properly, even with strong glasses, from the second story windows of adjoining houses. A document has recently come to light showing that Luca received payment for the medallion of the University Council. A large number of Robbia works are enclosed, like this, in frames of fruit and flowers; but there is none so delicately modelled and exquisitely colored.

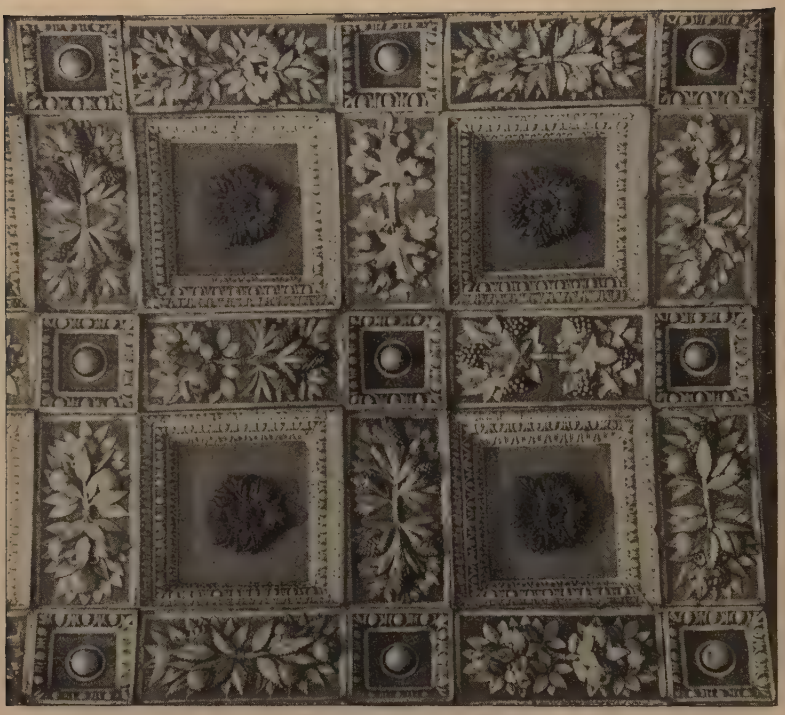
The Assumption, at the Ceppo Hospital, Pistoia.
(By Giovanni della Robbia.)

Luca's color sense, as well as his sculptural skill, was more refined than that of his successors.

The visitor to the Museo Nazionale will find a few good Lucas, together with a large number of works of inferior merit. A most characteristic example is the Madonna with the Child holding a quince (page 689).* Luca's Madonnas are very varied in type. He must have had different models, or at least no fixed type of the Virgin, as we may see by comparing this Madonna with the nobler type found in a lunette in the Via dell' Agnolo (page 684). Luca did nothing more beautiful than this lunette, which is still exposed to injury in a narrow street over the door of a humble shop.

We may drive in all directions from Florence, and every little village is sure to contain something which will interest the enthusiast for Robbia work. There are three of these towns which are fortunate enough to possess important works by Luca. In the church of S. Maria at Peretola is a marble tabernacle with angels of classic type and a cherub frieze in glazed terra-cotta, one of Luca's early works. A somewhat later monument is the tomb of Bishop Benozzo Federighi at S. Francisco di Paola, near Bellosguardo. Here an exquisite enamel frieze encloses a marble statue reclining on a sculptured sar-

* The same group appears in the frieze of a chapel at Impruneta; so we may regard this as one of the earliest replicas known in the Robbia school. After this replicas are more frequent.



Vault of the Cathedral Porch at Pistoia.
(By Andrea della Robbia.)

cophagus. It is unique in type, and of great beauty. Ten miles south of Florence, in the old Collegiate Church of Impruneta, are three altar-pieces by Luca, one of which, that of the altar of the Holy Cross, is especially noteworthy. These monuments at Impruneta seem to have been overlooked altogether by writers on Italian sculpture, but they will amply repay a visit.

My search now carried me again away from Florence, and first into the region of Arezzo, Borgo San Sepolcro, and La Verna. This region contains the finest examples of Andrea della Robbia's work, and affords many opportunities for interesting driving trips. In the cities one may have ready access to the monuments, but in the country I occasionally experienced difficulties in making archæological studies. At Lama the inhabitants would not allow their Madonna to be photographed. I interpreted this as a fear lest publicity should lead to the Madonna being sold and carried away. But from my experience at S. Maria del Carmine a Fossi, there seems to be also a superstitious fear lest the eyes of strangers and the camera would in some way diminish the local sympathies of the Madonna. Here I called as usual for the priest; but he was absent. With some difficulty I then discovered the sacristan. He gave no sign of admitting me to the church, until I asked permission. "What do you want there?" he asked. I explained my errand; but still it was above his comprehension. Photography had apparently not entered into the range of his experience. "You wish to *telegraph* the Madonna?" was his inquiry. I satisfied myself that he did not understand my peaceful intent; so I explained to him the object of photography, and was admitted. There were no houses in the immediate neighborhood, and I expected to be free from the usual accompaniment of curious natives; but somehow they had found me out, and, one after the other, streamed into the

Acolyte Bearing a Candelabrum, in the Old Sacristy, Florence Cathedral.

(By Luca della Robbia.)

church. At length the foremost of the clan approached me and demanded, in a loud tone of voice, if I carried with me a permit from the Government. I explained that this was unnecessary, that the authority of the priest or sacristan was sufficient; but he was unmoved, and my eloquent appeal to the people proved of no avail. They would not allow their Madonna to be open to the gaze of a stranger, and the sacristan was obliged to draw the veil over the tabernacle in which she lived.

In spite of the rudeness with which I had been treated, I could not but respect the reverential spirit with

which the rustic Italian regards his Madonna. She is not an object of art, but the material body of a divine being; she belongs to the community in which she lives, and is not the property of all the world.

In the towns one can examine the monuments unmolested, and in this region it is worth while to study the works of Andrea della Robbia at Arezzo and Borgo San Sepolcro; but it is even more important to make the pilgrimage to La Verna. La Verna is seldom visited by Americans, even by those who have lived long in Italy; for few are aware of its charms. I made the ascent on foot from Pieve San Stefano, having a trusty mule to carry my portmanteau and camera. The road led through a rugged country, and the ever-braying mule made the lonely neighborhood echo the sounds of his vigorous life. From this stony approach one comes suddenly upon the fine forests of the lofty La Verna—a commanding height, with imposing views, and far more fertile than the surrounding country. There is a large monastery near the grottos in which S. Francis lived and where he received the stigmata. Eighty monks reside here, whose life and ceremonies present a picture of mediæval character which has disappeared from almost all of the monasteries of Italy. During the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries this Franciscan brotherhood must have possessed considerable wealth, for the church and neighboring chapels contain no less than eight Robbia altar-pieces, besides smaller reliefs.

Crest of Lorenzo di Medici, in the Museo Industriale, Rome.
(By Luca della Robbia the Younger.)

These monuments as a whole are attributed by Vasari to Andrea della Robbia, and we cannot disregard this testimony altogether, since Vasari lived at Arezzo and had come into personal con-

tact with Andrea. But we may nevertheless draw some distinctions. The highly polychromatic Deposition outside the church is an insignificant and late school-work. The polychromatic Nativity and the Pietà in the Chiesina degli Angeli are probably by Benedetto Buglioni; to Andrea della Robbia we may attribute the Assumption of the Virgin (page 691) in the same chapel. This beautiful altar-piece calls to mind the very similar monument now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. But the La Verna example is superior both in execution and in preservation.

To Andrea also we attribute the Crucifixion in the Capella delle Stimate and the two fine reliefs of S. Francis (page 686) and S. Anthony. But there are three altar-pieces here that bear the stamp of a more inventive mind. One is the large relief of the Ascension in the principal church. It shows the effects of injury, and has a framework probably added by Andrea; but the composition, and especially the group of adoring Apostles, seem to have come from the hand of Luca himself. We are inclined to hold the same opinion concerning the fine altar-pieces representing the Annunciation (page 688) and the Adoration (page 687). Andrea's Annunciations are less dignified and show a different composition, the relative positions of the Angel and the Madonna being reversed. Andrea and his workmen also made innumerable copies of the Madonna adoring the Child; but the fountain-head seems to be this altar in the chief monastery of S. Francis. We may believe therefore that at the period represented by these altars Andrea was associated with his uncle, and was strongly influenced by him.

There was another Franciscan monastery, which once rivalled La Verna in the possession of Robbia monuments, the Osservanza near Siena; but its fine altar-pieces have been removed or destroyed, and only the Coronation of the Virgin remains. But this is Andrea's very best work.

Later in life Andrea exhibits considerable Umbrian sentimentality. His angels and Madonnas have their heads inclined to one side, and exhibit less of that spiritual beauty which characterizes his earlier works. We see this deterioration in the marble tabernacle at S. Maria delle Grazie, Arezzo, and in the lunette at Viterbo (page 683), which recently discovered documents show were made in 1507 and 1508.

Siena contains, in the Church of S. Spirito, the only known work of Fra Ambrogio della Robbia, one of the eight sons of Andrea. It is a Nativity, not in relief, but with figures in the round. Fortunately, Fra Ambrogio seems to have done nothing else to disgrace the reputation of the family.

Of the sons of Andrea, the most prolific in the production of terra-cotta monuments was Giovanni. When his works are devoid of color, as in the font and ciborium at Galatrona (page 692), they are not without merit; but such works are rare. Giovanni usually sought to adorn his works with color. He also indulged freely in the use of high relief, even when, as in the case of pilasters, low relief was preferable. Endowed with a very crude color-sense and inferior sculptural ability, he dazzles the eyes of the ignorant, but fails to please those who have even a moderate amount of artistic education.

The making of terra-cotta altar-pieces would seem to have been an extensive business enterprise under Andrea della Robbia, for we find monuments in his style at Città di Castello, others of a slightly different type at Foiano, and again another series at Montepulciano, Radicofani, Santa Fiora, and Bolsena. To this class we refer the S. Sebastian at Montalcino (page 682). It is a statue which shows the influence, but not the hand, of Andrea.

The traveller who is fond of driving will enjoy a visit to Radicofani. It is a weird Etruscan site capped with a ruined mediæval castle, from which in the early morning one may look down upon the clouds as they slumber in the surrounding valleys. From Radicofani to S. Fiora the road passes through forests of chestnuts, which furnish the chief means of support for the people. The monuments at S. Fiora, though artistically not of the highest quality, are widely known in Italy.

Quite a different series of monu-

ments are found in the eastern district of the Marches. At Montecassiano there is a large altar-piece, which recently discovered documentary evidence attributes to Fra Mattia, a son of Andrea della Robbia. This is the more interesting, as it was not known that Andrea had a son called by this name. It also suggests that other monuments in the same district may be by the same author. One of these would seem to be an Annunciation in S. Maria del Soccorso at Arcevia. There are many unglazed monuments in neighboring villages, which have been attributed without sufficient reason to a painter from Sassoferrato, named Pietro Paolo Agabiti. This hypothesis is now being given up, and Fra Mattia is becoming the local hero. But generalizations based chiefly on the geographical proximity of monuments are likely to require serious reconsideration.

It was my good fortune on reaching Rome to discover a signed monument by the younger Luca della Robbia. He was a son of Andrea, and is known to have made pavements for the Vatican from designs by Raphael. The design of one of these pavements has been recovered from a manuscript in the Vatican, and some of the original tiles of another pavement are still preserved in the Church of S. Silvestro al Quirinale. The signed monument in the Vatican represents a Madonna between S. Michael and S. Anthony. The inscription is beneath the glaze, and evidently belongs to the original monument. It reads: LVCAS HOC OPVS FECIT 1499. This monument should be of assistance in determining the character of his work.

In the Industrial Museum at Rome there are several Coats of Arms in glazed terra-cotta, which we may attribute to this Luca—partly because he is known to have made Coats of Arms, and partly because one of these, representing the three feathers of Lorenzo il Magnifico (page 696), reappears in the design of the Vatican pavement.

The student who wishes to penetrate the mysteries of the Vatican should not be pressed for time. It took me nearly a week to secure the necessary *permesso* to photograph, and I have been congratulated in being able to accomplish it so quickly. When I next attempted to secure through the same authorities a permit to photograph in the Lateran, and expressed my anxiety to accomplish it within a few days, I was greeted with the statement, "Oh, you Americans are always in such a hurry."

Such are some of the experiences of a tour of several weeks in Italy in search of Robbia monuments. It carried me out of the beaten line of travel and through a country full of natural beauty and artistic monuments. It was a constant education, as the daily effort to assign each monument to its proper place in the history of the art forced me to careful methods of observation, and proved conclusively how unstable a guide is insight without experience. There is still much labor necessary before these monuments can be properly classified and understood, but it is a satisfaction even to make slight contributions to the sum of human knowledge.

Such studies should have also a practical value to sculptors and decorators in suggesting the variety of uses to which terra-cotta may be applied. A more economical material than marble, it may be used not only as architectural decoration in friezes, vaults, pavements, pilasters, or as a substitute for sculpture in altar-pieces, fonts, tabernacles, and statues, but frequently also as a substitute for painting. The white figured sculptures with blue background are always attractive, and polychrome medallions and groups in niches certainly lend a charm to otherwise monotonous buildings.

The durability of this work is also remarkable. Sunshine does not fade nor rain destroy it, and the dust of ages makes no impression upon its hard enamel surface.

THE FULNESS OF LIFE.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

FOR hours she had lain in a kind of gentle torpor, not unlike that sweet lassitude which masters one in the hush of a midsummer noon, when the heat seems to have silenced the very birds and insects, and, lying sunk in the tasselled meadow-grasses, one looks up through a level roofing of maple-leaves at the vast, shadowless, and unsuggestive blue. Now and then, at ever-lengthening intervals, a flash of pain darted through her, like the ripple of sheet-lightning across such a midsummer sky; but it was too transitory to shake her stupor, that calm, delicious, bottomless stupor into which she felt herself sinking more and more deeply, without a disturbing impulse of resistance, an effort of reattachment to the vanishing edges of consciousness.

The resistance, the effort, had known their hour of violence; but now they were at an end. Through her mind, long harried by grotesque visions, fragmentary images of the life that she was leaving, tormenting lines of verse, obstinate presentments of pictures once beheld, indistinct impressions of rivers, towers, and cupolas, gathered in the length of journeys half forgotten—through her mind there now only moved a few primal sensations of colorless well-being; a vague satisfaction in the thought that she had swallowed her noxious last draught of medicine . . . and that she should never again hear the creaking of her husband's boots—those horrible boots—and that no one would come to bother her about the next day's dinner . . . or the butcher's book. . . .

At last even these dim sensations spent themselves in the thickening obscurity which enveloped her; a dusk now filled with pale geometric roses, circling softly, interminably before her, now darkened to a uniform blue-blackness, the hue of a summer night without stars. And into this darkness she felt herself sinking, sinking, with the gentle sense of security of one upheld from beneath. Like a tepid tide it rose around her, gliding ever higher and higher, folding in its velvety embrace her relaxed and tired body, now submerging her breast and shoulders, now creeping gradually, with soft inexorableness, over her throat to her chin, to her ears, to her mouth. . . . Ah, now it was rising too high; the impulse to struggle was renewed; . . . her mouth was full; . . . she was choking. . . . Help!

"It is all over," said the nurse, drawing down the eyelids with official composure.

The clock struck three. They remembered it afterward. Someone opened the window and let in a blast of that strange, neutral air which walks the earth between darkness and dawn; someone else led the husband into another room. He walked vaguely, like a blind man, on his creaking boots.

II.

SHE stood, as it seemed, on a threshold, yet no tangible gateway was in front of her. Only a wide vista of

light, mild yet penetrating as the gathered glimmer of innumerable stars, expanded gradually before her eyes, in blissful contrast to the cavernous darkness from which she had of late emerged.

She stepped forward, not frightened, but hesitating, and as her eyes began to grow more familiar with the melting depths of light about her, she distinguished the outlines of a landscape, at first swimming in the opaline uncertainty of Shelley's vaporous creations, then gradually resolved into distincter shape—the vast unrolling of a sunlit plain, aërial forms of mountains, and presently the silver crescent of a river in the valley, and a blue stencilling of trees along its curve—something suggestive in its ineffable hue of an azure background of Leonardo's, strange, enchanting, mysterious, leading on the eye and the imagination into regions of fabulous delight. As she gazed, her heart beat with a soft and rapturous surprise; so exquisite a promise she read in the summons of that hyaline distance.

"And so death is not the end after all," in sheer gladness she heard herself exclaiming aloud. "I always knew that it couldn't be. I believed in Darwin, of course. I do still; but then Darwin himself said that he wasn't sure about the soul—at least, I think he did—and Wallace was a spiritualist; and then there was St. George Mivart——"

Her gaze lost itself in the ethereal remoteness of the mountains.

"How beautiful! How satisfying!" she murmured. "Perhaps now I shall really know what it is to live."

As she spoke she felt a sudden thickening of her heart-beats, and looking up she was aware that before her stood the Spirit of Life.

"Have you never really known what it is to live?" the Spirit of Life asked her.

"I have never known," she replied, "that fulness of life which we all feel ourselves capable of knowing; though my life has not been without scattered hints of it, like the scent of earth which comes to one sometimes far out at sea."

"And what do you call the fulness of life?" the Spirit asked again.

"Oh, I can't tell you, if you don't know," she said, almost reproachfully. "Many words are supposed to define it — love and sympathy are those in commonest use, but I am not even sure that they are the right ones, and so few people really know what they mean."

"You were married," said the Spirit, "yet you did not find the fulness of life in your marriage?"

"Oh, dear, no," she replied, with an indulgent scorn, "my marriage was a very incomplete affair."

"And yet you were fond of your husband?"

"You have hit upon the exact word; I was fond of him, yes, just as I was fond of my grandmother, and the house that I was born in, and my old nurse. Oh, I was fond of him, and we were counted a very happy couple. But I have sometimes thought that a woman's nature is like a great house full of rooms: there is the hall, through which everyone passes in going in and out; the drawing-room, where one receives formal visits; the sitting-room, where the members of the family come and go as they list; but beyond that, far beyond, are other rooms, the handles of whose doors perhaps are never turned; no one knows the way to them, no one knows whither they lead; and in the innermost room, the holy of holies, the soul sits alone and waits for a footstep that never comes."

"And your husband," asked the Spirit, after a pause, "never got beyond the family sitting-room?"

"Never," she returned, impatiently; "and the worst of it was that he was quite content to remain there. He thought it perfectly beautiful, and sometimes, when he was admiring its commonplace furniture, insignificant as the chairs and tables of a hotel parlor, I felt like crying out to him: 'Fool, will you never guess that close at hand are rooms full of treasures and wonders, such as the eye of man hath not seen, rooms that no step has crossed, but that might be yours to live in, could you but find the handle of the door?'"

"Then," the Spirit continued, "those moments of which you lately spoke, which seemed to come to you like scattered hints of the fulness of life, were not shared with your husband?"

"Oh, no—never. He was different. His boots creaked, and he always slammed the door when he went out, and he never read anything but railway novels and the sporting advertisements in the papers—and—and, in short, we never understood each other in the least."

"To what influence, then, did you owe those exquisite sensations?"

"I can hardly tell. Sometimes to the perfume of a flower; sometimes to a verse of Dante or of Shakespeare; sometimes to a picture or a sunset, or to one of those calm days at sea, when one seems to be lying in the hollow of a blue pearl; sometimes, but rarely, to a word spoken by someone who chanced to give utterance, at the right moment, to what I felt but could not express."

"Someone whom you loved?" asked the Spirit.

"I never loved anyone, in that way," she said, rather sadly, "nor was I thinking of any one person when I spoke, but of two or three who, by touching for an instant upon a certain chord of my being, had called forth a single note of that strange melody which seemed sleeping in my soul. It has seldom happened, however, that I have owed such feelings to people; and no one ever gave me a moment of such happiness as it was my lot to feel one evening in the Church of Or San Michele, in Florence."

"Tell me about it," said the Spirit.

"It was near sunset on a rainy spring afternoon in Easter week. The clouds had vanished, dispersed by a sudden wind, and as we entered the church the fiery panes of the high windows shone out like lamps through the dusk. A priest was at the high altar, his white cope a livid spot in the incense-laden obscurity, the light of the candles flickering up and down like fireflies about his head; a few people knelt near by. We stole behind them and sat down on a bench close to the tabernacle of Orcagna.

"Strange to say, though Florence was not new to me, I had never been in the church before; and in that magical light I saw for the first time the inlaid steps, the fluted columns, the sculptured bas-reliefs and canopy of the marvellous shrine. The marble, worn and mellowed by the subtle hand of time, took on an unspeakable rosy hue, suggestive in some remote way of the honey-colored columns of the Parthenon, but more mystic, more complex, a color not born of the sun's inveterate kiss, but made up of cryptal twilight, and the flame of candles upon martyrs' tombs, and gleams of sunset through symbolic panes of chrysoprase and ruby; such a light as illumines the missals in the library of Siena, or burns like a hidden fire through the Madonna of Gian Bellini in the Church of the Redeemer, at Venice; the light of the Middle Ages, richer, more solemn, more significant than the limpid sunshine of Greece.

"The church was silent, but for the wail of the priest and the occasional scraping of a chair against the floor, and as I sat there, bathed in that light, absorbed in rapt contemplation of the marble miracle which rose before me, cunningly wrought as a casket of ivory and enriched with jewel-like incrustations and tarnished gleams of gold, I felt myself borne onward along a mighty current, whose source seemed to be in the very beginning of things, and whose tremendous waters gathered as they went all the mingled streams of human passion and endeavor. Life in all its varied manifestations of beauty and strangeness seemed weaving a rhythmical dance around me as I moved, and wherever the spirit of man had passed I knew that my foot had once been familiar.

"As I gazed, the mediæval bosses of the tabernacle of Orcagna seemed to melt and flow into their primal forms, so that the folded lotus of the Nile and the Greek acanthus were braided with the runic knots and fish-tailed monsters of the North, and all the plastic terror and beauty born of man's hand from the Ganges to the Baltic quivered and mingled in Orcagna's apotheosis of Mary. And so the river bore me on, past the alien face of antique civil-

izations and the familiar wonders of Greece, till I swam upon the fiercely rushing tide of the Middle Ages, with its swirling eddies of passion, its heaven-reflecting pools of poetry and art; I heard the rhythmic blow of the craftsmen's hammers in the goldsmiths' workshops and on the walls of churches, the party-cries of armed factions in the narrow streets, the organ-roll of Dante's verse, the crackle of the fagots around Arnold of Brescia, the twitter of the swallows to which St. Francis preached, the laughter of the ladies listening on the hillside to the quips of the Decameron, while plague-struck Florence howled beneath them — all this and much more I heard, joined in strange unison with voices earlier and more remote, fierce, passionate, or tender, yet subdued to such awful harmony that I thought of the song that the morning stars sang together and felt as though it were sounding in my ears. My heart beat to suffocation, the tears burned my lids, the joy, the mystery of it seemed too intolerable to be borne. I could not understand even then the words of the song; but I knew that if there had been someone at my side who could have heard it with me, we might have found the key to it together.

"I turned to my husband, who was sitting beside me in an attitude of patient dejection, gazing into the bottom of his hat; but at that moment he rose, and stretching his stiffened legs, said, mildly: 'Hadn't we better be going? There doesn't seem to be much to see here, and you know the table d'hôte dinner is at half-past six o'clock.'"

Her recital ended, there was an interval of silence; then the Spirit of Life said: "There is a compensation in store for such needs as you have expressed."

"Oh, then you *do* understand?" she exclaimed. "Tell me what compensation, I entreat you!"

"It is ordained," the Spirit answered, "that every soul which seeks in vain on earth for a kindred soul to whom it can lay bare its inmost being shall find that soul here and be united to it for eternity."

A glad cry broke from her lips. "Ah, shall I find him at last?" she cried, exultant.

"He is here," said the Spirit of Life.

She looked up and saw that a man stood near whose soul (for in that unwonted light she seemed to see his soul more clearly than his face) drew her toward him with an invincible force.

"Are you really he?" she murmured.

"I am he," he answered.

She laid her hand in his and drew him toward the parapet which overhung the valley.

"Shall we go down together," she asked him, "into that marvellous country; shall we see it together, as if with the self-same eyes, and tell each other in the same words all that we think and feel?"

"So," he replied, "have I hoped and dreamed."

"What?" she asked, with rising joy. "Then you, too, have looked for me?"

"All my life."

"How wonderful! And did you never, never find anyone in the other world who understood you?"

"Not wholly—not as you and I understand each other."

"Then you feel it, too? Oh, I am happy," she sighed.

They stood, hand in hand, looking down over the parapet upon the shimmering landscape which stretched forth beneath them into sapphirine space, and the Spirit of Life, who kept watch near the threshold, heard now and then a floating fragment of their talk blown backward like the stray swallows which the wind sometimes separates from their migratory tribe.

"Did you never feel at sunset——"

"Ah, yes; but I never heard anyone else say so. Did you?"

"Do you remember that line in the third canto of the 'Inferno?'"

"Ah, that line—my favorite always. Is it possible——"

"You know the stooping Victory in the frieze of the Nike Apteros?"

"You mean the one who is tying her sandal? Then you have noticed, too, that all Botticelli and Mantegna are dormant in those flying folds of her drapery?"

"After a storm in autumn have you never seen——"

"Yes, it is curious how certain flowers suggest certain painters—the perfume of the carnation, Leonardo; that of the rose, Titian; the tuberose, Crivelli——"

"I never supposed that anyone else had noticed it."

"Have you never thought——"

"Oh, yes, often and often; but I never dreamed that anyone else had."

"But surely you must have felt——"

"Oh, yes, yes; and you, too——"

"How beautiful! How strange——"

Their voices rose and fell, like the murmur of two fountains answering each other across a garden full of flowers. At length, with a certain tender impatience, he turned to her and said: "Love, why should we linger here? All eternity lies before us. Let us go down into that beautiful country together and make a home for ourselves on some blue hill above the shining river."

As he spoke, the hand she had forgotten in his was suddenly withdrawn, and he felt that a cloud was passing over the radiance of her soul.

"A home," she repeated, slowly, "a home for you and me to live in for all eternity?"

"Why not, love? Am I not the soul that yours has sought?"

"Y-yes — yes, I know — but, don't you see, home would not be like home to me, unless——"

"Unless?" he wonderingly repeated.

She did not answer, but she thought to herself, with an impulse of whimsical inconsistency, "Unless you slammed the door and wore creaking boots."

But he had recovered his hold upon her hand, and by imperceptible degrees was leading her toward the shining steps which descended to the valley.

"Come, O my soul's soul," he passionately implored; "why delay a moment? Surely you feel, as I do, that eternity itself is too short to hold such bliss as ours. It seems to me that I can see our home already. Have I not always seen it in my dreams? It is white, love, is it not, with polished columns, and a sculptured cornice against the blue? Groves of laurel and oleander and thickets of roses surround it; but from the terrace where we walk at sunset, the eye looks out over woodlands and cool meadows where, deep-bowered under ancient boughs, a stream goes delicately toward the river. Indoors our favorite pictures hang upon the walls and the rooms are lined with books. Think, dear, at last we shall have time to read them all. With which shall we begin? Come, help me to choose. Shall it be 'Faust' or the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Tempest' or 'Les Caprices de Marianne,' or the thirty-first canto of the 'Paradise,' or 'Epipsychidion' or 'Lycidas'? Tell me, dear, which one?"

As he spoke he saw the answer trembling joyously upon her lips; but it died in the ensuing silence, and she stood motionless, resisting the persuasion of his hand.

"What is it?" he entreated.

"Wait a moment," she said, with a strange hesitation in her voice. "Tell me first, are you quite sure of yourself? Is there no one on earth whom you sometimes remember?"

"Not since I have seen you," he replied; for, being a man, he had indeed forgotten.

Still she stood motionless, and he saw that the shadow deepened on her soul.

"Surely, love," he rebuked her, "it was not that which troubled you? For my part I have walked through Lethe. The past has melted like a cloud before the moon. I never lived until I saw you."

She made no answer to his pleadings, but at length, rousing herself with a visible effort, she turned away from him and moved toward the Spirit of Life, who still stood near the threshold.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, in a troubled voice.

"Ask," said the Spirit.

"A little while ago," she began, slowly, "you told me that every soul which has not found a kindred soul on earth is destined to find one here."

"And have you not found one?" asked the Spirit.

"Yes; but will it be so with my husband's soul also?"

"No," answered the Spirit of Life, "for your husband imagined that he had found his soul's mate on earth in

you; and for such delusions eternity itself contains no cure."

She gave a little cry. Was it of disappointment or triumph?

"Then—then what will happen to him when he comes here?"

"That I cannot tell you. Some field of activity and happiness he will doubtless find, in due measure to his capacity for being active and happy."

She interrupted, almost angrily: "He will never be happy without me."

"Do not be too sure of that," said the Spirit.

She took no notice of this, and the Spirit continued: "He will not understand you here any better than he did on earth."

"No matter," she said; "I shall be the only sufferer, for he always thought that he understood me."

"His boots will creak just as much as ever——"

"No matter."

"And he will slam the door——"

"Very likely."

"And continue to read railway novels——"

She interposed, impatiently: "Many men do worse than that."

"But you said just now," said the Spirit, "that you did not love him."

"True," she answered, simply; "but don't you understand that I shouldn't feel at home without him? It is all very well for a week or two—but for eternity! After all, I never minded the creaking of his boots, except when my head ached, and I don't suppose it will ache *here;* and he was always so sorry when he had slammed the door, only he never *could* remember not to. Besides, no one else would know how to look after him, he is so helpless. His inkstand would never be filled, and he would always be out of stamps and visiting-cards. He would never remember to have his umbrella re-covered, or to ask the price of anything before he bought it. Why, he wouldn't even know what novels to read. I always had to choose the kind he liked, with a murder or a forgery and a successful detective."

She turned abruptly to her kindred soul, who stood listening with a mien of wonder and dismay.

"Don't you see," she said, "that I can't possibly go with you?"

"But what do you intend to do?" asked the Spirit of Life.

"What do I intend to do?" she returned, indignantly. "Why, I mean to wait for my husband, of course. If he had come here first *he* would have waited for me for years and years; and it would break his heart not to find me here when he comes." She pointed with a contemptuous gesture to the magic vision of hill and vale sloping away to the translucent mountains. "He wouldn't give a fig for all that," she said, "if he didn't find me here."

"But consider," warned the Spirit, "that you are now choosing for eternity. It is a solemn moment."

"Choosing!" she said, with a half-sad smile. "Do you still keep up here that old fiction about choosing? I should have thought that *you* knew better than that. How can I help myself? He will expect to find me here when he comes, and he would never believe you if you told him that I had gone away with someone else—never, never."

"So be it," said the Spirit. "Here, as on earth, each one must decide for himself."

She turned to her kindred soul and looked at him gently, almost wistfully. "I am sorry," she said. "I should have liked to talk with you again; but you will understand, I know, and I dare say you will find someone else a great deal cleverer——"

And without pausing to hear his answer she waved him a swift farewell and turned back toward the threshold.

"Will my husband come soon?" she asked the Spirit of Life.

"That you are not destined to know," the Spirit replied.

"No matter," she said, cheerfully; "I have all eternity to wait in."

And still seated alone on the threshold, she listens for the creaking of his boots.

THE SOURCE.

By Henry van Dyke.

I.

IN the middle of the land that is called by its inhabitants Koorma, and by strangers the Land of the Half-forgotten, I was toiling all day long through heavy sand and grass as hard as wire; and suddenly, toward evening, I came upon a small, fair city at the edge of the plain, where the desert made a bay in the shadow of the mountains.

Now this bay was not yellow and hot and dry, like the region through which I had passed, neither was it covered with great billows of sand. But the surface of it was smooth and green; and as the winds of twilight breathed across it they were followed by soft waves of verdure, with silvery turnings of the under sides of many leaves, like ripples on a quiet harbor. There were fields of corn, filled with silken rustling, and vineyards with long rows of trimmed maple-trees standing each one like an emerald goblet wreathed with vines, and flower-gardens as bright as if the earth had been embroidered with threads of blue and scarlet and gold, and olive-orchards frosted over with delicate and fragrant blossoms. Red-roofed cottages were scattered everywhere through the sea of greenery, and in the centre, like a white ship surrounded by a flock of little boats, rested the shining city.

I wondered greatly how this beauty had come into being on the border of the desert. Passing through the fields and gardens and orchards, I found that they were all encircled and lined with channels full of running water; and as I followed up the smaller channels until they came to a larger stream, and walked on beside it, still going upward, it guided me into the midst of the city, where I saw a sweet, merry river flowing through the main street, with abundance of water and a very pleasant sound. There were houses and shops and lofty palaces and all that makes a city, but the life and joy of all, and the one thing that I remember best, was the river. For in the open squares there were marble pools where the children might bathe and play; at the corners of the streets and on the sides of the houses there were fountains for the drawing of water; at every crossing a stream was turned aside to run out to the vineyards; and all were fed from the river.

There were but few people in the streets, and none of the older folk from whom I might ask counsel or a lodging; so I stood and knocked at the door of a house. It was opened by an old man, who greeted me with kindness and bade me enter as his guest. After much courteous entertainment, and when supper was ended, the freedom of his manner and something of singular attractiveness in his countenance led me to tell him of my strange journeyings in the land of Koorma (which are written in the record of the Errors of the Sons of Wisdom who seek the Blue Flower), and to inquire of him the name and the story of his city and the cause of the river which made it glad.

"My son," he answered, "this is the city which was called Ablis, that is to say, Forsaken. For long ago men lived here, and the river made their fields fertile, and their dwellings were full of plenty and peace. But because of many evil things which have been half forgotten, the river was turned aside, or else it was dried up at its spring in the high place among the mountains, so that the water flowed down no more. The channels and the trenches and the marble pools and the basins beside the houses remained, but they were empty. So the gardens withered; the fields were barren; the city was desolate; and in the broken cisterns there was scanty water.

"Then there came one from a distant country who was very sorrowful to see the desolation. He told the people that it was vain to dig new cisterns and to keep the channels and trenches clean; for the water had come only from above.

The Source must be found again and reopened. The river would not flow unless they traced it back to the spring, and visited it continually, and offered prayers and praises beside it without ceasing. Then the spring would rise to an outpouring, and the water would run down plentifully to make the gardens blossom and the city rejoice.

"So he went forth to open the fountain; but there were few that went with him, for he was a poor man of lowly aspect, and the path upward was steep and rough. But his companions saw that as he climbed among the rocks little streams of water gushed from his footsteps, and pools began to gather in the old dry places of the river-bed. He went more swiftly than they could follow him, and at length he passed out of their sight. A little farther on they came to the rising of the river and there, beside the overflowing spring, they found their leader lying dead."

"That was a strange thing," I cried, "and very pitiful. Tell me how it came to pass, and what was the meaning of it."

"I cannot tell the whole of the meaning," replied the old man, after a little pause, "for it was many years ago. But this poor man had many enemies in the city, chiefly among the makers of cisterns, who hated him for his words. I believe that they went out after him secretly and slew him. But his followers came back to the city; and as they came the river began to run down very gently after them. They returned to the Source day by day, bringing others with them; for they said that their leader was really alive again, though the form of his life had changed, and that he met them in that high place while they remembered him and prayed and sang songs of praise. More and more the people learned to go with them, and the path grew easier so that it seemed very short. The more the Source was revisited the more abundant it became and the more it filled the river. All the channels and the basins were supplied with water, and men made new channels which were also filled. Some of those who were diggers of trenches and hewers of cisterns said that it was their work which had wrought the change. But the wisest and best among the people knew that it all came from the Source, and they taught that if it should ever again be forgotten and left unvisited the river would fail again and desolation return. So every day from the gardens and orchards and the streets of the city men and women and children have gone up the mountain-path with singing, to rejoice beside the spring from which the river flows and to remember the one who opened it. We call it the River Carita; and the name of the city is no more Ablis, but Salame, which is Peace; and the name of him who died to give us the spring is so dear that we speak it only when we pray.

"But there are many things yet to learn about our city, and some that seem dark and cast a shadow on my thoughts. Therefore, my son, I bid you to be my guest, for there is a room in my house for the stranger; and to-morrow and on the following days you shall see how life goes with us, and read, if you can, the secret of the city."

That night I slept well, as one who has heard a pleasant tale, with the murmur of running water woven through many dreams; and the next day I went out early into the streets, for I was curious to see the manner of the visitation of the Source.

Already the people were coming forth and turning their steps upward in the mountain-path beside the river. Some of them went alone, swiftly and in silence; others were in groups of two or three, talking as they went; others were in larger companies, and they sang together very gladly and sweetly. But there were many people who remained working in their fields or in their houses, or stayed talking on the corners of the streets. Therefore I joined myself to one of the men who walked alone and asked him why all the people did not go to the spring, since the life of the city depended upon it, and whether, perhaps, the way was so long and so hard that none but the strongest could undertake it.

"Sir," said he, "I perceive that you are a stranger, for the way is both short and easy, so that the children are those who most delight in it; and if a man were in great haste he could go there and return in a few moments.

But of those who remain behind, some are the busy ones who must visit the fountain at another hour; and some are the careless ones who take life as it comes and never think where it comes from; and some are those who do not believe in the Source and will hear nothing about it."

"How can that be?" I said; "do they not drink of the water, and does it not make their fields green?"

"It is true," he said; "but these men have made wells close by the river, and they say that these wells fill themselves; and they have digged channels through their gardens, and they say that these channels would always have water in them even though the spring should cease to flow. Some of them say also that it is an unworthy thing to drink from a spring that another has opened, and that every man ought to find a new spring for himself; so they spend the hour of the visitation, and many more, in searching among the mountains where there is no path."

While I wondered over this, we kept on in the way. There was already quite a throng of people all going in the same direction. And when we came to the Source, which flowed from an opening in a cliff, almost like a chamber hewn in the rock, and made a little garden of wild flowers around it as it fell, I heard the music of many voices and the beautiful name of him who had given his life to find the forgotten spring.

Then we came down again, singly and in groups, following the river. It seemed already more bright and full and joyous. As we passed through the gardens I saw men turning aside to make new channels through fields which were not yet cultivated. And as we entered the city I saw the wheels of the mills that ground the corn whirling more swiftly, and the maidens coming with their pitchers to draw from the brimming basins at the street corners, and the children laughing because the marble pools were so full that they could swim in them. There was plenty of water everywhere.

For many weeks I stayed in the city of Salame, going up the mountain-path in the morning, and returning to the day of work and the evening of play. For the fair-eyed little granddaughter of the old man with whom I lodged led me out to his fields where toil was easy in the shadow of the vines and among the ripening corn; and at sunset she drew me to happy games of youths and children in the open squares, in which I joined as one who is learning for the first time what it means to be young. I found also many friends among the people of the city, not only among those who walked together in the visitation of the Source, but also among those who remained behind, for many of them were kind and generous, faithful in their work, and very pleasant in their conversation.

But I heard many things that troubled me, and came to understand what the old man had said of the shadow on his thoughts. For there were some in the city who said that the hours of visitation were wasted, and that it would be better to employ the time in gathering the dew that sometimes fell on the wire-grass of the desert, or in sinking wells along the edge of the mountain. Others had newly come to the city and were teaching that there was no Source, and that the story of the poor man who reopened it was a fable, and that the hours of visitation were only hours of dreaming. There were many who believed them, and many more who said that it did not matter whether their words were true or false, and that it was of small moment whether men went to visit the fountain or not, provided only that they worked in the gardens and kept the marble pools and basins in repair and opened new canals through the fields, since there always had been and there always would be plenty of water.

As I listened to these sayings it seemed to me doubtful what the end of the city would be. And while this doubt was yet heavy upon me, I heard the silent call which compels the untaught Sons of Wisdom to their wanderings. So I bade farewell to the old man in whose house I had learned to love the hour of visitation and the Source and the name of him who opened it, and I kissed the young child who had taken me by the hand, and went forth

sadly from the land of Koorma into other lands where also the Blue Flower may be sought but never found.

II.

In the Book of the Voyage without a Harbor is written the record of the travelling years which passed before I came back again to seek the city of Salame.

It was not easy to find, for as I looked from a distant shoulder of the hills for the little bay full of greenery, it was not to be seen. There was only a white town shining far off against the gray mountains, like a flake of mica in a cleft of the rocks. Then I slept that night full of care on the hillside, and, rising before dawn, came down in the early morning toward the city.

The fields were lying parched and brown under the sunrise, and great cracks gaped in the earth as if it were thirsty. The trenches and channels were still there, but there was no water in them; and through the ragged fringes of the yellow vineyards I heard, instead of the cheerful songs of the vintagers, the creaking of dry windlasses and the hoarse throb of the pumps in sunken wells. The girdle of gardens had shrunk like a wreath of withered flowers, and all the bright embroidery of earth was faded to a sullen gray.

At the foot of an ancient, leafless olive-tree I saw a group of people kneeling around a newly opened well. I asked a man who was digging beside the dusty path what this might mean. He straightened himself for a moment, wiping the sweat from his brow, and answered, sullenly, "They are worshipping the windlass: how else should they bring water into their fields?" Then he fell furiously to digging again, and I passed on into the city.

There was no sound of murmuring streams in the streets, and down the main bed of the river I saw only a few shallow puddles, joined together by a slowly trickling thread. Even these were fenced and guarded so that no one might come near to them, and there was a man going among the houses with water-skins on his shoulder, crying "Water! Water!"

The marble pools in the open squares were empty; and at one of them there was a crowd looking at a man who was being beaten with rods. A bystander told me that the officers of the city had ordered him to be punished because he had said that the pools and the basins and the channels were not all of pure marble, without a flaw. "For this," said he, "is the evil doctrine that has come in to take away the glory of our city, and because of this the water has failed."

"It is a sad change," I answered, "and doubtless they who have caused it should suffer more than others. But can you tell me at what hour and in what manner the people now observe the visitation of the Source?"

He looked curiously at me and replied: "I do not understand you. There is no visitation save the inspection of the cisterns and the wells which the syndics of the city, whom we call the Princes of Water, carry on daily at every hour. What source is this of which you speak?"

So I went on through the street, where all the passers-by seemed in haste and wore weary countenances, until I came to the house where I had lodged. There was a little basin here against the wall, with a slender stream of water still flowing into it, and a group of children standing near with their pitchers, waiting to fill them.

The door of the house was closed; but when I knocked, it opened and a maiden came forth. She was pale and sad in aspect, but a light of joy dawned over the snow of her face, and I knew by the youth in her eyes that it was the child who had walked with me through the vineyards long ago.

With both hands she welcomed me, saying: "You are expected. It is the hour of visitation, let us go together to the fountain."

Then we went alone through the busy and weary multitudes of the city toward the mountain-path. So forsaken was it and so covered with stones and overgrown with wire-grass that I could not have found it but for her guidance. But as we climbed upward the air grew clearer, and more sweet, and I questioned her of the things that had come to pass in my absence. I asked her of

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

"The fair-eyed little granddaughter of the old man with whom I lodged led me out to his fields."

—Page 707.

the kind old man who had taken me into his house when I came as a stranger. She said, softly, "He is dead."

"And where are the men and women, his friends, who once thronged this pathway? Are they also dead?"

"They also are dead."

"But where are the younger ones who sang here so gladly as they marched upward? Surely they are living?"

"They have forgotten."

"Where then are the young children whose fathers taught them this way and bade them remember it. Have they forgotten?"

"They have forgotten."

"But why have you alone kept the hour of visitation? Why have you not turned back with your companions? How have you walked here solitary, day after day?"

She turned to me with a divine regard, and laying her hand gently over mine, she said, "I remember always."

Then I thought I saw a few wild flowers blossoming beside the path.

We drew near to the Source, and entered into the chamber hewn in the rock. She kneeled and bent over the sleeping spring. She murmured again and again the beautiful name of him who had died to find it. Her voice repeated the song that had once been sung by many voices. Her tears fell softly on the spring, and as they fell it seemed as if the water stirred and rose to meet her bending face, and when she looked up it was as if the dew had fallen on a flower.

We came very slowly down the path along the river Carita, and rested often beside it, for surely, I thought, the rising of the spring had sent a little more water down its dry bed, and some of it must flow on to the city. So it was almost evening when we came back to the streets. The people were hurrying to and fro, for it was the day before the choosing of new Princes of Water; and there was much dispute about them, and strife over the building of new cisterns to hold the stores of rain which might fall in the next year. But none cared for us, as we passed by like strangers, and we came unnoticed to the door of the house.

Then a great desire of love and sorrow moved within my breast, and I said to my companion, "You are the life of the city, for you alone remember. Its secret is in your heart, and your faithful keeping of the hours of visitation is the only cause why the river has not failed altogether and the curse of desolation returned. Let me stay with you, sweet soul of all the flowers that are dead, and I will cherish you forever. Together we will visit the Source every day; and we shall turn the people, by our lives and by our words, back to that which they have forgotten."

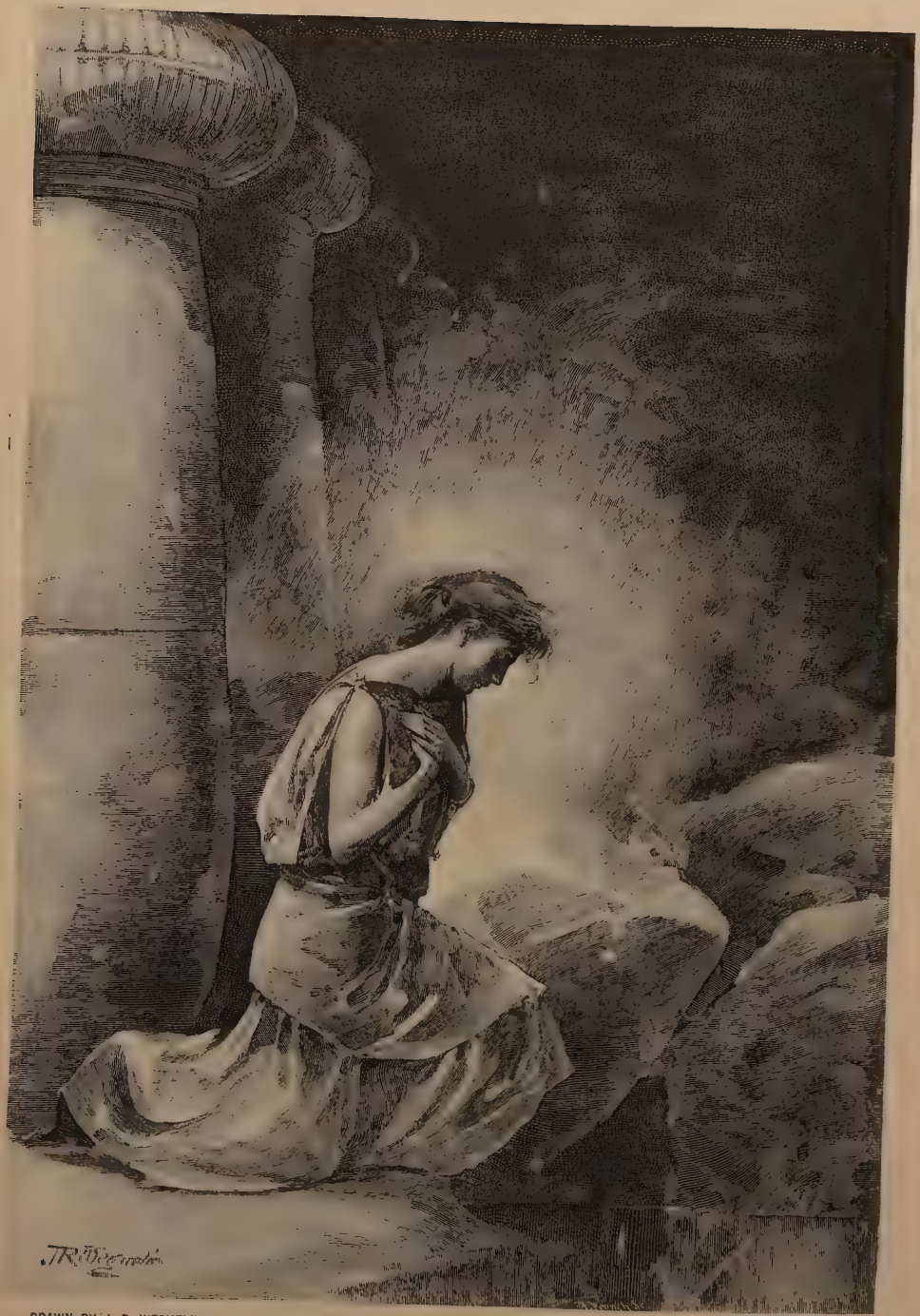
There was a smile in her eyes so deep that its meaning cannot be spoken, as she lifted my hand to her lips, and answered,

"Not so, dear love, for who can tell whether life or death will come to the city, whether its people will remember at last, or whether they will forget forever. Its lot is mine, for I was born here, and here my life is rooted. But you are of the Children of the Unquiet Wisdom, whose feet can never rest until their task of errors is completed and their lesson of wandering is learned by heart. Until then go forth, and do not forget that I shall remember always."

Behind her quiet voice I heard the silent call that compels us, and passed down the street as one walking in a dream. At the place where the path turned aside to the ruined vineyards I looked back. The low sunset made a circle of golden rays about her head and a strange twin blossom of celestial blue seemed to shine beneath her tranquil brows.

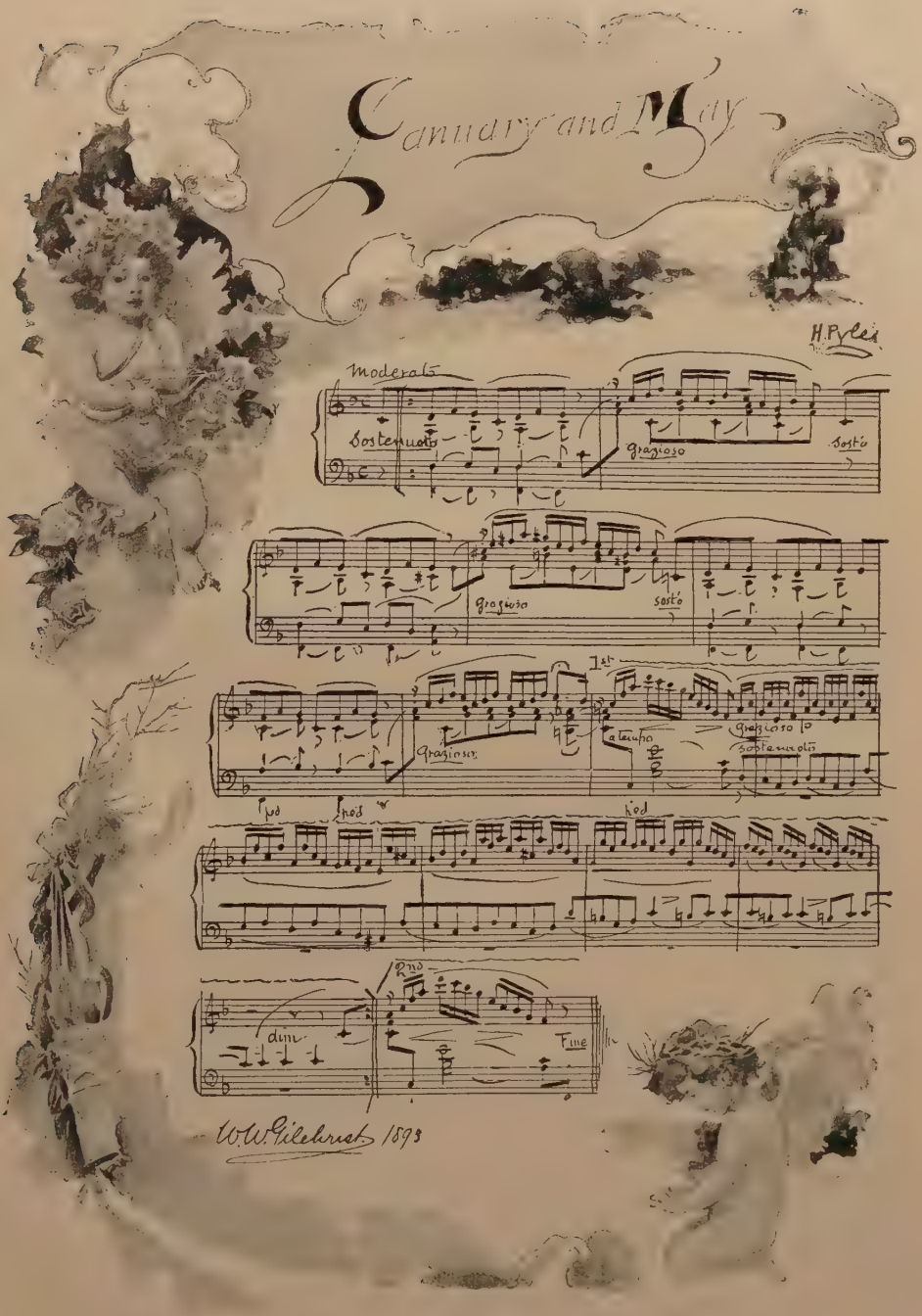
Since then I know not what has befallen the city, nor whether it is still called Salame, or once more Ablis, which is Forsaken. But if it lives at all, I know that it is because there is one there who remembers, and keeps the hour of visitation, and treads the steep way, and breathes the beautiful name over the spring.

And now that my lesson of errors is learned, and the passion of journeying has burned itself into rest, I am going back to the city and up the mountain-path again—it may be alone, or it may be in joyous company—for there, if anywhere on earth, in the eyes of her who could not forget, I shall find the Blue Flower of immortal love beside the Source of the river Carita.



DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

"She murmured again and again the beautiful name of him who had died to find it."—Page 710.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

January and May
H. Pyle
Moderato
Sostenuto
grazioso
sotto
grazioso
sotto
1st.
grazioso
a tempo
grazioso lo
sostenuto
2nd
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2nd
Fine
W. W. Gilchrist 1893

CONSTANTINOPLE.

By F. Marion Crawford.

Illustrations by Edwin Lord Weeks.

I.

"Blessed shall he be who shall take Constantinople," said the Prophet. Many desperate fights were fought and many valiant blows were struck in the endeavor to earn that promised blessing. Eyub, Mohammed's brave companion in arms, perished in the first attempt made by the Arabs to win the capital of the East. The Crusaders took it and got scant blessings, and did more destruction in one week than all other conquerors in twelve centuries or thereabouts; and at last came a successor and namesake of the Prophet himself, Mehemet the Fateh, he who of all others is called by the Turks the Conqueror, to this day. Though the whole great empire of the first Constantine had dwindled, in the days of the last of the name, to the narrow limits comprised within the walls of the city, a war of several years' duration was the price paid by Mehemet for the few miles of land that lie between Rumeli Hissar and St. Sophia. Impregnable castles had to be built, vast intrenchments had to be dug, and the invading fleet had to be hauled up high and dry upon the shores of the Bosphorus and taken overland upon wheels to be launched again upon the waters of the Golden Horn. And then, at the very end, the last struggle was the fiercest of all, the

DRAWN BY EDWIN L. WEEKS.

The Golden Horn—Sunset.

last of the emperors fell fighting desperately on foot at the gate of his own capital, and the conqueror, riding high upon the heaps of slain in the south aisle of St. Sophia, smote the pillar nearest to him with his reeking hand and left there his bloody sign manual, to be a token of his victory even to this day. So says tradition, at least; but in these latter days it is even denied that there was any massacre at all within the walls of the church, and we are confidently told that the Christians assembled therein were taken captive without bloodshed. Yet we who live in this age of light and progress, when armies are destroyed by machinery and empires spring up in a night, like mushrooms, bloom for a day like cabbage-roses, and vanish on the morrow like smoke, far too unstable to fall under one simile, we cling with an unconscious love of romance to the short, sharp, cruel deeds done in those days of faith and passion. We would rather stand in the dim aisle of the great mosque and believe for a moment that the savage warrior marked it for his own with Christian blood, than pore for hours over the elaborate schemes of mobilization which are to open the chess-play of the next nineteenth century conquest. In that one impress, if it be genuine, or in the story of it, if it be but a story, all the romance and history of the East seem to find one common centre. At the moment when that mark was made the West met the East and fell before it; in that instant, what had been sank back into the deep perspective of past dreamland and the future began to be present. The last stronghold of the old empire was stormed by the red-handed founders of the new, and the Constantinople of Constantine, of Justinian, and of the Greek emperors, had ceased to be. The rich jewel of gold and precious stones, set, as it were at the joining of three silver waters, was wrested by strong hands from Europe's neck to be the chief light in Asia's crown. The shadows of the great actors of the past, the ghost of Justinian, the passionate wraith of Theodora, the melancholy spectre of blind Belisarius, shrank out of sight into those vast halls and pillared galleries which spread beneath Stamboul, and the corse of their slaughtered descendant was still bleeding from a hundred

A Street Water-carrier.

An Armenian.

wounds when the master of their inheritance invoked upon himself and his race the blessing promised by the Prophet of Allah, nearly eight hundred years before that day.

It has not often happened in history that a city which has been the capital of an empire during more than a thousand years has, within twenty-four hours, become the capital of another, founded and developed by a race having a totally different language, a hostile religion and traditions opposed at every point to those of the vanquished. The change after Mehemet's conquest must have been as prodigious as it was sudden, and, on the whole, what took place is greatly to the credit of the conqueror. From that day to this there has never, I believe, been anything like a persecution of Christians or Jews in Constantinople. Taking Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari together, there are probably more Christians in the capital to-day than Mussulmans, a fact which can only be attributed to principles of toleration for which the Turks have not generally received credit. The principal churches were indeed converted into mosques, and the cross was everywhere replaced by the crescent, while the innumerable paintings and mosaics representing sacred personages, saints, and angels were immediately, and in most cases permanently, hidden from

Galata Bridge from the Café.

view by a thick coating of white-wash. The rigid simplicity of the Mohammedan faith substituted in their place a few names — Allah, Mohammed, Abu Bekr, Hassan, Hossein, Omar, Osman, and Ali, and every mosque in Stamboul, and perhaps throughout the Mohammedan world, is decorated with those eight names magnificently written in Arabic characters upon eight shields which are hung around the interior. But the Turk was not destructive. On the contrary, he took the Christian Church as his model for his own place of worship, and almost all the Turkish mosques are more or less direct imitations of St. Sophia.

Much of the romance which clings to Constantinople is founded, I believe, upon this and like facts ; in other words, upon the immense body of widely varying traditions inherent in every building and object which has survived the revolutions of ages. The church of St. Sophia is the type of one class, the headless Delphic serpent which stands in the Hippodrome represents another. It was a strange fatality which brought by Constantine's hand the pedestal of the Delphic Tripod to the spot which originally had been settled in obedience to the command of the Delphic oracle ; there is an air of fatality also about the tradition

DRAWN BY EDWIN L. WEEKS.

Galata Bridge.

that the conqueror who came to give a third name to the capital of the East, struck off the third head of the serpent with his battle-axe on the day he entered the city. Certainly but few objects now known to exist have been more intimately connected with the history of the world's earliest civilization than this relic of the Pythoness. It is headless, but otherwise intact. There it stands in the midst of the Hippodrome, under the blazing Eastern sun, seeming to await some new destiny yet to be. Who knows but that, before another century has run

The Cemetery.

out, strong hands may take it from its place and set it up and build a temple over it, and restore its three-fanged heads, even as they were in the days when Phœbus Apollo was master before the great Pan died? Who knows but that another conqueror may be already born, who shall tear down the shields of Allah, Mohammed, and the six Imams, and set up his golden eikons in their place. For my own part, I would rather not think of that day if so be that it is already marked upon the future's calendar. And yet, even though the Osmanli may sink again some day into the Asiatic darkness from which he came, Constantinople, under a new name, perhaps, will still and ever be the capital of the East, the golden key to Asia, the jewel coveted for many crowns, in strife for which the greedy nations will contend to the very end of time.

The most striking peculiarity of Constantinople is the immense vitality which has carried it through so many deaths. It is common to speak of Turkey as the "sick man," and to associate ideas of ruin and decay with one of the most intensely living cities in the world. But no one who has spent even twenty-four hours on either side of the Golden Horn could ever conceive of anything even distantly approaching to stagnation in the streets of Stamboul, or on Galata Bridge, or in the busy quarters of Galata itself, or of Pera above. Coming from Europe, whether from Italy or Austria, one is forcibly struck by the universal life, liveliness, and activity of the capital. There is no city in the world where so many different types of humanity meet and jostle each other and the stranger at every turn. Every nation in Europe is represented, and every nation of Asia as well. The highest and lowest types of living humanity pay their penny to the men in white who take the tolls on Galata Bridge. There is not even, as there is in so many cosmopolitan capitals, any general predominant type of feature or color. Of the Turks themselves it may be doubted whether they should be called a nation, or an agglomeration of individuals of many races who find one common bond in Islam. In the first mosque you enter at haphazard, you may see the pure Turk, often as fair and flaxen as any Norwegian, prostrating himself and repeating his prayers beside the blackest of black Africans. And as you enter the sacred place, both, at the self-same moment, will instinctively glance at your feet to see whether you have taken off your shoes or have slipped on a dusty pair of the "babuj" which will generally be offered you at the door.

DRAWN BY EDWIN L. WEEKS.

A Water-carrier.

Boat-houses on the Golden Horn.

Among Mohammedans, as among Roman Catholics, the universality of common practices has something imposing in it, and you instinctively respect the Mohammedan for requiring you to reverence the spot on which he prays. And here at the very outset let me say, that after many visits and some residence in the East I am strongly inclined to believe in the original Turk—when he is to be found. Greeks, Armenians, Persians, and Africans have given him a bad name by calling themselves Turks and sometimes by misgoverning his country, but he himself is a fine fellow and belongs to the superior, dominant races of the world. He is naturally a fair man with blue eyes and of fresh complexion, well grown, uncommonly strong, and very enduring. He is sober ; he is clean ; and he is honest even to his own disadvantage, being by no means a match for the wily Greeks and Armenians who are perpetually fattening on his heart. There is a common proverb in the East to the effect that it takes ten Jews to cheat an Armenian, and ten Armenians to cheat one Persian. The pure Turk has no chance against such people — as little chance as they themselves would have, perhaps, against an average Hindu. That fact of itself explains the extraordinary mixture of races to be found in Constantinople. The Turk is easily cheated, and people congregate from all places in the world to profit by his simplicity. Anyone who will take the trouble to watch the streets and bazaars for any length of time, carefully bearing this point of view in mind, will be convinced of the truth of the assertion. The country produces little ; its imports are not large ; it is but a way-station on the sea-road between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. If the swarms of Greeks and Armenians, who infest almost every quarter, from the highest point of Pera to the remotest corners of Stamboul in the neighborhood of the Seven Towers and the Adrianople Gate, do not rob the Turk, upon what then do they live and fatten and grow rich?

Have you ever met and known one of them who was not in pursuit of a "concession," a "grant," or the ragged end of a monopoly, and does not the Turk

ultimately pay for all these things? Where are the foundries and the manufactories, the grain markets and the railways to support such an enormous number of men engaged in business?

There is more on Galata Bridge than appears at first sight. It is a sort of combination in itself of the Venetian Rialto and of the Florentine Ponte Vecchio. It is built on floating pontoons, having a draw in the middle which is only opened in the night, and it consists practically of three parts—a highway for foot-passengers and carriages, a narrow street of little shops and coffee-houses, and a series of steamboat piers. I have computed roughly that, taking the average of the year, twenty-eight thousand persons cross Galata Bridge every day, a calculation which includes, of course all the passengers for the Scutari and the Bosphorus ferries who pay toll in order to reach the steamers. There is a quiet spot unknown to most Europeans, where one may sit for hours in undisturbed enjoyment of coffee and cigarettes, and watch the passengers on the bridge and the arrivals and departures at one of the piers, besides observing the manners and customs of the Galata Kaikjis and the Hamals who congregate at the landing east of the bridge on the Galata side. This delightful spot is the corner of the first coffee-house on the left going toward Stamboul. It has a large, airy, and perfectly clean room, with windows on three sides through which the wind blows perpetually even on the hottest days. Take your seat in the corner nearest the bridge and nearest to Galata, order your cup of coffee—"shekerli," with sugar, or "sade" without—light your cigarette, and begin your observations. The scene is dazzling and kaleidoscopic in its variety of color and quick motion. The eye is first struck by the predominance of the fez. Hundreds of little truncated cones of vivid scarlet dart hither and thither, passing and repassing each other like a swarm of vermilion insects, all exactly alike and all at very nearly the same level. The fez was introduced as the official head-dress of Turkey by Mahmud II. known as the Reformer, who took it from the Greeks, and substituted it for the ponderous turban formerly worn in the army, and by all Government officials. It is in itself ugly except for its bright color, but it is neat, uniform, and clean, and with its long black silk tassel lends a sort of "dashing" look to the bronzed faces of officers and soldiers. But there are

A Fruit-seller.

DRAWN BY EDWIN L. WEEKS.

Entrance to Seraskierat Mosque.

turbans, too, and plenty of them, both white and green, and many of the poorer sort, such as porters, water-carriers, and sweetmeat sellers, twist a white or red rag round the fez to emphasize the fact that they are Mussulmans. The white and green turbans are distinctive of the Mollahs—men who have received the education of Mohammedan priests, though they may not necessarily exercise priestly functions. They, too, wear the Turkish dress, the flowing, tight-sleeved, scanty-cut gown of almost any color except red, open in front and disclosing the spotless shirt, the embroidered vest, the wide trousers, and the voluminous waistband. But European dress is the rule and not the exception. The military uniforms are close imitations of those in use in the German army, and the garments of the civilians are less perfect copies of what is considered fashionable in western Europe. The Mollah strides along with dignified step and graceful movement, conscious, no doubt, of the artistic superiority of his own clothes. If he has a green turban he is a descendant of the Prophet's own family, which, like that promised to Abraham of old, has become like the sands of the sea. In the great majority of cases, too, the claim to such high descent is genuine, the green badge being handed down from father to son without much possibility of its being assumed by one who has no claim to it, unless he be an emigrant from his own birthplace. The women of the family also wear some bit of green silk or other stuff in their own homes, though rarely in the street, unless it be hidden beneath the yashmak or the ferajeh — the clumsily cut overgarment which covers all women in the street from the throat to the inevitable patent leather shoes. But the yashmak is not what it was ten years ago, and has almost ceased to hide the face at all. Strict as the Sultan's ordinance is, there is not the slightest pretence of obeying it, and in the great majority of cases a thin white veil barely covers the forehead, and is but loosely drawn together under the chin. The cross-band which used to cover the nose above the eyes has entirely disappeared, or is worn only when ladies appear in public at such places as the Sweet Waters, or in their kaiks on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. It must be admitted that with the disuse of that old-fashioned veil, a great illusion has disappeared from the streets of Constantinople. There was something very mysterious about it. Black eyes never looked so black and deep and liquid as when seen by themselves, as it were, between two broad bands of opaque white. In those days every yashmak veiled an ideal beauty, very different from the ugliness of the pale and flaccid features which its absence now generally discloses. One is inclined to doubt whether the mirror is in common use in the harem of to-day.

But as you sit by the open window of the coffee-house, you have little time for analyzing the features or the dress of the hurrying crowd. What you see is a magnificent, inextricable confusion of moving light and sun and shade and color, a wild and almost dream-like confusion of Eastern and Western life, a startling and almost horrible contrast of magnificence and squalor; the splendid, gold-lace-bedizened adjutant on his Arab mare and the almost inconceivably wretched beggar, maimed and blind, perhaps, holding out his hand with his perpetual feeble cry, "On para," a penny; the solemn scion of the Prophet's race, green-turbaned, stately, calm; the deadly pale indifferent Turkish woman, all in white and black, and closely followed by a bright-eyed African girl even less closely veiled than her mistress; the sanctimonious Dervish in soft brown, or softer green, or steely gray, his bent head and downcast eyes surmounted by his tall cylindrical felt cap; the little strutting military cadet in smart uniform and brand-new fez, not more than twelve years old, perhaps, and closely followed by a scowling African servant who cuffs him sharply, without the slightest sign of respect, if he wanders to the right or to the left. Then, suddenly, the rumble and clatter of a splendid equipage rolling fast through the dividing crowd, bearing, it may be, some solemn, frock-coated, white-bearded, scarlet-fezzed minister of state, on his way to Selamlik, or from Yildiz Kiosk to the Sublime Porte—or else, if the carriage be a closed brough-

am, and if there be outriders, some delicate, pale-faced, half-consumptive prince, one of the innumerable offshoots of the Imperial family. And it all surges back and forth, gleaming, glistening, and flashing, under the broad white sun against the background of blue water and pale sky and faintly outlined hills, poured out as a stream of liquid metal when the furnace is opened, and rushing, iridescent and sparkling, toward the mould, fascinating, enthralling, almost hypnotic in its effect upon the senses.

Even the fat and flabby Greek, who sits not far from you upon the leathern bench, can hardly keep his eyes from the sight, although it has been familiar to him since he was a baby. He is a cook and has bilious-looking eyes. You know that he is a cook, because he is smoking a water-pipe which, as everyone who frequents the coffee-houses in Constantinople is aware, is a form of enjoyment favored almost exclusively by the members of his profession. But even the bubbling of the water-pipe, and the constant efforts of keeping its little fire alive, cannot distract your neighbor's unhealthy yellow eyes from the enthralling spectacle of Galata Bridge at noon-day. There is nothing like it in the whole world, from San Francisco to Peking—nothing so vivid, so alive, so heterogeneous, so anomalous and so fascinating. The imagination reels at the merest attempt to fix the characteristics or guess at the lives, to evoke the poetry, the prose, or the romance, of half a score among the countless individualities that cross the field of vision at every second, streaming backward and forward like swarms of bees between the two great hives of humanity thus linked and bound together by a single narrow causeway.

I shall never forget my first impression of Constantinople. It has been my good fortune since then, to see it again and again, at every time of year, and under every possible aspect, but no subsequent picture has had either the vividness or the beauty of the first. I remember that it was in February and we steamed up the Sea of Marmora to the entrance of the Bosphorus in a heavy snow-storm. The flakes fell so thick and fast that scarcely a single building was distinctly visible. Then, suddenly, just when we were opposite St. Sophia, the snow ceased to fall, the clouds parted in a bright blue rent, and the clear morning sun, rising behind us, shone full upon Stamboul. It was a marvellous sight. Every dome and minaret and tower was frosted with thick silver. It was as though the whole beautiful city were moulded in precious metal finely chiselled and richly chased. The slender minarets shot up like rays of light, the dark cypresses were changed to silver plumes, even the Seven Towers, far on the western wall, were as white as Parian marble. Only the sea had color. A moment earlier it had been gray and dull as weather-beaten lead, but under the touch of the Eastern sun it flashed all at once to a deep opaque blue, more like lapis lazuli than sapphire.

The glory of the scene was beyond description, and, in its way, surpasses anything I have witnessed in any part of the world. A few minutes later it was gone, the wintry clouds rolled together, the light went out, snow fell again, then rain, and then more snow, and my second impression was of dismal, slushy, filthy streets, dripping eaves, marrow-biting air, and an intense longing for a comfortable room and a good fire. Perhaps the contrast has served in memory's gallery to throw the first picture into unreasonable prominence, but remembrance may have exaggerations which one does not regret.

And now, quite recently, I have seen the picture in another and very different light. I was belated in Kadi Keui on a summer evening, and being obliged to get back to Pera for the night I took a four-oared kaik. The moon was near the first quarter and shone brightly, though the weather to the northward was threatening, and there was a sharp, cool breeze over the water. Very slowly, as we made our way across, the black cloud-bank crept up to the moon until, just as we were opposite Top Kapu, the thunder-storm broke on us in full force. In an instant the night was as black as ink, and I could see nothing ahead but the dim lights of the

bridge and the white foam of the driving squall. Astern and to starboard the red light on the so-called Leander's Tower, served to guide the oarsmen as they pulled along through the big drops of rain. Then the lightning began. At intervals of a few seconds, vivid flashes lit up both cities, Pera and Stamboul, so brightly that even at a great distance I could distinctly see the windows of the houses, the details of the architecture, and even the little low doors high up at the tops of the minarets. It was as though at each separate moment the whole city were enveloped in flames, instantly extinguished and as suddenly rekindled.

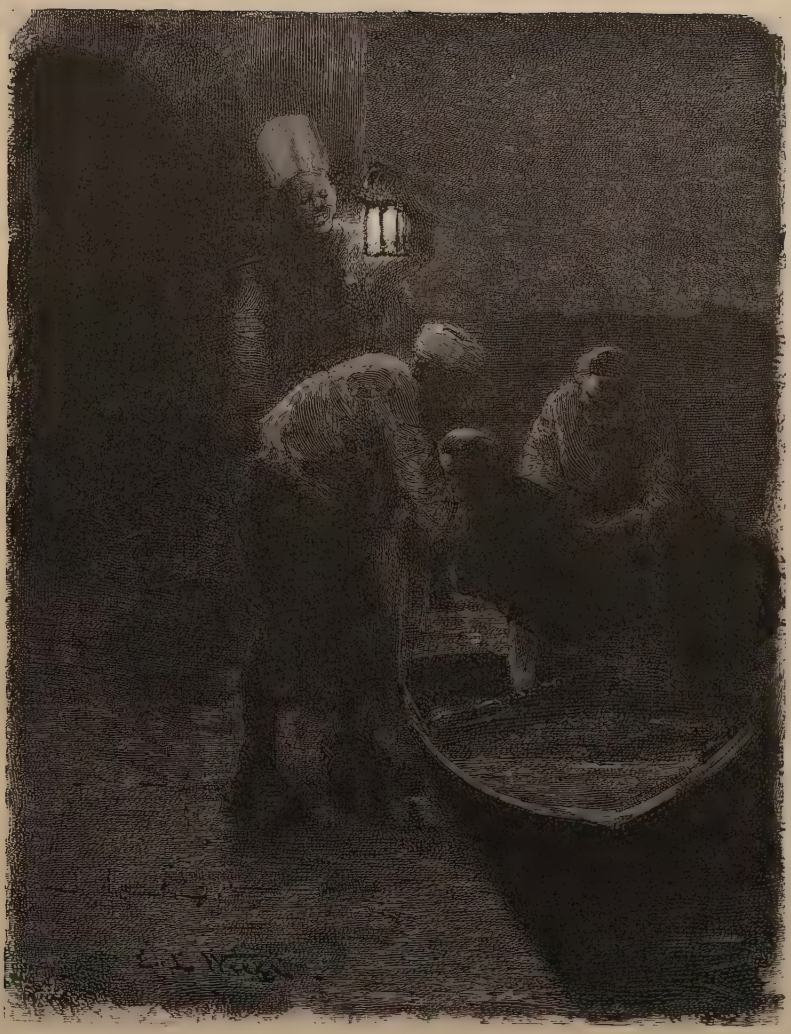
But perhaps the most characteristic view of all, and the most permanently abiding is that of Stamboul in summer when the strong, unwavering light fills every lane and alley and corner from sunrise to sunset, drinking up the shadows as heat dries moisture. Then behind the gilded gratings of Sultan Ahmed's lovely fountain the watermen are ever busy filling the little metal cups from the cool cistern for the thirsty faithful and faithless alike. Then, in the bright shade that is like the sunshine of other cities, the wretched street dogs forget to fight, and lie panting in the heat, trusting that each passer-by may be a merciful Turk, who will step aside rather than disturb them, and not a Greek or an Armenian, who will kick them half across the street rather than go a yard out of his way. Then it is pleasant to wander through the halls and passages of the Top Kapu Serai—in English, the "Cannon Gate Palace"—to spend half an hour in the exquisite little library dreaming over the marvellous portraits of the Sultans, if you are lucky enough to be trusted with the precious parchment pages. Mehemet the Conqueror, Bayezid the Mystic, Suleiman the Magnificent, Ahmed First—he of the six minarets—Mahmud the Reformer, the Slayer of the Janissaries, the introducer of the fez—these and many others have all lived and moved and had their being within the walls of the great rambling old palace, men of many strange and divers passions and ambitions, some of them voluptuous in their tastes beyond a Roman Emperor's dream of luxury, others warlike, simple, and severe, some merciful, some bloodthirsty, all despotic in theory, in fact, or in both. Here are their portraits as they looked in their rich and varied magnificence, turbaned, jewelled, and armed, fierce-looking men most of them, even when there is a trace of effeminacy in their features, for the Sultan is not only the Padishah—The King of Kings—but also the Hunkyar, the "Man Slayer." And at the entrance to the palace, between the gates, there is a dismal little room where the slaying used to be done, where many a Pasha, many a Vizier and many a Minister of State has felt the tough bow-string quietly tightening round his throat, when a few moments earlier he had dreamed of favor and of power. Down by the water's edge, too, there is a little gate about which many stories are told, legendary, perhaps, and certainly not so surely true as the historical facts connected with the Jellad Odasi—the gloomy little room—under Orta Kapu. Tradition says that through that narrow water-gate more than one rebellious beauty of the harem was carried out, sewn in a weighted sack, that her soul might expiate her follies and her body feed the fish of the Bosphorus. If you have a Greek guide, he will assure you, with every appearance of believing the story himself, that it was the custom of the earlier Sultans to torture rich Greeks into confessing the whereabouts of their hidden treasures, and then to consign their mangled remains to the sea by that same gate—a story which finds no corroboration whatever in the charters granted to Christians by the Sultans, and very little, if any, in history as told by the Christians themselves. But as for the ladies of the harem, we know very little about them, though their shadowy eyes and snowy yashmaks seem to pursue us in the still warm air through that vast deserted dwelling—and there are no portraits of them among the illuminated parchment leaves in the quite library.

There is nothing dull or commonplace about shopping or shopkeeping in the East. Every man's shop is much more literally his stronghold than the Eng-

lishman's house is his castle, and every customer's appearance is the signal for a siege. The unconscionable length of time necessary to develop a bargain in Turkey accounts, perhaps, for the perpetual crowd in the bazaar. Whoever wishes to buy anything of which the price is not commonly known and fixed by custom, must return many times to the assault before he gets what he wants. The consequence is that where every customer comes four times instead of once to the shop where he has business, there are four times as many people in the tortuous passages and labyrinthine ways of the bazaar, as should legitimately correspond to the amount of business actually done. The process is certainly cumbrous. When you first see the object for which you are looking, you must be blind, not let your features betray by the least expression that you are interested. Next, you should ask the price of at least one hundred articles in the shop, being careful, however, not to omit the one you need, lest the omission should make the shopkeeper suspect that you want it. You will then send for coffee and say that you have not come to buy anything, but have merely made inquiries out of curiosity. A few days later come, and again ask the prices of several things. On your third visit you may allow yourself to look more closely at what you have long since mentally selected, and to offer the shopkeeper not more than one-third of what he asks. On the fourth day prepare for a final pitched battle. If you do not look unrighteously rich and have not the appearance of being a "tenderfoot," you may consider that you have done fairly well if you pay in the end about two-thirds of what was demanded, especially if you have dealt with a Turk or a Jew, avoiding anything like a Christian as you would shun the plague. But this roundabout process has compensations after all so real as to be almost attractions in themselves. Everything is mysterious in the bazaar and much is beautiful. A walled city within a walled city, and again an almost impregnable fortress within that, cut up in all directions by narrow passages, blind alleys and crossways, the whole being vaulted and roofed, and entirely lighted by countless little domes—a labyrinth Cretan in its complications, and puzzling even to those who inhabit it, crowded by a busy, jostling, motley multitude drawn together from all quarters of the globe, and filled in all its recesses to very overflowing with every production of Western civilization and Eastern art, pervaded throughout its enormous extent to the strange smell of the East, so dear by strangers and so hateful to the exiled European—rich in everything, in life and sound and gorgeous color—the "charshi" of Stamboul stands alone in the whole world as the product of three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa, fused at one busy, central, seething point.

The centre of centres, the safe deposit, the stronghold of the Constantinople merchant, is Bezestan the "Armorer's market." The wealth in this inner sanctum is said to be enormous—coin, precious stones, jewels of all sorts, silken carpets, rich embroideries, gold, weapons, and treasures of Oriental art of every sort, are deposited here in what must seem to an ordinary European a very casual way, in deal boxes more or less strengthened with iron and furnished with by no means burglar-proof locks. And yet nothing is ever stolen from Bezestan. It has heavy gates of its own; it is opened late and closed early, and the merchants and other depositors employ numerous watchmen by night and day, according to a system which is primeval in the East, and to which the West is rapidly approaching. After expending its ingenuity for centuries upon the construction of ingenious locks and bolts and bars, Europe is beginning to understand that approximate safety is only to be found in employing plenty of light and a reliable watchman.

It would be hopeless to attempt anything like a description of the merchandise and antiquities here accumulated for sale. Such a catalogue would fill a hundred volumes, in a place where hardly any two objects are alike. What strikes one is the enormous product of Eastern manual labor, its variety and its artistic beauty, and those facts are more familiar in the West than they were twenty years ago, when no



More than one rebellious beauty of the harem was carried out, sewn in a weighted sack.—Page 727.

average cultivated person could tell by inspection whether a carpet were a Giordes or a Smyrna. But one is tempted to ask whether the world would not be richer and far more beautiful if the countless eyes that pore over "miserable books" and the innumerable fingers whose cherished occupation is to look as though they had none, were employed in producing something useful and yet not machine-made.

Constantinople owes much to the matchless beauty of the three waters which run together beneath its walls, and much of their reputation again has become world-wide by the kaik. It is disputed and disputable whether the Turks copied the Venetian gondola or whether the Venetians imitated the Turkish kaik, but the resemblance between them is so strong as to make it certain that they have a common origin. Take from the gondola the "felse," or hood, and the rostrated stem, and the remainder is practically the kaik. It is of all craft of its size the swiftest, the most easy to handle and the most comfortable, and the Turks are gener-

ally admitted to be the best oarsmen in Europe. Indeed, they have need to be, for both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn are crowded with craft of every kind, and made dangerous by the swiftest of currents. The distances with the ripples and wake of small light craft, dotted brilliantly with color, the bright red fez, the full and snowy shirt of the kaikja, the rich hues of dark velvets trailing over the stern of a private boat here and there among the rest.

Sweet Waters of Asia.—Bosphorus.

too are very great, and such as no ordinary oarsman would undertake for pleasure or for the sake of exercise. It is no joke to pull fifteen or sixteen miles against a stream which in some places runs four or five knots an hour.

The foreigner avoids the kaik when he is alone, because he cannot bargain, and because the only alternative is the society and unceasing chatter of the tormenting guide. But he loses much. It is well worth while to lie back among the cushions opposite the silent oarsmen with no companion but a cigarette, and to be pulled swiftly up the Golden Horn on a Friday afternoon in summer, choosing the hour so that the sun shall be behind the hill just as the kaik sweeps into the broad lagoon beyond the Arsenal. The river broadens and narrows suddenly again and again, streaked with light and shade, and the reflections of the soft green hills, shot Now, as the water widens, there is room for all and they spread like a fan, hastening to be the first at the narrows beyond; and then you are in the throng again, wondering at the boatmen's matchless skill and sometimes at their marvellous good temper. Then under pretty wooden bridges, between low river banks carpeted with turf. Trees grow in little thickset plantations, and in each tiny grove the coffee-seller has his small furnace of live coals, his water-jar and his array of spotless cups. There, in the deep, cool shade, whole families spend the afternoon at rest, the women and children seated together upon the grass, their ferajehs drawn closely round them and their yashmaks carelessly draped around their faces, while the men are grouped by themselves a little apart. As you near the Imperial villa trees grow more closely together and the people are more numerous; Egyptian fiddlers and

DRAWN BY EDWIN L. WEEKS.

Sweet Waters of Europe.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

flute-players fill the evening air with strange Arab melodies, often harsh, sometimes tuneful, but always melancholy. The people talk little among the inevitable, the eternal, the universal cigarette.

And here by the Sweet Waters of Europe, in the pleasant shade and by the

Along the Curbstone.

themselves, and everywhere the voice of the ice-cream vendor rises loudly above other sounds — dondurma kaimak — frozen cream! A little higher the trees are larger still, the crowd is greater. Carriages of all sorts, from the most brilliant equipage to the humblest country cart, are drawn up in long rows. There are booths and tents—you may eat broiled mutton collops with sour cream, or simple ices, or you may drink sherbet and coffee, and everyone smokes cool, flowing water, I will leave you for a space to breathe the gentle Eastern air, to dream out your dream of romance until the shadows deepen to purple, and the silent kaiks drop away down the stream, or if you feel commercially inclined, and have spent your day in the bazaar, to lay deep schemes for the circumvention of Isaac, or Moses, or my dear old friend Marchetto, or of Osman Bey, the honest Turk, in the purchase of the ideal Persian carpet.

AT A NORTH WINDOW.

By Edith M. Thomas.

One morning only of the gradual year
The sunshine on her window-ledge may fall;
Oh, marvel not her heart is full of fear
Lest clouds that morning keep the sun in thrall!

AN UNPUBLISHED WORK OF SCOTT:

PRIVATE LETTERS OF KING JAMES'S REIGN.

INTRODUCTION.

By Andrew Lang.

OME years ago, I chanced to pick up the sixth volume of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and, opening on page 410, read what seemed to be a letter written in the reign of James I., of England. The style entirely took me in, and it was not till I had turned back for a page or two, that I found the letters were of Sir Walter's own composition. Lockhart says that, in 1821, Scott "amused some leisure hours with writing a series of 'Private Letters,' supposed to have been discovered in the repositories of a noble English family, and giving a picture of manners in town and country in the early part of the reign of James I. These letters were printed as fast as he penned them (this, by the way, is not quite accurate), "in a handsome quarto form, and he furnished the margin with a running commentary of notes, drawn up in the character of a disappointed chaplain, a keen Whig, or rather Radical, overflowing on all occasions with spite against monarchy and aristocracy." When seventy-two pages had been printed, Lockhart, Erskine, and James Ballantyne told Scott that he was throwing away, in those letters, the materials of as good a romance as he had ever penned. Scott listened to this advice, and when riding Sibyl Grey one day, and "patting her neck till she danced under him," told Lockhart that "you were all quite right. If the letters had passed for genuine, they would have found favor only with a few musty antiquaries, and if the joke were detected, there was not story enough to carry it off. I shall burn the sheets, and give you gentle King Jamie and all his tail in the old shape, as soon as I can get Captain Goffe within sight of the gallows."

Captain Goffe is a character in "The Pirate," which was Scott's more serious work in fiction, at the time when he conceived the "Letters," for antiquarian amusement. He was generally occupied on two novels at once, in addition to criticism and history. As a consequence of his promise he began "The Fortunes of Nigel," and in a day or two handed the early chapters to Lockhart, who read them to Terry, the actor, on the pleasant green "haugh" beside the Tweed, at Abbotsford.

By the kindness of Mrs. Maxwell Scott I was permitted, when staying at Chiefswood, Lockhart's cottage, to read the one surviving set of sheets on which the "Private Letters" were printed, with the widest of margins. On the final page I found written, in the well-known and pathetic scrawl of Sir Walter's last days, "Send to Press. March, 1831." He therefore contemplated the publication of the fragment, and in a letter written from the continent in his last journey thither, he reminds Lockhart of the "Private Letters," and of Lady Louisa Stuart's share in their composition.

"Another thing of great interest," Scott writes, "requires to be specially mentioned. You may remember a work in which our dear and accomplished friend, Lady Louisa, condescended to take an oar, and which she has handled most admirably. It is a supposed set of extracts relative to James VI., from a collection in James VI.'s time, the costumes admirably preserved, and like the fashionable wigs, more natural than one's own hair. . . . I wrote one or two fragments in the same style, which I wish should, according to orig-

inal intention, appear without a name. . . . The fun is that our excellent friend had forgotten the whole affair till I reminded her of her kindness, and was somewhat inclined, like Lady Teazle, to deny the butler and the coach-horses."

Lady Louisa Stuart, a daughter of Lord Bute, was one of Scott's most intimate friends. She could tell him tales of the old Georgian age, of the Duke of Argyle, Jeanie Deans's Duke, who fought at Sheriffmuir, and who was so devoted to a wife no more beautiful or intellectual than Jeanie Deans herself. In "The Heart of Midlothian" Sir Walter introduces a tricky child, daughter of the Duke, who makes fun of Red John of the Battles in a very amusing manner. This child, Lady Mary Campbell, lived to become a grotesque character as Lady Mary Coke. She was in love with the Duke of York (the Hanoverian Duke, not, of course, the Cardinal), and her passion caused much merriment. She left a large mass of memoirs, to which Lady Louisa Stuart wrote a most entertaining and witty preface, full of old court anecdotes and historical reminiscences. The Preface and Memoirs have lately been printed for private circulation: they are the property of the Earl of Home, and are admirably edited by his brother, the Hon. James Home. This witty Lady Louisa was by far the most entertaining of Scott's correspondents, and she is almost the only one of them who writes to him about his novels. It is understood that her correspondence may be given to the world. I was disinclined to believe that Lady Louisa had really contributed to the "Private Letters," and thought that Sir Walter, in his latest year, might have forgotten and confused the circumstances. But it is never safe to decide that his extraordinary memory, however weakened by many shocks of apoplexy, was really clouded. Lady Louisa herself, it seems, had forgotten, at least temporarily, her share in the "Private Letters." But she was mistaken. In examining Sir Walter's correspondence, Mr. David Douglas, editor and publisher of his "Journal," finds a note from Lady Louisa, of 1821, vaguely dated "Wednesday Evening." Therein she says "Sir Thomas's letter" (the last in the collection) "beats all the rest out of the field, and is so super-excellent that they will never do by its side." This certainly sounds like the modesty of a contributor. She goes on, "I believe it was found in a trunk of Mr. Haliburton's great grandmother's great grandfather"—an ancestor of Scott's—"the ancientry is so well kept up, yet the defence so exactly what such people make at all times." Again, in writing to Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, on June 16, 1821, Scott refers to the "Private Letters," parodying their style. "Pray, my good Lord of Rokeby, be my very gracious good lord, and think of our pirated [private?] Letters. It will be an admirable amusement for you, and I hold you accountable for two or three academical epistles of the period, full of quotations of Greek and Latin, in order to explain what needs no explanation, and fortify sentiments which are indisputable. I pray you to think of this. *I must write to Lady Louisa Stuart for further contributions*, as we are about to go to press in good earnest."

Thus it is certain that Lady Louisa's hand is present in the "Letters," and probable that they were not printed till Sir Thomas's was written; after which Lockhart and Erskine prevailed on Scott to give them up in favor of "Nigel." I am indebted to Mr. Douglas for this confirmation of Scott's own letter to Lockhart, published in his "Journal" (ii., 473). No doubt "Nigel" is better than a wilderness of letters, but a curious reader would have liked both. Even in these fragments one sees traces of novel characters, and of a promising plot. The very editor, the Radical Chaplain, who tries to "blackmail" the noble lord, the son of his old employer, is a new character for Scott. He loved not Radicals, but he made this vindictive and unscrupulous wretch utter censures of old manners and abuses which are correct, though hypocritical. The ancient families which possess stores of unpublished history, know well, by bitter experience, how very untrustworthy Dr. Dryasdust can be. Lady Louisa Stuart gave Scott a curious example of Dr. Dryasdust's

doings with regard to the Marlborough papers, in a letter of great interest. Other cases readily occur to those who are familiar with muniment rooms, and the attics over stables in which the letters of the sixteenth century sometimes repose unread.

As to the story in the "Private Letters," we see that a noble lord has a half-brother to marry; that he desires for him the hand of a ward of the king; that the half-brother, Sir Thomas, has slighted the lady for "her cousin Bess," "the Lady Elizabeth;" that the Royal ward probably prefers some other wooer; that Sir Thomas is a gallant about town, who dines and brawls at ordinaries, like Dalgarno in "Nigel," and who is in love with a mysterious fair Venetian. Here is a very pretty tangle, and about the fair Venetian we are especially curious. Is she mixed up with the plots of Seminary priests, about which warning is given? is she an agent of the "fowle wizard," who keeps the owl suspected by King James, that eminent demonologist, of occasionally walking on all-fours? Priests in hiding, concealed in those "priests' holes," whence Elizabeth's emissaries starved them out, afterward torturing them to death, are picturesque characters. In Scott's hands they would have fared better than under the "Protestant flail" of Charles Kingsley.

All is obscure; we know not how Sir Thomas emerged from prison, how the Royal ward fared, that persecuted lady; what manner of woman the fair Venetian proved to be, or whether the talebearing intriguer ever got the baton. We look for a moment through a window of one of Scott's enchanted palaces: kings take counsel; euphuists scribble; knaves conspire; pretty maidens weep neglected; courtiers whisper of fresh favorites, new stars in the court heaven; darkling Jesuits go about disguised; the companions of Dalgarno ruffle and revel; shields clash; swords shine; and then the curtain falls across the casement, and *nox alta premit.* One is sorry to part with these friends, so swiftly introduced, so strangely embroiled, so full of the magical life with which Scott endowed his least considered creations. But "into the dark go one and all," their deeds unchronicled, even their names as unknown as all of ours will be when a few stormy years have sped, and our memory depends on an unread gravestone or two, or a dusty volume on a dusty stall.

Whether the "Letters" would have deceived antiquarians, the Monkbarnses of to-day may decide. To myself, speaking as a layman, the spelling seems almost too archaic for the age, but Scott knew the age and its manners well, having edited, in 1811, the "Secret History of King James the Sixth." His name does not appear on the title-page of the book, but Lockhart vouches for the fact of his editorship. The fragment needs no longer introduction; it is but a literary curiosity, a waif saved from the wreck of one of Scott's Century of Inventions unfulfilled. But it is a fragment of his prime, not like the novel of "The Siege of Malta," written abroad in 1831–1832, a work of which he cherished high expectations in his indomitable spirit.*

ANDREW LANG.

* Some of the letters have been abridged for the present publication.

PRIVATE LETTERS OF KING JAMES'S REIGN.

By Sir Walter Scott.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE inclosed Extracts were made, several years since, from an uncommonly extensive collection of family papers, in possession of a Nobleman of high rank. They were always designed for Publication at some future period, and, indeed, are to be considered as a specimen of a much larger work. But, from circumstances sufficiently indicated in the Dedication, the Editor is deprived

of the opportunity of gratifying the Public with the dates and names of the parties between whom the letters were exchanged. The Editor was informed, by a learned friend, that one or two of the letters had already appeared in print; but in which of the voluminous productions of this nature that refer to the period, the Editor has been unable to discover. Exclusion from the means of revising the copies by actual comparison with the originals, may have also led to minute errors in spelling, as well as other mistakes of the eye and pen. Upon the whole, however, the Reader may be assured that the transcript is as accurate as the Editor's care would make it, at a time of life when his powers were at the best, and were animated with hopes which have since been cruelly blighted; and, under every imperfection which circumstances have occasioned, the Editor trusts his work will be found worthy the attention of all who are desirous of knowing, from the most accurate sources, the manners and habits of their forefathers.

LONDON, 20th March, 1821.

DEDICATION

TO

THE NOBLE LORD

WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

MY LORD,

It is one amongst the glorious privileges of the British Press, that no difference of rank, or assumption of superiority, can enable him who has done wrong, to escape from the complaints of him by whom wrong has been suffered. The closed door, the "word of denial," insolently uttered by the lacquey, cannot, as yet at least, shield the ear of power from the remonstrances of those who have been treated with injustice.

My own case is well known to your Lordship, in all its bearings; and I have stated and re-stated it, with the idle hope that some recollection of past days, some gleam of returning regard, some awakening respect to the promises made to a father now in his grave, might incline y^r^ Lordship to make good, in a certain degree at least, the natural expectations which these promises excited, and to repair, as far as it can now be repaired, the neglect which has left me to struggle with difficulties in my more advanced age, because I dedicated with unselfish zeal, the best of my youth to your Lordship's service, and to that of y^r^ late honoured Father. Every effort having been made in vain, I have chosen the present mode of compelling y^r^ attention to my situation, aware that it will hardly be agreeable to your Lordship that a *Second Edition* of this Dedication should appear, with the name, rank, and titles, of him whom I have now the honour to address.

The principal motive for the present publication arises from that part of my life (I am sorry to say the best years of it) which was not wholly employed or wasted in y^r^ Lordship's immediate service, during the time of my residence at ——. Your Lordship will please to be informed, in case you should not already know it, that to an excellent library of old authors, y^r^ ancestors added a curious and extensive collection of manuscript correspondence from the time of Elizabeth, when (despite the fables of flattering genealogists) your Lordship's family first rose into eminence, down to that of George I., when the series was discontinued perhaps from motives of safety; for your Lordship has not the honour (if it is one) to be the first of y^r^ house, who entertained Tory principles. From this large mass, to which the liberality of the late Lord . . . . permitted me free access, I made liberal and accurate extracts, with a view of one day giving to the Public documents, which, in my opinion, go as far as any which have yet appeared, to enable us to form a real and unbiassed opinion of the manners, habits, and sentiments of English persons of rank, during the seventeenth century. I have reason to think my intention was known to and approved by my late Lord; at least thus far, that when I spoke of the deep interest which was likely to be excited by such a publication, he always expressed himself to the same purpose.

It would therefore be, in any ordinary case, unnecessary to vindicate myself from any charge of breach of trust, or abuse of opportunity, while availing myself of the fruit of many days' labour,

in a manner which must produce to the Public such a stock of additional and interesting information. Yet, I must say a few words more in my own vindication, since the most innocent opinions, and the most laudable actions of my life, I mean, the ardour of my political sentiments, and the manner in which I have been occasionally obliged to sustain them, have been objected to me as causes for obstructing my progress in society.

I would, therefore, in the first place, point out to your Lordship, that I have selected my specimen of the correspondence of the family of ——, chiefly from the time of James I., although some Letters may have been written during the early part of the reign of his misguided son. At so distant a period, my Lord, I do not apprehend your feelings of family honour can be acutely interested in behalf of your noble ancestry, however you might feel, had I lifted the veil which covers the proceedings in a certain great divorce case, during the reign of Charles II. But, farther, I have carefully omitted in the following publication, every thing in these letters which could point out the names of the persons by whom they were written, so that it will rest with your Lordship's prudence whether these particulars are ever known to the Public. A Sacrifice this was, my Lord, and to me no slight one; since it affected those circumstances which went to prove, in the most satisfactory manner, the authenticity of the records from which I have made the following extracts. The same desire to avoid unnecessary disclosure, prevents my attaching to this Dedication the name of the person who now addresses you— a name, my Lord, which would at least carry with it warrant that he who owns it is incapable of deceit or dishonour, but which must now be concealed, since, to mention it, would be to reveal that of your Lordship.

The absence of these natural warrants for the authenticity of the following Extracts, will, however, prove of the less consequence, as the internal evidence of the correspondence must be of itself perfectly satisfactory to all who have given themselves the trouble to consider the style and manners of the seventeenth century. And to this consideration must be added the probability, that circumstances may happen to induce, or rather to oblige, me to raise the veil which I have for the present dropped over the names and dignities of the correspondents whom the following pages introduce to the reader. In the mean while, I think it necessary to preserve silence on these topics, in order to obviate the blame which might otherwise be imputed to me, however unjustly, as having betrayed the family secrets of the patron (such I believe is the word used on the like occasions) with whom I once dwelt. In truth, if I know an accusation from which my nature recoils more indignantly than another, it is that which might ascribe to me anything approaching to breach of confidence; and rather than be the individual against whom such a charge could be made with justice, I would chuse to be the man who could break asunder and cast from him the bonds of early friendship, or even he who was capable of neglecting the wishes of a deceased father.

I am, my Lord, with such sentiments as must necessarily arise out of the mingled recollection of former days, and of the present,

Your Lordship's most obedient
Humble servant,
J. H.

LETTER I.

TO A NOBLEMAN FROM HIS KINSMAN & AGENT AT COURT.

Good My Lord,

If I fulfill not to the letre everie particular whereof you give direction, thincke not that I seeke to spare myne owne paynes, or be growne a slugge in your service. Rather would I overshoote the marke in what so ever appertayneth to the same, thanne let the shafte drop mid-waie for defaulte of vigorous handlynge of my bowe. Yet, true it is, I have not gone agayne whither you would have me goe, nor am I yet mynded to obeie you therinne. I praie you, unto what ende should it serve? Her teares, lamentes, and entreatyes would be renewed, & soe would my perplexi-

tie, in coyneinge sorrie excuses; and alle would againe be atte a stande stille. Did I knowe of a suretie that we were the strongeste, this fayre antagoniste might be encowntered in another fashion. A fewe stowte wordes, roundely uttered, might worke more upon her waywardness, than such smooth faininge as we have perforce employed hithertoe, and with small goode effect. But saie that I arme my tongue with threttes of the Lyone's wrath, and she see not the Lyon looke grimme, nor lashe his tayle, then were we well holpen, and I most like unto a cur, who grinneth to affraye simple shepe, but hath no sharpnesse of toothe to serve his turn for a lustie bite.* I confesse me muche oute of haste respectinge this *negotium*. In especialtie, I mislike greatlie of the laconike answere you have drawne from my anciente Lorde, Reynard the astucious. None so watcheth the bloweinge of the courte windes as he doeth; and, by my faythe, he would have eaten his penne, even unto chokinge therewithall, or ever he had used so peremptorie phrase, unlesse he conceived of some great ones that they were contrarious to your desires. I would you gave me license to beate the bushe with old Wonthrop touchinge those bondes. Should the tide turne crosselye, I knowe but this; that an if youre lordshippe could withdrawe youre owne handes oute of his nette, it were the safest course to castle on the other side of the borde, and leave caringe for the *knyghte*.† Else you riske youre whole game for one piece, and, with your good pardon, one that evermore *moveth askewe*.

Yet, *desperare de republica* is not my wonte. We maie lighte in firme grounde, and on our feete still. But the likelyhode or unlikelyhode of our soe doeinge is not to be knowne quicklie, synce there is such a stirre at present, that the mightier men of the erthe can at no hand be brought to treate of anie private matter, either for friende or foe. A proclamatione is this daie made agaynste Popish recusants, and the counsayle sate long and late yesterdaie; the cause bruited to be advices privilie come from Sir Charles Cornwallis, he who went leiger intoe Spayne. Men saie that he hath discovered a practice of great dangere *to four hundred and twenty-nine*, betweene certaine religioners at Madrid, and some of oure runawayes there refuged, Irish and other suche.‡ It is verie like to be true; for one who hath familiaritie with M^r^ Secretarie, did entruste me with thus much three months agone, that the Lord Ambassadore wrote of these fugitive traytores, as workinge some subtile mischeefe under grounde. Dothe your Lordshippe aske, what more is saide? As well maie you, how many birdes bete theire winges in the aire. . . . Your Lordshippe's concernes drawe me backe to them. Leaving Sir Thomas to unthredde alone the clew which his wille fullenesse hath wounde for himselfe, were it not good that you should bethincke you of him who is neerer to you than a brother, and albeit a striplinge, yet now of yeeres to be matched, so as it could be ordered with advantage? M^r^ Richard Broune, an honeste gentleman, and true to you, hath held some distante speeche with me of a Wiltshire knighte, now in London, who hath a faire estate, well timbered, worthe better than £500, of yeerly rente. His yonge daughter it's sole heyre. She shall soone be twelve yeeres olde, and he purposed not to match her till she should enter her fourteenth yeere, but he being dropsical, and lookinge for no longe life, and some having possessed§ him that an Erle, his neighboure (one known

* The Lyon appears to be gentle King Jamie.

† Circumstances afterwards shew this knight to be a brother uterine of the Noble Lord for whom it was the object to obtain a rich match.

‡ "Four Hundred and Twenty-nine" is doubtless King James.

§ Notwithstanding the coarse and careless manner in which these particulars are stated by the unfeeling writer, what an affecting picture do they present to the eye of sensibility. The venerable father attacked by a mortal disease, trembles for the fate of his lovely daughter, as yet only an innocent child. To whose charge shall he commit this treasure? Whom can he depute to shield the tender bud from injury, until, ripened into a beauteous flower, it may be gathered by the hand of virtuous love, and sheltered in the bosom of manly sincerity? Shall he place her under the control of her pious aunt? Shall he intrust the wisest and worthiest of his male relatives with the management of her property? Alas! That posthumous authority which God and nature vested in his hands, tyranny, feudal tyranny, has taken away, his darling child is to be the ward of a callous stranger, called *the King*. The contemptible James, the crafty Salisbury, must become the arbiters of her destiny; and from his bed of sickness he already beholds the rapacious courtier, to whom they have consigned her, hovering like a vulture, in readiness to snatch his prey, as soon as death shall dismiss her sole protecter to the tomb. Thus does arbitrary power, pursuing us even into those domestic recesses which it might be supposed least able to penetrate, canker the root of private, while

unto you), lyeth in waite for her wardshippe, nay, hath obtained *forty-three's* promise it shall be his; the good sire sweareth he will marry her out of hande, although it were to the hynde that holdeth one of his plows. She hath been bredde by an aunte, a widowe, whom three husbandes have abundantly joyntured. The firste was a rich citizen of Aldgate, from whom she had money and moveables. Broune speaketh of her as somewhat of a puritan and very penurious. He doubteth that she will not unloose her purse-strings while living; but when Atropos shall at once cutte her thredde, and the knotte which fasteneth them, the damsel, like unto Danae, maye receive in her lappe a showre of golde. The father is of anncient blood, else I had closed the colloquie by a brief nay; although you shall scarce finde one amongste youre peeres,* with a son of fourteene, who would stande upon that nicetie, when such a partie did presente itselfe.

I beseech youre Lordshippe, if all this be as Broune recounteth, catch fortune by the forelocke which she proffereth you. It shall be my care to examine into it strictlie; wherefore I trust you will send me your commandes speedilie, and by a speciall messenger. Broune can brynge me to the father at an howre's warninge, for he lyeth not far off. Till I learn youre farther pleasure hereupon, I reste

Your dutiful and most loving kinsman.

LETTER II.

TO A NOBLEMAN FROM A FRIEND, REFUSING TO INTERFERE IN A MATRIMONIAL NEGOTIATION.

My Esteemed Lord & verie goode Friende,

I was verie much honoured by youre letre, of the 18th instannte. My poor servisses, you neede entertayne noe doubte, are at all seasones youres to comannde; but touchinge this present affayre I see notte aughte I canne doe thereinn, my yonge cozenne Moll being no waie at my disposynge. She is the Kingge's warde, and notte mine; what smalle dutie she oweth to me, she maie withholde if she liste; wherefore am I loath to clayme itt, or to assayle her with my perswasionnes. Those of your noble self, as more eloquente thanne anie my scantie witte could frame, soe are they like to be crouned with better successe. Itte maie well have fallen out as you saie, for these yonge silly wenches be moste times fickle, but whomsoever she nowe affecteth or avoideth, thinke you she will poure her love-secrettes intoe the dull eares of soe grey a head as mine? My Lorde, I am a plaine man. Thus it standeth to my simple comprehensioun. If the Kynge's hyghnesse affectionate the cause, and wille that she espouse youre brothere, what neede is there of my intermedelinge? Saving the reverence due (which so homely a phraise maie seem to impugne), his Majestie knoweth howe to butter his bredde without my helpe; he lacketh notte means to effecte his royalle purpose, and that right speedilie, as canne be wished. But an if he will otherwaies, I trow medelinge maie prove a tycklishe game for those who plaie thereatte, and I choose notte to be of theyre companie. I had three monthes strait lodginges in the Towre, in the old Queene's time, for that my father was inwarde with my Lorde of Westmorelande, although, God knows, neither hee nor I partoke of his treasone.† My stomacke serveth me notte to return thyther at threescore and twelve. With hartie praiers for youre Lordshippe's healthe and prosperousnesse,

I remayne.

LETTER III.

FROM A KINSMAN TO A NOBLEMAN ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

My verie Good Lord,

My heartie commendatiounes being first premised, I have to informe you,

it subverts the foundations of public, felicity. Yet a poet (but *be it observed a Tory poet*) did not blush to exclaim,

—— "How small of human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!!!"

* The assertion (or admission) here made by my Lord's obsequious kinsman, will strike the reader as *naïve*, but was probably founded in strict truth. If the nobility of that age could so easily sacrifice at the shrine of interest their favourite chimera, family pride, what (may we ask) was the fate of good faith, honesty, and honour, still greater chimeras in their estimation, and rarely the favourites of nobility in any age—*unless perhaps the present?*

† "The old Queene" is Elizabeth.

that of the suite which Suncote pursuethe against your Lordship's interest's, more of zele than discretioun, it is naught; and, with righte handling, will so be founde. Alweyes, it is sertain, there be those who hold him in hande with fair promises, that they wille do this and thate, but what then? Your Lordship is wise, and well knoweth he that goeth to court with his purse in his hand, shall lacke no such fair-weather friendship in words, when, in effect, it shall prove in verie dede moonshine in the water. Mean time, it is a world to see how this bruite of a war hath stirred up the hot bloodes both in court and citie, and how you shall see him ramping as if wer come of new from a foughten felde, and him bridling, as if his fote had stode but now on the necke of his overthrown enemy; whereas the most dangerous adversary of the one, hathe bene the pore meeke citizen, whom he thrusteth to the walle, and the best triumphe of the other hath bene over the woodcocke, which he kervith at his ordinarie. Natheless we are for buffe and bandelier, alle perchance excepting one, who, it may be, had enoughe of such bandying (if Scottis tongs speak truth) before his eyes opened on the daylight.*

And albeit that a sertain person, who wolde, of his goode wille, be thought to do muche, and who, in verie dede, doethe not a little, may something inflame this warlike humour; yet I promise you, he hathe been taken up sharplie with a *Bellum inexpertis dulce*, or such like pithee program, as hath prooved a cooling julap to an over-hotte liver. This for your Lordshippe's owne ear, for it is no part of prudence to spread sich tydings. Another tale there was, but I accompte it less to be rested upon; albeit Harie swears it for a truth; yet Harie's oath lying a-pawn upon such a mater, may not be so redely redeemed as wolde be his newly broidered glove; wel my lord, Harie sayeth, that when yonder stout westerne Knighte cam into the presense, having his broidered buffcote, and his pickavant bootes, with his cokfether in his cap, and al his other choice peces, as befitteth him that wolde be a litel Mars, and specially his sworde and poignado, with his pistolets at his belt; which wer the harder to digest than alle, for burnt children — (your Lordship wotteth well the proverbe), and so swaggerethe he, a pretie pece of armed pageantrie, God wot. Now Harie taketh it on his deth or life, that the best in the presens should have seyed to him roundlie, "Sir, ye be prettely armed and mand; and ye wer as well victuald, ye might holde out agaynst an Almain sege."† For the Northerne flete, be sure they followe him that hathe the lighte in the poope, though with a lower seyle than in Somerset's daies. If the talk be of pece, you shal see them as mim as maydens, shoting of their pellets of Latin againste them wolde breke God's quiet and the Kinges; and if the speche agayne be of war, tush! ech one of them will bring as many men as should wey up the Palatinate, were it sunk in the salte se; it were an esy purchace for a Scotte. Many thinke an your Lordship will keep counseyle, theyre be enow of them here alredy for the gode wille that they bere to us. But I will not say that so thinkethe your Lordship's pore and bounden servaunte, &c.

* The allusion seems to be to the murder of Rizzio, while James was yet unborn.—J. H.

LETTER IV.

FROM A COURTIER TO THE SAME NOBLEMAN.

[This letter is labelled on the back, "Ane pratie allegorie of court mutationes," and does not bear on the story: it is therefore omitted.]

LETTER V.

J. H. (*i.e.* JENKIN HARMAN,)‡ TO LORD ——.

RYGHTE HONOURABLE,

With thankfullnesse I acknowledge your moste wellcome lettere, whyche

† Scott introduces this anecdote in The Fortunes of Nigel.

‡ The same person who writes Letters I. and III., although this and others are in a somewhat larger hand, and subscribed with initials, the two former being unauthenticated by any signature. [This J. H. is not the chaplain editor of the same initials.]

I gotte yesterdie, bye the handes of Harrie Jeffes, who speaketh cheerilie of youre healthe, as muche amended synce you beganne agayne to use the plesante sporte of haukinge. I would I were a partaker thereinne, for I have by noe meanes forgotten myne olde delighte in fauconrie. Well! I maie live to flie another hauke yette on the browe of Okesmoore, if God soe will, and your Lordshippe withdrawe not youre favoure. I knowe notte well whether to saie here, or place inne a *post scriptum*, that your knave Harye soughte discourse with mee of his owne concernmentes.

Hee conceiteth himselfe to be more fitte for a yeomanne of the butterye thanne a simple lackey, and pledethe his mothere's good service to my yonge Lorde. But I tolde him verie flattlie, that youre heyre's having sucked her mylke, colde avayle him nothinge, seeinge hee was not youre heyre's foster-brother; wherefore I willed him to mynde his proper busynesse, and leave aspyringe. I used the sharper speeche, because he muttered somewhat of Master Steward bearing him enmities; and surelie for a score of poundes woulde notte I upholde anie manne agaynste M^r^ Davies, thanne whom I opine no graver or faithfuller major-domo ever guided a noblemanne's householde. Never the lesse I make bolde to mentionne Harrie's desire, that youre Lorshippe maie doe your pleasure. In faithe, I beleeve him as well conditioned as moste; and he showed himselfe a talle fellowe in the fray, when the Cornish theeves sette upone youre sumpter-horses, laste Candlemasse was three yeeres. Good Lorde! What a scryblinge is here, and no worde yette to the poynte! I perceive that your honoure is notte greatly moved by the laste tydinges I wrote you; the clew givene to alle thatte sadnesse and straungnesse by the waiting-gentlewoman whom I emploied youre golde angels to converte intoe oure goode angel and trustie spie. You saie you care lytle for the hotte suit makeinge by the younger gallante, or for the leaninge of the ladie's fancy his waie. It is true, *varium et mutabile semper femina*, as syngeth the frende of our schole daies, worthie Vergilius, and as alle shalle have cause to synge or saie, who place dependance onne the unstable faithe of womanne. What then? The landes of her heritage shall continue *semper eadem*, while it plesethe God: the fatte acres of the vale of Eveshame, as your Lordshippe wittilie observethe, they shifte notte nor turne, neither are they prone to choler or shrewishnesse. He wolde be somewhat lesse thanne wise, who loosed his holde on them for a ladye's wepinge, haply without her justly knowinge why; I counsail not soe; if his Majestie stannde firme, she must give waie at lengthe, will she, nill she, and I warrant me she shall doe it gladlie, so but youre brothere plaie notte false to his owne cause. But, my Lorde, what can all the backinge of alle youre frendes upon erthe doe for him, who stirrethe notte a finger to helpe himselfe? Peradventure my wordes maie be thoughte playner thanne becominge; but now thatte I knowe of youre suretyshippe (the whiche I suspected notte heretofore), and howe that Sir Thomas's dettes* maie one daie presse heavilie upon youre honourable selfe, in verie dede itte makethe me madde with him.

He came not once to the courte duringe the holydaies, neither sente he tokenne or new yeere's gyfts to his fayre mistresse. Marry, from his rivalle there came a riche golde chayne, yea and a goodlie ruffe and kerchief for her gentlewomane, which itte coste me sundrie more angels to counterpoyse; else we had spedde alle the worse. His yonge Lordshippe went uppe to the banquet on Twelfth night extraordinarily brave, wearing her coloures. No offence takenne thereatte. One whom it were discreteste to leeve unnamed, comended his apparelle, and sware he was a promisinge youthe. My Lorde, there be

* Here we see unveiled the real source of this noble Lord's fraternal solicitude. His *honourable* self, it seems, might ultimately suffer some inconvenience, if the most infamous abuse of power in the despot, and every nefarious art of intrigue in the courtier, should fail (as it is much to be feared they did not) in forcing their victim, an amiable and interesting young female, to become the unwilling wife of his profligate brother. Such are kings and nobles.—We beg a thousand pardons—such they *were*, before they attained their present height of purity and virtue. Without disputing the perfections *now so visible* in both these illustrious classes, let us, however, entreat the partisans of aristocracy and arbitrary dominion to contemplate the state of society brought before our eyes in this letter. Possibly they will admire it; if so, we have no more to say.—Ed.

more cattle besyde wymmenne given to change. Meanwhile, menne talke loudlie of the fayre Venetian; those loudeste, assure yourselfe, who are coldeste in their love to you. I harde that att Mr Vice-chamberlain's, a Lorde Spiritualle shoulde saie he liked ille of such a scandalle within his diocese. Whereupon a Lorde Temporalle (you guesse the parties), takinge uppe youre brother's defence, belike in the fashion that holie Job's visitores toke uppe his comforte. – "Tush, tush!" quoth he, "calle it notte scandalle, it will prove honestie; the good knyghte meaneth to wedde his Venetian."—"Howe! wedde a Papiste!" quoth againe the Reverende, "Truly thenne I thincke the council should looke to the matter." See you whither this tendeth? *Non obstante*, these be but vayne and malitious bruites: I holde him farre enowe from anie purpose matrimonialle. Howbeit the Segniora hath newe tyres dayly at his coste; and Winthrop the goldsmith told me of his chafferinge for certaine stringes of perle; but the jewelle-merchaunt stood oute for paiement on the naile—the monies were lackinge, which the olde fellowe woulde not lende, and soe there was one follye the lesse. Touchinge olde Winthrop, he doth indede give his daughter Nell to the base sonne of our cozen, Sir Jerome, who is well pleased therewith. Howe he hath pleased or appeased the usurer, he beste knowethe. . . .

Your Lordshippe's moste bounden kinsmanne,
And humble servant til dethe,
J. H.

LETTER VI.

SIR THOMAS ——, TO A LADY.

[This is an example of euphuism in Sir Percy Shafto's vein, and is omitted.]

LETTER VII.

A COURTIER TO THE SAME NOBLEMAN.

[Respects certain Popish seminary priests.]

RIGHTE HONOURABLE AND WORTHIE LORDE,

My dutie humbly remembered, I am commanded of the Lorde Treasurer to imparte unto youre Lordship somewhat wherin you may doe goode service unto the King oure Soverain, and in soe doinge to what is one with his Majestie, the state. But firste, he praieth you, as his lovinge frende, to pardon him in that he is not his owne scribe; he hath beene sore sicke, and still keepeth his chamber, wherefore he must needes emploie another hande; and of that which he soe graceth, I can truely say, if many mighte be founde skillefuller, yet none more faithfulle. I come untoe the matter.—The Kinge's Majestie and his Counsayle have been oft-times advertized by the Lord Ambassador Cornwallis, of divers Romische preestes and Jesuittes lyeinge lurkinge within this realme, some harboured by evilly affected persons adheringe to the same idolatrous creede,—some cunningelie disguised to delude and decoie the poorer sorte; all holdinge constante commerce by letter or message with Walpole, Creswel, and the reste of those vipers refuged in Spayne: the danger of whose practises it were spendinge vayne breath to insiste upon. The Ambassador being thus vigilante, soe have the Lordes here, in especialtie my Lord Treasurer, been nothing slacke in following the scente whereon his advices put them, but pursued it in such sorte as they have tracked the vermine to their earths and cavernes, and obtained full knowledge, both of the men and their several hidinge-places. Three of these pestilente fellowes, Jesuittes professed, abide for the present in your Lordship's countie; two of the three in youre neere neiborhoode, under the roofe of a certayn Popish Lorde, whose name you will incontinentlie hit of; the thirde dwelleth cheeflie in the market-towne of ——, but disgresseth manie times to the villages arounde, being had in much esteeme by that simple folke, as skilled to cure ailmentes of man and beaste. His true name is John Rycote; but he calleth himself Roger Marston. He was borne in Devonshire, of Romishe parentes, was earlie sent to Spayne, and thence to Italie, where he entered into the Jesuittes' College at Rome. His age is upon forty-three, his stature tall, his face well favoured, his demeanour grave and sad. He hath blacke

eyes, verie piercinge, a swarthie complexion, a beard beginning to grizzle. He is reputed learned beyonde moste, hath the tongues, and doth indeed knowe herbes medicinall, and some secrets of alchemy. The resortt unto him is the greater, for that he hath likewise the name of dealing in arte magicke, and is said to foretell the future. —Whether this be a device (as theie put on alle shapes to worke mischiefe,) or whether Beelzebub do verilie visitte suche his apteste instrumentes, is not for me to pronounce upon. The said John (or Roger) delighteth much in dumbe creatures, tameth birdes, hath ever a smalle dogge at his heeles, and fostereth a strange forayne owle, with huge eyes, of a singular brightenesse, whom he feedeth himselfe, and hath rendered familiar, on whom the silly lowtes gaze verie admiringlie. He is not seene to frequente the Lorde youre neibor his house ; but no question he and his brethren have a good understandinge.

One of these, called Ralph Holroyde, is a Yorkshire man by birthe, some fiftie-eight yeeres olde, of a middle size, thin and spare of body, pale and meger of aspecte, his eyes blue, his nose long, his beard white, his teeth fewe in number. He goeth meanlie clad ; looketh evermore downewardes, bearinge himselfe, verie humblie, and speakinge in a softe lowe voice. You woulde thinke him made little accounte of, as a poore scholar who teacheth the children Latin and to write, for his dailie meate. The domestikes set him at noughte—the Lorde & Ladie scarcelie note that he crepeth up and downe theire house ; yet is this all a coloure ; he ruleth everie one therein, as he were an abbot or a pope, and none of his order busier or more craftie than he. The other goeth by the name of Tim (or Timothee) Barnes, & is of Kent. That fowle traytor Walpole sente him hither two yeeres ago, with especiall commendations, his chosen & picked discipile. Him they cherishe more openlie, entertayneing him for theire foole. His yeeres passe not twenty-five ; he is short, thicke in the shoulders and legges, hath greie eyes (one whereof looketh aslaunt), red eye-browes and bearde, large teeth, which his upper lippe covereth but scantilie, he weareth false haire, of a sandy hue, under his foole's cappe. He goeth freely into the village, makinge mirthe with the clownes, of whom he is well liked ; for he is of a jesteinge spirit by nature, therefore doethe his foolinge wittilie, usinge apishe gestures, utteringe bitinge wordes, and joininge in whatever sporte they moste favour. He carrowzeth likewise with the serving-men, soe as to be not seldom overseene in drincke, or at the leaste soe to appeare. For even *in vino* may not dwell *veritas* with these false knaves. And, maugres these toyes and showes of merriment and foolerie, you shall not find a more shrewd and subtle one in all that preestehoode of Ball, nor one who more copieth his master the Devil in seekinge whose sowle he may devoure.

It hath been much canvassed in the Counsayle what course shall be taken with these men. My Lorde had well nigh resolved upon having them forthwith apprehended, and dealt with by lawe ; in which case the Right Honourable, who harboureth Holroyde and Barnes, mighte not have escaped a full taste of the Tower fare, together with such physicke as the Star Chamber mighte afterwardes administer. But there be those at Courte, who, for neerenesse of kin and other respectes, doe incline to him (I hope not to his religion alsoe). In fine, the Kinge's Majestie, who, as he is higheste, so is he wiseste, hath stayed any open proceedinge, and willeth that some noble person, of approved loyaltie and discretion, be secretlie commissioned to watch over these caitiffes, whereby, he thinketh, theire deepeste designes shall be detected, and discoverie made of their consortes at home and abroade. Thereupon, my Lorde Treasurer straighteway nameth youre Lordship (as indeede who shall exceede you either in discretion or loyaltie ?), and his Majestie is no slower in giving way to it, saying, "Troth, man, ye have nicked it—it is he who shall serve oure turne." Touching Rycote, or Marston, his Majestie would have him looked to yet more jealouslie than the reste. Soe godlie a prince is this of ours, as he holdeth un-

lawful and devilishe artes in greater abhorrence than treasone itselfe, although it endanger his sacred person; and he seeth much likelyhoode, that one thus forsaken of truth, and solde unto wickednesse, should have betaken him to sorcerie, as the rumoure goeth. His Majestie misliketh greatlie of the owle; for he saith, that the impes or familiares of these damnable witches, use to take strange shapes of birde or beaste. He chargeth you to have this matter carefully sifted, and prudent men, well travelled in discoverie of witch-crafte, set privilie to marke whether the owle carrie itselfe at alle poyntes like unto an ordinarie owle?—whether it looke kindlie on the dogge, or flie at him fiercelie?—whether, when it spreddeth wide its winges, there appeare blacke spottes hidden beneathe?—whether Marston speake unto it in unknown tongues, as if conjuringe?—whether he signe to it with any rodde or sticke in semblance of a wande?—and, cheefelie, whether it doth ever sodainlie adopte some other forme? For, were his Majestie certified of its having once walked upon fowre legges, this would go neere to remove alle uncertaintie, and he should deem it sin to let the fowle wisarde be a day longer at large, or many daies without reapinge his rewarde at the stake. Yet seeing that evil spirittes do ofteneste appeare as dogges and cattes, he would have good heede taken of the dogge also, and note whether it ever seeme to straye from home, following anciente women of doubtefull reporte, on whom lyeth some suspicion in this kind. He would likewise knowe whether Marston frequent any such, under pretence of visiting them in sickenesse, or other colour which may shadowe their meetinge for devilishe endes? . . .

With my dutie as above-said, and very heartie commendationes from my Lorde, I am youre Lordship's

Poor servante to commande.

LETTER VIII.

J. H. TO THE SAME NOBLEMAN.

[J. H. fails in a delicate mission to the ward sought by Sir Thomas.]

LETTER IX.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.*

My Lord,

Touching this new mishappe of Sir Thomas, whereof youre Lordshippe makes querie of me, I wold hartilie that I could, truth and my bounden dutie alweyes firste satisfied, make suche answer as were fullie pleasaunte to me to write, or unto your Lordshippe to reade. But what remedy? young men will have stirring bloodes; & the courtier-like gallants of the time will be gamesome & dangerous, as they have bene in dayes past. I thinke your Lordshippe is so wise, as to caste one eye backe to your own more juvenile time, whilest you looke forwarde with the other upon this mischaunce, which, upon my lyfe, will be founde to be no otherwise harmful to Sir Thomas than as it shews him an hastie Hotspur of the day, suddenlie checking at whatsoever may seem to smirche his honour. As I am a trew man, and your Lordship's poore kinsman & bounden servant, I think ther lives not a gentleman more trew to his friends than Sir Thomas; and although ye be but brothers uterine, yet so dearly doth he holde your favour, that his father, were the gode Knight alyve, should not have more swaye with him than shall your Lordship.—And, also, it is no kindly part to sow discorde betwene brethrene; for, as the holy Psalmist saythe, "*Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum.*" And moreover, it nedes not to tell your Lordshippe, that Sir Thomas is suddene in his anger,—and it was but on Wednesday last that he said to me, with moche distemperature,—Master Jenkin, I be tolde that ye meddle and make betwene me and my Lorde my brother; wherfore, take this for feyre warninge, that when I shall fynde you so dooying, I will incontinent put my dager to the hilte in you:—and this was spoken with all ernestness of visage & actioun, grasping of his poinard's handle, as one who wolde presentlie make his words good. Surely, my Lord, it is not fair carriage towarde youre pore kinsman, if anie out of your house make such re-

* This is the letter printed in Lockhart's Life.

ports of me, and of that which I have written to you in sympleness of herte, and in obedience to your commandemente, which is my law on this matter. Truely, my Lord, I wolde this was well looked to—otherweys my rewarde for trew service might be to handsell with my herte's blode the steel of a Milan poignado. Natheles, I will procede with my mater, fal back fal edge, trustyng all utterly in the singleness of my integritie, and in your Lordshippe's discretioun. My Lorde, the braule which hath befallen chaunced this waye, and not otherwise. It hap'd, that one Raines, the master of the ordinarie where his honour Sir Thomas eteth well nie dailie (when he is not in attendance at Courte, wherein he is perchance more slack than were wise), shoulde assemble some of the beste who haunte his house, havyng diet ther for money. The purpose, as shewn forthe, was to tast a new piece of choice wyne, and ther Sir Thomas must nedes be, or the purpos holdes not, and the Alicant becometh Bastard.

Wel, my Lorde, dice ther wer and music, lustie helthes and dizzie braines, —some saye fair ladyes also, of which I know nought; save that suche cockatrices hatch wher such cockes of the game do haunt. Alweys ther was revel and wassail enow and to spare. Now it chaunced, that whilst one Dutton, of Graie's Inn, an Essex man, held the dice, Sir Thomas fillethe a fulle carouse to the helth of the fair Ladie Elizabeth. Trulie, my Lorde, I cannot blame his devotioun to so fair a Saint, though I may wish the chapel for his adoration had been better chosen, and the companie more suitable; *sed respice finem.* The pledge being given, and alle men on foote, aye, and some on knee, to drink the same, young Philip Darcy, a near kinsman of my Lorde's, or so callyng himselfe, takes on him to check at the helthe, askyng Sir Thomas if he were willinge to drink the same in a Venetian glasse? the mening of which hard sentence your Lordshippe shal esilie construe. Whereupon Sir Thomas, your Lordshippe's brother, somewhat shrewishlie demanded whether that were his game or his ernest; to which demaunde the uther answers recklessly as he that wolde not be browbeaten, that Sir Thomas might take it for game or ernest as him listed. Whereupon youre Lordshippe's brother, throwing down withal the woodcocke's bill, with which, as the fashioun goes, he was picking his teeth, answerd redily, he cared not that for his game or ernest, for that neither were worth a bean. A small matter this to make such a storie, for presentlie young Darcy up with the wine-pot in which they had assaid the freshe hogshede, and heveth it at Sir Thomas, which vessel missing of the mark it was aym'd at, encountreth the hede of Master Dutton, when the outside of the flaggon did that which peradventure the inside had accomplish'd somewhat later in the evening, and stretcheth him on the flore; and then the crie arose, and you might see twenty swords oute at once, and none rightly knowing wherefor. And the groomes and valets, who waited in the street; and in the kitchen, and who, as seldom failes, had been as besy with the beer as their masters with the wine, presentlie fell at odds, and betoke themselves to their weapones; so ther was bouncing of bucklers, and bandying of blades instede of clattering of quart pottles, and chiming of harpis and fiddles.

At length comes the wache, and, as oft happens in the like affraies, alle men join ageynst them, and they are beten bak: An honest man, David Booth, constable of the night, and a chandler by trade, is sorely hurt. The crie rises of Prentices, prentices, Clubs, clubs; for word went that the Court-gallants and the Graie's-Inn had murther'd a citizen; alle menne take the street, and the whole ward of * is uppe, none well knowing why.

Menewhile our gallants had the lucke and sense to disperse their company, some getting them into the Temple, the gates whereof were presentlie shut to prevent pursuite I warrant, and some taking boat as they might; water thus saving whom wyne hath endaunger'd. The Alderman of the ward, worthy Master Dauvelt, with Master Deputy, & others of repute, bestow'd themselves not a litel to compose the tumult, & so

* The name of the ward illegible in the MS.

al past over for the evening. My Lord, this is the hole of the mater, so far as my ernest and anxious serch had therein, as well for the sake of my blode-relation to your honourable house, as frome affectioun to my Kinsman Sir Thomas, and especiallie in obedience to your humble and regarded commandes. As for other offence given by Sir Thomas, whereof idle bruites are current, as that he should have call'd Master Darcie a codshead or an woodcocke, I can lerne of no such termes nor anie nere to them, only that when he said he cared not for his game or ernest, he flung down the woodcock's bill, to which it may be there was sticking a part of the head, though my informant saithe otherwise; and he stode so close by Sir Thomas, that he herde the quart-pot whissel as it flew betwixt there two hedes. Of damage done among the better sort, there is not muche; some cuts and thrusts ther wer, that had their sequents in blood and woundes, but none dedlie. Of the rascal sort, one fellowe is kill'd, and sundrie hurt. Hob Hilton, your brother's grome, for life a maymed man, having a slash over the right hande, for faulte of a gauntlet. Mary he has been a brave knave and a sturdie; and, if it pleses youre goode Lordshippe, I fynd he wolde gladlie be prefer'd, when tym is fitting, to the office of bedle. He hath a burlie frame, and scare-babe visage: he shall do wel enoughe in such charge, though lackyng the use of four fingers.*

The hurtyng of the constabel is a worse mater; as also the anger that is between the Courtiers and Graie's-Inn men; so that yf close hede be not given, I doubt me, we shall here of more *Gesta Graiorum*. Thei wil not be persuaded but that the quarrel betwixt Sir Thomas & young Darcie was simulate; and that Master Dutton's hurts wes wilful; whereas, on my lyfe, it wil not be founde so. The counseyl hath taen the matter up, & I here H. M. spoke many things gravely and solidly, & as one who taketh to herte such unhappie chaunces, both against brawling & drinking. Sir Thomas, with others, hath put in pledge to be forthcoming; & so strictly taken up wes the unhappie mater of the Scots Lord, † that if Booth shulde die, which God forefend, there might be a fereful reckoning: For one cityzen sayeth, I trust falslie, he saw Sir Thomas draw back his hand, having in it a drawn sword, just as the constable felle. It seems but too constant, that thei were within but short space of ech other when this unhappie chaunce befel. My Lord, it is not for me to saie what course your Lordshippe should steer in this storm, onlie that the Lord Chansellour's gode worde wil, as resen is, do yeman's service. Schulde it come to fine or imprisonment, as is to be fered, why should not your Lordshippe cast the weyght into the balance for that restraint which goode Sir Thomas must nedes bear himself, rather than for such penalty as must nedes pinche the purses of his frendes. Your Lordshippe always knoweth best; but surely the yonge Knyght hath but litel reson to expect that you shulde further engage yourself in such bondes as might be necessary to bring this fine into the Chequer. Nether have wise men helde it unfit that heated bloode be coold by sequestration for a space from temptation. Ther is dout, moreover, whether he may not hold himself bounden, according to the forme of faith the which such gallants and stirring spirits profess, to have further meeting with Master Philip Darcie, or this same Dutton, or with bothe, on this rare dependance of an woodcocke's hede, and a quart-pot; certeynly, methoughte, the last tym we met, and when he bare himself towards me, as I have premonish'd your Lordshippe, that he was fitter for quiet residence under safe keeping, than for a free walk amongst peceful men. ‡ And thus, my Lord, ye have the whole mater before you; trew ye shall find it—my dutie demands it—unpleasing, I cannot amende it: But I truste neither

* The death of the *rascal* sort is mentioned as he would have commemorated that of a dog; and his readiest plan of providing for a profligate menial, is to place him in superintendence of the unhappy poor, over whom his fierce looks, and rough demeanour, are to supply the means of authority, which his arm can no longer enforce by actual violence! [Chaplain editor.]

† Perhaps the case of Lord Sauquhar. His Lordship had the misfortune to be hanged, for causing a poor fencing master to be assassinated, which seems to be the unhappy matter alluded to. [Chaplain editor.]

‡ It would appear this worshipful kinsman had more respect for his own safety from Sir Thomas's resentment, than he had for the liberty of his fiery cousin. [Chaplain editor.]

more evil *in esse* nor *in posse*, than I have set forth as above. From one, who is ever your Lordshippe's most bounden to command, etc.

LETTER X.

SIR THOMAS —— TO THE NOBLE LORD, HIS BROTHER UTERINE.

MUCH HONOUR'D MY GODE LORD AND VERIE DEAR BROTHER,

I have received by Jolly the firste tidings I have herd of your Lordship since my mishap; and, as things stand with me, I wolde not unwillinglie have remained yet longer in ignorans of your displesour, rather than have thus had it confirm'd under your owne hande. My Lord, my case is sadde enow; and it needs not that my frendes aid those evil influences which make me at this present to sing Fortune my foe. But I will willinglie hope that it was no part of your Lordshippe's purpose to rub the sore, but rather to launce the wound, lest it breid to an impostume. Wherefore I give heartie thanks for that which I redde with a heavie herte. Touchinge Boodler's note, I dare safelie warraunte your Lordshippe it is not as he saiethe. Godes I had of hym, and sum monies; but, as I am christened gentleman, not above the mountance of cc marks, which he wolde now swell to pounds, besides the usuages which he hathe wrung from me. It is the same with Allsop, Mawly, Lester, & the whole knot of them, who are tugging at my bones as hounds at a drawn fox. They did press me ernestlie to keep their monies for them; and surely it is no feir game thus to press to have them backe agen, because they see me at disadvantage. Surelie there is no feir deling in this; and I think they be in conspiracie together ageynst me, so thick did their writts come after newes of the first arrest. As for the other mater, wherein I am tax'd by your Lordshippe, as if the Privie Counsail lack'd your aide, I will uphold, on the faith of a gentleman, that I am in no fault therein, saving that I would not take with coldness, that which was so hotely thrown forth against mine honour. I think, my Lord, ye wolde not that your Lordshippe's brother schulde endure more shame than befits your mother's son, and as I maie also well saie, the son of your mother's husband, synce I have never herd that our ladye mother diminished her gentrie, or did dishonour to the memorie of your Lordshippe's dead father, or to your living self, when she wedded the gode Knight Sir Gilbert, who begat me. Touching the rumour that I should have called Darsie a codshead, I do say, that out taking your Lordship, he is a codshead, and a cuckold to boot, that will say so much. For the fellow that hath got such hurt, fear ye not, my Lord, but he shalle do well enoughe. In feyth, my Lord, the cuckoldie constable hath but his desertes, for he laid at me with his brown bill as if he hadde bene threshing whete; and when I could have passed my weapon clene through hym, I chaunged my ward, and gave him a bloodie coxcombe. And for that his wyfe hodethe me so harde in hand, and sayeth so and so in peticions and utherweys, never believe me, my Lord, but that I think she is angered that I hit him not the surer way, & made her quit on him. Tush! he shall do wel enoughe, if cowardice kil him not; and an he will die of a feynt hart, I hope I shall not be call'd to answer that which I could not amende. Yet, what vexeth me worst of alle, is the maiming of my poore knave, for his service in my behalf. My Lord, let me pray yow, as ever ye would have love and dutie of me, to be my good Lord in this mater, I trow ye have a more goodlie nature, albeit you now carrie a harsh countenance toward me, than to see a poor knave starve because he stode by the son of your mother, and fledde not from his master's side. Ye have means enoughe, and litel will serve. There be the Ings of whiche I was to have share, —give him what will kepe him there by his hands labour, and reckon it to me as ye liste. My Lord, your being good to me in this mater, shall more amende what you think amiss in me than twentie homilies; and for the affair ye wot of, it shall be fine drawn, so soon as my feet are clear. Fear not that this clash of wordes wil make the fair bird fly. I do know that kind of fowle, under favour,

better than youre Lordshippe; and I uphold she shall take that which has chaunced for good service in her servant. Let me alone to amend alle. But, my Lord, that this may be, I must be freed from my present condition; and, I am evel advised, ye may drive my mater to an esy fine, an ye go the right way to work. As to your kinsman, Jenkin Hargrave, by whose counsell you set so much stirr, it is not worth a bean-straw in the caice. And when he says I menassed him with my dagger he doth himself more grace than I ever purposed; for I thought but of battoning him like a dog, to beat the tale-bearing spirit out of him. But as he longeth to your Lordshippe, let him ete his brede in safetie; he shall not, without new motive, be questioned of or troubled by me. So I trust your Lordshippe will remember old friendship rather than new mislikings, which in my feyth ye have entertained upon scant cause, and so stand my friende in this mater, that I schal ever have reason to accompt you my loving brother and exceeding good Lord. In which hope I subscryve myself, &c.*

* However little we regard this specimen of aristocratic and fashionable profligacy, we cannot help esteeming the writer of the above letter far more than we do the cold-hearted scheming Peer, and his rascally cousin and agent, Jenkin Hargrave, who appears to have been the writer of several previous letters in this Collection. [Chaplain editor.]

WINTER SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Sing me a song of the dead world,
  Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
  On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,
  Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go
  Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
  Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes,
Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid
  Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple-loft,
  Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds of meal,
Of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft,
  And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,
  Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,
Where bends my love Armitage,
  Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,
  Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
  In the purple sky.

AN ARTIST AMONG ANIMALS.

By F. S. Church.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

"DON'T you think that an authority on natural history would have cause for serious objection in your peculiar disposal of the animals and birds depicted by you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose he would, but I am not posing as an animal painter, you see. It might surprise you to know what facts I could place before you for authority for what I do. See here!"

The artist was working on the painting of "Una and the Lion," which is reproduced in this article on page 753, and indicated a portfolio before him with hundreds of studies of the lion.

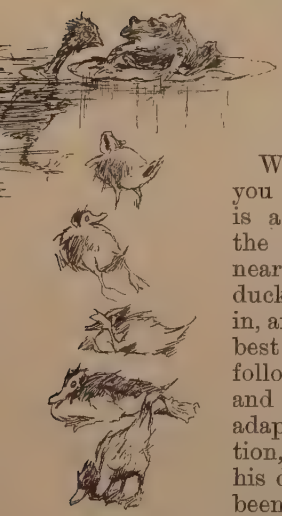
"I go to some pains to know something of what I am doing. Where I make most of my studies, at Central Park Zoo and Barnum & Bailey's, the conditions are all so false that the nature of the beast is changed considerably; but what they do under these circumstances is very suggestive, and these suggestions are readily made into apparent facts."

Perhaps it would make no difference though whether I had this authority or not. I was wondering the other day when I saw an old dog nursing, in addition to her litter of three puppies, a young lion cub, just what would become of that young lion cub in case he was left entirely to the care of that dog, and associated with the young puppies.

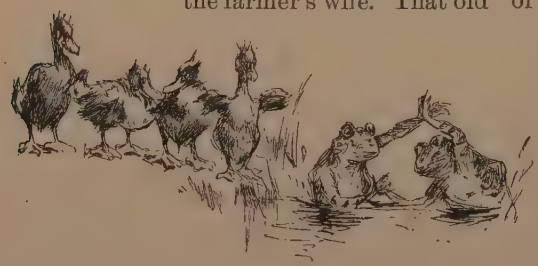
Probably it would make a great difference in his after-life, and afford plenty of material for an author or an artist that might seem like a fairy tale. I know I changed the character of a brood of young ducks which came under my care, and in this way. They were deserted in a furious rain-storm by a hen mother. I found them behind some boards, where a faint "peep" attracted my attention. They were dead, apparently, all but one, and he was about gone. I put them in my hat, and took them to the kitchen of the farm-house where I was staying. They were then transferred to a big tin pie-dish, and put into the oven. The servant-girl and myself rubbed and stirred them up, and in a few minutes they were all right, and no worse for their drenching. You know it won't do to let a young duck get too wet—it is death to them. I shall never forget that laughing servant-girl, with her pie-dish full of these grotesque little creatures. I adopted those ducks just to humiliate that old hen, and teach her how to bring up a family in the proper way, and assumed that summer to look out for all their creature comforts. They followed me around like a lot of

puppies, calling and coming to me when in trouble (you know there is always a lame duck to look after); and they always showed great indignation when not allowed to go with me into the farm-house. I filled a sketch-book with their little lives and the queer incidents brought about by our intimate relationship.

I have a photograph a friend lent me, of a Boston lady with a couple of young lions seated by her side. Her husband, a sea-captain, brought them home to her from one of his voyages. They were very young at that time, but grew up rapidly. As seen in the photograph they are rather dangerous looking. They followed the lady around the house like dogs, and the only time they showed anything like their natural disposition was when a Chinese laundry-man, on the opposite side of the street, made faces at them as they looked out of the window. This would work them up into such a state of ferocity, that they would become almost unmanageable.



Now that old hen who had deserted her ducks, next time she "set," came out one day with a brood of three young ducks and one chicken. What I am going to tell you sounds "fishy," but it is a fact. Do you know the first time they went near the water, the young ducks, of course, went right in, and that old hen did her best to force the chicken to follow them. He waded in and was doing his best to adapt himself to the situation, when he got beyond his depth, and would have been drowned if it had not been for the assistance of the farmer's wife. That old



That laughing servant-girl, with her pie-dish full of these grotesque little creatures.—Page 749.

hen had peculiar notions as to how to bring up a family, and was doing her best to carry them out. I never could make up my mind what effect my lesson of humiliation had on her.

What brought me up to the farm was this: I was engaged by a gentleman to give his daughters—two very charming young girls—drawing lessons. They were staying there for the summer. I had started out to be a comic draughtsman, something in the John Leech order, but I met with no encouragement from the publishers, and the father of the young ladies, knowing my desperate circumstances, made me this offer. It was a turning-point, and had much to do with the line of work I have chosen. The family were all great lovers of nature; the gentleman himself had that peculiar influence over animals which we sometimes see, and his daughters, particularly the eldest one, had the same power. I know of a Lady Superior in a Catholic college in the country, who, whenever she started out to walk on the grounds of the institution, which were very large and something like a small farm, would be followed by all the animals and fowls loose on the place. She would start from the house with the cats and dogs, then the fowls, horses, cattle, etc., would follow, till she resembled the leader

With a most wicked glare in her eye.—Page 752.

of a caravan. There was only a step from the Mother Superior to the beautiful story of St. Francis preaching the sermon to the birds.

The two girls I have mentioned were great observers and collectors of natural objects, and introduced me to everything in the neighborhood in that line. Butterflies, beetles, turtles, squirrels, chipmunks, flowers, and mosses, gave me my first insight to all the attractions of nature. Almost the first day I was there, the younger one took me down to the spring-house, where the milk was kept, to see the tame frogs. The frogs were encouraged by the farmers, as it was said that they helped keep the water pure. Two bull-frogs were having a "set to" when we arrived, and it would have made John L. Sullivan and Mike Donovan jealous to see the "style and game" of these two creatures as they sat up in the water and slapped each other's faces. The ducks had followed me down, and showed some interest in the combat. I often sketched there afterward, handling them for the purpose of more minute study, and they didn't seem to mind it. Through the ducks I was introduced to the rest of the poultry-yard, and we soon were on the best of terms. I ran down the yard one day with the old rooster, to help him fight a hawk that had attacked a wandering hen and her brood of chickens. We "licked," and the hawk took flight, and as we trotted back to the remainder of his family, I felt quite certain that a rooster has a language of his own, and that he was doing his best to express his congratulations. Our friendship from that time was of the most intimate character.

I wanted one day to make a sketch of some dead poultry to introduce in a Thanksgiving idea I was about to submit to one of our publishing houses, and just to see how much confidence they had in me, I took a young hen, tied her up by the legs, hung her, head down, on a nail in the wall, and made a sketch of her in that position without a movement or sound of remonstrance on her part. The orchard was a favorite place for work. If I brought up a turtle from the pond, or borrowed a frog from the spring-house to make a study of, I always had a most interesting audience from the poultry-yard gathered around me, lighting on my shoulders, and with outstretched necks examining with great curiosity my unusual model. A frog, if you know him well, or he knows you well, will often keep very still for a few minutes; then he jumps in the direction he is pointed regardless of consequences.

Young Sand-pipers.

When he jumped my audience would disappear around the corner of the barn in a great state of disorder, only to return again to satisfy their curiosity. In New York I used to go up to a Fourth Avenue saloon to study a bull-frog they had there. His home, during the day, was in the tank in which glasses were washed, and at night he would come up and sit on the edge of it. He was fed but once during two years, and he was supposed to live on what came from the glasses. One night two gold fishes were put in the tank. The next morning they were gone; and as the frog looked a little stouter than usual, it was evident where they had gone. I have noticed one thing: you never can tell where frogs are looking; and they'll jump off a twenty-story building if you give them the opportunity.

I saw a young girl in the lion-house at the Central Park Zoo modelling a tiger. One morning I watched her for some time, and after she got through her work and was about to go, she took a rose from her dress and threw it into the animal. You know some of the cat family are very susceptible to the different odors, and the action of that tiger must have astonished the young girl. There was every expression of animal gladness in the way that he fondled and caressed the flower. I suggested to the young lady that it might be perfectly safe for her to go in the cage, the tiger seemed in such an amiable mood. She seemed half inclined to act on my suggestion and go in, but perhaps it was just as well she didn't. You can never trust them.

Once at Barnum & Bailey's headquarters, I played a game of pitch the ball with an elephant. I had heard of this particular animal's fondness for throwing things, so I thought I would experiment with him. I made a small ball of hay, tying it up with a string, and tossed it over to him; he had just finished his meal and was in a good condition for the game. He threw it back, and we kept it up for some time, but all of a sudden, for some unexplained reason, he became greatly enraged and began to tear up some boarding near him and hurl it at me, and I had a narrow escape from being brained. Arstingstall, one of Barnum's favorite elephant keepers, was thrown thirty feet one day by an elephant (a very good-natured animal he was too) to whom he was trying to administer a quinine pill.

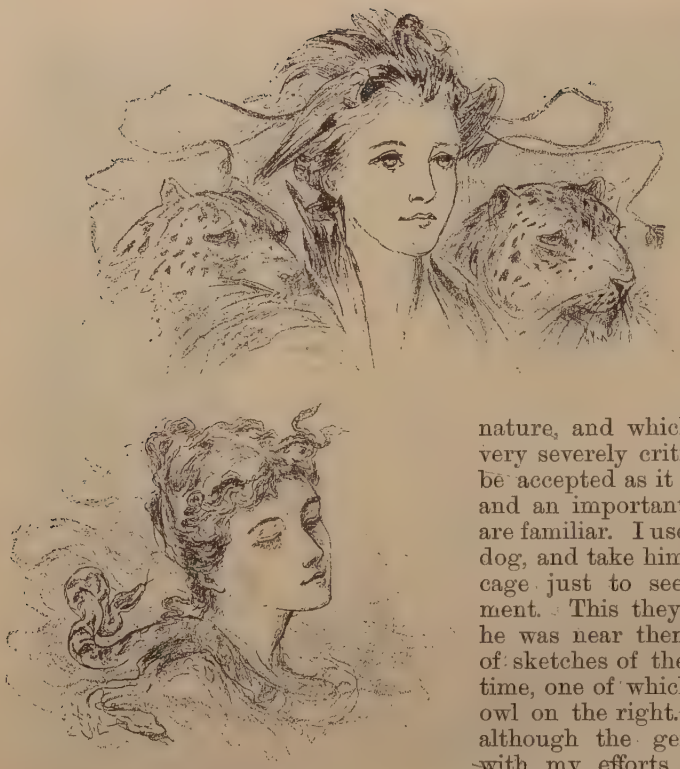
I have a sketch on my wall—a rough cartoon of a tigress creeping up through the jungle with a most wicked glare in her eye, as if about to spring on a very pretty young woman in diaphanous drapery, who is seated on a bank with her feet in the water, apparently dreaming over a lapful of lotus flowers. That picture was suggested, and an order given to paint it, by a young New England girl, who is, or thought she was, a "reincarnationist." She was one of the finest specimens of New England beauties I have ever seen, from the best old Puritan and Huguenot stock, her father, a magnificent specimen of manhood, following in the faith of his fathers; but she, in a future state, expected or hoped to take the form of a tigress, and go around eating up good-looking young girls. Queer idea, wasn't it, and she had such a sweet and sympathetic disposition? I took the order, but do you know I was never able to make that animal take the fatal leap. With a great deal of persuasion I induced Mr. Conklin, the former careful and thoroughly experienced superintendent at the Central Park Zoo, to allow a tiger to be enraged up to a most desperate point, by having a young bear cub placed dangerously near his cage, and I made lots of studies in movement and expression of that animal's most ferocious efforts to get at the cub, but it was of no use. I then changed the whole idea, and made a recumbent tigress looking up with a most placid expression into the face of the young woman, who still continued to dream over the lilies. The "reincarnationist" was disgusted, and I sold my "idyl" at a quarter of the price to "another fellow." That change of expression cost me $750, and should have taught me a lesson, which some of my realistic friends would say served me right.

One of my female critics, who is not in sympathy with my work, was looking the other day at a picture of mine

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Una and the Lion.

(Original sketch of the painting in the collection of Mr. W. T. Evans.)



Two Reincarnationists.

which I call "Knowledge is Power." It represents a young girl in college gown reading to a lot of tigers. The lady said: "If anyone needs knowledge that girl does, or she wouldn't be such a stupid fool as to sit among a lot of tigers." An excellent criticism from her stand-point, but perhaps it is not what I am getting at.

There was another case where I came to grief by being too realistic—the case of a decorative panel.

I painted that to go in the guest's sleeping-room in one of the most beautiful homes in the West. The gentleman is a man of the most refined tastes, a connoisseur in pictures and prints, and has a charming collection comprising Whistlers, Chases, Dewings, Thayers, Homers, Murphys, Innesses and others of the same sort. My panel represents a young woman on a poppy vine, lighting with a lamp lanterns which are held in the beaks of a lot of owls. Now you see that owl on the right of the girl? It is in rather an unusual attitude to those who only see the owl as depicted in books or as a stuffed bird. The owl under excitement is another thing, and you would at first sight hardly recognize the bird. I feel certain I could paint an owl picture which would be true to nature, and which would probably be very severely criticised. It would not be accepted as it is, a phase of owl life and an important one, with which few are familiar. I used to borrow Conklin's dog, and take him around to the owl's cage just to see them under excitement. This they always showed when he was near them, and I made heaps of sketches of their movements at that time, one of which I introduced in that owl on the right. The result was that although the gentleman was pleased with my efforts, and the panel was placed on the wall, and delighted his friends, so he said, he himself did not like that owl on the right. He said the owl looked as though he "had a pair of pants on." I got the gentleman to go to the park with me, borrowed the dog, and took him around to the cage. The owls were immediately excited, and I showed him the owl with the "pants on." He came away with me satisfied and happy, and I had my first dinner at Delmonico's, where he introduced me to another condition of things I was in utter ignorance of. Did you ever see Albert Dürer's copper-plate of a rhinoceros? Well, look at it. Talk about "fairy telling" with animals! I'm not "in it."

I spent three weeks once sketching a lot of ostriches in Central Park. They belonged to a young Englishman, who was going to take them out to California to start an ostrich farm. It seems to be characteristic of long-legged birds to indulge at times in a sort of a dance. I first noticed it when I was an express messenger on a railroad

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Twilight.

(A decorative panel in the collection of Mr. C. L. Freer.)

She grabbed one of the sleeping men, and made off with him.—Page 759.

which ran over the Illinois prairies. The sand-hill cranes would congregate at certain seasons and indulge in a real break-down, double-shuffle, pigeon-wing sort of an affair, which formed afterward a subject for an early illustration. I saw the ostriches do something of the same thing, so I chose it for a subject, and worked hard to make it a success, making all the movements to the best of my ability from the live birds on the spot, and sent it to the Academy where it was fairly placed. A well-known art critic thought it of enough value to "sit on" it awfully. He said it was a shame to caricature birds doing something so foreign to their native habits.

It was funny to see those ostriches when they were shipped. That young Englishman walked into the enclosure where they were and put on the head of each a lady's stocking, pulling it well down on the neck, and they were led out like a lot of lambs. They are very stupid, you know, and sometimes very unruly. The kick of an ostrich is worse than one of Mike Donovan's blows. I watched a couple confined in a barn not long since; they would spend hours trying to get out through a two-inch crack in a board. They could see out, and that was enough; they must get out. It was very laughable to see them lift up their immense feet and squeeze their big bodies in their frantic endeavors, only stopping when they were exhausted.

I saw as a boy once a fight between a sand-hill crane and an old gander. It was near my home in northern Michigan, and at that time the cranes were quite common. The fight was a most unexpected combination, but a very interesting one, as I watched it with the rest of the geese. The old gander came out ahead, and the crane picked up his long legs and flew off through the air looking for all the world as I heard a Long Island farmer say when we were watching the flight of one, "like a set of old harness."

Two other "reincarnationists:" one expects to be a bird of Paradise, and travel around with jaguars, taking a day off occasionally, lolling in a lotus flower; while the other, a beautiful girl attacked with the same affliction, hopes to be a Python [see page 754]. Think of it! I never was particularly interested in "nature's master-piece" in the reptile line, till I met her. She had a passion for visiting any place where she could see live snakes—principally dime museums and the side-shows, which were old camping grounds for me, where I had made many additions to my sketch-book. I acted as her "chaperon," and bribed the keepers to stir up the rattlesnakes, feed pigeons to the big boas—anything, so that she could see the whole of snake life. I gave her a rattlesnake belt, a pair of slippers made from a Python's skin, and I started out with the idea of designing a pin made of gems repre-

senting a snake—but all of a sudden she lost her interest, and started off on another fad. I suppose she had been reading Elsie Venner and Madame Blavatsky, but I was delighted with the opportunity of helping her, and she gave me sittings for a head which my friends said was a success, "a sort of Medusa in repose."

I never had any pets as a boy, except a few chickens, which I was very fond of. I remember once a neighbor sent over and wanted to buy one of me to make a broth for a sick lady. I didn't stop to say whether I would sell him one or not, but started on a run for the chickens, drove them all into the coop, went in with them myself, and we lay in a state of siege till I thought all danger was over. I remember confiding to them (I was about ten) the situation, with assurance that if the enemy came, it would be over my dead body. I would have as soon consented to have my mother made into broth as one of my chickens. There was a boy who lived next door who had about the same number of chickens, and he was as fond of them as myself. I know we conspired once to give them a Thanksgiving dinner. We made a sort of a long table, such as you see on picnic grounds, and collected during the day part of the food we were to give them. At the regular dinner (our two families dined together that day) we put surreptitiously in our pockets as much of the dainties as we could, and hurried off soon after to the chickens. They were brought out, each boy's chickens tied by their feet to the seats, the two old roosters at either end, and the dainties put before them. There was a great deal of excitement and some remonstrance, but they were hungry, and soon disposed of the dinner. I imagine the two roosters had the least appetite, as they seemed anxious to get at each other. It was a sight!

The reason I am sometimes questioned regarding pets, is because visitors notice a very small bird flying around the room, each time coming a little nearer, and sometimes flying across their faces.

"Don't you call that a pet?" is asked me.

"Oh, no, that's Oliver! He plays too important a part here to be called a pet. He is the assistant housekeeper, and we arrange a good part of our movements to suit his convenience. Objecting to things is his specialty. He begins in the morning to scold Helen, my jani-

That Thanksgiving Dinner.

boring plenty of holes in the seats. Thanksgiving morning we captured all the chickens, both sets were very tame,

tress, and keeps it up all day long. You see he wants you to leave the room."

"I throw this rag doll at him."

The little bird had lit on the table the visitor's hand was resting on, and was scolding away at a great rate. An endeavor was made to pet him, when away he flew up into the big skylight.

"Do you know the only way I can get him down? He likes to perch up there all night, but it is too cold. I throw this rag doll at him," suiting the action to the word.

The doll was very large, the skylight unusually high, and the bird very tiny. Evidently he was in great fear of the doll whose swinging arms and legs flying through the air are very grotesque. The bird came down and spent the rest of his time scolding.

A stuffed gull that hangs in my studio (and by the way, a stuffed bird or animal is no earthly use to me in my work) was given to me the other day by Mr. Conklin, and it has a history—rather a sad one. That gull and her mate, who is now in Central Park, were confined in a circular inclosure there, which was generally used for aquatic birds and animals. It is about thirty feet in diameter, in the centre of which is a large tank of water for the use of the various occupants. At the time of my story several sea-lions, some pelicans, a sand-hill crane, and the two gulls composed the family. In this incongruous surrounding the gulls mated and started to build a nest, picking up what sticks and stones they could find, and for some strange reason building it alongside the tank. It was nearly washed away several times by the splashing of the sea-lions in the water, but they kept on and got something like a nest, and the female laid two eggs. There she sat for days in the hot sun, the male bird by her side fighting and protesting against all intrusion, and half covered with water from the commotion of the sea-lions, who I hope were unconscious of what they were doing. At last two little gulls were hatched out only to be eaten up the first night by some rats. The female died shortly afterward, but whether from a broken heart or not I do not know.

The boss of that inclosure was the sand-hill crane; he was the oldest bird in the Park, and thought he owned the earth. He drove everything, particularly the sea-lions, and it was a comical sight to see him chase them around and around that inclosure when they were out of the tank. They were very awkward in their movements when out of the water. Shortly after the gull episode a box arrived from California with a sea-lion in it, and when they came to take her out of the box a young baby sea-lion was unexpectedly found alongside the mother, not over a day or so old, born on the passage. They were put in the inclosure with the others, and the crane attempted his usual tactics, but the mother sea-lion turned around and bit his head off—"the poor crane didn't know, you know."

The mother sea-lion died a few days after her arrival, and the great question was what was to be done with the baby. Mr. Conklin decided, after several efforts to entice the little fellow to take food of its own free will, that the only thing to do was to force food down its little throat, and it was a sight to see five big men try to make him eat. Two at his tail, one at each side-flipper, and the other putting the food into its mouth; but it wouldn't work, and the baby died.

I often study birds, particularly gulls and herons, by going to their haunts, making myself look as much as possible like some inanimate thing, and then

waiting patiently till they come around. I get by this means a peep into their real life. I spent a forenoon once with a mother sand-piper and her young one. A furious rain-storm came up suddenly; I was walking along the bay at Staten Island, and I sought cover behind a little projecting bank. I got myself in as small a space as possible, and discovered near me the birds, who in the noise and rain of the storm didn't seem to be aware of my presence. The young bird was quite wet, and presented a very comical appearance. When it cleared off the mother and her young one went all through the performance of drying and arranging their feathers right at my feet, and when I made myself known, the mother bird gave the alarm, flying a short distance to attract my attention, and the little fellow ran off, I following him. When he saw I was getting dangerously near he lay down, and tried to make himself look as much like a stick or stone as possible. After watching him a few minutes I knelt down and touched him with my finger; he got up, ran up my arm and began to pick at a button-hole bouquet I had in my coat. The mother bird flying around in great distress. I gave him a short lecture, and left him to the care of his parent.

One little animal (I suppose it is a fish) figures a good deal in my work—the sea-horse. Dried specimens give you a poor idea of the things alive. I went into ecstasies over them; the first I saw at our old aquarium, where they could be seen and watched to great advantage. They move their little tails like an elephant's trunk, and their inquiring little eyes, each moving independently of the other, suggest that they know an awful lot about the mystery of the sea. They have formed a basis on which I have constructed several marine animals suitable for a mermaid and sea-nymphs to ride and play with.

I paint the lioness much more than I do the lion. Probably few notice the difference, but I use the tigress in all my pictures in preference to the male. There is something in the female of the cat species, particularly, that appeals to me much more than the male. She has certain lines, movements, alertness and quickness of perception, with a sort of you-had-better-look-out expression, which I don't see in the male. I often think of that tigress I read of in a report of the London Zoo, who, accompanied by her two cubs, stealthily approached in the middle of the night a small temporary board shanty, where some native East Indian railroad workmen were sleeping. Leaving her cubs at the door, she stole in, grabbed one of the sleeping men, and made off with him before the horrified occupants could realize the situation. Just think of the peculiar intelligence shown not only in her successful raid, but in her instructions to her cubs, whom she made wait outside for her while she did her terrible work!

They move their little tails like an elephant's trunk.

THE SEMAPHORE.

By Herbert D. Ward.

SUMACH JUNCTION was the outpost of a huge city system. The proud suburbs halted just a mile away, nor could they be persuaded to advance nearer to the broad, malarious meadow, to the acres of sandhills that bounded it, and to the sluggish river, that, like the Concord, was too lazy to grind the corn that grew upon its banks.

Sumach Junction was only fourteen miles from the city. The "limited" snorted the distance in twenty minutes. Yet it was a desolate place, shunned by all but railroad men and travellers who were unfortunate enough to have to change cars for South Sumach. The Junction, or rather the town, was made up of only a few dreary, wooden houses, and these straggled up track No. 2 or down track No. 1 until they were lost under the sandhills or around the sullen bend of the river. In the heat of the summer and in the radiance of the autumn Sumach Junction was noteworthy and oriental in its blaze of purple foliage and scarlet fruit. Stern New England nature, repenting of its niggardly coloring, gave us one genus in a glorious order of tropical trees; and our Junction, as its name implies, made the most of her generosity. Some æsthetes might have deprecated the vivid contrast of orange and yellow and crimson with the dingy green of the wooden station-house and with the faded brown of the signal-tower and the gray of the overtopping sandbanks; but the station-master, who was a station-mistress, with a passion for geraniums and roses, and for making her barren world beautiful, had no such thought, and she propagated the sumachs from cuttings until there was not a square inch of earth under her control but was brilliant with these passionate shrubs.

But winter, the eternal symbol of jealousy, revenged itself of this fertile beauty with harsh chuckles, and the station-mistress cried every fall as the sumachs withered away, leaving the Junction in a state of ugliness and barrenness that seemed to every one else in natural conformity to the surroundings and appropriate to the New England climate. Then, when the trees were stripped, and the dried clusters of berries swayed piteously to the gale, the two-storied, square signal-tower commanded the attention that perhaps it deserved, and the one-storied station-house under its lee protested with a few potted geraniums in the window against an unkempt appearance as well as against a secondary position.

For the signal-tower, rectangular, with rows of windows on all sides, stood at the intersection of many branches. At this point the trunk line resolved itself from four tracks into two; and here the gravel track, which looked as if it had been laid by a palsied contractor, left the main line and respectability behind and hobbled out of sight behind the signal-station with an intoxicated air. Beneath the tower, to the right, a double-tracked branch tapped a fertile country beyond the sandhills. And beneath the signal-tower, to the left, a single-tracked branch, only a mile long, brought South Sumach, one of those tiresome towns that manufacture on a water-power, in touch with the middle-man. This petty branch (as if the case had been with petty people), made more trouble than all the rest of the lines put together. The signal-men found this out. So Sumach Junction had its place in the world, and perhaps it was a more important one than that of many a complacent and opulent suburb. The heart of this little community did not centre, as a thoughtless person might suppose, in the church, or the commandery, or the grocery-store, or the school, but in the signal-tower. It was the pulse of the section. It was the life-blood of thousands of unconcerned travellers

whose lives and happiness depended on the intelligent vigilance of three men. These three took turns up there in the tower, locking and unlocking switches and signals, until one might expect them to faint for dizziness and confusion.

It was the winter of the grippe, and Matt Nolan was taken down as if he had been struck by an engine. The grippe has a waltz movement, and, like Strauss, a genius for variations on one theme. We need not pad the subject when we say that Matt had that form of this malady which is popularly known as the brain-grippe.

It was no uncommon thing in the signal tower, when one of the three wanted a day off, for the other two to double up on twelve-hour shifts. As long as the service was well performed, the Superintendent asked no questions.

"I guess we can stand it a few days until Matt gets 'round," said Fred Joyce as he handed over his pipe and his duties to his relief. Joe Stringer nodded. He was a tall fellow with character lines upon a face that once had been of the laughing and careless mould, but which nine years of responsibility had now dignified. His blue eyes were deep-set and serious and piercing, like those of a seaman. With practised adroitness he threw three heavy levers and shoved them back to their places with his foot.

"Let her go," he said; "we don't want no stranger stuck on us in here. I can stand it as long as you can. I guess Matt 'll be 'round soon."

With a confident expression upon his face he started at four in the afternoon on his new time.

At four o'clock in the morning he was relieved. Fred came in, saying that Matt's brain was improving, and that he would come around in a few days perhaps. Joe Stringer passed over a couple of train orders, and without talk started home. He was impatient to throw off the long strain. He felt it more than usual. Generally he came in at midnight, and his wife had a cold supper waiting for him in the kitchen. He was careful not to wake her nor the baby.

Joe Stringer lived about a half mile from the tower. His cottage was on the other side of the river, past a boat-house with a flag-pole and a willow-tree; the house lay a hundred yards or so back from the stream on an oak knoll. In winter his eyes, trained to the smallest signal on the distant poles, could easily distinguish his white gables in an opening among the trees. Evening after evening as he stood to his levers he watched for the first gleam from the lamps; and the last thing when his wife went to bed, she signalled to him from the low second story window, telegraphing with a light as he had taught her.

It was such a cosey home! His wife was perfectly happy there in summer. The abundant shade, and the endless variety of boats and parties upon the river, and the echo of mad laughter and songs at night pleased her. It was a very gay river. But in winter Joe's home was a trifle remote, and he tried to make it up to Mary in home attention and tenderness, during the daytime, so that she should not be lonely at night. He had not yet forgotten, as some men do after a few years of married life, how he had wooed his wife; how he had won her, when he was a telegraph-operator, away from the conductor of a Western express. Surely he had made her happy? And she deserved a hundred times the love he was not tired of lavishing upon her. And then, their home was nearly paid for.

Joe walked up the frozen river in the dead, dark night, avoiding the well-known air-holes, and thinking about Matt, and how not to wake the baby. There was a light upstairs that he did not understand. He pushed in through the back door softly. The kitchen was warm; the water in the kettle was singing. But his usual supper was not spread. Surprised at this neglect, he passed into the front hall to call upstairs. His arctics and rough ulster were still on.

"Is that you? Oh, Joe! Sh——!" There, at the head of the straight, steep stairs, stood his wife. The lamp in her hand lit a face pale and frightened. "Oh, Joe! where have you been all this time? I expected you at twelve."

She put the lamp down on the floor and sat on the first stair and burst into tears.

Joe bounded up.

"Mary! What is it? For God's sake! It isn't the baby?" He took up the lamp and followed her into their room. He ran to the crib. There lay their baby, their only child, strangling for breath.

"What's the matter?" asked Joe, stupidly.

"Croup!" All the horror of a young mother for that word was in her tone. "He'll die! He'll die! God is going to take away my baby."

"He sha'n't do it," observed Joe, setting his teeth. He started forward to take up the child tenderly, to fold it under his ulster. He couldn't wait to take that off, he felt so. But she snatched his hands away:

"Doctor says he mustn't be moved. Don't you touch him, Joe! Leave him in his crib; he'll get a chill. Why, your cold overcoat might chill him to death."

"Well," said Joe, abashed and backing away, "I never thought of that. Anyhow, I'll take care of him. You go rest, Mary. I'll call you if he gets worse. Poor dear, you are so tired! Don't you fret, Mary. I say he's *got* to get well."

He led his wife to their bed, and covered her up. She was worn out with fright and care, and fell suddenly asleep. All through the cold dawn, far into the gray morning, Joe watched the baby, rocking the crib, and doing what he could. The child was quieter with him. He was such a tender man, instinctively knowing what the baby wanted.

When Mary opened her eyes, long past breakfast-time, the sight of the brown ulster and the sound of the terrible croup chased the confused memories from her aching head. Joe's blue eyes were feverish and brilliant.

"If you will take baby," he said slowly, "I will light the fire. He's easier now. You see Matt is down, and Fred and I are taking his time. Mebbe I'd ought to get a wink or two today.—I guess that's the doctor's sleigh."

. . . . . .

It was exactly four o'clock to the minute when Joe Stringer entered the tower. It was forty-eight hours since he had started on his first twelve-hour time to relieve Matt. It was thirty-six hours since he had gone home to find the baby dying. This was then his third shift of twelve hours, and Matt was said to have a relapse.

A signal-man is not on hand one minute too soon or one minute too late. Twelve hours of responsibility demand the quality of being "on time" which is imperative in the railroad world, and so rare outside of it. And Joe had not slept since he took Matt's time. The previous shift had gone well enough. His regular habits and the excitement had kept him to his duty. But this afternoon he came up the stairs, pale, haggard, and ghastly, and confronted the inexorable row of levers. For the first time in his life he loathed the tower and its peremptory call to nervous activity.

That baby—dying at home! He could see it writhe. His mental sight contemplated the child's death-agony continually. Yet at the resistless stroke of the hour of four he could no more stay at home than if he were handcuffed and dragged to prison.

Now, for the first time in nine years that straight row of levers, the red, the blue, the green, and the black, became blurred to his eyes and meaningless to his mind, just as they would have to a visitor's. Joe Stringer brushed his hand over his forehead with a trembling, irresolute motion, and then began his duties by mechanically pulling the cord above his head. The electric bell was persistently ringing the approach of an express, now due and out of sight around the upcurve a mile or more away. Joe jerked the shut-off peremptorily. The bell impertinently rang on. Again he gave the cord a pull. It seemed as if he could not bear the rattle. It wrought a new confusion in his head, and with a final twitch he snapped out an oath.

"Ye hit her that time, Joe," said his mate, taking a firm hand off the distant signal. "There's 72 waiting for water; the 'commodation is twenty minutes. I think it's a-goin' to snow."

He held out his hot pipe, as he was

wont, to Joe, and turned to put on his overcoat. But Joe was peering out of the side window, toward the white, gabled cottage, beyond the boat-house, up the river. It could be plainly seen through the branch of the willow-tree that the curtain in the second story was up. Although Fred Joyce did not see Joe's face, the hopelessness of its stare and the twitching outline of its shrunken cheek refined the signal man's imagination. His pipe fell from his outstretched hand.

"Why, Joe!" he cried, "is the kid worse?"

Joe nodded slowly, and when he turned to set the signals at safety for the express, Fred saw that his eyes were full.

"Yes, Fred; the doctor says he's a-goin' to die. Mary is goin' to pull the curtain down when he's gone."

The express swept by, and the tower vibrated.

"Ain't ye had no sleep, Joe?" Fred Joyce had been watching his mate critically as Joe set the signals back at danger with automatic listlessness. Joyce himself was pale and overworked. It was no light thing to be on duty twelve hours on a stretch in that station. Even he was almost exhausted.

"No," answered Joe, curtly. "*She* had to sleep, an' I rocked the baby. I hain't had none yet."

"Look here, Joe," said Joyce, putting his hand on Joe's arm, "do you mean to say you hain't slept at all durin' my shift?"

"Good God! How could I?" exclaimed Joe, fiercely. "She had to sleep, I tell you, and then I had to tend the baby and the house. I couldn't have slept nohow with the baby makin' that noise in its throat—poor thing! Poor little thing!" He unlocked a switch, and flung it back with a resonant thud, and then, in the phrase of the tower, "gave 'em" the signal. A gravel-train staggered slowly down the side track.

It was beginning to snow. The flakes would come coquettishly, a few at a time, and then hold up. At this moment a little flurry swept by the tower, and obscured from view Joe's house on the other side of the river in the grove of skeleton oaks. The boat-house vanished, and the flag-pole with it. Even the willow was blotted from sight. Fred had put on his arctics and overcoat, and now came up to the other end of the tower. For an instant he stood with his hand resting on the signal called the route. Joe was standing near him by the window. Plainly he was enduring the terrible. If he only knew whether the baby were alive or dead, he could have borne the strain for one more night before he dropped. But that cloud of snow, shutting him away from the death-signal at home—it was more than his beaten courage could bear. He uttered a dry groan.

Joyce gave one more glance at the shaking figure, and then, shutting his lips, sat down at the telegraph instrument. Joe's trained ear caught the message as it started over the wire.

"I ain't no boy!" He came up to the table and brought his fist down upon it so hard that the clay pipe danced a jig. "I say, I can stand it like a man to-night. I won't have you wire the Superintendent for relief. You stop it! I say I ain't no boy." He glared out of bloodshot eyes at his mate.

Now Fred Joyce looked at him with real apprehension. Joe was no spendthrift of oaths and temper, like the rest of them. He was sunny, and of wholesome disposition. The thought that grief and sleeplessness had unbalanced him flitted across the operator's mind. His first impulse had been to relieve Joe for Joe's own sake; but now a darker anxiety possessed his mind. Joe must be relieved for the sake of the Road. So much was growing clear. A man who had not slept for forty-eight hours was in no fit condition to control the night traffic. The experienced signal-man thought it unsafe.

"If he can send up a sub only for the night, you can go home and see yer kid," said Fred, telegraphing vigorously. But Joe had gone to the window, and moodily shook his head.

"Click. Clicketty-click. Click-*click*." The telegraph jerked out the answer decidedly.

"I told ye so," said Joe, fiercely. "Now, ye'd better go home." He threw five levers backward and forward in

rattling succession. The freight swung on to track No. 2, and puffed inward. Impulsively Joe threw the signals back to danger. His face was listless and pinched. It was almost expressionless, and would have been quite so, but for something that crossed his fixed and staring eyes.

The Superintendent had wired back that he was sorry, but he was tied up and could send no one to-night. It was impossible; but he would try to get a man there at eight the next morning. There was no help for it.

"Look here, Joe," said Fred, with a look of great disappointment. "I'm going home, and I will spell you at eleven. I'll turn right in, and seven hours is good 'nough for me. I guess you can stand that, hey?"

Joe stood with his right foot on the latch, and his right hand rigidly clasping one of the black levers. The snow flurry had passed, and his cottage was clean-cut in the distance. The curtain in the gable window was up, and the baby was still alive. Fred's glance followed his companion's. He waited for an answer, reluctant to leave. Then with an oath, more of sympathy than of impatience, he tramped downstairs. Joe had not heard him go. Somehow his senses could grasp but one detail at a time. When he turned he found himself alone. He drew a deep breath.

To-day he was glad to be alone. After all, the service in the signal-tower was monotonously exciting. Each day brought the same trains, the same combinations and complications. The signal-man was the intellect of the line at Sumach Junction. He had to be alert, masterful and imaginative. Enormous interests were subject to his fidelity and control. Therefore he is a picked man. For him to render a false signal became a capital crime. The engineer who disobeyed a signal was liable to dismissal, if not to imprisonment on the charge of manslaughter. What respect must he not have for the signal-giver himself? Matt was impatient sometimes, and let down the windows, and swore at the engineers. Joe did not. Yet it is remembered that once upon a time he gave an open signal for a side-tracked freight to proceed inward, and when it refused to obey and go, he unlocked the switch and set the little semaphore at danger, and held the freight there for five hours, until the engineer came up and humbly apologized and begged to be let off, for he was paid by the trip. When Joe ordered he was not to be trifled with. His steel levers were steel lips, and woe to him who disobeyed their sacred command. But this successive and, at night-time, progressive responsibility, this feverish repetition, became dull. Callers were apt to be many, and were welcomed as a relief to the fussy tedium.

For the first time this afternoon Joe prayed that no one would come. He felt that he had the hardest struggle of his life before him. It seemed to him that he could not bear the warm greetings, the rough jokes, the trenchant gossip, even the ready sympathy or the sudden train orders which were wont to deluge him with eager rapidity. What was comfort to him three days ago became vivisection now. To-night he needed all his nerves concentrated on those pitiless levers. A word, so tremulous his mind, might precipitate it. He was like a man taking nitrous oxide. He knew he was conscious, but the knowledge of his consciousness was like a dream. He began to contest the boundary of somnambulism. It was a duel between duty and dishonor, between life and death, between will and overwhelming sleep.

Now these interlocking switches protect the operator as well as the rolling stock. It was lucky that they did so, this dark afternoon; for, after Joe had let a certain train go by, he could not recall the puzzling combination, so familiar to him, by which it was despatched. And yet, when the next train rang in, the emergency evoked the law, and his trembling arms did what his brain refused.

Six o'clock came, and the station mistress climbed the stairs laboriously to tell him she had heard about the baby, and how sorry she was. She brought him a pink geranium blossom to comfort him, and went away.

Seven o'clock came, and with it his supper. A neighbor brought his pail, and told him that the baby was still

Joe walked up the frozen river in the dead, dark night.—Page 761.

alive. The good woman found Joe so surly and distracted that she clean forgot the loving messages from Mary, Joe's wife, and, lifting up her skirts on high, she hurried down the oily, tobacco-laden stairs, muttering that he might at least have thanked her for her trouble.

The fact of it was, the bell was ringing up the approach of another train. He had become as afraid of the sound of that warning bell as he was of an engine running "wild." With heart-sinking he looked at the clock, and knew perfectly well the number of the train then due. To the railroad esoteric trains are only numbers. He was about to give this train the correct switch, when, to his consternation, his brain seemed to be going around in a huge wheel. On one of the spokes was written the number of that train, and his thoughts found it impossible to run it down. The shadow of this elusive memory darkened his whole mind. Where was he? Blindly he set the route and home signals at safety. His hands seemed to know that it was not an express approaching, and therefore there was no need to "set the distant." The head-light cast its parallel reflections at him up the track. He glared at it questioningly. Then the sound of the rumbling of many empty cars unlocked his torpid brain. Freight No. 63! Thank God, he had done the right thing. The sweat broke out upon his eyebrows and chilled his forehead. He had the muscular apprehension and the nausea that follow nervous shock and the recoil from familiar noises. He felt that he was going to be very sick. But how soon? The insidious symptoms of arbitrary drowsiness were as strange to him as the giddiness of sea-sickness.

As the freight passed he suddenly found himself upstairs in his own room, holding the gasping baby. Then he was aware of the fact that he was swaying over a precipice. With a cry he stretched out his hands. What did they clutch? Levers No. 23 and 24! He brought his head up with a start, and stared out of the side window defiantly. He was in his signal-tower, and he challenged any one who said that he slept upon his post.

Now, to his surprise, the white and

All through the cold dawn, far into the gray morning, Joe watched the baby.—Page 762.

green and red lights seemed to be whirling around in a mad dance.

"I forgot," he said, helplessly, "I must be hungry."

It was very dark outside, and the light from the little window up the river blinked at him like a fair star. The baby was alive. Joe kissed his hand to the light, and then sat down before his tin pail at the telegraph table. He felt unutterably drowsy after the first mouthful, which happened to be a bite of mince-pie, that had been carefully laid on top so as not to spoil the crust. It was the first time that his eyes had even closed for thirty-six hours. The snow began to fall heavily, with that mysterious silence, so different from all other similar meteorological manifestations, and which gives it a magic as well as a poetic quality. Joe's head rested on the table only a few inches from the telegraph instrument. He had not been in that position five minutes before the click called him. Although his ears had not comprehended the message, perhaps not even apprehended it, his vigilant mind repeated it to him, and nagged him, until with a violent effort of his will he cast off the locking yoke of sleep. Instinctively his fingers sought the keys, while his other hand drew a blank from the drawer.

"Why don't you repeat?" came the imperative demand. It was a train order from the Superintendent. Joe became immediately alert. Every nerve

began to quiver with responsibility. The order ran:

"To No. 114:—We understand we may use fifty-five minutes' time over train No. 20." This was signed by the Division Superintendent, the conductor, and engineer of the freight in question.

Joe gave a trivial reason for his inattention, and demanded a "repeat." When this came he repeated it back. According to the rules no order is valid until repeated and "O. K.'d"—this is the phrase—by the sender and receiver.

"O. K.," came back the message.

"O. K.," answered Joe with a sigh, signing the order on the table and shoving it away from him.

"Hullo, Joe!" There was a stamping and shaking of snow, accompanied by a strong ejaculation expressive of the state of the weather. "Hullo there! Wake up!"

It was the conductor of a "local," come in for a moment to get warm.

"I ain't asleep," snarled Joe with savage emphasis. "Wake up, yourself!"

"Now, ye'd better go home." He threw five levers backward and forward in rattling succession.—Page 763.

The conductor stared at him with great curiosity. Why, Joe was the best-natured man on the road. What had come over him?

"D—— it, I didn't suppose you was. Can't you take a joke?"

"No! Not that kind," replied the signal-man with a suspicious scowl. His ears sang so loud as almost to stop their power of hearing. He steadied himself at his levers, and feeling a little ashamed of himself, for, after all, the conductor did not know that he had almost been asleep, he asked: "Well, what's up?"

Joe's head rested on the table only a few inches from the telegraph instrument.—Page 766.

"Nothing, only 20 is 1.55."

Joe nodded. "I just got the order to give 114 55."

"I guess 20 is nearer 2. The blockade must be pretty heavy in the West. How's signals working?"

"All right, so far," Joe replied, as he swung the "local" off the main line around the curve and then set the switches back to their normal positions.

"How's Matt? I hear he's stark luny with the grippe. How's your kid?" The conductor went up to the telegraph instrument and took up the half-smoked clay pipe and lighted it.

The kid? Was it possible that Joe had for a moment forgotten his dying baby? He went toward the window. His tall figure bent to look out. He dropped the upper sash with an anguished exclamation. The silent snow now came down like a dead wall between him and his wife's message. In the darkness and the density of the storm he could hardly see the other side of the four tracks. Was the child alive or dead? He paced about the room restlessly, trying all the windows. He could not even see the geraniums in the depot. He went back to the front windows of the tower. A red switch signal cast a bar of light that cut the railroad at right angles. Joe's eyes followed that clear gleam until it dissipated itself in the distance. The flakes of snow turned to drops of blood as they passed through the colored rays. Joe did not hear the conductor strike the clogged-pipe against the edge of the dusty table. He did not notice a commonplace question that was addressed to him. He was looking at the crimson flakes stupidly. His eyes became fixed. His head sat rigidly on his neck. He had often noticed crystals of gold falling before the head-light of a locomotive. But blood! Blood!

"No. 42 is 13!" The conductor, receiving no answer, had some time since hastened down to his train, and now a brakeman stamped up with this order, and beat his hat against the railing at the top of the stairs. The train-hand was about to expand this information when he was startled by a guttural cry.

"Oh! My God!"

The young man ran to the window and shook Joe's arm. The entranced signal-man turned on him lustreless eyes, whose black mirrors had inundated the blue iris.

"Is he dead?" cried Joe.

"Who dead? 'Tain't Matt, is it?

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Passengers were swarming out and bothering the conductor and engineer with anxious and silly questions.—Page 772.

"What's the matter with you? Wake up, Joe!"

"What's the matter with *you?*" Joe wrenched himself violently away. The man who had not slept for forty-eight hours suddenly saw realities with his open eyes. An expression of horror and then of wonder crossed his sunken face, just as it happens to one who comes out of a hypnotic state. "I thought——" he said slowly. "Why, Mike! Hullo! What's the news? Ha! ha! ha! D—— it, I wasn't asleep. Express No. 20 is 1.55 late, and I've got orders to give freight 114 fifty-five minutes."

Mike, the brakeman, eyed the signalman with shrewd curiosity. "He hain't drunk," he muttered to himself; "he never did drink, 'cos he's married, I s'pose. I'll bet he's got the la grippe. Are you all right now?" he said aloud. "I told you 42 is 13. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

There came the impatient tooting of a whistle, and the brakeman, with a reluctant expression, hurried out.

Again Joe was left quite alone. No one was liable to drop in now. He glanced at the clock. It was nearly nine. He had only a little over two hours to wait for his relief. He did his best to look his situation coolly in the teeth. He felt exactly as he did once while he was going under the influence of ether. He had tried braking for a week, and got a jam in the leg. He understood his condition. He felt that he was liable to go under at any moment. Fight it! Fight it like a man! This thought whirled around his brain a hundred times, until he suddenly awoke to find that he had been battling with unconsciousness in his sleep.

The night was growing wild and wilder. The snow began to drive viciously. Joe knew that at such times as these the running schedule of the Road must necessarily be thrown completely out of gear, and that a tie-up might occur at any moment. In such contingencies it needed the sharpest wits of the man at the signal-tower to keep things moving in order.

Now, in point of fact, Joe was fully competent to be Superintendent of the Division. He had the peculiar quality of generalship that is as indispensable to railroad management as the telegraph itself. In emergencies he had saved the Road many a valuable hour by his prompt decisions and many a dollar by his strategetic combinations. It was no easy matter at Sumach Junction to know how and when to dispatch trains. It requires intuition, experience, and a steadiness of nerve that would wear out an ordinary man in a week's time. As the signals were set in their normal state "at danger," so was Joe's life keyed to apprehension.

"Five minutes," said Nelson, "may make the difference between victory and defeat." Five seconds at the signal-tower at Sumach Junction may make the difference between security and appalling death. Joe was young and courageous. He was thirty, and in the zenith of his self-confidence.

No. 42 was a New York express, and it was thirteen minutes late. It was therefore due at Sumach Junction at twenty-six minutes past nine o'clock. This great Road, which boasted of never having killed a passenger through its own negligence, never allowed its expresses to make up a minute of lost time. If the schedule were broken, trains must conform to their new time.

Then there was the freight No. 114. Since the Chicago express was an hour and fifty-five minutes late, the freight was given fifty-five minutes' run on the delinquent's time. Thus it came about that the freight was due at any time within a half hour. Joe felt as confused as any uninitiated reader of this page by all these familiar changes, and dreaded lest any more new instructions might be telegraphed him. He had a few minutes to himself, and, not knowing why, he went downstairs, and brought up one of the red lanterns that were kept lighted in the oil-room below.

"You never can tell," he said to himself.

Then he went to the western windows of the tower. The blinding snow seemed to be turning into frozen sleet. Outward the tracks wound up a hill and an inward train on track No. 2, when the bell rang its approach, could usually be seen with ease from the tower across the valley, two miles away.

But to-night Joe could not even see the route signal. The two vertical white lights of the home signal were invisible.

That white semaphore, outstretched, dove-tailed, with its blunt finger guarding the Road, was an old friend of Joe's. When it was set horizontally at danger, Joe's easy imagination used to think that it pointed straight at his own cottage. Then he would follow the line of vision and see the curtain up; and once every hour or so during his afternoon and evening watches his wife was in the habit of waving a white handkerchief or a white light before the window; then he smiled, and knew that the home signal, though set at "danger" for the road, was set at "safety" for him. How many, many nights this pretty conceit brought comfort to the man of the steel levers! Joe loved the inward home signal with a superstition that is not unusual to railroad men. It was the No. 2 lever that operated it, and about the only one that never got out of order. That also was a good omen, for he and his wife never quarrelled. But to-night his baby was dying, perhaps dead, over

"Help me lift him up," said the doctor, in a quiet voice. "He is not dead."—Page 774.

there in the storm, and he felt that the home semaphore had betrayed him. He could not formulate this thought, but it pounded in his brain, and he regarded that red lever with lowering brakes, and the jerk of the standstill! What a natural world heaven is! Quick question — oaths and hurried answers, and the pounding of steps up the stairs!

"Honest, Fred. How many were killed? No one has darst tell me."—Page 775.

suspicion. He stood with one foot on the latch, with his left hand on the "distant," with his right guarding the "home," with his pipe smouldering between his teeth—he stood—he swayed—he gained his equilibrium—his lids dropped—and then he fell into a doze like a soldier who sleeps upon the march.

What strange dreams! Was he in another world? What! Railroads in heaven? The same ringing, insistent bell? The same signals? Could it be that in Paradise he had to throw the "route," and the "home," and the "distant" at safety for the express? That was not the idea of heaven to which he had been brought up in the Baptist church. Then the rumbling escape of steam. The deep inhalations of a curbed engine! The shriek of the

"Hullo there! Hullo!"

Joe awoke with a start. He thrust his hands over his eyes and turned wildly around. He had the feeling kindred to that of a wild animal at bay before human intelligence. What had he done? Good God! Had he been asleep?

"What's up? What's up?" he cried in a husky voice. Perhaps this was a dream too.

"We blew out the cylinder head," said the conductor of the New York express with a grave face. "Wire delay! We may pull out, or we may not. What a —— night to get stuck! I'll let you know later."

Joe rushed to the front windows. Passengers were swarming out and bothering the conductor and engineer with anxious and silly questions.

The roar of steam, vibrating as if there were a tunnel under the track; the lights from the brilliant parlor-car windows athwart the sardonic snow; the discontented faces of aristocratic ladies peering out of mahogany frames; the increasing groups of men as they flocked in the storm to the engine; the flickering oil torch lighting up the strong and sober face of the engineer; the elegant conductor looking at his watch calculatingly in the light of his own lantern; the passengers huddling behind and around him in the blast—these formed a series of pictures that engraved themselves upon Joe's excited mind. It seemed to Joe that the express had been flung at him as if from a dark stage trap.

But how did the train get there? How could it disobey the danger signals? Joe jumped to his levers.

As has been said, all signals are kept at danger, and unless they are set to safety, the train must stop before them. When a train approaches on a clear track, the signals are set at safety toward it: first the "route," next the "home," and last the "distant." As the last car passes the drooping semaphores successively, these wooden fingers are raised to danger again in reverse order: first the "distant," next the "home," and last the "route," which is adjacent to the signal-tower itself.

Joe stared at the levers. His tortured, sleepless brain had not dreamed a dream; for the distant signal, No. 1, was thrown back to danger, and the red home and route were still at safety, showing that a train had been sent through. Joe had done his duty while his body slept, and he had been awakened even while he was about to clang back the "home" to danger. He could not recall the facts; but the unlying levers confronted him with their steel story.

Instantly he threw the whole weight of his body on the home lever, to cast it back. The red bar started, it yielded, and then, as if it had encountered an irresistible spring, it halted midway. Joe brought the lever back, and regarded it incredulously. No. 23 had often stuck this way, but No. 2 never. With an oath he cast himself at it. He put up his foot to push it; he tugged, and stopped for breath, and massed his weight again. But the lever refused to work, and the home signal remained at safety with that diabolical persistency that surprises us in soulless things. Joe stepped back and looked darkly at the mutinous signal. Should the home be allowed to show two perpendicular green lights—a clear track—when the express was stalled two hundred yards the other side on the same rails? For life's sake, no!

Then the Superintendent's order inundated his mind. He had clean forgotten it—"No. 114 had fifty-five minutes time over No. 20. No. 114 was the freight, my God!"

"Ring—ring—ring—ring—ring!" the electric bell announced the approach of the train far up the grade, two miles away.

At that terrible sound Joe's face took on a ghastly pallor. Now, at last, he was thoroughly awake. Well he knew that freights never mind the distant semaphore. That is the warning for expresses. Its level threat would convey no presage of evil to the engineer of that maledicted freight. Nearer still stood the two perpendicular green lights of the "home" blinking, as if to say, "Go on! Safety! A free track!" and upon that "free track" stood the disabled express.

Joe assaulted the lever again: his muscles cracked; his veins became undulating mounds; sweat blinded his eyes. But the lever refused.

Now, madly, the signal-man tried to switch the oncoming freight upon the accommodation track, that diverged from the bridge. But he could not stir the rod. That open signal had locked the switch peremptorily. Then Joe breathed heavily, and stood for one awful second to marshal his tired thoughts. The ice had clogged the wire. That was it. Ice! A hammer! a bar! to pull out the pin and disconnect the lock, and then there might be time to throw the switch.

Only the station mistress, peering between her geranium-leaves to watch the blockade, noticed a wild figure bounding from the tower, down the platform,

hatless, with a red lantern swaying in one hand, with the other grasping a hammer and an old file. A few of the passengers saw the gleam of Joe's red light. And a brakeman, who had been ordered back to flag the track, noticing the lantern disappearing in the sleet up the track, thought the order already fulfilled which had been given to him.

Joe floundered through the drifts. He stumbled, he shut his teeth, he fell upon his knees, the ice cut his hands; but now his face began to shine with the hero's smile.

What was that? The distant, stertorous puffing of the freight, plunging full speed down grade, down the icy tracks.

"A mile away!" said Joe to himself. "Oh, for a minute more!"

Flailed by the storm, Joe cast himself at the home signal. There, above him, the finger of the dejected semaphore for the first time failed to point at his own home. His eyes glanced at it fiercely. Now he hated the semaphore, the traitor, and he attacked it like a tiger. Hammer and file! Blow upon blow! The pin holds! The end of the file slips! There is the rumble of the freight! And there is the freight itself! One more blow, and another. It gives! It yields! The pin drops to the drift, and the semaphore rises by its own weight sullenly to place. Now swiftly, God be praised! the two vertical white lights, that signify "Danger! Halt!" swing into position, and replace the green.

The headlight gilds the snow. But Joe in his exaltation had ceased to think of himself. He neither cared nor knew which was track No. 2. He stood like a spectre upon the sleepers, facing the monster, and swinging the red lantern furiously. Thus men stormed the Redan.

Now it was that the engineer saw the danger signal for the first time; and in the centre of that red circumference he caught the white reflection of a glorified face. For an instant the locomotive tried to halt; then there was a dull blow, and the frightful staccato whistle calling "Down brakes!" shattered the crystal flakes. Even air-brakes would not have availed for the ice and grade; and the train, barely checked of her momentum, dashed on to collision.

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When it was all over a procession of three men, each with a white lantern, ploughed up the track. One of these was the engineer of the freight, who had, the Lord knew how, escaped with his life and limbs. The conductor of the express followed him, and a doctor who happened to be on the train came along quietly.

"He was struck near the home," said the engineer, slowly. "I saw the two whites come up, an' him swingin' in the middle of the track."

They came to the home signal. The unconscious snow had already covered the tracks lightly, so that there was no blood visible. For a few moments they looked in vain. Then the engineer glanced up at the semaphore. As if ashamed of itself, and mourning for its part in the catastrophe, the senseless thing stood apologetically with its dingy arm stretched at last to danger. Instinctively the engineer followed with the light of his lantern the direction of that persistent finger. It pointed to a snow-drift on the other side of the track. The engineer went over, flashing his light. The conductor followed. There, at the foot of the short embankment, partly covered by the drift, lay Joe. The three men surrounded him solemnly; the doctor knelt beside him in the snow.

"Help me lift him up," said the doctor, in a quiet voice. "He is not dead."

. . . . . .

Even as the morning sun began to tire of an evident lack of appreciation, and was about to hurry around to another window where the shade *was* up, Joe opened his eyes slowly. Across the foot of his bed was thrust a lance of light, that had stolen to his breast through a rift in the curtain. In that single ray Joe watched brigades of dust, rising, falling, never ceasing, ever-disappearing. How like little lives these atoms were! How like his own, himself! Struggling for or falling by chance into the light, and then propelled by an imperious current, against

the will, into an abyss, never to be seen again. Occupied with this unwonted philosophy, Joe's mind began to clarify, and by detachments his memory began to come back. He tried to lift up his head. It swam so that he sank back with a groan.

Hurrying in at the sound came Mary, his wife.

"Well, Joe!" she said. With the thoughtlessness of a healthy woman she threw up the shade. It is a question whether the wife or the sun kissed the pale face first.

Joe winced at the glare, and then looked at his wife's worn features tenderly. He was surprised at her cheerfulness. He hardly dared to say what was on his lips. But he knew it must come.

"I'm sorry," he said, with effort; "I'm afraid I can't attend."

"You don't need to." So said Mary, not in the least understanding what he meant, but speaking in that peculiar tone which is supposed to make a patient think that he was never better in his life. "You have been quite sick Joe, and the doctor says you'll be up in a month."

Joe regarded her helplessly. Then he began to be angry at her heartlessness.

"We haven't been to church regular, but I guess Reverend Peck will officiate all right if he is asked."

"Why, Joe dear, what do you mean?" She bent over him anxiously.

"Is the grave dug, Mary?" demanded the sick man. His lips quivered with deep emotion.

"Why, Joe!" cried Mary. Consternation sat upon her face. Was he "wandering" again?

"When people die they have to be buried," urged Joe with some indignation. "Where have you laid the little fellar? In the spare room? I'm afraid I couldn't get down into the settin'-room to see him; I'd like to see him—once—before—"

"Oh, Joe! Why, Joe! Dear Joe!" Mary his wife, the mother of their only child, their dead baby, looked at him, and broke into high, hysteric laughter. An expression of horror knotted itself into Joe's scarred forehead. Had grief and watching turned *her* mind? But Mary kissed the knot away, and said:

"That was four weeks ago, Joe; and he didn't. He got well!"

Joe stared at his wife. Then an expression of bewilderment, followed by another of exquisite happiness and content, crossed and conquered his bruised face, as through the open door there came the moist gurgle of an infant's voice chased by a shrill and happy laugh.

But Joe did not get well as rapidly as they expected. With only a fracture of the leg and concussion of the brain, the doctor argued obstinately that he ought to be out in a month. But Mary saw that he had a weight upon his mind. Even the baby's little warm fingers could not lift it.

At the foot of the stairs one day, a big whisper asked:

"How is he?"

"It's Fred Joyce," said the sick man, feeling very weak at the sound of the voice. "Let him come up."

The signal-man came up as softly as he could.

"I want to speak to him alone, Mary," said Joe, putting out his hand from under the coverlid feebly. "Sit down, Fred."

"Well, I'm glad to see yer looking so well," said his mate, cheerfully, not knowing what else to say.

Joe closed his eyes. He was evidently collecting his strength to say something very important. He opened his eyes; his courage failed; he sighed, and then he blurted out, in his hollow voice:

"Honest, Fred. How many were killed? No one has darst tell me." Not daring to look, he turned his face away.

"Killed? Who killed?" answered Fred, with what Joe took to be the evasion thought proper for the sick.

"114," came the strained reply. Joe could hardly move his stiffened lips.

"Oh," said the signal-man smiling, "you mean that night, 114 and 42?"

Joe's eyes gave a timid assent.

"Why, not a man of 'em. *They* was all right," said Fred. "I'll have to tell you," he added. "I was kinder worried about you that evening, you remember, and I started over before ten, think-

ing I'd relieve you. So, on the platform who should I meet but the depot mistress, comin' out with a shawl over her head, and kind o' wild. 'Mis' Paisley,' says I, 'what the —— is the matter?' 'Look for yourself,' says she, and she pointed up'ard to the tower. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I found you wa'n't up there. I saw you'd left No. 2 down and I tried to throw it back, and then I knew what was up. The hammer and bar was gone, and I guessed you was out there fixin' of it. So I kept my hand on it to give it the grand chuck, you bet, when you got the pin out. Then I heard the freight, and knew hell was comin'. You done that jest in time, Joe. If you hadn't done it then, there'd been as pretty a smash-up as we've ever had on this section. God! I throwed No. 6, an' then gave 'em track No. 4. 114 she struck the switch jest as I mashed it over. That damn lever nigh knocked the life out'n me. I don't want to see nothin' like it as long as I live. I've got gray hairs since, my wife says. And you saved the train, Joe."

"But if you hadn't been there, Fred, I might have been up for manslaughter." Joe touched his mate's hand impulsively.

"That's all rot," said Fred with expressive modesty.

Joe's eyes were closed and his hands were locked tight, like the switches themselves. He lay silent for a long time. Fred started to go. The baby crowed in the next room.

"Say, Fred." Joe did not want his friend to see how deeply he feared to ask the crucial question. But it had to come. "Say, who's got my place?"

Fred laughed aloud. "No one, me boy." He slapped his own knee boisterously. "Me and Matt—Matt's well, you know—we're holding of it for you. You want to hurry up and get well now."

"But how about my bein' asleep?"

"I ain't heard nothin' about it," interrupted Fred quickly.

"But what—" Joe stopped because his breath suffocated him. "What's the Company done to me?"

Fred looked at the hero, whom the newspapers had not yet grown tired of lauding for his courage and his self-sacrifice, and, as he looked, a tender smile crossed his face. Such is not often seen on men of his kind, but Fred Joyce wore it well. He took Joe's white hand, and, rising, said:

"The Company? Don't you know? Why, they've given you a raise."

VOICES AND VISIONS.

A PRELUDE TO A BOOK OF VERSE.

In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.

Titania and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.

From every flower that broke in flame,
Some half-articulate whisper came.

In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.

Later, amid the city's din
And toil and wealth and want and sin,

They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.

As in the silence-haunted glen,
So, mid the crowded ways of men

Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers watched beside my bed.

Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aërial company.

Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.

More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

VALE.

By Graham R. Tomson.

The rock-doves grieve the golden noontide still—
  Deep in the darkened grove, with querulous moan,
Ever they call me from this wooded hill
  Where I sit all alone.

The autumn world seems sorrowful and strange,
  Though hung with gold and steeped in mellow light;
Throughout there menaces a cloud of change,
  An end of all delight.

No more the swallows wheel about the sky,
  No more the blackbird whistles in the dew;
Both rose and nightingale are gone—and I
  Would follow summer too.

The ash-tree keys hang rusting on the boughs;
  Sad and insistent as an ancient tune,
Over and o'er through summer's empty house
  Echoes the rock-doves' rune.

Fain would I follow, at their drowsy call,
  By shadowy grades and plaintive tinkling streams,
Where never wind doth sway the tree-tops tall,
  Nor earthly sun-ray gleams.

I would not watch another autumn fade,
  Vext with shrill winds and stung with vain regret;
Be it mine to seek the inviolable shade,
  And—maybe—to forget.

Loosed from the narrow prison of days and nights,
  Set free from Reason's rigorous castle-keep—
Roaming by misty valleys and dim heights—
  The hollows and hills of sleep.

HOW THE CAPTAIN MADE CHRISTMAS.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

It was just a few days before Christmas, and the men around the large fireplace at the club had not unnaturally fallen to talking of Christmas. They were all men in the prime of life, and all or nearly all of them were from other parts of the country; men who had come to the great city to make their way in life, and who had, on the whole, made it in one degree or another, achieving sufficient success in different fields to allow of all being called successful men. Yet, as the conversation had proceeded, it had taken a reminicent turn. When it began, only three persons were engaged in it, two of whom, McPheeters and Lesponts, were in lounging chairs, with their feet stretched out toward the log fire, while the third, Newton, stood with his back to the great hearth, and his coat-tails well divided. The other men were scattered about the room, one or two writing at tables, three or four reading the evening papers, and the rest talking and sipping whiskey and water, or only talking or only sipping whiskey and water. As the conversation proceeded, however, one after another joined the group around the fire-place, until the circle included every man in the room.

It had begun by Lesponts, who had been looking intently at Newton for some moments as he stood before the fire with his eyes fastened on the carpet, breaking the silence by asking, suddenly: "Are you going home?"

"I don't know," said Newton, doubtfully, recalled from somewhere in dreamland, but so slowly that a part of his thoughts were still lingering there. "I haven't made up my mind—I'm not sure that I can go so far as Virginia, and I have an invitation to a delightful place—a house-party near here."

"Newton, anybody would know that you were a Virginian," said McPheeters, "by the way you stand before that fire."

Newton said, "Yes," and then, as the half smile the charge had brought up died away, he said, slowly, "I was just thinking how good it felt, and I had gone back and was standing in the old parlor at home the first time I ever noticed my father doing it; I remember getting up and standing by him, trying to stand just as he did, and I was feeling the fire, just now, just as I did that night.—That was thirty-three years ago," said Newton, slowly, as if he were doling the years from his memory.

"Newton, is your father living?" asked Lesponts. "No, but my mother is," he said, "she still lives at the old home in the country."

From this the talk had gone on, and nearly all had contributed to it, even the most reticent of them, drawn out by the universal sympathy which the subject had called forth. The great city, with all its manifold interests was forgotten, and the men of the world went back to their childhood and early life, in little villages or on old plantations, and told incidents of the time when the outer world was unknown, and all things had those strange and large

proportions which the mind of childhood gives. Old times were ransacked and Christmas experiences in them were given without stint, and the season was voted, without dissent, to have been far ahead of Christmas now. Presently one of the party said: "Did any of you ever spend a Christmas on the cars? If you have not, thank Heaven, and pray to be preserved from it henceforth, for I've done it, and I tell you it's next to purgatory. I spent one once, stuck in a snow-drift, or almost stuck, for we were ten hours late, and missed all connections, and the Christmas I had expected to spend with friends, I passed in a nasty car with a surly Pullman conductor, an impudent mulatto porter, and a lot of fools, all of whom could have murdered each other, not to speak of a crying baby whose murder was perhaps the only thing all would have united on." This harsh speech showed that the subject was about exhausted, and someone, a man who had come in only in time to hear the last speaker, had just hazarded the remark, in a faint imitation of an English accent, that the sub-officials in this country were a surly, ill-conditioned lot, anyhow, and always were as rude as they dared to be, when Lesponts, who had looked at the speaker lazily, said:

"Yes, I have spent a Christmas on a sleeping-car, and, strange to say, I have a most delightful recollection of it." This was surprising enough to have gained him a hearing anyhow, but the memory of the occasion was evidently sufficiently strong to carry Lesponts over obstacles, and he went ahead.

"Has any of you ever taken the night-train that goes from here South through the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys, or from Washington to strike that train?"

No one seemed to have done so, and he went on:

"Well, do it, and you can even do it Christmas, if you get the right conductor. It's well worth doing the first chance you get, for it's almost the prettiest country in the world that you go through; there is nothing that I've ever seen lovelier than parts of the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys, and the New River Valley is just as pretty, that background of blue beyond those rolling hills and, all, you know, McPheeters?" McPheeters nodded, and he proceeded: "I always go that way now when I go South. Well, I went South one winter just at Christmas, and I took that train by accident. I was going to New Orleans to spend Christmas, and had expected to have gotten off to be there several days beforehand, but an unlooked-for matter had turned up and prevented my getting off, and I had given up the idea of going, when I changed my mind: the fact is, I was in a row with a friend of mine there. I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go, anyhow, and thus got off on the afternoon train for Washington, intending to run my luck for getting a sleeper there. This was the day before Christmas-eve and I was due to arrive in New Orleans Christmas-day, some time. Well, when I got to Washington there was not a berth to be had for love or money, and I was in a pickle. I fumed and fussed; abused the railroad companies and got mad with the ticket agent, who seemed, I thought, to be very indifferent as to whether I went to New Orleans or not, and I had just decided to turn around and come back to New York, when the agent, who was making change for someone else, said: 'I'm not positive, but I think there's a train on such and such a road, and you may be able to get a berth on that. It leaves about this time, and if you hurry you may be able to catch it.' He looked at his watch: 'Yes, you've just about time to stand a chance, everything is late to-day, there are such crowds, and the snow and all.' I thanked him, feeling like a dog over my ill-temper and rudeness to him, and decided to try. Anything was better than New York, Christmas-day. So I jumped into a carriage and told the driver to drive like the—the wind, and he did. When we arrived at the station the ticket agent could not tell me whether I could get a berth or not, the conductor had the diagram out at the train, but he thought there was not the slightest chance. I had gotten warmed up, however, by my friend's

civility at the other station, and I meant to go if there was any way to do it, so I grabbed up my bags and rushed out of the warm depot into the cold air again. I found the car and the conductor standing outside of it by the steps. The first thing that struck me was his appearance. Instead of being the dapper young naval-officerish-looking fellow I was accustomed to, he was a stout, elderly man, with bushy gray hair and a heavy grizzled mustache, who looked like an old field-marshal. He was surrounded by quite a number of people all crowding about him and asking him questions at once, some of whose questions he was answering slowly as he pored over his diagram, and others of which he seemed to be ignoring. Some were querulous, some good-natured, and all impatient, but he answered them with imperturbable good humor. It was very cold, so I pushed my way into the crowd. As I did so I heard him say to someone: 'You asked me if the lower berths were all taken, did you not?' 'Yes, five minutes ago!' snapped the fellow, whom I had heard swearing, on the edge of the circle. 'Well, they are all taken, just as they were the first time I told you they were,' he said, and opened a despatch given him by his porter, a tall, black, elderly negro with gray hair. I pushed my way in and asked him, in my most dulcet tone, if I could get an upper berth to New Orleans. I called him 'Captain,' thinking him a pompous old fellow, and that probably he would be flattered by the title. He was just beginning to speak to someone else, but I caught him and he looked across the crowd and said 'New Orleans!' My heart sank at the tone, and he went on talking to the other man. 'I told you that I would give you a lower berth, sir, I can give you one now, I have just got a message that the person who had lower two will not want it.' 'Hold on, then, I'll take that lower,' called the man who had spoken before, over the crowd, 'I spoke for it first.' 'No you won't,' said the Captain, who went on writing. He pushed his way in angrily, a big, self-assertive fellow; he was evidently smarting from his first repulse. 'What's that? I did, I say. I was here before that man got here, and asked you for a lower berth, and you said they were all taken.' The Captain stopped and looked at him. 'My dear sir, I know you did; but this gentleman has a lady along.' But the fellow was angry. 'I don't care,' he said, 'I engaged the berth and I know my rights; I mean to have that lower, or I'll see which is bigger, you or Mr. Pullman.' Just then a lady, who had come out on the steps, spoke to the Captain about her seat in the car. He turned to her: 'My dear madam, you are all right, just go in there and take your seat anywhere; when I come in I will fix everything. Go straight into that car and don't come out in this cold air any more.' The lady went back and the old fellow said, 'Nick, go in there and seat that lady, if you have to turn every man out of his seat.' Then, as the porter went in, he turned back to his irate friend. 'Now, my dear sir, you don't mean that: you'd be the first man to give up your berth; this gentleman has his sick wife with him and has been ordered to take her South immediately, and she's going to have a lower berth if I turn every man in that car out, and if you were Mr. Pullman himself I'd tell you the same thing.' The man fell back, baffled and humbled, and we all enjoyed it. Still, I was without a berth, so, with some misgiving, I began: 'Captain?' He turned to me. 'Oh! you want to go to New Orleans?' 'Yes, to spend Christmas, any chance for me?' He looked at his watch. 'My dear young sir,' he said, 'go into the car and take a seat, and I'll do the best I can with you.' I went in, not at all sure that I should get a berth. This, of course, was only a part of what went on, but the crowd had gotten into a good humor and was joking, and I had fallen into the same spirit. The first person I looked for when I entered the car was, of course, the sick woman. I soon picked her out; a sweet, frail-looking lady, with that fatal, transparent hue of skin and fine complexion. She was all muffled up, although the car was very warm. Every seat was either occu-

pied or piled high with bags. Well, the train started, and in a little while the Captain came in, and the way that old fellow straightened things out was a revelation. He took charge of the car and ran it as if he had been the Captain of a boat. At first some of the passengers were inclined to grumble, but in a little while they gave in. As for me, I had gotten an upper berth and felt satisfied. When I waked up next morning, however, we were only a hundred and fifty miles from Washington, and were standing still. The next day was Christmas, and every passenger on the train, except the sick lady and her husband, and the Captain, had an engagement for Christmas dinner somewhere a thousand miles away. There had been an accident on the road. The train which was coming north had jumped the track at a trestle and torn a part of it away. Two or three of the trainmen had been hurt. There was no chance of getting by for several hours more. It was a blue party that assembled in the dressing-room, and more than one cursed his luck. One man was talking of suing the company. I was feeling pretty gloomy myself, when the Captain came in. 'Well, gentlemen, good morning; it's a fine morning, you must go out and taste it,' he said, in a cheery voice, which made me feel fresher and better at once, and which brought a response from every man in the dressing-room. Someone asked promptly how long we should be there. 'I can't tell you, sir; but some little time; several hours.' There was a groan. 'You'll have time to go over the battle-field,' said the Captain, still cheerily. 'We are close to the field of one of the bitterest battles of the war.' And then he proceeded to tell us about it briefly. He said, in answer to a question, that he had been in it. 'On which side, Captain?' asked someone. 'Sir!' with some surprise in his voice, 'On which side?' 'On our side, sir, of course.' We decided to go over the field, and after breakfast we did.

The Captain walked with us over the ground and showed us the lines of attack and defence; pointed out where the heaviest fighting was done, and gave a graphic account of the whole campaign. It was the only battle-field I ever went over, and I was so much interested that when I got home I read up the campaign, and that set me to reading up on the whole subject of the war. We walked back over the hills and I never enjoyed a walk more. I felt as if I had got new strength from the cold air. The old fellow stopped at a little house on our way back, and went in whilst we waited. When he came out he had a little bouquet of geranium leaves and lemon verbena which he had got, and which he brought the sick lady. I had noticed them as we went by, and when I saw the way the lady looked when he gave them to her, I wished I had brought them instead of him. Some one intent on knowledge asked him how much he paid for them?

"He said, 'Paid for them! Nothing.'

"'Did you know them before?' he asked.

"'No sir.'

"A little while afterwards I saw him asleep in a seat, but when the train started he got up.

"The old captain by this time owned the car. He was not only an official, he was a host, and he did the honors as if he were in his own house and we were his guests; all was done so quietly and unobtrusively, too; he pulled up a blind here, and drew one down there, just a few inches, 'to give you a little more light on your book, sir;—to shut out a little of the glare, madam—reading on the cars is a little more trying to the eyes than one is apt to fancy.' He stopped to lean over and tell you that if you looked out of your window you would see what he thought one of the prettiest views in the world; or to mention the fact that on the right was one of the most celebrated old places in the State, a plantation which had once belonged to Colonel So-and-So, 'one of the most remarkable men of his day, sir.' His porter, Nicholas, was his admirable second; not a porter at all, but a body-servant; as different from the ordinary Pullman car-porter as light from darkness. In fact, it turned out that he had been an old servant of the Captain's. I happened to speak of him

to the Captain, and he said: 'Yes, sir, he's a very good boy; I raised him, or rather, my father did; he comes of a good stock; plenty of sense and know their places. When I came on the road they gave me a mulatto fellow whom I couldn't stand, one of these young, new, "free-issue" some call them, sir, I believe; I couldn't stand him, I got rid of him.' I asked him what was the trouble. 'Oh! no trouble at all, sir, he just didn't know his place, and I taught him. He could read and write a little—a negro is very apt to think, sir, that if he can write he is educated—he could write, and thought he was educated; he chewed a toothpick and thought he was a gentleman. I soon taught him better. He was impertinent, and I put him off the train. After that I told them that I must have my own servant if I was to remain with them, and I got Nick. He is an excellent boy (he was about fifty-five). The black is a capital servant, sir, when he has sense, far better than the mulatto.' I became very intimate with the old fellow. You could not help it. He had a way about him that drew you out. I told him I was going to New Orleans to pay a visit to friends there. He said, 'Got a sweetheart there?' I told him, 'Yes.' He said he knew it as soon as I spoke to him on the platform. He asked me who she was, and I told him her name. He said to me, 'Ah! you lucky dog.' I told him I did not know that I was not most unlucky, for I had no reason to think she was going to marry me. He said, 'You tell her I say you'll be all right.' I felt better, especially when the old chap said, 'I'll tell her so myself.' He knew her. She always travelled with him when she came North, he said. I did not know at all that I was all right; in fact, I was rather low down just then about my chances, which was the only reason I was so anxious to go to New Orleans, and I wanted just that encouragement, and it helped me mightily. I began to think Christmas on the cars wasn't quite so bad, after all. He drew me on, and before I knew it I had told him all about myself. It was the queerest thing: I had no idea in the world of talking about my matters.—I had hardly ever spoken of her to a soul; but the old chap had a way of making you feel that he would be certain to understand you, and could help you. He told me about his own case, and it wasn't so different from mine. He lived in Virginia before the war; came from up near Lynchburgh somewhere; belonged to an old family there, and had been in love with his sweetheart for years, but could never make any impression on her. She was a beautiful girl, he said, and the greatest belle in the country round. Her father was one of the big lawyers there, and had a fine old place, and the stable was always full of horses of the young fellows who used to be coming to see her, and 'she used to make me sick, I tell you,' he said, 'I used to hate 'em all; I wasn't afraid of 'em; but I used to hate a man to look at her; it seemed so impudent in him; and I'd have been jealous if she had looked at the sun. Well, I didn't know what to do. I'd have been ready to fight 'em all for her, if that would have done any good, but it wouldn't; I didn't have any right to get mad with 'em for loving her, and if I had got into a row she'd have sent me off in a jiffy. But just then the war came on, and it was a Godsend to me. I went in first thing. I made up my mind to go in and fight like five thousand furies, and I thought maybe that would win her, and it did; it worked first-rate. I went in as a Sergeant, and I got a bullet through me in about six months, through my right lung, that laid me off for a year or so; then I went back and the boys made me a Lieutenant, and when the Captain was made a Major, I was made Captain. I was offered something higher once or twice, but I thought I'd rather stay with my company; I knew the boys, and they knew me, and we had got sort of used to each other—to depending on each other, as it were. The war fixed me all right, though. When I went home that first time my wife had come right around, and as soon as I was well enough we were married. I always said if I could find that Yankee that shot me I'd like to make him a present. I found out that the great trouble with me had been that I had not been bold enough; I used to let her go her own

way too much, and seemed to be afraid of her. I *was* afraid of her, too. I bet that's your trouble, sir; are you afraid of her?' I told him I thought I was. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'it will never do; you mustn't let her think that—never. You cannot help being afraid of her, for every man is that; but it is fatal to let her know it. Stand up, sir, stand up for your rights. If you are bound to get down on your knees—and every man feels that he is—don't do it; get up and run out and roll in the dust outside somewhere where she can't see you. Why, sir,' he said, 'it doesn't do to even let her think she's having her own way; half the time she's only testing you, and she doesn't really want what she pretends to want. Of course, I'm speaking of before marriage; after marriage she always wants it, and she's going to have it, anyway, and the sooner you find that out and give in, the better. You must consider this, however, that her way after marriage is always laid down to her with reference to your good. She thinks about you a great deal more than you do about her, and she's always working out something that is for your advantage; she'll let you do some things as you wish, just to make you believe you are having your own way, but she's just been pretending to think otherwise, to make you feel good.'

"This sounded so much like sense that I asked him how much a man ought to stand from a woman. 'Stand, sir?' he said, 'Why, everything, everything, that does not take away his self-respect.' I said I believed if he'd let a woman do it she'd wipe her shoes on him. 'Why, of course she will,' he said, 'and why shouldn't she? A man is not good enough for a good woman to wipe her shoes on. But if she's the right sort of a woman she won't do it in company, and she won't let others do it at all; she'll keep you for her own wiping.'"

"There's a lot of sense in that, Lesponts," said one of his auditors, at which there was a universal smile of assent. Lesponts said he had found it out, and proceeded.

"Well, we got to a little town in Virginia, I forget the name of it, where we had to stop a short time. The Captain had told me that his home was not far from there, and his old company was raised around there. Quite a number of the old fellows lived about there yet, he said, and he saw some of them nearly every time he passed through, as they 'kept the run of him.' He did not know 'that he'd find any of them out to-day, as it was Christmas, and they would all be at home,' he said. As the train drew up I went out on the platform, however, and there was quite a crowd assembled. I was surprised to find it so quiet, for at other places through which we had passed they had been having high jinks; firing off crackers, and making things lively. Here the crowd seemed to be quiet and solemn; and I heard the Captain's name. Just then he came out on the platform, and someone called out: 'There he is, now!' and in a second such a cheer went up as you never heard. They crowded around the old fellow and shook hands with him and hugged him as if he had been a girl."

"I suppose you have reference to the time before you were married," interrupted someone, but Lesponts did not heed him. He went on:

"It seemed the rumor had got out that morning that it was the Captain's train that had gone off the track and that the Captain had been killed in the wreck, and this crowd had assembled to meet the body. 'We were going to give you a big funeral, Captain,' said one old fellow; they've got you while you are living, but we claim you when you are dead. We ain't going to let 'em have you then. We're going to put you to sleep in old Virginia.'

"The old fellow was much affected, and made them a little speech. He introduced us to them all. He said: 'Gentlemen, these are my boys, my neighbors and family;' and then, 'Boys, these are my friends: I don't know all their names yet, but they are my friends.' And we were. He rushed off to send a telegram to his wife in New Orleans, because, as he said afterward, she might get hold, too, of the report that he had been killed; and a Christmas message would set her up, anyhow. She'd be a little low down

at his not getting there, he said, as he had never missed a Christmas-day at home since '64.

"When dinner-time came he was invited in by pretty nearly every one in the car, but he declined; he said he had to attend to a matter. I was going in with a party, but I thought the old fellow would be lonely, so I waited and insisted on his dining with me. I found that it had occurred to him that a bowl of eggnogg would make it seem more like Christmas, and he had telegraphed ahead to a friend at a little place to have 'the materials' ready. Well, they were on hand when we got there, and we took them aboard, and the old fellow made one of the finest eggnoggs you ever tasted in your life. The rest of the passengers had no idea of what was going on, and, when the old chap came in with a big bowl, wreathed in holly, borne by Nick, and the old Captain marching behind, there was quite a cheer. It was offered to the ladies first, of course, and then the men assembled in the smoker and the Captain did the honors. He did them handsomely, too; made us one of the prettiest little speeches you ever heard; said that Christmas was not dependent on the fireplace, however much a roaring fire might contribute to it; that it was in every one's heart and might be enjoyed as well in a railway-car as in a hall, and that in this time of change and movement it behooved us all to try and keep up what was good and cheerful and bound us together, and to remember that Christmas was not only a time for merry-making, but was the time when the Saviour of the world came among men to bring peace and good-will, and that we should remember all our friends everywhere. 'And, gentlemen,' he said, 'there are two toasts I always like to propose at this time, and which I will ask you to drink. The first is to my wife.' It was drunk, you may believe. 'And the second is, my friends: all mankind.' This too, was drunk, and just then some one noticed that the old fellow had nothing but a little water in his glass. 'Why, Captain,' he said, 'you are not drinking! that is not fair.' 'Well, no, sir,' said the old fellow, 'I never drink anything on duty; you see it is one of the regulations and I subscribed them, and, of course, I could not break my word. Nick, there, will drink my share, however, when you are through; he isn't held up to quite such high accountability.' And sure enough, Nick drained off a glass and made a speech which got him a handful of quarters. Well, of course, the old Captain owned not only the car, but all in it by this time, and we spent one of the jolliest evenings you ever saw. The glum fellow who had insisted on his rights at Washington made a little speech, and paid the Captain one of the prettiest compliments I ever heard. He said he had discovered that the Captain had given him his own lower berth after he had been so rude to him, and that instead of taking his upper berth as he had supposed he would have done, he had given that to another person and had sat up himself all night. That was I. The old fellow had given the grumbler his lower in the smoking-room, and had given me his upper. The fellow made him a very handsome apology before us all, and the Captain had his own berth that night, you may believe.

"Well, we were all on the *qui vive* to see the Captain's wife when we got to New Orleans. The Captain had told us that she always came down to the station to meet him; so we were all on the look out for her. He told me the first thing that he did was to kiss her, and then he went and filed his reports, and then they went home together, 'and if you'll come and dine with me,' he said to me, 'I'll give you the best dinner you ever had—real old Virginia cooking; Nick's wife is our only servant, and she is an excellent cook.' I promised him to go one day, though I could not go the first day. Well, the meeting between the old fellow and his wife was worth the trip to New Orleans to see. I had formed a picture in my mind of a queenly looking woman, a Southern matron—you know how you do? And when we drew into the station I looked around for her. As I did not see her, I watched the Captain. He got off, and I missed him in the crowd. Presently, though, I saw him and I asked him, 'Captain, is she

here?' 'Yes, sir, she is, she never misses; that's the sort of a wife to have, sir; come here and let me introduce you.' He pulled me up and introduced me to a sweet little old lady, in an old threadbare dress and wrap, and a little, faded bonnet, whom I had seen as we came up, watching eagerly for someone, but whom I had not thought of as being possibly the Captain's grand-dame. The Captain's manner, however, was beautiful. 'My dear, this is my friend, Mr. Lesponts, and he has promised to come and dine with us,' he said with the air of a lord, and then he leaned over and whispered something to her. 'Why, she's coming to dine with us to-day,' she said, with a very cheery laugh; and then she turned and gave me a look that swept me from top to toe, as if she were weighing me to see if I'd do. I seemed to pass, for she came forward and greeted me with a charming cordiality, and invited me to dine with them, saying that her husband had told her I knew Miss So-and-so, and she was coming that day, and if I had no other engagement they would be very glad if I would come that day, too. Then she turned to the Captain and said, 'I saved Christmas dinner for you, for when you didn't come I knew the calendar and all the rest of the world were wrong; so to-day is our Christmas.'

"Well, that's all," said Lesponts; "I did not mean to talk so much, but the old Captain is such a character, I wish you could know him. You'd better believe I went, and I never had a nicer time. They were just as poor as they could be, in one way, but in another they were rich. He had a sweet little home in their three rooms. I found that my friend always dined with them one day in the Christmas-week, and I happened to hit that day." He leaned back. "That was the beginning of my good fortune," he said, slowly, and then stopped. Most of the party knew Lesponts's charming wife, so no further explanation was needed. One of them said presently, however, "Lesponts, why didn't you fellows get him some better place?"

"He was offered a place," said Lesponts. "The fellow who had made the row about the lower berth turned out to be a great friend of the head of the Pullman Company, and he got him the offer of a place at three times the salary he got, but after consideration, he declined it. He would have had to come North, and he said that he could not do that: his wife's health was not very robust and he did not know how she could stand the cold climate; then, she had made her friends, and she was too old to try to make a new set; and finally, their little girl was buried there, and they did not want to leave her; so he declined. When she died, he said, or whichever one of them died first, the other would come back home to the old place in Virginia, and bring the other two with him, so they could all be at home together again. Meantime, they were very comfortable and well satisfied."

There was a pause after Lesponts ended, and then one of the fellows rang the bell and said, "Let's drink the old Captain's health," which was unanimously agreed to. Newton walked over to a table and wrote a note, and then slipped out of the club; and when next day I inquired after him of the boy at the door, he said he had left word to tell anyone who asked for him, that he would not be back till after Christmas; that he had gone home to Virginia. Several of the other fellows went off home too, myself among them, and I was glad I did, for I heard one of the men say he never knew the club so deserted as it was that Christmas-day.

YESTERDAY'S FLOWERS.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.

Yesterday's flowers am I,
And the last, sweet cups of dew
Which I drained (how fast!) are dry;
But others are draining too
Their cups as the hours go by,
And others soon will be;
For the girls who round my tomb
Will lament with dirges my doom
Will lament themselves in me;
Poor girls, I pity you!

Yesterday's flowers, which yet
Survive in me, make way
For those of to-morrow, as they
Will for those of other to-morrows;
We pay what the future borrows,
And the chiefest of our sorrows
Is—that we must pay!
So do not forget the debt,
You fair girl-flowers of to-day;
For whatever of gifts and of graces,
And of opulent promise lies
In the rose of youth on your faces,
And the light of love in your eyes—
Remember that you are clay,
Remember, and be not blind;
For wherever your footprints stray
Death follows—not far behind!
But Life (you say) is before,
Near at hand and is coming this way—
Dear Life, there is nothing to fear.
Nothing now, for now he is here,
And you, frail flowers of to-day,
Like yesterday's flowers, are no more!
Other forms and faces
Have taken—not filled your places—
They never will with me:
Their later beauty is less
Than your lost loveliness;
They see not the things I see,
They know not the things I know,
The things that they remember

Are the things that I forget;
But it may not be always so—
There's a spark at the heart of the ember,
And the ashes are glowing yet.
It may be their souls may be stirred
By the scent of a flower, the song of a bird;
It may be when the sun has set,
Or the moon is on the sea,
That they will discover, and regret
What they have lost in me.
Let them sigh, if they must,
It is fitting and just
That dust should pay tribute to dust;
But I would not have them weep,
For little to me, in my last sleep,
Their too-late tears would be,
So profitless are the showers
That are shed for yesterday's flowers.

I would not, when I am dead,
Be in the minds of men,
Recorded by tongue or pen—
For words that I have said,
Or songs that I have sung,
Or what I was, old or young.
There are better things than these
To be known and remembered by,
And, common though they be,
I have loved them my whole life long;
They are more than life to me!
They thrill in the leaves of trees;
They throb in the nightingale's song,
They flash where the river flows;
They flame in the noonday sky;
They paint the wing of the butterfly;
They flush the heart of the rose.
If these, as they will, remain,
When I have passed away,
And speak to the world of me,
No matter what tales may be told
Of busy or idle hours,
Of pleasure, or of pain;
I shall not have lived in vain;
Already I live again!
I am not the man you see,
But another—young, not old;
Flower of the flowers of to-day,
Not yesterday's poor, dead flowers.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

How intolerable in these hard times, when the poor are so much poorer than usual and the circumstances of many of the rich lack something of their customary ease, is the apparent obligation to spend in the habitual necessaries of life so much useful money that it would be pleasant to give away. It is the special season of gift-making, and what a season this particular Christmas is for advantageous giving! Heaven has prospered us tolerably, too, and there is some money coming in.

But dear! dear! how it all streams out again. How it goes! how it scatters! For the rent of this convenient flat where the elevator is so prompt and the prospect so fine; for the wages of servants and their maintenance; for hire of cabs; for schooling and proper clothes for the children; for subscriptions to clubs, and concerts, and dances, and church, and the charities on one's regular list; for a fair quality of abundant daily food, including occasional dinner-parties; for the new rug that was indispensable; for some modest additions to the winter wardrobes of the adult members of the family; for a sinking fund to meet the deficit left by our visit to the Fair. Eheu! alas! who shall deliver us from the accumulating body of this debt? What shall we do to be saved from the necessity of spending all that we can make and scrape in keeping the breath of work-a-day existence in our precious carcasses? We have spent so much that we have nothing left to give, and our prospective expenses are so threatening that we dare not borrow of the future.

The commonest lesson of this panicky year to Americans has been the lesson of thrift. All summer, and, more or less, ever since, it has been brought home to many of us that we must live simply if we hope to make our incomes support us. Now, as Christmas approaches, our attention is held down to the unwelcome supplementary truth that we must live more simply still if we are to have anything to give away.

I almost hope, for reasons which I confess are selfish, that no one will give me any Christmas present this year; yet there is no harm in saying that if anything is left in my stocking, I hope it will be a nice Chinaman, who can cook, and wash, and wait on the table, and answer the door-bell, and clean house, and sew, and drive a horse, and dress the children, and split his own kindlings, and live on a little occasional rice and very small wages. I should not require him to have very much style, for style is one of the most malignant enemies of frugality; but merely to be neat, diligent, abstemious, truthful, and able to get along with little sleep. Surely, with such a coadjutor, and with a corresponding alleviation of the domestic apparatus, one might hope to devise such stratagems of thrift, and to achieve such exploits of economy, as would make it possible to wrest increased dividends from existence.

For economy, in some measure, is not only the price of wealth, but the price of giving. If we eat our cake all up, of course we cannot have it; but that we might endure. But we cannot share it, either, and that is intolerable. What geese we are, what "blind mouths," if we sink all we can gather in the "comforts" in which

we have imbedded ourselves, and deny ourselves the inestimable luxury of having something to spare. We all know better; I presume that we all keep up a constant struggle to do better; but all the allurements that make up the contemporary standard of living are in league against us to undermine our resolutions and bring our efforts to naught. We had yearnings enough after expensive things before we went to the Fair, and it is to be feared that since we got back from there we are more covetous of them than ever. Let us do something. Let us take a course of maxims from Poor Richard's Almanac; let us take our walks on the back streets where there are no shops; let us eschew bargains; let us discipline our appetites and thirsts; let us even go without many things that we really want and some that we really need. But not habitually without giving! No! Heaven forfend that we should be brought to that!

But we are not to be extravagant this year, even in our gifts. To give ourselves helpless is quite as bad as not to give. We are entitled to give only so much as our thrift and self-restraint have enabled us to spare. If that is nothing, then let us give nothing to anyone but ourselves, and to ourselves merely a salutary gift of discipline. If we have nothing to spare and give nothing, it will be a lesson to us. If we have nothing to spare and give just about as freely as ever, we shall miss our lesson, and very likely go on and be just as self-indulgent another year as we have been this last one. However impoverished we may be, we can afford to give ourselves this lesson in thrift, and if we take it kindly and with good nature, and lay it to heart, it may prove, as it should, the forerunner of a serene and amplified benevolence in years to come.

My cousin Antony was speaking not long since of the surprised respect he sometimes felt for himself because of certain things he had not said. He went a little into details, and I discovered that nearly all the unutterances that he prided himself upon were things that he had omitted to tell his wife. He felt, he said, that not to blurt out matters to the general public is no particular credit to a man, but the inducement to tell one's wife everything that would interest her is so strong that to have restrained one's-self from the abuse of such a privilege is fair ground for humble self-approbation. There are things that a conscientious man does not feel authorized to admit even to himself. A fact that is not admitted is more or less ineffectual. It may have a potentiality of mischief about it and still be harmless so long as it is ignored. To know something that it is disquieting to one's-self to know, and to let it die of neglect, is sane conduct; and so it is to know something that would worry one's wife and abstain from imparting it to her because it is wholly unnecessary for her to know it.

At least that was the view that my cousin Antony took. He maintained that to confide absolutely in one's wife was indeed good, but to temper candor on occasion with a wise and affectionate reticence was better still. He by no means advocated deceit or elaborate concealment. He hates a lie as much as anyone, and is as eager as Merlin himself to have vinegar burned when there is a liar to the windward. But mere abstention from inconsiderate admissions he admired even in himself. I think he is right. Confession may be good for the soul, but a Protestant who employs no professional confessor is bound to consider how his outpourings will affect the ear they enter. Let him steer them into an ear that they are sure to pass through, and not into one where they may stick and rankle.

Antony says that he never descants to his wife about any callow preliminary affair of the heart that he was ever involved in. She had shown, he said, a charitable willingness to hear and sympathize with his experiences of that sort; but though not to tell her involved the suppression of some of the most interesting tales he knew, some saving grace of marital circumspection had achieved the suppression. What biographical details of that sort came to her from other authorities than himself, gave him not the slightest concern. There was a wide distinction, according to his notion, between the information that she took the responsibility of acquiring and that which he took the responsibility of forcing upon her attention.

Another class of information that he systematically omits to share with her includes all gossip which comes to his ears that is derogatory to her own family. As he thinks it unwise to tell her things that might

make her think less of him, so he omits information that might make her think less of herself. He told me a tale about his wife's uncle, Philip Hiram, that was really of the liveliest interest even to a stranger. But he said he had never told it to his wife, because it would mortify her to know it, and as no one but himself would dare tell her, the chances were that she would never hear it.

Antony does not think himself a sly dog for not telling everything to Mrs. Antony. To his mind his reticence shows, not his doubts of his wife's discretion or regard, but his sedulous regard for her happiness and the high value he places on her affection. Those are things of too much importance to put to hazard by impulsive revelations. He is really exceptionally frank in his ordinary communications, and to know anything that is worth telling and not to tell is a sort of self-sacrifice that no one who knows him would expect of him. Least of all did he expect it of himself. He simply found that there were a few things that he was periodically tempted to tell, and didn't tell, and was always surprised afterward that he hadn't.

In Mr. Howells's recent excellent and suggestive paper in this magazine on "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," he said:

> Under the *régime* of the great literary periodicals the prosperity of literary men would be much greater than it actually is, if the magazines were altogether literary. But they are not. . . . Very probably this is because even the highest class of readers, who are the magazine readers, have small love of pure literature, which seems to have been growing less and less in all classes. I say seems, because there are really no means of ascertaining the fact, and it may be that the editors are mistaken in making their periodicals two-thirds popular science, politics, economics, and the timely topics which I will call contemporanics: I have sometimes thought they were. But however that may be, their efforts in this direction have narrowed the field of literary industry. . . . They do not, altogether, want enough literature to justify the best business talent in devoting itself to belles-lettres, to fiction or poetry or humorous sketches of travel, or light essays; business talent can do far better in dry-goods . . . real estate, railroads and the like.

Allowing for a large play of irony in this last sentence, Mr. Howells's main accusation is undoubtedly seriously made, and therefore seriously debatable. I suspect that he is mistaken as to the facts, and must think it provable by himself that he is wrong in the conclusion. That the magazines want all the pure literature they can get—such magazines and such pure literature as he is discussing, that is—is my sincere belief; and furthermore, to use an almost irresistible Hibernianism, that they can't get it. It is hard to imagine Mr. Howells thinking that enough pure literature, of the kind which he or even the less critical body of readers could enjoy or even tolerate, has ever been produced in any period or among any people to fill (let us say) four magazines, each publishing the equivalent of twelve ordinary volumes a year—all together at the rate of nearly a book a week. No demand for literature has ever produced such a condition of things; is it dangerous to say that no demand could produce it? By Mr. Howells's own hypothesis, that literature is always unworthy and commonly bad which is produced *primarily* to supply such a demand ("to aim a book at the public favor is the most hopeless of all endeavors, as it is one of the unworthiest"); and he would not really have us believe, in this decade most of all, that a smaller proportion of authors than before the advent of the magazines is honestly endeavoring, irrespective of any consciousness of a "demand" at all, to make "literature" from the pure spontaneous desire to write, from the love of fame, or from any of the old and universal motives? He himself is on record in many paragraphs of the Harper's "Study," to the effect that we are not only making this effort in great numbers, but (in the opinion of the kindest and most hopeful critic in American letters to-day) with an unusually large proportionate degree of success. Yet even thus, with the productiveness in quantity yielded him for the sake of argument, will he seriously say that he has seen, or sees any signs of, a supply of literature that would have enabled the magazines of the past five years to be "altogether literary," without complete degeneracy from the standards which he (and they, though he may not think it) would like to see preserved?

Earlier in the century, in the time of Blackwood and the quarterlies, before the *régime* of the great modern magazine as we understand it, it might have been expected that the case would be different — the need in quantity was far less and there were giants in those days; but was it dif-

ferent? What proportion of politics and economics was there? Later the *Cornhill* and *Household Words* were full of "contemporanics." Later still, the *Atlantic Monthly* in its palmiest days, lonely as it was, abounded in them; and it certainly was never accused of discouraging pure literature, or of showing a wish to take its columns into any other field. May it not easily be that the supply of desirable purely literary product stands in much the same relation now as then to the space in the magazines? (I personally believe it is far *less* proportionately, though for reasons altogether independent of Mr. Howells's argument; but the milder form of the question is sufficient.) If this is actually the case the editors make no mistake in giving up their space to popular science, economics, and contemporanics, were there no other reason; all which things may be and are good and desired of men, whereas attempted literature is Dead Sea fruit. And if it be said that this argument implies that magazines are a necessity, to which some irreverent persons might make the answer of the French judge to the criminal who pleaded *il faut vivre*—it need only be replied that Mr. Howells himself virtually admits that they *are* a necessity, in present conditions, for the encouragement of literature, even if in his opinion they cannot give it all they should.

But how about their narrowing the field of literary industry? Does Mr. Howells know of any case of their declining an author's work solely because it was pure literature, or of any author who writes good pure literature who is shut out from them by reason of space, except for the cause that would still obtain if they were entirely literary—that no one man's work can be perpetually welcome in the same columns, or that no man's two works can be published in them side by side? There may be countless instances of editors' mistakes, and Vanity Fairs may have gone begging; but I doubt that it has ever been on the ground that the space was wanted for contemporanics. Every reader will wish that Mr. Howells might have produced more if he would; no sign has ever been seen among the most capricious public of tiring of his work; yet I cannot imagine that he was ever restricted by the belief that any editor would close his space to him and give it to popular science; nor can I think that he knows any brother author whose work has the same title to the name of literature whose production has been narrowed on like grounds.

Moreover, by the showing of his own paper, the magazines pay very well indeed for literature—better, in the long run, than ever before. Do they not pay far better than for all the other classes of matter that he mentions, and thus give the clearest evidence that pure literature, when they can get it, is more valuable to them than anything else? The gentlemen who have a hundred dollars a thousand words, the lady who has a hundred and fifty, never, I will wager, made these sums by writing popular science or economics. That the ability to make these earnings continuous does not exist, is shown by Mr. Howells in another part of this same paper to proceed from causes altogether independent of outside restriction; and I confess I do not understand how, putting all the parts together, he sustains his argument that the periodicals narrow a field that would otherwise be prosperous.

Mr. Howells's article contains passages of the most generous appreciation of the magazines and the heartiest acknowledgment of their value. His criticism is the criticism of a believer in them and their office, and a friend. It is almost unjust to call it a criticism at all. But in this point I believe their attitude is better than he supposes it. He feels keenly, one seems to read between the lines, the absence of any great and strong force tending toward a worthy creative literature—as it is perhaps not too much to say that we all feel it. The causes lie, I cannot but think, outside his present inquiry—perhaps in as large and intricate a phenomenon as the recurring cycles of different forms of intellectual activity, with the different problems to which they correspond; perhaps in a much simpler and less imposing explanation. If he said that the magazines must, for the present, do without the highest form of pure literature except in very moderate quantities, he would say what is true of them as of the whole time; but when he says they do not want it, I think he believes them less at one with him than they are.